




—◇ To Emilie L. Cornell —
—◇ from her affectionate Mother —◇
15th May 1879.


THE
NATIONAL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
VOL. II.

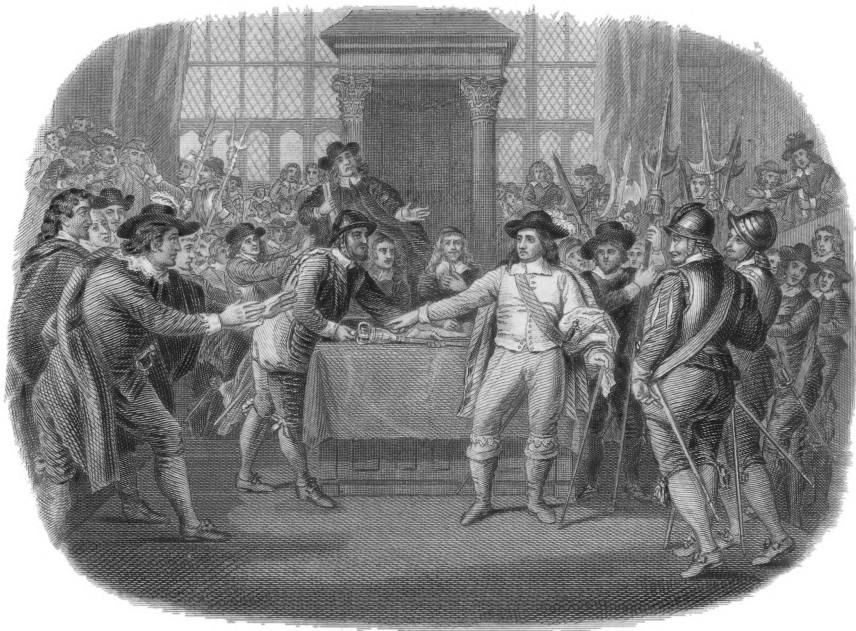


LONDON, GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.
WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS & COMPANY.

THE
NATIONAL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND:
Civil Military & Domestic.

WITH UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS
ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANTIQUITIES, SCENERY, MANNERS, CUSTOMS &c.

VOL. II.



CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

LONDON & GLASGOW:
WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS & COMPANY.

THE
NATIONAL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
Civil, Military, and Domestic,

FROM THE ROMAN INVASION TO THE PRESENT TIME;

WITH AN
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

BY
HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM;

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY ENGRAVINGS

OF THE

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN BRITISH HISTORY,

ENGRAVED BY DALZIEL, CHESHIRE, MILLER, &c., AFTER DRAWINGS BY SELOUS, WILKIE, ZWECKER, BAYES, HARLOWE, &c.,

AND UPWARDS OF

FIVE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

OF ANTIQUITIES, ARCHITECTURE, SCENERY, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ETC.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BY FREDERICK MARTIN.



LONDON AND GLASGOW:
WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS, & COMPANY.

1868.

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M A P S.

France and Belgium illustrating British History.
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THE
NATIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
CIVIL, MILITARY, AND DOMESTIC.

TUDOR PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

The Civil and Military History of Great Britain from the Accession of Henry VII., A.D. 1485, to the Death of Elizabeth, A.D. 1603.

SECTION I.

HENRY VII.

THE race of soldier-kings of England ended on the field of Bosworth: with the first of the Tudor monarchs commences a line of statesman-kings. Scant justice has been done by modern historians to the character of Henry VII., yet there are few sovereigns to whom England owes a greater debt of gratitude than to him. Ruled by a host of turbulent nobles, who knew no law but that of brute force; torn into endless factions, and bleeding under the oppression of feudal despotism; her trade and industry impoverished, and her commerce sunk to the lowest point: such was the state of the fair realm of England at the time when Henry Tudor arose. With many defects of character common to his age, he stood far ahead of it as a ruler and a statesman. Grown up in the school of adversity, and, more than this, taught by a wise and loving mother, Henry had come to be a thoughtful man when in years he was still a youth. Born in the early part of the year 1457, a few months after the death of his father, the earl of Richmond, he saw before him, as soon as his eyes opened to the consciousness of the world, all the atrocities of the great civil war which afflicted England. Although belonging to a branch of the House of Lancaster, originally illegitimate, and which, even when made legitimate, had been declared unable to succeed to the throne, his mother deemed it dangerous for him to remain in England during the Wars of the Roses, and he was taken over to Brittany when little more than four years old. Thus he grew up in exile, guarded by his uncle, the earl of Pembroke, and by his affectionate mother, who, though she married again, counted him her only son. There was no question about the wisdom of this voluntary exile, for many were the efforts made to bring the grandson of Owen Tudor back to England, to prison, and certain death. But while the enemies at home were planning her son's destruction, Henry's mother quietly worked the means of his future greatness. It was she who negotiated Henry's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, heiress of the House of York, a marriage, which, more than anything else, enabled him, not merely to grasp the crown, but to retain it in secure possession,

and to establish, in the union of the Roses, the line of Tudor kings of England.

Henry VII. showed himself a statesman from the very first day of his reign. After Lord Stanley, the husband of his mother, had placed the fallen crown of Richard III. on his head on the field of Bosworth, amid the loud cries of his victorious troops, "Long live King Henry," a less sagacious prince might have been carried away by the spirit of the hour, and taken firm stand upon what was indeed, Henry's true right to the crown, the right of conquest. But Henry knew too well the spirit of his nation, heartily sick of conquerors and of conquests, to commit such a blunder. He quietly withdrew from the ovations of his soldiers, mostly foreigners, and, while they were shouting, silently issued his orders for the safe custody of two very important personages, the Lady Elizabeth, his intended wife, and Edward Plantagenet, son of the duke of Clarence, his possible rival. Having despatched a trusty follower, Sir Robert Willoughby, to execute these orders, Henry rode off to Leicester, and from thence in slow stages, doubtless to study the temper of the people, made his way towards London. Lord Bacon, in his 'History of the Reign of King Henry VII.'—source of most later histories—mentions specially that Henry, "to disperse the conceit and terror of a conquest, had given order that there should be nothing in his journey like unto a warlike march or manner, but rather like unto the progress of a king in full peace and assurance." The king, it is said by Bacon and his followers, entered London "in a close chariot;" but this is an error which deserves exposing, in so far as it would have been a gross breach of public usage, quite against the spirit of the times, to hide his face in such an unheard-of manner on an important occasion. The error* arose from the curious misreading of a single word—*latenter*, instead of *lætenter*—in the manuscript of Bernard André, the only writer who has left a strictly contemporary record of the days of Henry VII.

King Henry entered the city of London on Saturday, the 28th of August, 1485, five days after the

* Error corrected in '*Historia Regis Henrici Septimi*,' edited by James Gardiner, one of the important series of publications issued, in recent years, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

battle of Bosworth, which had been fought on the previous Monday. The mayor and city companies, noted for their adherence to the deposed House of York, tried to gain favour in Henry's eyes by receiving him with great pomp at Shoreditch. The king's slightly sarcastic acknowledgment of these honours consisted in showing his new friends just a glimpse of the conqueror's face. He, with his train, marched straightway to St. Paul's Cathedral, sang a Te Deum, and hung up his standards from the field of Bosworth against the altar. They were a noisy set, the Londoners of those days, and shrewd Henry evidently meant to give them a hint that, little disposed as he might be to the fighting business, he could enter upon it if necessary. Leaving St. Paul's, the king took up his quarters at the bishop of London's palace, as if dreading to sojourn at once within the walls of the old Tower, palace and prison of English sovereigns. Preparations for Henry's coronation began to be made immediately, but they were interrupted for a while by the outbreak of a devastating plague, known as "the sweating sickness." It lasted only about a month, from the 21st of September till the end of October; but during this short time committed extraordinary ravages, proving fatal in nearly every case. "Of all them that sickened," says the old historian, Hall, "there was not one amongst a hundred that escaped; inasmuch that, beside the great number which deceased within the city of London, two mayors successively died of the same disease within eight days, and six aldermen also." Lord Bacon then describes the "sweating sickness," the sudden appearance of which, at this time, seems to have made a deep impression. "It was a pestilent fever, but, as it seemeth, not seated in the veins or humours, for that there followed no carbuncle, no purple or livid spots, or the like, the mass of the body being not tainted; only a malign vapour flew to the heart, and seized the vital spirits, which stirred nature to strive to send it forth by an extreme sweat." The cause of the disease was held to be "a malignity in the constitution of the air, gathered by the predispositions of seasons." From a modern point of view it must be ascribed to the disgusting filth which characterized the London of those days. There were enough of big palaces, but no sewers; and while fabulous sums were expended by the nobles upon rich armour, few seem to have known a clean shirt.

As soon as the "sweating sickness" had subsided, Henry repaired to the royal apartments in the Tower, having previously held conference at Lambeth with Thomas Bouchier, potent cardinal-archbishop of Canterbury. On the 28th of October, he conferred the title of duke of Bedford upon his uncle Jasper, earl of Pembroke; that of earl of Derby upon Lord Stanley, his father-in-law, and that of earl of Devon upon his trusty adherent, Sir Edward Courtenay; and two days after Henry was crowned at Westminster Abbey, with all due solemnities, by the same cardinal-archbishop who had performed the like function, with like alacrity, in regard to Richard III., little more than two years before. Probably the coronation put serious thoughts into Henry's thoughtful head. Difficult, indeed, it would have been for the king to discard from his imagination the picture of that Richard III. from whose blood-bespattered head the regal ornament

had fallen upon his own. Thus it was, that at the coronation day, "as if," says Lord Bacon, "the crown upon his head had put perils into his thoughts," the king "did institute, for the better security of his person, a band of fifty archers, under a captain, to attend him, by the name of yeomen of his guard." These yeomen proved one of the most lasting institutions of the first Tudor king; and while much else has perished in the lapse of nigh four hundred years, Henry's guardsmen still surround the persons of British sovereigns, valiant as ever and proud of aspect, though fallen low in popular esteem, and known only by the name of "Beef-eaters."

On the 7th of November, 1485, Henry opened his first parliament at Westminster. It had been summoned immediately after his arrival in London, and behaved, as before a severe master, one of the most obsequious parliaments ever seen in England. Nothing that the king asked was refused, even to the vote of a most unjust act of attainder against the adherents of the late king. In his dislike to base his government upon conquest, Henry conceived the strange idea to date his reign, not from the battle of Bosworth, which, in all men's eyes had given him the crown, but two days previous, while Richard was still *de facto* and *de jure* king. The English statute book contains no more monstrous absurdity than this act of attainder passed by the first parliament of Henry VII., which, more than anything else, bears testimony to the terrible confusion of law and justice, right and wrong, which followed in the wake of the great civil war. "Richard, late duke of Gloucester," so runs the act of attainder, "calling and naming himself by usurpation King Richard III., with John, late duke of Norfolk, Thomas, earl of Surrey [and many others named], the 21st day of August, the first year of the reign of our sovereign lord, assembled to them at Leicester, in the county of Leicester, a great host, traitorously intending, imagining, and conspiring the destruction of the king's royal person, our sovereign liege lord. And they, with the same host, with banners spread, mightily armed and defended with all manner of arms, as guns, bows, arrows, spears, glaives, axes, and all other manner of articles apt or needful to give and cause mighty battle against our said sovereign lord, kept together from the said twenty-first day to the twenty-second day of the said month then next following, and them conducted to a field within the said shire of Leicester, there by great and continued deliberation traitorously levied war against our said sovereign lord and his true subjects." It is a certain relief to find that this absurd stretch of legislative power did not pass without protest even in those days. "O God!" exclaims the prior of Croyland, "what security are our kings to have henceforth, that in the day of battle they may not be deserted by their subjects, who, acting on the awful summons of a king, may on the decline of that king's party, as is frequently the case, be bereft of life and fortune and all their inheritance."

Probably Henry himself, in his proud heart, felt somewhat humiliated at the subserviency of a parliament which did not shrink from enacting open injustice at his mere bidding, when scarce two months had passed since the fortune of war had given him the crown. To ease his conscience, if such was the

case, the king made some parliamentary work over to the judges of the realm. The great question which these grave men had to solve in all seriousness was, whether former attainders, which Richard III. and his parliament had liberally launched against the then rebel Henry and his followers, were or were not in force. The judges solved the matter like true courtiers. They decided unanimously "That the crown takes away all defects and stops in blood; and that from the time the king did assume the crown the fountain was cleared, and all attainders and corruption of blood discharged." It was impossible to express the old maxim that might is right in more strictly legal form. The judges who gave this wise decision in favour of the king, also did some service to his parliament, as quaintly told by Lord Bacon. "The truth was," says Bacon, "that divers of those which had in the time of King Richard been strongest, and most declared for the king's party, were returned knights and burgesses for the parliament; whether by care or recommendation from the state, or the voluntary inclination of the people; many of which had been by Richard III. attainted by outlawries or otherwise. The king was somewhat troubled with this; for though it had a grave and specious show, yet it reflected upon his party. But wisely not showing himself at all moved therewith, he would not understand it but as a case in law, and wished the judges to be advised thereupon; who for that purpose were forthwith assembled in the exchequer-chamber, which is the council-chamber of the judges, and upon deliberation they gave a grave and safe opinion and advice, mixed with law and convenience; which was, that the knights and burgesses attainted by the course of law should forbear to come into the house till a law were passed for the reversal of their attainders."

The purifying process having been duly accomplished, parliament set to work to attain as many of the adherents of the former government as was desired. Henry's great policy of state now began to be visible for the first time. He saw clearly—more clearly, perhaps, than any other man of his age—that to establish a firm and secure government, to banish war from the land, and leave room for the arts of peace and progress, it was absolutely necessary to break the power of the old aristocracy. Thinned as the ranks of the great nobles were by the long continuance of civil war, they yet formed a terrible phalanx, not easily overcome as a whole, and to be vanquished only in separate attack. This Henry perceived, and set to work accordingly; first, slowly, and with much caution, but with greater boldness as time advanced. Parliament having attainted the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Surrey, Viscount Lovel, Lord Ferrers, Lord Zouch, and a number of other noblemen, Henry pardoned all the inferior people, and satisfied himself by seizing the estates, or, wherever he could get hold of them, the persons of the leading men. The seizure of property was very considerable, so much so as to allow Henry to dispense with asking money from his first parliament. However, he sent the Lord Treasurer to the Lord Mayor of London, requesting from the city a loan of six thousand marks. But demonstrative as were the good citizens in the expressions of their loyalty, they

showed themselves most unwilling to part with their cash. After long negotiations the king got a third of the money he wanted, which he despatched to Paris to redeem two friends, the marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier, whom he had left there in pawn for large debts incurred previous to his conquering expedition. The idea of pawning a live marquis, together with a baronet, absurd as it would seem now-a-days, was not at all deemed unfair or unbusinesslike in the fifteenth century.

Henry dissolved his first parliament after it had done all the work he wanted it to do, which was in little more than a month. He then made two very important appointments, by calling to his aid, as chief advisers, or, as the world would now call them, cabinet ministers, John Morton, bishop of Ely, and Richard Fox, bishop of Exeter. "Both," says Lord Bacon, "were vigilant men and secret, and such as kept watch with him [the king] upon all men else." Henry always loved to surround himself with acute priests, or, in default of them, with lawyers. It was not only that, personally brave though he was, he abhorred fighting, and preferred at all times to employ the gentler means of statecraft, but that these priests and lawyers sympathised with him far more than any other class would have done, in his great object of breaking the neck of the oligarchical power which, gaunt and grim, raised itself aside of the throne. The priesthood, democratic in its origin, hated this power almost as much as Henry; and the men of the law, representatives of the rising middle classes, were quite willing to lend their hand to a redistribution of the land and its riches. There was another reason why the shrewd king liked bishops for ministers, which was the simple one that they served him gratis. Their pay was their episcopal income, to which his majesty never added a groat. Having long felt the want of money, Henry knew its value quite as well, if not better, than his loyal subjects within the precincts of Lombard-street, in the city of London. Lord Bacon mentions the curious fact that Henry's advisers, so far from being of any expense to him, actually put money into his pocket. "For although," he says, "the king loved to employ and advance bishops, because, having rich bishoprics, they carried their rewards upon themselves; yet he did use to raise them by steps, that he might not lose the *profit of the first fruits*, which by that course of gradation was multiplied." Thus the bishop of Ely, John Morton, soon after he had entered the king's service, was advanced to the see of Canterbury, vacant by the death of the cardinal-archbishop who had crowned both his majesty and his predecessor. Morton's colleague, Richard Fox—a character well fitting his name—was likewise advanced, by steps, from Exeter to Bath and Wells, thence to Durham, and finally to Winchester. Thus Henry got his much-cherished "first fruits," his friends and advisers the not despicable after-harvest, and all three "kept watch upon almost all men else." Here is the picture of the first years of Henry VII. in a nutshell.

The marriage of the king with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., an event long promised, and to which the public attached the highest importance, as signifying the union of the Red and White Roses and the end

of the civil war, took place on the 18th of January, 1486. The ceremony gave rise to vast demonstrations of loyalty, far greater than any that greeted the king either at his public entry into the metropolis or at his coronation. Henry was not particularly well pleased at these manifestations, seeing in them more a token of homage to his spouse than to himself, and being by no means inclined to base his kingly right upon his union with the heiress of York. Though well aware that of his three titles to the crown, that of semi-illegitimate Lancastrian prince, that of conquest, and that of marriage with Elizabeth, the first was the weakest and the last the strongest, he yet never openly acknowledged the latter, but avoided it as much as possible. In the parliamentary Act of Settlement, dictated by the king himself, he carefully avoided any mention of the Princess Elizabeth. It was enacted, in somewhat ambiguous words, "that the inheritance of the crown should be, rest, remain, and abide, in the most royal person of the sovereign lord King Henry VII., and the heirs of his body lawfully coming, perpetually with the grace of God so to endure, and in none other." Thus, though the whole nation expected Henry to marry the daughter of Edward IV., he was under no legal or constitutional obligation to do so, the much-desired "union of the Roses" being left to his entire free will and discretion. The king nevertheless could not ignore for a moment that his marriage with Elizabeth would add immensely to the stability of his throne, and, therefore, averse as he was to the claims on behalf of the House of York—averse, probably, even to the person of Elizabeth—he lost no time in celebrating the nuptials. That he should not feel much attachment, for Elizabeth was but natural, seeing that she had exhibited an exuberance of it for his slain foe, Richard III., whom, in a letter to the duke of Norfolk, she called, "her joy and maker in this world, the master of her heart and thoughts." It was not well possible that Henry should yearn deeply after such second-hand love as the lady Elizabeth might be able to bestow upon him. With the king, however, the marriage was not an affair of love, but of absolute political necessity. The whole nation cried for the "union of the Roses," as loud as nation could cry in those times: every literary production of the period expressed this feeling to an extraordinary degree. But with characteristic shrewdness, Henry, in fulfilling the wish of the nation, tried to obtain thereby some extraneous advantages. He wrote to the pope, Innocent VIII., asking for a marriage dispensation, on account of consanguinity with Elizabeth; but through his representative at Rome—every monarch of the time kept a cardinal at the Papal Court in pay, to manage important matters—Henry at the same time tried to shape the matrimonial dispensation into a decree of the head of the Church acknowledging his own individual rights to the crown, and securing him in the possession thereof. The scheme succeeded perfectly, and the Bull of Innocent VIII. came to add not a little to the dominant political power already obtained by Henry. William Caxton, first of English printers, warmly patronized by the king's mother, was ordered to print a translation of the Papal Bull in folio broadside for distribution among the people.

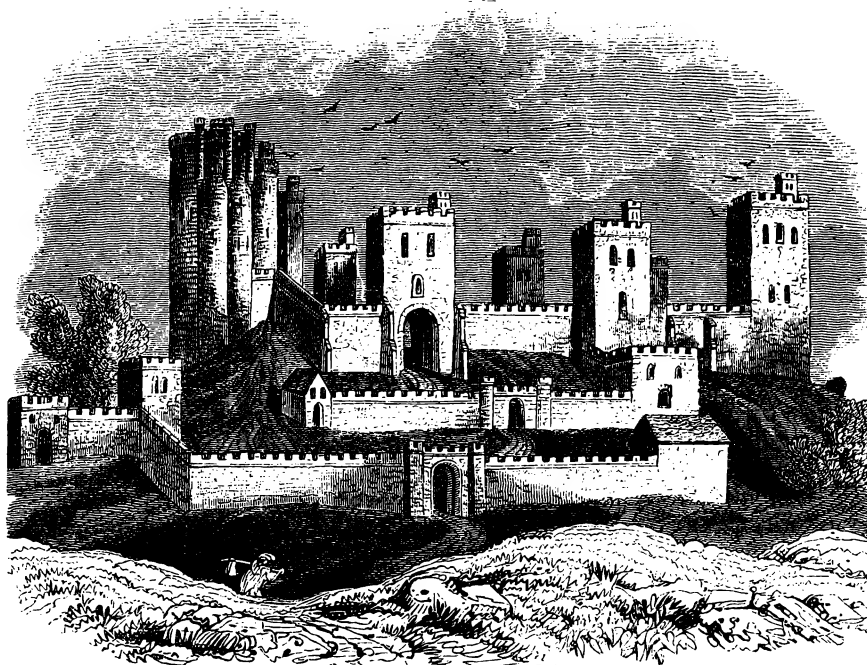
Rare copies of this sheet—oldest of English broadsides, or, we may say, newspapers—have come down to our own time, making the pontifical decree interesting in more than one respect. "Understanding of the longe and grevous variaunce, contentions, and debates that hath ben in this Realme of England betwene the House of the Duchre of Lancastre on the one party, And the House of the Duchre of Yorke on that other party," his holiness, Innocent VIII., decreed, on his own proper motion, and by the "consent of his College of Cardynalles," that the lawful monarch of England was "our souayn lord King Henry the seuenthe, of the House of Lancastre." Furthermore the Bull of Pope Innocent expressly "cōfermeth, stablishith, and approueth the right and title to the Crowne of England of the sayde oure souerayn lorde Henry the seuenthe, and the heires of his body lauffully begoten to hym, pteynig as wel by reason of his nyghest and undouted title of succession as by the right of his most noble [consort] and by eleccyon of the lordes spyrituales and temporales, and other nobles of his Realme, and by the auctorite of parlyament made by the iij states of this lande." The acquisition of this Papal Bull, and its extensive distribution among the people by means of the new engine of power, the printing press, was as fine a piece of statesmanship as any that distinguished the reign of Henry VII., and probably contributed not a little to the security of his own throne and that of the Tudor race amidst the still smouldering fires of party hatred and civil war.

Immediately after his marriage the king set out on a tour through the northern counties, leaving his wife in charge of his mother, whom he trusted much, and of her own, whom he did not trust at all, at the old royal demesne of Winchester. Henry's journey was entirely political in its object, being planned for the purpose of reconciling the old adherents of the York party, whose main strength had always been in the north of England. The undertaking was in itself an act of considerable boldness, seeing that Henry, scarce seated on the throne, thus trusted his life in the midst of formidable enemies, with no other protection than that of a feeble retinue of courtiers and servants. It was not long before these dangers became visibly apparent. The king left London early in the spring of 1486, and had no sooner arrived at the city of Lincoln, where he intended remaining during the Easter festivities, than the news came that Lord Lovel, attainted by parliament, but who had found all along a safe refuge in the sanctuary of Colchester, had gathered a troop of his followers, and was marching northward, evidently bent on a desperate enterprise. Henry, never devoid of personal courage, paid little heed to the rising of his enemies, but, on the 6th of April, left Lincoln for Nottingham, and from thence proceeded on to Pontefract, in Yorkshire. Here he was stopped by the alarming intelligence of Lord Lovel and his insurgent force having gained upon him, and actually barring his way between Middleham and York. Seeing that matters had become serious, Henry now put on a bold face, and arming in haste some three thousand men of the neighbourhood, he sent them, under the command of his uncle Jasper, recently created duke of Bedford, against the enemy. Always more politician than warrior, the king was

well aware that his three thousand new-fledged soldiers, little better than a rabble in the field, were not likely to achieve deeds of heroism; and he therefore took care to intrust his uncle with a greater engine of war, in the shape of a general pardon to the misguided adherents of the old Yorkist leader. The result was as expected. The royal heralds despatched

proceeded again southward, visiting in turn Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Bristol, being everywhere received with great demonstrations of loyalty. It was remarked that his majesty was very punctual to attend public worship on all Sundays and saints' days, but that, at the same time, he was most careful to choose his own subject for the sermon, which happened

to be invariably the same, namely, the text of the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. To the expounding of this great document the king never got tired of listening, and he probably thought that to make it sufficiently known to all men required both the aid of the pulpit and the press. Thus journeying at his leisure, his majesty got back to London in slow stages, making his second public entrance into the metropolis towards the end of June. The queen still remained at Winchester, Henry apparently taking no notice of her. Even when he learnt that she was about to be confined, he did not visit her directly, but went on a hunting expedition to the New Forest, and, as if by accident, came to greet his wife, mother, and mother-in-law. The last-named lady, very likely, did not



PONTEFRACI CASTLE.

by the duke of Bedford had no sooner proclaimed the amnesty, than there arose strong fermentation in the insurgent camp, ending in the flight of Lord Lovel into Lancashire, from where he was lucky enough to escape into Flanders. Less lucky were his friends, Lord Stafford and brother, busy in preparing civil war in Worcestershire. As usual, they fled to the nearest sanctuary, and fancied themselves safe in the church of Colnham, near Abingdon. However, the king had some lawyers at hand, who demonstrated, *ex animo*, that Colnham church was not a legal sanctuary for treason; whereupon the two brothers were quietly taken therefrom to the Tower. Thomas, the younger Stafford, was pardoned under the gallows, as a man of not much consequence; but the elder, Humphrey, too great a noble to be let loose again, had his property confiscated, and was securely hung at Tyburn.

During his progress in the north, which became a triumph after the dispersion of the rebel forces, Henry gained immense popularity. Knowing the weak side of his loyal subjects in this part of the realm, the king spent money freely, and even remitted certain taxes, upon which the men of Yorkshire got quite beside themselves for enthusiasm, crying at the top of their voices, "King Henry! King Henry! Our Lord preserve that sweet and well-favoured face!" After spending about a month at the city of York, the king

get many compliments from his majesty, being hated cordially by him, and fully returning the sentiment.

On the 20th September, 1486, eight months and two days after the marriage, the queen was delivered of a boy, christened Arthur, after the hero of the old romance, with whom King Henry claimed some sort of Welsh relationship. The birth of a second Arthur gave rise to a tremendous outburst of poetical fever, in which panegyric, French and English, Greek, Latin, and Welsh, fairly succumbed under its own weight. More serious than this eruption was the outbreak of another manifestation, likewise occasioned by the birth of Prince Arthur. The dissatisfied nobles and adherents of the House of York saw with grief and pain that Henry's throne was settling in its foundation, and perceiving no chance to attack it in open battle, made a desperate effort to gain something by intrigue. It was nothing less than the exhibition of a sham prince, claimant of the crown, a scheme by no means original, but which certainly offered greater chance of success at this than at any other time, owing to the frightful anarchy and confusion engendered by the Wars of the Roses. At the end of November, when the echo of the rejoicings in honour of Prince Arthur had not yet subsided, all England was suddenly startled by the news that Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, had escaped from the Tower, where he had been taken immediately after the battle of Bos-

worth, by order of Henry, and was claiming the crown of the latter on the soil of Ireland. The utter absurdity of these reported doings could not fail to strike most persons of any degree of intelligence, for not only was it well known that the earl of Warwick, a poor imbecile youth of fifteen, was and remained within the walls of the Tower, strictly guarded, though kindly treated; but it was likewise generally admitted, that, setting all other questions aside, the unfortunate little earl, son of the duke of Clarence, could have no claim whatever to the crown during the lifetime of the children of his uncle, Edward IV., the eldest of them wife of King Henry. However, all these considerations in no way influenced the tide of affairs of the sham pretender, whose friends had a part to play, and played it to perfection and with extraordinary success. The pretended Edward Plantagenet, who, as soon became generally known, was a poor baker's boy of Oxford, called Lambert Simnel, had no sooner landed in Ireland when he was greeted with an exuberance of enthusiasm, was taken openly under the protection of Thomas Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, who filled the post of lord deputy or viceroy of the kingdom, and was, before many days were over, publicly proclaimed king under the title of Edward VI. All this was sufficiently startling; but almost more so was that not a hand was raised in favour of Henry. With the exception of a few small towns in the north, ignobly deficient in enthusiasm and keeping prudently quiet, all Ireland, as with one voice, acknowledged the title of the pretender, shouting itself hoarse in loyalty of Edward VI., *alias* Lambert Simnel. Never did crown and sceptre so suddenly and so splendidly fall into the lap of a baker's boy.

When the news of these marvellous events reached Henry, he naturally felt some perplexity. Not being a mere fighting king, he did not for a moment entertain the idea of forthwith sending troops to Ireland, and thus to quench the rebellion. His first and far more pressing object was to study the matter, so as to unravel the skein of the whole mysterious affair. It was not long before he succeeded in doing so, discovering the identity of Lambert Simnel and Edward Plantagenet, and the greater fact that the part of Plantagenet had been taught to the hopeful young baker by a cunning priest of the name of William Simonds. Looking further behind the scenes, Henry found that priest Simonds, too, was but a puppet, set in motion by far higher actors, a few of them even in the shadow of the throne. As soon as he had gathered all his information, the king called together his privy council at the Charterhouse of Sheen, or Richmond, his temporary residence. The council decided, after secret debate, upon three resolutions—the first of which was to imprison the queen-mother; the second to proclaim a general amnesty; and the third to take the earl of Warwick from the Tower and show him to the public, so as to prove the imposture of the sham Plantagenet in Ireland. These decrees were carried out immediately. Having safely put his mother-in-law under lock and key at the monastery of Bermondsey, Henry next proclaimed a general amnesty; but took care at the same time to send trusty messengers to all the outports to prevent the flow of malcontents to and from Ireland, and the spread of disaffection. The poor

little lad, veritable Plantagenet, was brought forth from the Tower on a Sunday, and exhibited, like a rare animal, to a vociferating multitude. Promptly adopted as all these measures were, they had no effect whatever in staying the progress of the insurrection in Ireland, and there were many signs which showed that it was about to extend into England. A crisis in the hitherto successful reign of the founder of the Tudor race was evidently fast approaching.

The first alarming event which denoted the approach of the crisis, was the sudden flight of a noted scion of the House of York, John de la Pole, earl of Lincoln, into Flanders, to join Lord Lovel, and other noted enemies of the king. John de la Pole, the eldest son of Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., married to the duke of Suffolk, was held by many adherents of the House of York the most legitimate claimant of the crown, having been adopted as heir by Richard III. after the death of his only son. It seemed somewhat strange that Henry, while securing the person of the poor youth, the earl of Warwick, allowed John de la Pole, a man of much talent and great energy of character, altogether a much more dangerous rival, to be at liberty. The king, no doubt, was outwitted in this case, believing in the protestations of loyalty of John, and his brother, the earl of Suffolk, and not thinking for a moment that both were conspiring against him—only biding their time to come forth as candidates for the throne of England. John de la Pole knew perfectly well that the Irish rebellion was a mere farce, being intimately acquainted with the unfortunate prisoner in the Tower, his first cousin, the earl of Warwick, whose name was assumed by the sham pretender in Dublin. Nevertheless, he deemed the Irish insurrection a good commencement for carrying out his own plans, hoping, no doubt, to assume the place of the poor puppet Lambert Simnel, as soon as the time was ripe for so doing. It was under these circumstances that John de la Pole secretly left England, and, to the great alarm of Henry VII., made his appearance at the Court of Margaret of Burgundy, ruler, in her own right, of the duchy of Flanders, in the Netherlands.

Margaret of Burgundy was one of the most extraordinary women of her time. "She had," says Lord Bacon, "the spirit of a man and the malice of a woman;" and, what made her more dangerous to her enemies, was possessed of immense treasure and very considerable political power. The second sister of Edward IV., she had married, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, the renowned Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, last of the great vassal princes of continental Europe, who, after having made successful war against his suzerain lord, the king of France, broke his head in the encounter with Swiss democracy. Though Margaret was his second wife and bore him no children, Charles hung on her with great affection, her mind having much of the bold, reckless nature of his own; and at his death, in 1477, she was left guardian of his only daughter, and sovereign of one of the most flourishing states of Europe. The affection with which she watched over the welfare of her husband's child, and, subsequently, her grandchildren, gained Margaret numerous friends among the stout burghers of the Netherlands, and her Court for a time

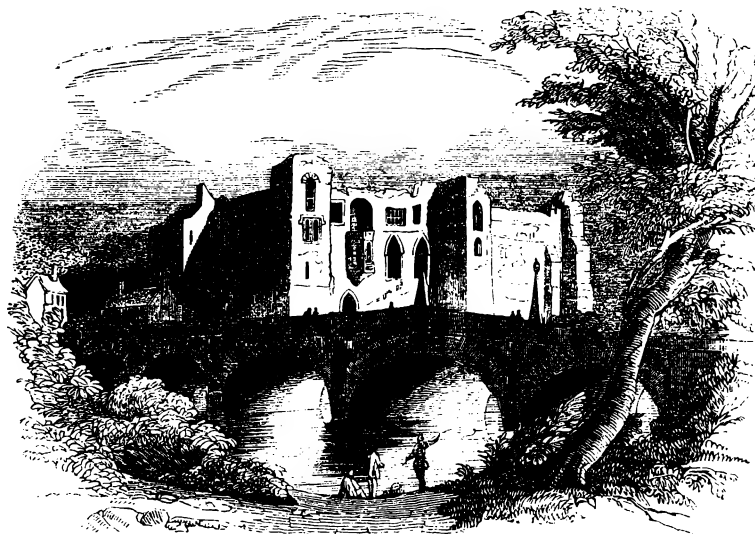
became the centre of much of the wealth and intelligence of Western Europe. But distinguished as Margaret was for her shrewd masculine spirit, and the wisdom displayed in the general administration of her government, she exhibited great weakness in an impolitic and truly feminine hatred of King Henry VII. It was a hatred altogether personal, and fraught with the greatest dangers to her subjects, whose prosperity depended, to a high degree, upon unrestricted commercial intercourse with England, and the good will and liberal policy of the English government. The Flemings, much as they liked Margaret, by no means admired her foreign policy; but this did not in the least prevent the widow of Charles the Bold from entering into schemes which might at any moment lead to war with England. After the failure of his rebellion, Lord Lovel and his chief adherents fled to Duchess Margaret, and were received with open arms, and being joined by such an important personage as John de la Pole, there was question of nothing else but to make immediate war upon King Henry. Margaret not only freely opened her purse for the enterprise, but engaged a band of foreign adventurers, numbering some two thousand, under the command of one Captain Swart, to take part in the invasion of England. Swart and his men belonged to the class of mercenaries, then common in most European countries, who looked upon fighting as a trade and murder as a relaxation; who sold their brawny arms and rusty blunderbusses to-day to one master and to-morrow to the other; and who no more scrupled to shoot an old friend, in the service of a new one paying good wages, than of sacking a town which had offered them hospitality. With these precious allies, John de la Pole, Lord Lovel, and the other leaders of the Yorkist party set sail from Antwerp in the month of May, 1487, and succeeded in landing safely in Ireland, where they were received with open arms by the ruling nobles and counterfeit "Edward VI.," alias Lambert Simnel, innocent king and baker.

The arrival at Dublin of John de la Pole, and, more than of him, of Captain Swart and his two thousand Flemings, raised the hopes of the insurgents to the highest pitch. A few days after their landing, hopeful young Simnel was crowned with great pomp king of England and Ireland, and the bishop of Meath took the trouble of solemnly anointing the little actor. In default of a real crown, not to be had in Ireland, a Virgin Mary of Dublin Cathedral had to lend one of her golden diadems, which fitted exceedingly well; and the want of a coronation chariot was supplemented, still more comfortably, by a muscular old chieftain named Darcy, who carried the king of all England and Ireland, like a goose, on his shoulders from church to palace. The whole affair, very solemn throughout, and very Irish, prognosticated grand success in the future, which, however, became marred already by the proceedings of the next day. There showed itself a great divergence of opinions among the adherents of King Edward VI. John de la Pole and his English friends, with true judgment of the state of affairs, and something like political wisdom, insisted upon remaining quiet for a while, devoting their energy upon the organization of their party and the training of soldiers, and rather waiting to be attacked by King

Henry upon friendly Irish soil than attacking him in his own England. This cautious, and undoubtedly best policy, was vehemently opposed by the Irish leaders, as well as by Captain Swart and his Flemings. Both were anxious to attempt the invasion of England as soon as possible; the Irish to get rid of the foreign mercenaries, who showed a prodigious appetite, and a great dislike to pay for their victuals, and Swart and his men to seek fame and loot among the rich homesteads on the other side of St. George's Channel. The Irish and Flemings, being by far the stronger party, carried the day in the dispute, and the invasion of England was decided upon. Many a Saxon army had come over from the east, treading with heavy foot the soil of Erin: now, for the first time, the course of history was to be reversed, and England to be conquered from Ireland.

King Henry stood forth as statesman rather than warrior even while the invasion of his kingdom was preparing. He showed no alarm whatever, but quietly organized his forces, travelling up and down the country with a small and peaceful retinue of attendants. Soon after the flight of John de la Pole he went on a tour through the eastern counties, expecting the arrival of his enemies from Lady Margaret's Court in those parts. However, on learning the voyage of the Yorkists and Captain Swart into Ireland, he bent his steps to the west, and, as a commencement of expected warlike operations, placed his mother, wife, and infant son in security within the strong walls of Kenilworth Castle. While still engaged in these preparations, moving about with almost dangerous leisure, the news arrived that the Irish invading force had actually landed in the north-west of Lancashire, near the ancient abbey of Furness, seat of much warlike romance,—disenchanted in our own days by shrieking railway engines, which draw heavy coal-trains right through the old ruins. Immediately after landing, the invaders, nominally obeying the little sham king travelling in their midst, but really under John de la Pole, Lord Lovel, and Captain Swart, took the road to York, being joined before long by a small force commanded by Sir Thomas Broughton, a Lancashire noble of considerable influence. But though marching under strict discipline, and without committing any depredations, John de la Pole's army, even after the accession of Broughton's force, met with little or no sympathy from the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the road, who looked on sullenly while the tramp of men and horses passed along. Meanwhile King Henry, throwing off his politic reserve in face of the approaching danger, hurried forward from the south to meet the enemy. Henry had no more than about six thousand fighting men with him, and in numbers was inferior to his antagonists; but while the latter, with the exception of the Flemish mercenaries and the men of Lancashire, were a mere rabble, the king's troops were mostly disciplined, and their strength increased as they marched onward, by volunteers from the chief towns, as well as the accession of some great noblemen, such as the earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Strange, heir of the Stanleys. At Coventry the king divided his forces, placing a portion under the command of his uncle Jasper, duke of Bedford, and despatching some light

cavalry in advance for reconnoitring purposes. Henry, always cautious to the last degree, was by no means eager for battle, but his antagonists hurried it on against his will. John de la Pole, seeing the coldness of his reception among the bulk of the population, and finding that his only chance of success would be an immediate victory over the royal forces, suddenly turned off the York road, attempting to take the town of Newark by surprise. But Henry's army had reached Nottingham before the invaders had come up to Newark, and the king himself now getting eager for strife, his natural valour overcoming all other considerations, the royal troops were ordered to advance along the road to the latter town. The contending forces met near the village of East Stoke, four miles south-west of Newark, and about twelve miles north-east of Nottingham. Once more the crown of the fair realm of England was to be gambled for on the field of battle.



NEWARK CASTLE.

The battle was fought on the 16th of June, 1487. John de la Pole, with his Irishmen and Flemings, had encamped the night before on the brow of a hill adjoining the village, and when the sun had risen over the plain below, he saw the king's army coming up in good order, with banners flying, conscious of victory. Henry's troops, well commanded, in strict discipline, came marching on in three divisions; but before even the centre and rear-guard had made their appearance, the Irish, with senseless impetuosity, came rushing down from their hill upon the van of the royal army. The result was not a battle, but a carnage. Half naked and almost destitute arms, the Irish phalanx, now little better than a rabble, was mowed down without resistance, their bleeding corpses forming the stepping stones of the royal van-guard moving towards the hill. Here stood John de la Pole and his friends, with the Flemish band. They could not but see that the fortune of war was against them; but, winning or losing, they resolved to die like soldiers. Stubbornly they stood there, and stubbornly they were hewed down, like trees under the axe of the

woodsman. Thus fell John de la Pole, of the royal race of England; the earl of Kildare, of the best blood of Ireland; Sir Thomas Broughton, and a number of other knights and nobles; together with Captain Swart and his two thousand Flemings. The latter, ennobling a vile life by a heroic death, fell to a man, their heavy matchlocks clutched in their dying grasp. Of all the leaders one only escaped the bloody field of battle, the ever restless Lord Lovel. Flying on his swift horse from the scene of carnage, and swimming the river Trent, he reached Minster Lovel, in Oxfordshire, the seat of his family, where he hid himself in a secret chamber. Centuries after, Stoke battle being utterly forgotten, and crowns after crowns having fallen into dust before the Great Destroyer, some workmen, repairing the old mansion of Minster Lovel, discovered a subterranean chamber. In the chamber there stood a round table, and on a chair against it sat a gaunt skeleton, the yellow bones telling a fearful tale of horror—grim reminiscence of fearful times of civil war.

King Edward VI., *alias* Lambert Simnel, did not fall in the battle of Stoke, but very quietly allowed himself to be taken prisoner. Once more, Henry showed his being every inch a statesman. He did not put master Simnel to death; nor into prison; nor even ordered him that sound whipping which he so richly deserved: but he made him a scullion in the royal kitchen, with the special vocation of turning the spit. All that history further reports of Lambert Simnel is that he proved an exceeding good bottle-jack—showed himself, in fact, quite as much a genius in spit-turning as he had been in king-playing—and in consequence thereof he was promoted, in the course of time, to some employ in the king's hunt.

As for William Simonds, the clever priest-tutor of the king-playing lad, he did not fare nearly so well. "He was," says Lord Bacon, "committed close prisoner, and heard of no more; the king loving to seal up his own dangers." The last words are in allusion to the rôle played in this affair by the king's mother-in-law. There seems little doubt that it was this lady who acted as prompter to the wily priest in the first instance, furnishing him with such particulars about the royal House of York as were absolutely necessary for the part played by the Oxford lad. She, too, as already seen, was prevented from further mischief by a close, though honourable confinement in the nunnery of Bermondsey. Here she died not long after, the whole of her wealth going to the king. Henry's natural dissatisfaction of his intriguing mother-in-law, did not prevent him from fulfilling an act of justice towards his wife, the neglect of which had shown itself as a grave political blunder. Five months after the battle of Stoke, on the 25th November, 1487, the queen was with great solemnity crowned at Westminster, Henry looking on at the ceremony and subsequent feast



from behind a close lattice, which enabled him to see everything without being seen. This solemn coronation, twenty-two months after marriage, was, as quaintly observed by Bacon, "like an old christening that had stayed long for Godfathers." The transaction, undoubtedly, was an act of policy on the part of Henry, dictated by reasons of state, and not by conjugal affection. Most old historians pretend that Henry did not love his wife on account of her being a scion of the rival House of York; but considering that kings have hearts and human passions as well as ordinary men, it seems far more probable that he felt no affection simply because she could have none for him, having bestowed all hers years ago upon the one whom she described as "her joy and maker in this world, the master of her heart and thoughts."



MONASTERY, HERMONDSEY.

After the battle of Stoke, Henry had reason to feel his position greatly strengthened; nevertheless there was to be no rest for him yet. Though the people of England seemed willing enough to enjoy the blessings of peace, such was not the case with other nations; and the connection of the English crown with France, long the source of strife, ever hung, like a storm-cloud, in the political atmosphere. War with France became once more imminent in the autumn of 1488; this time on account of the duchy of Brittany, an independent state comprising the peninsula of the same name, and which had obtained its own princes and government at the breaking up of the old French monarchy into a number of small vassal states. But the male line of the dukes of Brittany was now on the point of becoming extinct, the last duke, Francis II., being old and infirm, and having none but female heirs. His eldest daughter, Anne, was the heiress of the duchy, and the young king of France, Charles VIII., showed great eagerness to get her hand and her rich heritage; but this match the states of Brittany opposed, being anxious to retain the independence of the state. Then there were many other

suitors in the field, the chief of them Maximilian, titular king of the Romans, and widowed husband of the only daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who met with a tragic death a few years after her marriage. The chances seemed most in Maximilian's favour, for not only was his suit approved by Duke Francis II. and the states of Brittany, but Princess Anne herself declared for the son of the Kaiser, on the all-sufficient ground of his being a very handsome man, an advantage pertaining to none of his rivals. Thus things stood, when matters came to a crisis by the death of Duke Francis, which took place on the 7th of September, 1488. Notwithstanding that Anne was only in her twelfth year, the suitors, anxious to get a great duchy, together with a little wife, came rushing up at once, and some of them even attempted to carry her off by force. One Seigneur D'Albret, an old and ugly fellow of a ferocious temper, succeeded so far as to drag her away from home; but was met by a rival on the road, Count Dunois, who, after rescuing the fair princess, gallantly placed her behind him on his war horse, and brought her back to the city of Rennes, the inhabitants of which now formed a guard of honour for her protection. The king of France meanwhile, to secure the prize by the best possible means, sent an army against Brittany, which entered the duchy under the feeble pretext of its government sheltering a rebel prince of the blood, the duke of Orleans. Resistance was out of the question; the Bretons had to retreat everywhere before overwhelming force, and after one or two battles King Charles VIII. was master of the duchy.

When the news of the invasion of Brittany reached England, there was immense excitement. Brittany was looked upon not only as one of the truest allies of England, but the French aggression was justly held to be most inimical to the interests of the kingdom, political as well as commercial. Though having sufficiently long felt at home the suffering entailed by war, the people and parliament of England seemed willing for the moment to appeal once more abroad to its fickle fortune, in the defence of Brittany against French lust of conquest. But Henry, wiser than people and parliament, was greatly unwilling to rush into war. It was no craven policy of his not to draw the sword in a rightful cause; but he, more than any man living, felt the absolute necessity of peace for the prosperity of the nation, still bleeding from the wounds of its fatal internecine wars. With all this, Henry was too wise a ruler to act in the teeth of popular feeling, guided though it was by that false glimmer of pride and craving for dominion which impels nations, as individuals, to destruction. Professing even to forestall the wishes of the country, the king applied to parliament for subsidies, instructing the Lord Chancellor Morton, now archbishop of Canterbury, to hint at war, without positively promising it. The crafty minister executed his orders well, and Henry had the pleasure of receiving an unusually large grant of money from his faithful Commons, which he quietly pocketed. The payment of this subsidy, with increased taxation, somewhat calmed the war-fever; nevertheless, there was enough of it left the next year to bring forth new demonstrations. Again Henry and his chancellor had the coolness to

ask for a new grant of money for war preparations, which the sobered Commons granted with great reluctance, reducing the amount from 100,000*l.*, demanded by Morton, to 75,000*l.* In the interval, to show his willingness to do something for Brittany, Henry had offered the loan of eight thousand archers to the government of the duchy; stipulating, however, for fair payment of the same, under the security of two of the best seaport towns. The archers duly arrived in Brittany, and, under the command of Lord Robert Brooke, did fair work for their wages; yet in the end had to give way to superior force, and before six months were over returned home, having suffered great loss. All the English blood was shed in vain. Brittany remained with France, and little Princess Anne was as far as ever from getting her Maximilian.

In spite of manifold troubles at home, rising into fiery insurrection among the men of Yorkshire, who declined parting with their money to pay the parliamentary subsidy, foreign politics still continued to be the king's chief attention during the years 1490 and 1491. All Europe seemed in a tremor about the fair eyes of Anne of Brittany. Kaiser Maximilian of Germany and King Ferdinand of Spain entered into solemn league and alliance with Henry respecting the marriage of Anne, and a quarter of a million of armed men were got ready to decide the great question as to who should have the hand of the little princess. She was very beautiful, the old chroniclers say, and highly accomplished, so much so as even to know Greek. To modern understanding, nevertheless, it appears very hard that hundreds of thousands of stalwart men should lay down their lives to get the right husband for such a clever little princess. Of course, it was the duchy she carried in her lap, and not her sweet face, nor even her knowledge of Greek, which drove the combatants into the fierce struggle; and there were few of King Henry's allies who could clearly see, as he did, that the duchy itself was not worth fighting for. Henry's own great object of life was to curb the power of the feudal aristocracy, and to build up the absolute monarchy instead. It was impossible for him, therefore, not to sympathize with the king of France in his endeavours to bring Brittany, the last of the vassal states torn from the crown of Charlemagne, back under his rule. Engaged as the French kings had been in many unjust wars, this desire of Charles VIII. to re-annex Brittany was obviously legitimate; as legitimate as it would have been for Henry to take possession of a principality of Wales, owing allegiance to the English crown, but on the point to fall to a foreign prince. Politically and historically Brittany belonged to France, and Charles VIII. was as much bound to prevent it from getting into the hand of the German Kaiser, as Henry was bound not to suffer the Isle of Man, also a nominally independent territory, from being sold to the king of Spain. Thus the reluctance of Henry to engage in a war with France, for an object in the attainment of which France was bound to exert her whole strength, and which England was, at the best, only able to postpone for a few years and utterly unable to prevent. To carry out his statesmanlike policy of non-interference, Henry suffered much obloquy—as all men suffer who stand above their age.

Poor Anne of Brittany did not get her handsome Maximilian, which was entirely his fault and not hers. The Kaiser's son was far too slow a lover for a heiress with a hundred suitors, who were acting while he was thinking. Being hard pressed by his loving little princess, Maximilian at last roused himself so far as to send an ambassador to the Court of Anne, who was to marry her by proxy. The ambassador, in the person of the prince of Orange, duly arrived at Nantes, and was married to the fair heiress, "with a ceremony, at that time, in those parts new." According to Lord Bacon, sweet Anne "was not only publicly contracted, but stated, as a bride, and solemnly bedded; and after she was laid, there came in Maximilian's ambassador, with letters of procuration, and in the presence of sundry noble personages, men and women, put his leg, stripped naked to the knee, between the espousal sheets; to the end that that ceremony might be thought to amount to a consummation and actual knowledge." Far better it would have been for Maximilian had he come himself and gone through this very interesting ceremony. As it was, the slow king of the Romans never got his beautiful young wife. It was in vain that she, her mind now fuller of love than of Greek, wrote him the most passionate letters, entreating him to see her. He promised to do so immediately after having settled some urgent business, consequent upon rebellion, in Italy, Flanders, and Germany. Before he had done so, there appeared the great rival suitor in the field. Charles VIII. of France, though still very young, was coarse and dissipated, and so illiterate as to be scarcely able to read. Worse than this, he was frightfully ugly; short, thick, with arms of unequal length, and a deformed head. Anne shrunk in horror from this unkingly king; but Charles, nothing abashed, declared his determination to marry her and nobody else. Putting himself at the head of a body of troops, he besieged the princess in her own capital, and when about to fall by storm, desired her to choose between becoming his wife or his prisoner. Anne was unromantic enough to accept the former alternative. She had called herself the *wife* of Maximilian all along; but probably came to the conclusion now, that a husband who had no time to see her was not worth having. Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany were married, not by proxy, but in reality, at the castle of Langeais, in Touraine, on the 6th of December, 1491.

Maximilian, the unfortunate proxy-husband, when the news of the marriage reached him, could not help feeling deeply humiliated. He ordered his ministers to draw up a violent protest against the perfidy of Charles VIII., and while seeking the aid of all the powers of Europe, threatened to invade France by the combined armies of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands. To King Henry, too, he appealed for aid, as against the despoiler of Brittany and the common foe of outraged humanity. Henry pretended to be greatly shocked at the doings in France, and promised to do as much for outraged humanity as parliament in its wisdom would allow. Accordingly, the faithful Commons were called together once more to grant subsidies. In the summer of 1491, the king had given some slight encouragement to the still prevailing war-fever, by raising a few hundred troops, and imposing,

at the same time, upon the good citizens of London, a tax of 10,000*l.*, under the title of "benevolence." In furtherance of this policy, his majesty now, in the spring of 1492, made a very warlike speech in parliament, remarkable in many respects. "The French king," he exclaimed, "troubles the Christian world: that which he hath is not his own, and yet he seeketh more. He hath invested himself of Britain; he maintaineth the rebels in Flanders; and he threateneth Italy. For ourselves, he hath proceeded from dissimulation to neglect, and from neglect to contumely. He hath assailed our confederates; he denieth our tribute: in a word, he seeks war. So did not his father, but sought peace at our hands; and so perhaps will he, when good counsel or time shall make him see as much as his father did. Meanwhile, let us make his ambition our advantage; and let us not stand upon a few crowns of tribute or acknowledgment, but, by the favour of Almighty God, try our right for the crown of France itself; remembering that there hath been a French king prisoner in England, and a king of England crowned in France. Our confederates are not diminished. Burgundy is in a mightier hand than ever, and never more provoked. Britain cannot help us, but it may hurt them. New acquets are more burden than strength. The malcontents of his own kingdom have not been base, popular, nor titulary impostors, but of a higher nature. The king of Spain, doubt ye not, will join with us, not knowing where the French king's ambition will stay. Our holy father the pope likes no Tramontanes in Italy. But howsoever it be, this matter of confederates is rather to be thought on than reckoned on. For God forbid but England should be able to get reason of France without a second. At the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, we were of ourselves. France hath much people and few soldiers. They have no stable bands of foot. Some good horse they have, but those are forces which are least fit for a defensive war, where the actions are in the assailant's choice. It was our discords only that lost France; and, by the power of God, it is the good peace which we now enjoy that will recover it. God hath hitherto blessed my sword. I have, in this time that I have reigned, weeded out my bad subjects, and tried my good. My people and I know one another, which breeds confidence; and if there should be any bad blood left in the kingdom, an honourable foreign war will vent it or purify it. In this great business let me have your advice and aid. If any of you were to make his son knight, you might have aid of your tenants by law. This concerns the knighthood and spurs of the kingdom, whereof I am father, and bound not only to seek to maintain it, but to advance it. But for matter of treasure, let it not be taken from the poorest sort, but from those to whom the benefit of the war may redound. France is no wilderness; and I, that profess good husbandry, hope to make the war, after the beginnings, to pay itself. Go together in God's name, and lose no time; for I have called this parliament wholly for this cause."

"Thus spoke the king," remarks shrewd Lord Bacon, commenting upon this oration; "but, for all this, though he showed great forwardness for a war, not only to his parliament and court, but to his privy

council likewise, except the two bishops and a few more, yet nevertheless in his secret intentions he had no purpose to go through with any war upon France." Henry, truly, was far too great a politician to let all the world know his real intentions, but wisely kept them to himself and his "two bishops," namely, Morton and Fox, men nearly as far-seeing as the king, and zealously pursuing the same course of policy. In this case the great object in view was to gain two ends at the same time, that of venting the mad war spirit of the people, and of weakening the power of the nobility. A very simple Act, passed in blissful ignorance by the unsuspecting lords and commons, did all that Henry wanted to be done. The Act permitted all landowners to alienate their estates without payment of the ordinary fees or fines, and to enfeoff real property, to the end that their executors might have funds to fulfil their bequests. The immediate effect of this law was, according to Lord Bacon, "the setting the gate open and wide for men to sell or mortgage their lands, without fines for alienation, to furnish themselves with money for the war." Henry's broad hint about France being "no wilderness," and about "war, after its beginnings, to pay itself," had its effect as much upon the cupidity of "the knighthood and spurs of the kingdom" as upon their love of adventure; and there were thousands who rushed blindly into the snare thus opened to them, selling and mortgaging their estates, until reduced to the condition of homeless knight-errants, with nothing to fall back upon, but loot and "glory." Soon the war fever reached such a height that Henry himself was not able to withstand it. All he could do was to temporize as much as possible, spending the spring, whole summer, and part of the autumn in slow preparations for invading France. Finally, on the 6th of October, 1492, the king set sail from Sandwich for Calais, at the head of a well-equipped army of 25,000 men. After lingering a little while at Calais, the English troops slowly marched towards Boulogne, to commence the siege of this town. It was a very easy kind of siege, possessing, to the great distress of the war chroniclers, no "memorable incidents." Only one unlucky Sir John Savage happened to be killed accidentally, "while riding about the walls of the town to take a view." On the 27th of October, eight days after his arrival before Boulogne, the king summoned a council of war, consisting of twenty-four of the principal officers of the English army, to consider the preliminaries of a treaty of peace laid before him by French ambassadors who had arrived in the camp. The council strongly recommended his majesty to accept the peace-offering, on the ground that there was great sickness in the army, and that the season was far too advanced for military operations. Thereupon Henry, nothing loth, signed the treaty known as that of Estaples, by which the French king was bound to remain in peace and friendly alliance with England, for the term of his own life and that of Henry, and engaged besides to pay a war indemnity of 149,000*l.*, of which 25,000*l.*, represented the tribute due from France to England, but not paid since the reign of Edward IV. Immediately after the signature of this treaty, Henry with his army returned to England, after the absence of little more than a month and a

half. The king met with a cordial reception at his entry into London, his thoughtful metropolitan subjects being well aware that there was a higher vocation for England than that of spending its life-blood in an impossible conquest of France.

Henry had his own secret reasons, besides his general dislike of war, for concluding the peace of Estaples. He had been informed by his agents abroad, that another counterfeit pretender to the crown of England, cleverer a good deal than poor Lambert Simnel, was about to be launched against him; and fearing the effect of this apparition, if supported by the wealth and influence of France, as well by his political enemies at home, he wisely determined to disarm at least the former power. The new pretender, known subsequently as Perkin Warbeck, came directly from the country of Henry's determined foe, Margaret of Burgundy, so well characterized as "having the spirit of a man and malice of a woman." Perkin Warbeck, according to Lord Bacon, "was a finer counterfeit stone than Lambert Simnel; better done and worn upon greater hands, being graced after with the wearing of a king of France and a king of Scotland, not of a duchess of Burgundy only. As for Simnel, there was not much in him, more than that he was a handsome boy, and did not shame his robes. But this youth, of whom we are now to speak, was such a mercurial, as the like hath seldom been known, and could make his own part if at any time he chanced to be out." The pretender made his first public appearance in Ireland in 1491, but did not attract much attention at the time. However, when soon after Henry determined on his expedition to Boulogne, the French king, not unnaturally, thought that Perkin Warbeck might be a very useful person, if rightly employed, and accordingly invited the young man to Paris. Perkin Warbeck, a young scamp with a handsome face, son of a tradesman in the town of Tournay, Flanders, passed himself off as Richard duke of York, second son of Edward IV., one of the unfortunate boy-princes murdered in the Tower by order of Richard III., in 1483. Although Perkin had no proofs of his pretensions, and altogether but a very poor tale to tell, it suited the king of France perfectly well to encourage him in his imposture, and the young man of Tournay accordingly had a guard of honour given to him, as well as a decent allowance of cash, which latter had the effect of drawing round him a number of needy English and Irish refugees. However, the treaty of Estaples had no sooner been concluded, when master Perkin, being now useless, was turned unceremoniously out of France, body-guard and cash alike vanishing behind like phantoms of the air. Too good an adventurer to be abashed by this temporary misfortune, Perkin now turned his steps back to his native country, and after a few formalities and intrigues was openly received at the court of Lady Margaret of Burgundy as the son of Edward IV., and rightful heir of the crown of England. Surrounded by a guard of thirty halberdiers, clad in splendid uniform, the young actor now began to assume the airs of *bonâ fide* royalty, demeaning himself as if already seated on the throne. "The news hereof," says Bacon, "came blazing and thundering over into England, that the duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin

Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon the duke of York—that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed and in great honour in Flanders. These fables took hold of divers; in some upon discontent; in some upon ambition; in some upon levity and desire of change; in some few upon conscience and belief; but in most upon simplicity; and in divers out of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favour and nourish these bruits. And it was not long ere these rumours of novelty had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the king and his government, taxing him for a great taxer of his people and discountenancer of his nobility." The last few words expressed the groundwork of dissatisfaction against Henry, and the basis of assistance available to such pretenders as Perkin Warbeck. The nobles themselves, otherwise not very far-seeing, had found out by this time that the new Tudor king was a "discountenancer of his nobility;" bent, in fact, upon destroying all their privileges, and setting up one great right instead of many rights. To see how far the pretender might be made really useful for their own purposes, some of the leading malcontents secretly despatched an agent to Flanders, in the person of Sir Robert Clifford, an old adherent of the house of York, who was to open secret negotiations with duchess Margaret and the supposed duke of York. Sir Robert pretended to recognise Perkin as the real son of Edward IV.; but, while doing so, did not scruple to accept bribes from Henry, and, all on a sudden, turned round and betrayed the whole of his confederates. Having obtained the list of the chief persons who had entered into secret communication with Perkin, the king, on one and the same day, had them all arrested and thrown into prison. This done, Henry resorted to an extreme measure, that of banishing all Flemings from England, and of transferring the mart of English cloth from Antwerp to Calais. The blow had the desired effect. Touched in their most vulnerable part, their pockets, the subjects of lady Margaret insisted upon the banishment of Perkin Warbeck from Flanders, and thus the hopeful youth had once more to leave his body-guard and other luxuries behind, and take the pilgrim's staff.

Although the Warbeck imposture did not seem from the beginning, and never proved to be, half as dangerous as the previous one of Lambert Simnel, the king, nevertheless, was moved by it to far greater resentment. One reason, probably, was that he feared a perpetual recurrence of these harassing attacks, threatening at the same time foreign war and internal dissension. Henry, perhaps, also looked upon the new agitation as a fair opportunity for further crushing the power of his restless nobles, who, while now fully conscious of the weight of his iron heel, showed themselves more and more mutinous. To assert his supreme authority, and strike sudden terror among these enemies, Henry, having already arrested a number of sympathizers with Perkin Warbeck, betrayed by Sir Robert Clifford, made further use of the latter, by inviting him into his presence, to get a full confession of all his secrets. Sir Robert, either feeling or pretending deep repentance, pointed out the king's intimate friend, Sir William Stanley, brother of Lord

Stanley, husband of Henry's mother, the same who placed the crown on his head after the battle of Bosworth, as one of the noble conspirators. The king showed incredulity that one so near and dear to him should be a traitor; nevertheless, he had Sir William Stanley brought to trial before the judges at Westminster, and, having been found guilty, he was beheaded at Tower Hill, on the 15th of February, 1495. Following in the wake of several other executions for treason, the death of Sir William Stanley had the effect of an extreme act of terrorism. Lord Bacon accuses Henry of having given his consent to Sir William Stanley's death partly from motives of avarice, Stanley being "the richest subject for value in the kingdom; there being found in his castle of Holt forty thousand marks in ready money and plate, besides jewels, household stuff, stocks upon his grounds, and other personal estate, exceeding great." But this is taking a very low estimate of Henry's character, who, though certainly fond of money, as a medium of power, was fonder still of justice. Treason being punishable by death, and a great man having been condemned for treason by the judges of the land, it would have been injustice on the part of the king to have pardoned him, and to let the law take its course in respect to minor criminals.

The doleful period of conspiracies and executions was interrupted for a while in 1495, by some grand court festivities, tournaments, and pageants. A second son, baptized Henry, having been born to the king on the 28th of June, 1491, he was created duke of York with great pomp, a host of bishops in full dress, wearing their mitres, marching round Westminster Abbey, and Lord Shrewsbury having the honour to carry "our Lord Harry" in his arms. Then came splendid jousts, at which Edmund de la Pole, brother of John, the rebel, who fell at Stoke, and by-and-by a rebel himself, gained vast distinction; and the whole was concluded by a magnificent banquet of sergeants-at-law, at the palace of the Bishop of Ely, which both the king and queen honoured with their presence. Henry was always ready to fraternize with the gentlemen of the long robe; for, as Lord Bacon says, "as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers." In the summer of the same year the king set out on another visit to the midland and northern counties, with the laudable object of personally investigating the state of the realm, and the progress of the population in the arts of peace. While in Lancashire, the news reached him that Perkin Warbeck had effected a landing on the coast of Kent, intending to march upon London. But Henry was so well assured of the fidelity of his subjects in that part of the kingdom—there being no great barons, disturbers of the peace, in the south-eastern counties—that he made no changes in the course of his journey, contenting himself to send a royal commissioner for aid and advice to the men of Kent. The result showed that he knew his people well; for Perkin's invasion, owing to the manly behaviour of the coast inhabitants, proved an utter failure. The pretender himself was wise enough not to risk his skin in the affair, but having landed a number of his followers between Deal and Sandwich, looked on from his ship at the consequences. When

he saw that some were cut to pieces, and the rest made prisoners, he set sail in all haste, vanishing in the darkness of night. The wretched invaders who had been caught did not meet with much mercy at the hands of the king, who, in the quaint words of the learned historian before quoted, "hanged them all for the greater terror." The poor fellows "were brought to London all railed in ropes, like a team of horses in a cart, and were executed, some of them at London and Wapping, and the rest at divers places upon the sea-coast of Kent, Sussex, and Norfolk, for sea-marks or light-houses, to teach Perkin's people to avoid the coast." Nothing was thought so funny as hanging in those good old times.

But Perkin Warbeck was yet to give a good deal more trouble to King Henry. The impostor, foiled in his attempt to set foot in England, and driven out of Flanders as well as France, now made another trial upon Irish credulity. He met with a few friends in the south, but was, on the whole, coldly received, obtaining no guards of honour, nor the still more desirable supplies of cash. But for this momentary reverse of fortune Perkin was richly compensated by his next move, which led him into the most brilliant position he ever occupied in life. Fiery King James IV. of Scotland, long on bad terms with Henry VII., and smarting under old injuries received at his hands, was looking, in the summer of 1496, for a plausible pretext to retaliate upon his cautious southern neighbour, when Perkin came over from Ireland to his court in search of temporary hospitality. The pretender met with a most enthusiastic welcome. Be it that James IV. believed Perkin's story, as asserted by some, or, what seems far more probable, that he considered him an exceeding good card in the game he intended playing—his majesty treated the young man from Tournay with the greatest affection, called him his cousin, gave great tournaments and other festivals in his honour, and, to crown all, found him a wife in the young and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Huntly, a relation, on the maternal side, to the royal House of Stuart. This was going a great deal farther than ever the French king and the irascible Burgundian princess had done with their guards of honour and shows of etiquette; yet James IV., apparently altogether satisfied with the claims of his fair-visaged visitor, did not stop here, but openly asserted his determination to take up arms in his behalf. Making a regular treaty with Perkin, as with a sovereign prince, James promised to lend his aid in seating him on the throne of England; in return for which service the pretender was kind enough to promise to give up the town and castle of Berwick, as well as to pay a sum of fifty thousand marks. These stipulations having been duly signed and sealed, James crossed the border in the month of January, 1497, at the head of some ten thousand troops, nearly half of them foreigners, and accompanied by Perkin Warbeck. The latter, however, did not fight, but contented himself to issue proclamations, in which the king of England was spoken of as "Henry Tudor." Fabulous sums were offered to all who would aid in catching Henry Tudor, while honours and rewards without end were showered in prospective upon all who might assist the rightful heir of York in gaining his crown.

But neither proclamations nor promises had the least effect. The population everywhere not only displayed no sympathy, but assumed a threatening attitude, and the troops of James, curious mixture of Flemings, Germans, French, Highlanders, and Lowlanders, having commenced quarrelling among themselves on account of the greatest of misfortunes, lack of victuals, a quick retreat into Scotland became inevitable. This was safely accomplished at the beginning of April, the threatened conquest of England turning out a mere marauding expedition.

But the so-called invasion, unimportant as it was in itself, had very serious indirect consequences. On the 13th of February, 1497, soon after the news had been received that the Scotch army had crossed the border, Henry got a grant from his parliament of two tenths and two fifteenths, to provide for the security of the realm. The tax was collected with some harshness in the west of England, which led to frequent riots, till in the end the people of Cornwall broke out into open insurrection. Looking upon England as a confederate state composed of so many counties, the irate Cornishmen argued that they ought not to be taxed for a war taking place in the northern part of the kingdom; and on the argument being denied by government, they forthwith set themselves in march for London. The leaders of the insurgents were a blacksmith of the town of Bodmin, named Michael Joseph, "a notable talking fellow, and no less desirous to be talked of," and Thomas Flammoek, a lawyer, acting as general prompter to Michael. These two worthies gathered no less than sixteen thousand men around them, mostly armed with bills, bows and arrows, ready for a little fighting and a great deal of plundering. Chieftain Flammoek told to all who would hear it, that they were only marching to the metropolis to deliver a humble petition, requesting the dismissal of Archbishop Morton and Sir Reginald Bray, advisers of his majesty; but the riotous crowd having got as far as Taunton, the work of murder was commenced by the slaying of several officials. From Taunton the insurgents marched to Wells, where Lord Audley, a nobleman of ancient family, hating the king like all his order, was foolish enough to accept generalship at the side of the Bodmin blacksmith. The Cornish mob now rushed onward from Wells to Salisbury, thence to Winchester, and through Hants and Surrey into Kent, leaving London a little to the north. The reason of their going in this direction was through the oracular advice of Thomas Flammoek, the lawyer, whose geographical notions were of the vaguest, and who held Kent to be an independent country, never conquered by the king of England. But the wild army did not get far into Kent. Encamping upon Blackheath, between Greenwich and Eltham, they were surrounded by three divisions of the royal troops, under the earls of Oxford, Essex, and Suffolk, the king himself commanding an army of reserve, stationed at St. Giles's in the Fields. On the 22nd of June, 1497, towards evening, the insurgents found themselves suddenly attacked on all sides, and, though fighting stoutly, were soon put to flight, or killed on the spot. The loss of the royal troops amounted to no more than about three hundred, while of the rebels more than two thousand were slain, and

all the rest taken prisoners; their camp, surrounded on all sides, having become a kind of mouse-trap. The three chief leaders were taken alive; Flammoek and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, while Lord Audley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill, "in a paper coat painted with his own arms, the arms reversed, the coat torn," and was thus beheaded—another proof of Henry's sentiments towards the old nobility. To show how little grudge he felt for the poor people, the king pardoned all the rest of the prisoners. "It was a strange thing," says Lord Bacon—commenting upon the fact that Henry had satisfied himself with the lives of only three offenders for the expiation of this great rebellion—"to observe the variety and inequality of the king's executions and pardons." Strange it was, no doubt, to Henry's contemporaries; yet it is certain that had the sixteen thousand Cornishmen been noblemen his majesty would have hung them all.

The king was heartily glad to finish the Cornish insurrection so quickly, for a greater danger was looming in the north. While the Bodmin blacksmith was marching with his sixteen thousand friends upon London, King James of Scotland, at the head of a goodly army, broke a second time across the Tweed, attempting to seat his ally Perkin Warbeck upon the English throne. But this second raid proved as resultless as the first, and James's troops having been beaten back, the people of the adjoining countries followed them across the border, ravaging the country right and left. So far the English had the better of it; nevertheless, Henry felt alarmed at the continued hostility of his northern neighbours. Through the mediation of the Spanish ambassador, Don Pedro Ayala, a proposal for suspension of arms came to be negotiated by the Scotch and English governments, and the whole ended in a treaty of peace, establishing the most friendly relationship between the two countries. In consequence, Perkin Warbeck again got notice to leave. With more generosity, however, than his former hosts, James IV. allowed Perkin a honourable departure, in fitting with the great rôle he had played. Escorted by a troop of horse, the adventurer embarked at Ayr in a ship expressly prepared for him, commanded by Robert Barton, a sea-king in a small way, famous for many an encounter with the English. The one great prize Perkin had gained in Scotland remained his own—his beautiful and accomplished young wife. Like a true woman, she had faith in him against the world, and was determined to share his good or evil fortunes to the last. Probably, the young man of Tournay by this time had come to believe himself that he was the son of King Edward IV. Six years of sublime acting, amidst guards of honour, the rustling of silks and satins, and the incense of courtiers, could not but have their effect upon a handsome youth with a small brain. At any rate, Perkin Warbeck, notwithstanding his new misfortune, embarked at Ayr as Richard duke of York, the royal arms of England flying at the main.

Robert Barton's good ship safely carried the pretender over to Cork, where he landed with much pomp, but was very coldly received. The masters of Ireland, the Geraldines and other great nobles, had

not yet forgotten their Lambert Simnel, and were naturally undesirous of another battle of Stoke, so that pretendership was at a discount. While still ruminating what to do next, the happy news was sent to Perkin that there were allies in Cornwall wishing to see him, hoping that his presence might fan the glowing embers of the old insurrection. His Irish friends, probably wishing to get rid of him, greatly encouraged Perkin to accept the invitation; and following the advice, he got four small vessels, and with about six score followers set sail for Cornwall. Having reached Whitsand Bay at the beginning of September, 1497, he forthwith set out for Bodmin, centre of the old insurrection, now crowded with a host of unruly people, with King Henry's pardon in their pockets, but nothing to eat. Ready for any adventure, and willing to face death in the field rather than perish of hunger, some three thousand of these old rioters crowded round Perkin, who, since his landing upon English soil, had dropped the simple title of duke of York, and styled himself Richard IV. Intoxicated by his new dignity and the enthusiastic shouts of his subjects, Perkin now resolved to take the field at once, and, as a commencement, marched upon Exeter, laying regular siege to the city. However, he soon found the undertaking rather beyond his means. With no artillery nor any other engines of war at their command, the undaunted Cornishmen were left to batter the walls with logs of timber, which made but slight cracks, and rather served to amuse the citizens who stood upon the ramparts. Less amusing was the next attempt of the rebels to set fire to the gates of the town; but this, too, was soon remedied by the free use of water and earthen walls. Seeing other means fail, the leaders ordered a storm, which, however, was bravely repulsed by the citizens, who made such good use of their guns that the assailants dispersed in great disorder. Gathering his disorganized forces, the pretender now marched upon Taunton, which he reached on the 20th of September. There he met the van-guard of the royal army, commanded by the king in person, marching to the relief of Exeter. The Cornishmen showed a bold face, ready as ever to stake their lives against fearful odds: only their princely leader turned a coward. Both the rebels and the troops of Henry prepared for battle in the night of the 21st of September; but when the morning dawned, and the poor deluded insurgents looked around them, they found that their King Richard was gone, having taken leave of nobody. The handsome young man of Tournay, failing to exhibit at least one good quality of the royal race which he aped, had taken a swift horse and scampered off to the sanctuary of Beaulieu, in the New Forest. Seeing the man gone for whom they were fighting, and whom they had vowed not to leave till death, the Cornishmen, "without stroke stricken, submitted themselves unto the king's mercy." And "the king," says Bacon, "who commonly drew blood, as physicians do, rather to save life than to spill it, and was never cruel when he was secure, now he saw the danger past, pardoned them all, except some few desperate persons." Thus, in the autumn of 1497, the wretched rebel host wended its way back again to the Cornish mountains, facing the grim destroyer—cold and hunger.

Having easily disposed of his riotous subjects, and despatched a strong guard to watch the sanctuary of Beaulieu, in which Perkin had taken refuge, the king went forward to Exeter, to thank the citizens for their valour displayed in the siege. With a keen eye to popularity, Henry took the sword from his side and handed it to the mayor, desiring that it should ever after be carried before him. The next step of the king was to secure the person of the pretender's wife, fair Lady Gordon, who had been left behind at St. Michael's Mount when the Cornishmen marched eastwards. Henry, not insensible to female beauty, treated her with the greatest kindness; "not only," says Bacon, "with compassion, but with affection." One may fancy a silent tear stealing into the king's eye at the thought that a mere impostor, and craven coward to boot, should have made so much grace and beauty his own; while he himself, poor king, eternally battling against falsehood and deceit, full of the desire of making his people happy and prosperous, had been forced to take a wife whose heart was already given away, whom he could not love, and who could not love him. It would seem, from Lord Bacon's account, that Henry was more than kind to the beautiful spouse of the pretender. "Comforting her," says the learned historian, "to serve as well his eye as his fame, he sent her to his queen to remain with her, giving her very honourable allowance for the support of her estate, which she enjoyed both during the king's life and many years after." As for Perkin, he was enticed by promises that his life would be spared to leave the sanctuary of Beaulieu, and give himself up to the royal troops. Carried to London in the king's suite, the pretender was led through the streets in mock procession, "with the charm of a thousand taunts and reproaches." He was not put into prison, but remained nominally in full liberty; nevertheless he was closely watched, and all his steps followed by secret agents. There being still much mystery about the career of the impostor, the king's object was to get at the true facts from his voluntary confession, for which purpose he was frequently examined before commissioners, and finally induced to write his own autobiography, which, as a refined, but not undeserved punishment, he had subsequently to read to a gaping multitude while sitting in the stocks.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, wonderful enough in itself, has given rise to still more romance; but, on the closest investigation of all the circumstances attending the career of this remarkable adventurer, there seems no reason to doubt that the account he furnished of himself is strictly true. "First, it is to be known," said Perkin, sitting with his feet in the stocks before the door of Westminster Hall, "that I was born in the town of Tournay, in Flanders; and my father's name is John Osbeck, and my mother's name is Katherine de Faro." Both parents, it would seem, were still alive at this time, and it appears from other documents that the French king, to please Henry, had even offered to send them to England, to bear witness to their son's imposture. Continuing his life-story, young hopeful in the stocks goes on to enumerate his further relationships. His grandfather was sexton of St. John's, Tournay, while his grandmother had been married to one Peter Flamme, a sort of inspector of

the boatmen on the river Scheldt. From this worthy, it seems, the future aspirant to the crown of England got his name of Peterkin, or Perkin. During his boyhood, he was taken by his mother to Antwerp to learn Flenish, but returned to Tournay before long, "by reason," he says, "of the wars that were in Flanders." This must refer to the year 1484, and helps to fix the chronology, as it shows the truth of the story. "And within a year following," Perkin continues, "I was sent with a merchant of the said town of Tournay, named Barlo, whose master's name was Alexander, to the mart of Antwerp, where I fell sick, which sickness continued upon five months. And the said Barlo set me to board in a skinner's house, that dwelled beside the house of the English nation. And by him I was from thence carried to Barowe mart, and I lodged at the sign of the Old Man, where I abode the space of two months. And after this the said Barlo set me with a merchant of Middelburgh to service, for to learn the [English] language, whose name was John Strewe, with whom I dwelled from Christmas to Easter. And I then went into Portugal, in the company of Sir Edward Brampton's wife, in a ship which was called the Queen's ship."

The lady here mentioned was a noted adherent of the House of York, her husband having been knighted by Richard III. She fled from England a few months after the accession of Henry VII., and doubtlessly gossipped a good deal with the handsome young man of Tournay about the troubles of Yorkists and Lancastrians. However, Perkin did not long remain "in the company of Sir Edward Brampton's wife," but arrived in Portugal, transferred his services to "a knight that dwelled in Lisbon, which was called Peter Vacz de Cogna, with whom I dwelled a whole year, which said knight had but one eye. And because I desired to see other countries, I took licence of him, and then I put myself in service with a Breton, called Pregent Meno, the which brought me with him into Ireland." This Meno, as appears from contemporary records, was a man of some note in Ireland, for although of foreign birth, he filled for some time the post of constable of Carrickfergus Castle. It was when in his service that Perkin, according to his own account, conceived the first notions of his grand imposture, the original idea being due to Irish brains. But a hero is seldom much cared for at home; and the Irish people never took any affection for the counterfeit prince they had started. "The French lad," is the name given to him by the earl of Kildare, son and successor of the great revolutionist who lifted Lambert Simnel up to a throne, and paid for it with his life at the battle of Stoke.

Perkin Warbeck, though a wonderfully clever actor, fit to play with equal grace the rôle of king and of lackey, was anything but a wise man. Having lived for above six months at Henry's court, leading a very comfortable existence, and much better off than poor Lambert Simnel, still condemned to spit-turning, he resolved, in an evil hour, to run away. "He took him to his heels," as Bacon has it, "and made speed for the sea-coast." Immediately pursued, his courage once more failed him, and he took refuge in the monastery of Bethlehem, near Sheen, which enjoyed the right of sanctuary. "The prior of this monas-

tery," says Bacon, "was thought a holy man, and much revered in those days. He came to the king, and besought the king for Perkin's life only, leaving him otherwise to the king's discretion. Many about the king were again more hot than ever to have the king to take him forth and hang him. But the king, that had a high stomach, and could not hate any that he despised, bid 'Take him forth and set the knave in the stocks;' and so promising the prior his life, he caused him to be brought forth. And within two or three days after, upon a scaffold set up in the Palace Court at Westminster, he was fettered and set in the stocks for the whole day. And the next day after the like was done by him at the Cross in Cheapside, and in both places he read his confession," of which mention has been made before. Perkin was next imprisoned in the Tower, but in such a lenient manner as to allow him to roam about within the walls, and among others, to get access to the unfortunate earl of Warwick, last of the Plantagenets, whose whole life had been spent in more or less close confinement. Hoping to gain something by his new acquaintance, the pretender warmed himself into the affections of his illustrious fellow-prisoner, and next attempted to organize a conspiracy among four of the keepers, with the object, as Bacon asserts, "that these four should murder their master the lieutenant, secretly, in the night, and make their best of such money and portable goods of his as they should find ready at hand, and get the keys of the Tower, and presently let forth Perkin and the earl." But the conspiracy was discovered in time, and both the pretender and the real Plantagenet having been placed under strict watch, they were brought to trial. What made matters worse for them was that there started up, at the same moment, another counterfeit prince, a cordwainer's son, named Ralph Wilford, who asserted that he was the real earl of Warwick, having just escaped from the Tower. Ralph was soon caught and executed, together with his tutor, an Augustine friar. Nevertheless, the king was sorely vexed at these continued impostures, which threatened endless confusion and disturbance in the public mind. To make a severe example, Henry resolved upon the death of both Perkin Warbeck and the earl of Warwick. The former was arraigned at Westminster "upon divers treasons, committed and perpetrated after his coming on land within this kingdom;" and being convicted, as a matter of course, was executed at Tyburn on the 23rd November, 1499. On the scaffold, Perkin, according to the old historian, Hall, "asked the king's forgiveness, and died patiently." Bacon adds: "It was one of the longest plays of that kind that hath been in memory, and might perhaps have had another end, if he had not met with a king both wise, stout, and fortunate." Perkin's beautiful and devoted wife, one is glad to learn, did not die of a broken heart. Shortly after her husband's death she married a second time, giving her hand to a stout Welshman, named Sir Matthew Cradoc, and becoming the mother of a happy family, continued in the present earl of Pembroke. Sir Matthew and his fair wife, when their career of happiness was run at last, were buried side by side in the old church of Swansea, where their tomb and epitaph may be seen to this day.

More tragic, in every sense, than the end of Perkin Warbeck, was that of his fellow prisoner in the Tower, the poor earl of Warwick. He was now in the twenty-ninth year of his age, but his lifelong imprisonment had left him almost a child in manners and understanding. By the king's desire, the earl was not brought to trial before the ordinary judges at Westminster Hall, but at the bar of the House of Lords, to show the respect due to one of royal blood. Nevertheless, the formalities were but few, and the result not a moment doubtful. Arraigned before the lords on the 21st of November, for "conspiring to raise sedition and to destroy the king," he spared his judges all trouble by pleading guilty at once; whereupon he was condemned to death, and beheaded three days afterwards on Tower Hill. "This," says Bacon, "was the end of the line male of the Plantagenets, which had flourished in great royalty and renown from the time of the famous king of England, King Henry II.: howbeit it was a race often dipped in their own blood." They grew in blood, and perished in blood, like many another royal race before and since.

With the execution of Warwick ended the stormful period of Henry's reign. He was henceforth allowed not only undisturbed sway at home, such as few kings before possessed, but even foreign potentates became eager to court his good-will, justly considering him as the foremost representative of the principle of absolute monarchy. This led to a series of matrimonial alliances, which had no little effect upon the course of events for the next two or three generations. Foremost in importance among these alliances was that of Henry's eldest daughter, Margaret, born 1490, to King James IV. of Scotland. Henry was greatly in favour of this alliance, which he hoped would lead to the ultimate union of the crowns of England and Scotland; and, by his instructions, the shrewd bishop of Durham, Fox, went to negotiate the matter with James IV. The latter seemed little inclined at first for the match, but the bait of a large dowry, skilfully held out before his majesty, had the desired effect; and on the 25th of January, 1502, Princess Margaret, now full twelve years of age, was married by proxy to King James. The proxy-wedding was consummated at Edinburgh, in the month of August following; King Henry bringing his little daughter as far as Collyweston on the way, and then consigning her to the attendance of the earl of Northumberland, who, with a great troop of lords and ladies of honour, accompanied the rather too juvenile bride to her husband. The union gave rise to great rejoicings in England, though there were some, even among the royal counsellors, who argued "that if God should take the king's two sons without issue, that then the kingdom of England would fall to the king of Scotland, which might prejudice the monarchy of England." To which, according to Bacon, the king himself replied: "that if that should be, Scotland would be but an accession to England, and not England to Scotland, for that the greater would draw the less." This passed as an oracle, and silenced those that moved the question.

Previously to this Scotch alliance, which so soon after realised the high expectations formed by King Henry, a marriage of lesser importance, yet likewise

not without political consequences, had taken place between Prince Arthur, eldest son of the king, and Princess Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In point of age of the chief parties concerned, the latter marriage was even more unnatural than the former, the Spanish princess being three years older than Prince Arthur, and the latter barely fifteen at the time of the nuptials. These were celebrated with immense pomp, on the 14th of November, 1501, under the chief superintendence of Bishop Fox, who was generally held "not only a grave counsellor for war or peace, but also a good surveyor of works, and a good master of ceremonies, and anything else that was fit for the active part belonging to the service of the court or state of a great king." The bishop's ceremonies were, on the whole, of a somewhat heathenish character; there being no end of gods and goddesses, Greek and Latin, called up for the occasion; but Henry was well-pleased with the whole affair, his mind pleasantly full of the good dowry which the princess had brought with her to England. Always fond of money, which he looked upon, and with good reason too, as a political power, his fondness, in the latter years of his reign, grew into avarice, leading him into many a dishonourable act. This marriage itself was discreditable to the king, and, more still, its consequences. Less than five months after his marriage with the Spanish princess, little Arthur, weakly in body, and still almost a boy, died at Ludlow Castle, to which place he had been sent with his wife "to keep court." In order not to return the dowry of the princess, amounting to the large sum of two hundred thousand ducats, the king now forced his second son, Prince Henry—renowned Henry VIII. to come—to enter into a marriage contract with Catherine. The contract was signed in 1503, Prince Henry being then only in the thirteenth year of his age; but the nuptials, fortunately, did not take place till five years after, the royal boy, a good deal stronger, both in body and mind than his elder brother, showing a decided opposition to become the husband of a dark foreign lady nearly twice as old as himself.

In the summer of 1502, not long after the decease of her eldest son, Queen Elizabeth died in child-bed, to the moderate grief of the king her husband. Getting more avaricious with ever increasing wealth, Henry lost no time in announcing his intention to take a second wife, looking out chiefly, or almost solely, for a rich dower. Scores of fair princesses, old, young, and middle-aged, were ready to have the diadem of England placed upon their brow; yet Henry was difficult to please, discarding one after the other, always, when nearly ready to make his choice, discovering a still more attractive figure—arithmetically speaking—in the background. After lengthened negotiations, the king fixed his mind upon Margaret, duchess of Savoy, a comely widow, possessed of immense wealth. She was not unwilling to become queen of England, but her brother, Archduke Philip of Austria, husband of Joanna, the only daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and who had become Queen of Castile since the death of her mother, opposed the match, to the great indignation of Henry. However, by a curious accident, the poor archduke was very unexpectedly forced into giving his consent

Returning with his young wife, who hung upon him with devoted fondness, from the Netherlands to Spain, the ship in which they embarked was driven by stress of weather into Weymouth, and they were glad to seek shelter on English ground. Henry had no sooner heard of the arrival of these illustrious though unwilling guests, when he invited them to court, and entertaining them for several months with tournaments and other displays, sought to make their sojourn as pleasant as possible. It was clearly impossible for Archduke Philip—who, with a most handsome face, had a great want of pluck, and felt, in the hands of Henry, very much like a squirrel in a cage—to refuse anything to so amiable a host; and, accordingly, he at once set his hand to the proposed marriage contract between his sister and the king. More than this, he agreed that his infant son, Charles—subsequent world-renowned Charles V., monarch of half the civilized world—should be married to Princess Mary, Henry's youngest daughter; and also that the principal English refugees, members and adherents of the House of York, who continued to carry on their intrigues in Flanders, should be delivered into the hands of the king. The unhappy archduke, in fact, refused nothing of all that he was asked to do; and, having signed all the treaties laid before him, including a commercial pact between England and the Netherlands, deemed himself happy when he was allowed, at the end of three months, to quit the hospitable court of King Henry. Leaving England in March, 1506, he safely arrived in Spain, but less than six months after died in the arms of his wife.

Queen Joanna grew raving mad at the death of her husband. Of a strongly melancholy temperament, and subject to fits of mental aberration, she had, it was believed, been saved from insanity by an intense and almost frantic love for her handsome young husband—a love not at all returned by the latter, but openly despised in the show of affection for other women. Constant jealousy, but too well founded, continued to undermine the reason of the poor queen, so that, at Philip's death, the dark veil of hopeless insanity fell down upon her. During the whole of the illness of her husband she had not left his bed. After his spirit had fled she sank down in a long swoon; but no sooner had she recovered and heard that he had been buried, than she gave orders to have the corpse taken up and placed again by her side. Arrayed in costly robes, the dead body was once more carried into Joanna's room, and placed in a chair, opposite which the queen sat the livelong day, not turning her eyes from the livid, ghastly features, once so well beloved. But jealous as ever, not a woman was allowed to come near the room, and even when soon after brought to bed of a child, Joanna refused all female aid. Not long after she went on a tour through Spain, in company, as always, with her husband's corpse. Refusing to believe that he had really died, all the wreck of her thoughts was bent upon the one idea that he was only asleep and would soon be awake. Thus the queen of Castile rode up and down through her kingdom, until the corpse of her husband fell into hideous putrefaction, leaving nothing but the fleshless bones in her fond embrace.

Henry had no sooner heard of the death of Archduke

Philip, when he offered to marry Joanna, giving up his already settled match with the duchess of Savoy. The information that she had become insane did not appear to detract in the least from his anxiety to wed the queen of Castile, now the richest heiress of Europe. Like many other men of large intellect and small imagination, Henry did not think very highly of women, and, with the sole exception of his mother, whom all through life he regarded with the deepest veneration, and submitted to with almost child-like obedience, he never treated the sex otherwise than with a sort of silent contempt. Thus the love-madness of poor Joanna of Castile could not but appear to him supremely ridiculous; he probably fancied that all she required for a complete cure was another husband. His scepticism about the frantic love of the unhappy woman was justified, to some extent, by what he had seen of her and her husband during their three months' sojourn in England, which was not exactly calculated to give the highest idea of connubial bliss. Handsome Philip, much-adored archduke, showed himself to Henry's sharp eyes as little better than a brainless fop, simpering at the skirts of pretty chambermaids and ladies of honour; while the queen, his fond wife, kept hawk-like watch over him, pouncing down with immeasurable fury on such fair delinquents as might fall within her reach. This was clearly not the sort of "heavenly union upon earth" to impress an old observer of mankind like Henry; and while feeling silent contempt for the beautiful archduke, he had no high admiration either for the jealous queen, his wife. Therefore in offering himself as second husband—an act visited with fierce indignation by poetical historians of subsequent generations—Henry was probably unconscious of committing any offence against morality; nay, looking upon poor Joanna's mad grief as a temporary excitement, akin to her former jealousy, and sincerely believing that he would make a far better husband than her rakish archduke, he was, perhaps, even led to look upon his own offer as an extremely noble act. But Henry, with all his cold, worldly wisdom, forgot two things—forgot that he was fifty and that he was plagued with the gout. Henry should have known that these were qualities not likely to recommend him to a queen stark mad of jealousy and love.

However, the negotiations for the hand of Joanna of Castile were continued very earnestly for more than a year, the representatives of the widowed queen being her father, Ferdinand of Aragon, and his great minister, Cardinal Ximenes. The world had not often before seen two such sets of politicians matched against each other as Henry, with his astute arrow-bearer, Bishop Fox, at his side, and Ferdinand, greatest of living statesmen next to Henry, accompanied by Ximenes. Though in political intrigue and all the arts of dissimulation which go by the name of diplomacy, Henry was undoubtedly superior to Ferdinand; yet, on the other hand, the Spanish cardinal was far more perfect a hypocrite than the English bishop, and thus the chances were pretty even in the joust. Ferdinand's chief object throughout was to keep Castile to himself; but he was anxious likewise not to offend Henry, whose alliance was of the highest importance to him in the struggle

against French supremacy. Perhaps he would have been really delighted to let King Henry have any of his daughters or sisters, whether sane or insane, old or young; but Joanna possessing Castile in right of her mother, and an immense private fortune besides, he was quite determined not to let the match take place. But Ferdinand and Ximenes hid their refusal under the softest and most endearing terms, professing no other motive but the deep affliction of the unhappy queen. Henry replied, more curtly, that poor Joanna would be all right by-and-by; that she wanted somebody to take care of her, and that all her sorrow and affliction had been brought upon her solely by the cruel treatment of her husband. Ximenes, with tearful eyes, would not allow this. He was sure the queen's love for her dead husband was more overwhelming than ever the world had seen, making it impossible that she should wed again. Henry soon perceived that the cardinal was his master in fine sentiments and romance, and thereupon turned over another leaf. He gave his "dear cousin," King Ferdinand, to understand, that if he himself could not have the hand of Queen Joanna, his son and heir, Prince Henry, would not be permitted to marry Princess Catherine, the king's daughter, to whom he was betrothed. This was a serious threat; but Ximenes again parried it off with skilful fence. He reported on the increasing disease of Queen Joanna's mind, while his secret agents in England skilfully spread a rumour that Joanna's private fortune was in reality very small, the greater part of it having been spent by her husband, and the rest being settled upon her children. Henry now drew back cautiously, his thoughts again reverting to the comely widow of Savoy, and the 300,000 crowns which she was going to bring him. In this mood he accepted a new offer on the part of Ferdinand to remit the remaining part of the dowry of Princess Catherine, amounting to 100,000 Spanish dollars, in four half yearly instalments, on condition of the marriage of the princess with Prince Henry taking place at the end of the term. The Spanish dollars came as promised; but the king himself had only the satisfaction of seeing two instalments arrive, grim death stalking in before the final cash account.

The last years of Henry's reign were sadly marred by financial oppression, due to his ever-increasing avarice. Compared with the enormous weight of modern taxation, the imposts ordered by the king were in reality mere trifles; nevertheless, his subjects, who certainly were the best judges in the matter, did not look upon them in this light. Besides the subsidies granted to him by parliament, which, almost from the first year of his government, had been but an abject tool in his hands, he exacted large "benevolences," "casualties," "redemptions," and a variety of other imposts from the more wealthy of his subjects, little mindful of the resistance of his victims as long as they were really able to pay, but scrupulously careful not to touch in any of his exactions the lowly and the indigent part of the population. There were two harpies, both lawyers, whom the king had made his chief tax-gatherers. The first was a man of good family, called Dudley, possessed of some eloquence, and acting frequently as speaker of the servile House of Com-

mons; and the second one Empson, the son of a sieve-maker, altogether low and vulgar, and doing the viler part of the work. By alternately preying upon the covetousness, the fears, and the expectations of rich people; by persecuting some and cajoling others; by packing juries and intimidating judges; and by making free use of prisons and hangmen, these "horse-leeches and shearers," as they were called, managed to extract large sums from the upper and middle classes, a portion of which found its way into the king's coffers, and the rest into their own. Their chief hunting-ground was the wealthy city of London, and no game they liked so much as a good portly lord mayor or alderman. At times their proceedings were marked by the most oppressive tyranny. Sir William Capel, lord mayor of London, was twice condemned by them to pay the then enormous fine of 2000*l.*, for some alleged misgovernment in municipal affairs; and though he gave the money the first time, he refused on repetition, being "a man of stomach, and hardened by his former troubles." He was thrown into the Tower thereupon, remaining a prisoner for several years, till the king's death. Out of another city man, lord mayor Knesworth, the two "horse-leeches" got one thousand four hundred pounds, through a frivolous charge; a third, Sir Lawrence Ailmer, had to give one thousand pounds, and in default was committed to prison; and one poor faint-hearted alderman, named Hawis, got so frightened at similar proceedings against him, that he died "with thought and anguish." The king appears to have personally superintended the whole of these exactions, according to the testimony of Lord Bacon. "I do remember," says the learned historian, "to have seen long since a book of account of Empson's, that had the king's hand almost to every leaf by way of signing, and was in some places postilled in the margin with the king's hand likewise, where was this remembrance:—

"Item, Received of such a one five marks, for a pardon to be procured; and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be repaid, except the party be some other ways satisfied."

"And over against this *Memorandum*, of the king's own hand, 'Otherwise satisfied.'"

Lord Bacon states that he mentions this fact "because it shows in the king a nearness, but yet with a kind of justness. So these little sands and grains of gold and silver, as it seemeth, helped not a little to make up the great heap and bank."

At times Henry himself did not object to play the tax-gatherer. "There remaineth," says Bacon, "to this day a report that the king was on a time entertained by the earl of Oxford, that was his principal servant both for war and peace, nobly and sumptuously, at his castle at Henningham; and at the king's going away, the earl's servants stood, in a seemly manner, in their livery coats, with cognizances, ranged on both sides, and made the king a lane. The king called the earl to him, and said, 'My lord, I have heard much of your hospitality, but I see it is greater than the speech: these handsome gentlemen and yeomen, which I see on both sides of me, are sure your menial servants.' The earl smiled, and said, 'It may please your grace, that were not for mine own ease: they are most of them my retainers, that

are come to do me service at such a time as this, and chiefly to see your grace.' The king started a little, and said, 'By my faith, my lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney must speak with you.' And it is part of the report, that the earl compounded for no less than fifteen thousand marks."

Henry was for a long time a great sufferer from the gout, and feeling it twitch hard in the last year or two of his life, he repented himself of his sins as a taxgatherer, and resolved upon making restitution, at least to some extent. He ordered large sums to be distributed in alms, and on one day discharged the debts of all prisoners not amounting to above forty shillings each. But the time had now approached when all almsgiving, and all the power, wisdom, and glory of the world was to vanish from before his eyes. In the spring of 1509 Henry began to feel that the end of his earthly career had arrived. To his other complaints, was added a dry hectic cough, indicating the last stage of consumption. The king suffered much, but, as always, did not give vent to what he felt, bearing his pains in silence and solitude, neither caring nor hoping for sympathy. His mother sat watching at his bedside, and to her, now and then, he gave a look which seemed to reveal his heart. For weeks the king kept lying on his couch, in the palace of Sheen; and as the green leaves came springing from the trees, and the birds began singing in the groves, his spirit fled, on the morning of the 21st of April, 1509. "Thus," says Bacon, "this Solomon of England, having lived two-and-fifty years, and thereof reigned three-and-twenty years and eight months, being in perfect memory, and in a most blessed mind, in a great calm of consuming sickness, passed to a better world."

Of the character of Henry VII. the most contradictory estimates have been given by different historians. Lord Bacon, though not blind to his faults, yet calls him a Solomon; and Lord Burleigh says that his heart was "a storehouse of all heroic virtues;" while writers less known to fame have contented themselves with describing him as a vulgar despot, loving power more than justice, and money more than men. But it may be safely asserted that as Bacon's life of Henry is the best picture of the first Tudor king of which our literature can boast, so the estimate of the great statesman and historian is the truest to be arrived at in our time. "He was a prince," says Bacon, summing up Henry's character, "sad, serious, and full of thoughts and secret observation," which is a wonderfully striking portrait in a few touches. "No doubt," continues the great historian, in an equally lofty spirit, "in him, as in all men, and most of all in kings, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation, but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles. His wisdom, by often evading from perils, was turned rather into a dexterity to deliver himself from dangers, when they pressed him, than into a providence to

prevent and remove them afar off. And even in nature, the sight of his mind was like some sights of eyes—rather strong at hand, than to carry afar off. For his wit increased upon the occasion, and so much the more if the occasion were sharpened by danger."

Henry's qualities as a king have been justly appreciated by Mr. James Gairdner, editor of the 'Historia Regis Henrici Septimi,' and two volumes of 'Letters and Papers illustrative of the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.,' works which give a clearer insight into the period than any other book since the time of Bacon. Henry VII., Mr. Gairdner holds, and every impartial student of history will agree with him, "was the very king of whom England then appeared to stand in need—pre-eminently fitted to command the respect, if not the affections of his subjects. Though no admirer of war, he was always ready for it; on several occasions took the field in person, and never met with a reverse. Trained in the school of adversity, he was not rash and violent like the kings who preceded him, but prudent in his counsel and moderate in his dealings. As far as possible, he allowed the evils of an unquiet age peacefully to settle themselves; yet one means he employed against them no less merciful than effective. Rebellion was expiated, for the most part, not with bloodshed but with money; offences were dealt with as debts to the crown. By this means the king's treasure was augmented, and the royal authority was strengthened. What was of still more importance, the people were interested to support him. Each new disturbance only created fresh taxation. The impatient west and the unquiet north were alike compelled to pay the subsidy, and all who resisted were burdened with fines besides. Thus Henry enlisted in the cause of order every man who knew the value of money; and this, perhaps, was beginning to be known somewhat better than it had been before. He checked his accounts with his own hands, and governed his people by his cashbook." To a certain extent, Henry was the founder of what is vaguely designated now-a-days as the constitutional system, the essence of which is cashbook government.

In personal appearance, Henry is described by Bacon as "a comely personage, a little above just stature, well and straight limbed, but slender. His countenance was reverend, and a little like a churchman; and as it was not strange, or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well disposed. But it was to the disadvantage of the painter, for it was best when he spake. . . . He was affable, and both well and fair spoken; and would use strange sweetness and blandishments of words where he desired to effect or persuade anything that he took to heart." Altogether, England has reason to cherish lovingly the memory of her first Tudor king.



COINS OF HENRY VII.

SECTION II.

HENRY VIII.

On the 9th of May, 1509, the road from Richmond to London was crowded by a gorgeous procession, of immense length. Files of halberdiers, trailing their battle-axes on the ground; rows of choristers, chaunting solemn prayers; and vast numbers of monks, priests, and prelates, reciting hymns and psalms, preceded and followed a chariot of great height and of most singular aspect. It was covered with rich cloth of gold and pearl-embroidered cushions, on the top of which there lay a figure dressed in royal robes, ball and sceptre in hand, and on the head a golden crown. The figure was meant to represent King Henry VII., whose dead body was hidden underneath the cloth of gold, no more visible to men's eyes. Slowly the huge procession moved along, and it grew night before it reached the gates of London. Then, when the shadow of darkness had fallen upon the earth, a thousand torches came to be lighted, and again the procession kept moving on, till the flaring fires were reflected in the waters of the river Thames. At London Bridge, the mayor and aldermen of the city, all in black, followed by fresh crowds of monks, priests, choristers, halberdiers, and torch-bearers, took charge of the waxen figure with the corpse below, and St. Paul's received for the night the mortal remains of King Henry VII., together with the gaudy trappings of his funeral car. The next day, the 10th of May, the chariot took its course from St. Paul's cathedral to Westminster abbey, and the body underneath the great cloth of gold having been lowered to its last dark resting place, the chief officers broke their staves and cast them into the grave, while the heralds shouted at the top of their voices, and the whole crowd repeated the shout, "*Vive le Roy Henry le Huitième !*" "The king is dead: long life to the king!"

There was long life in store for King Henry VIII. Never did monarch of England ascend the throne under fairer auspices than Henry; never, since the days of the Conqueror, was the wealth and power of the realm more concentrated in one grasp than now, when falling into the hands of a young man of not quite eighteen. It was but natural that the world, always hoping that which it desires, should lavish high expectations upon this youth, and that even great thinkers, high above the vulgar multitude, should prophesy a time of unequalled prosperity to the young king, as well as to the country over which he was set to rule. Erasmus of Rotterdam, foremost in the rank of philosophers of the age, deliberately pronounced his opinion that young Henry was "sent from Heaven to regenerate Britain;" and quiet Melancthon himself, bosom friend of Luther, and most unassuming of thinkers, stated his conviction that there was now in store for England "such a golden age as was formerly in Egypt under Ptolemy Philadelphus." The whole of these transcendent hopes were based upon the fact of the son and heir of King Henry VII. being a lusty youth of tolerably good education, not deficient in courage nor in knightly accomplishments, of comely aspect, and of great energy

of mind, approaching obstinacy. Destined originally for the Church, and not spoilt by flatterers until arrived at the age of nearly eleven, when the death of his brother Arthur brought him to the foot of the throne, Henry possessed, moreover, the great attraction of suasive speech and condescending affability; and it was the weight of these natural gifts and educational accomplishments together, which laid for him the foundation of an immediate and boundless popularity as soon as the crown had fallen upon his head. The head was too unwrinkled as yet to look upon life in general, and life on the throne in particular, as anything else but sunny and golden; and the first impulse of the young king was to give himself up, heart and soul, to the intoxication of his new career. Immediately after the great officers of the realm had thrown their broken staves into the tomb of the father, the son hurried them off to the royal palace, "where," says the old chronicler, Hall, "they had a great and a sumptuous feast." Thus the first act of the reign of Henry VIII. was a hearty Irish wake.

On the advice of his shrewd grandmother, the countess of Richmond—veritable founder, in more than one sense, of the line of Tudor kings—Henry determined to retain all his father's advisers, which suited him the more as allowing his unrestricted devotion to pleasure and amusements. The leading men in this ministry were three prelates, Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, Fox, bishop of Winchester, and Ruthal, bishop of Durham, with whom acted six lay figures, with high-sounding titles but no particular influence. One of the first questions to be discussed by these royal advisers was, whether Henry should marry his brother Arthur's widow, Catherine of Spain, or send her, with the rich dowry, back to her father, King Ferdinand. There were weighty reasons in favour of the latter; and, in fact, except the money question, there was no ground whatever for committing such an outrage upon morals as this marriage with Catherine involved. Nevertheless, the majority of ministers decided in favour of the union, and, what was more important, the young king himself was eager for its accomplishment. Eight years older than Henry, Princess Catherine was now in the very height of her somewhat voluptuous beauty, and the easily inflamed passion of the king made him not only consent to the marriage, but hurry it on with quite indecent speed. On the 3rd of June, 1509, exactly six weeks after the death of his father, and less than a month after his burial, Henry celebrated his nuptials with the Spanish princess at Greenwich, with such extravagant pomp and gaiety as if mourning for a good and wise parent had never been known upon earth. The dead father having left immense treasure behind, the carousals of the son were of the most magnificent character, and altogether, in modern phrase, regardless of expense. Not for a long time had England seen such a show of finery and upholstery—utterly at repugnance with the principles of the first Tudor, to whom life was a serious thing, and who had too much work to do to find time for playing—and great accordingly was the admiration of courtiers and fine ladies for the new king. The marriage festivities had no sooner been concluded when came those of the coronation, which took place on the 24th of June. To judge by the

elaborate descriptions of the old historians, all London went fairly mad at sight of the splendours exhibited on this occasion. The palace of Westminster had been converted into a vast theatre, in the midst of which there was a wooden castle, gilded all over, on the top of which the king and queen took their seats. Then "the trumpets blew to the field, and the fresh young gallants and noblemen, gorgeously apparelled, entered, taking up and turning their horses neatly and freshly. Next followed a turret, wrought with fine cloth of gold, whereon was a lady bearing a shield of crystal"—the said shield of crystal being the only garment provided for the lady. But this was far from being all. Another troop of horsemen was soon ushered in by drums and fifes, "with coifs of gold and high plumes on their heads." Eight knights followed in superb armour, who were introduced to the queen, and besought her leave "to prove themselves against Minerva's scholars, and to have the crystal shield their prize if they won the triumph." They jousting with each other till night, when somebody took the coveted crystal shield; and on the next day they all assembled for a fresh spectacle, declared to be a perfect marvel of beauty. "A park with green pales, containing fallow deer, and exhibiting artificial trees, with bushes and ferns, was brought in and set before the queen;" and, all being ready, "the gates were opened; the deer ran out into the palace; greyhounds pursued, caught, and killed them; and the bleeding animals were presented to the queen and her ladies by the eight knights, who declared that they were servants to the great Diana, and that news having been brought them that the scholars of Minerva had come for feats of arms into these parts, they had left their chase, to fight with them for the love of ladies." Thus the jousting and theatricals went on day after day, the king throwing his whole heart into the matter, never wearying of the childish play. Even the death of his venerable grandmother, noble pillar of the Tudor race, did not interrupt Henry's delight in the mummeries. But, true to his instinct of vanity, he gave the old lady a splendid funeral, after the model of that of his father, with only the waxen figure left out.

While Henry was thus amusing himself and his courtiers, a ferment gradually arose among the people, on account of a long neglected claim of justice. The pecuniary extortions which so sadly disfigured the last years of the reign of Henry VII. had raised a strong spirit of opposition even in the king's lifetime, and he had no sooner closed his eyes, when it found vent in a great clamour for the punishment of the two state counsellors, Empson and Dudley, held to be the chief instruments of oppression. To appease the clamour, the young king's ministers had no hesitation whatever to throw their former colleagues into prison, and even to put them on their trial, although they well knew that all the acts complained of were committed, not only with the connivance, but often the express order of the royal master whom they all served. Nevertheless, Empson and Dudley, with numerous so-called accomplices, were found guilty of illegal extortion, and being condemned to death, were thrown into the Tower. A lingering feeling of shame prevented their immediate execution, but the excite-

ment continuing, with the unpleasant cry for restitution added to that for punishment, Henry signed the death warrant at last, and the heads of the two unlucky royal counsellors fell on Tower Hill. The immense fortunes they had amassed found their way into the king's exchequer, and the numerous victims of injustice were promised restitution in full. But promises were the beginning and the end. The fact soon became plainly discernible to most men, that King Henry VIII., though not possessed of all the qualities of his great father, had at least, to a high degree, the one of extreme love of money. Spending it lavishly, for the gratification of his vanity, he yet grasped at wealth with immense eagerness, and not too fine perception of right and wrong, whenever occasion offered. When Sir Thomas More, no mean admirer of Henry, was congratulated by his friend on the fact that the young king walked arm-in-arm with him, he pointedly remarked, "I believe he doth as singularly affect me as any subject within his realm: howbeit, if my head could win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go."

The life of pleasure and dissipation, with which Henry commenced his reign, continued uninterruptedly for nearly four years, the chief occupations of the young king during the whole of this period being jousting, tilting, dancing, shooting, gambling, and flirting with the beauties of the court. Of course, there was no tournament in which he was not the winner; no tilting, shooting, or wrestling, in which he did not carry off all the prizes. The flatterers with whom he was surrounded were allowed to exercise their craft to the utmost, even to the border of the ridiculous. Thus, the Venetian ambassador, adept in the art, like most of his countrymen, addressed Henry as follows, in open court: "If we look upon your highness' face, we believe we see an Apollo; and if we contemplate your breast and shoulders, or the other parts of your adorable body, we behold the image of a Mars." Then cried another courtier, Henry listening all the while very demurely, as if the subject under discussion was the man in the moon:—"Who can observe that august majesty of his whole body, and not say that this noble frame was born for a diadem, and for royal robes, and for a kingdom? Who can behold that forehead, that countenance, even from afar, and not acknowledge it to be the seat of clemency and divine wisdom." Kings may be pitied for living in an atmosphere which encourages the growth of arrant knaves delivering such foolish speeches; nevertheless, in Henry's case the pity must be mingled with contempt. Gifted as he was with great energy of character, and with an intellect scarce inferior to that of his father, he might have roused himself, even at the youthful age of twenty, to something better than court mummeries; and, driving the fools and knaves from his presence, devoted at least part of his time to the serious work of government—government never more wanted than now, the old feudal state having gone to wreck and ruin, and all the might of the realm lying concentrated within the folds of the throne. But it was Henry's deliberate choice to subordinate, at the very beginning of his kingly office, his fine intellect to the grosser passions of his nature. The path once struck out was not

easily left, but came to mark the whole course of Henry's life.

While the king was wasting the best years of his youth in puerile, and, but too often, vicious amusements, there grew into strength, at his side, an extraordinary man of low origin, destined to be for many years the real king of England—Thomas Wolsey. Although the son of a person in very humble circumstances—of a butcher at Ipswich, according to some, and, as others will have it, of a small farmer—Thomas Wolsey received a very superior education, and, having studied at Oxford for several years, and gained high honours, entered the Church at the age of twenty-five. For some years after he filled the post of tutor to the sons of the marquis of Dorset, when his winning manners and attractive conversation, together with real learning and acquaintance with almost all subjects of human knowledge, made him such a favourite, that, on the rectory of Lymington, in Somerset, in the gift of the marquis, becoming vacant, Wolsey was made the incumbent. He was inducted to the living in the latter part of the year 1500, at the age of twenty-nine. Lymington rectory, though well endowed, did not seem to be to the liking of Thomas Wolsey; at any rate, he behaved badly, and found his way, somehow or other, into the stocks. It was this, probably, which made him leave the place, to set out upon a wandering life. After filling, for a short time, the place of one of the chaplains of the archbishop of Canterbury, he went over to France, and got the appointment of priest in the household of Sir John Nefano, treasurer of Calais. As always, so here Wolsey succeeded in a very short time to gain the good graces of his patron; and Sir John being old and infirm, he allowed his chaplain to discharge the greater part of the duties of his laborious and lucrative office. However, not long after, age compelled him to resign the treasurership, and, in gratitude to Thomas Wolsey, he procured for him the appointment of one of the chaplains of King Henry VII. Once introduced at court, a brilliant career opened before the enterprising and ambitious priest. His handsome figure, his noble deportment, his fluent speech, his vast acquirements, and, above all, his obsequious servility, combined with masterly self-possession, soon made him the universal favourite; to such an extent, that even stern King Henry, who well knew the real worth of men, and was not easily deceived by superficial varnish, began to honour him with his confidence. After discharging several small orders to the king's satisfaction, Henry finally entrusted him with a secret mission of some importance. It proved, to some extent, the turning point of the extraordinary career of Thomas Wolsey.

The king at this time, old and infirm though he was, had got deep into matrimonial speculations. He wanted a wife for himself, and a husband for his daughter Mary; but the first being the more immediate requirement, seeing that he was past fifty, and his daughter much under fifteen, he fixed his eyes upon Princess Margaret, widow of the duke of Savoy, and presumed to be possessed of great wealth. Princess Margaret was nearly related to the emperor Maximilian of Germany, whose grandson, Charles, was thought to be a fit match for little Mary; and

Henry's speculations turned upon the double scheme of negotiating his own marriage while preparing the prospective one of his daughter. It was necessarily a delicate enterprise, the proper execution of which required much diplomatic skill. Considerable progress having been made in the preliminary arrangements, it became necessary to despatch a confidential envoy to Maximilian, who had fixed his court for the time being at the city of Bruges, in Flanders. This mission the king entrusted to Wolsey. Early one morning, in November, 1507, Wolsey was called to the royal presence, and, after a lengthened interview, receiving his credentials and verbal instructions, was told to set out at once for the court of Maximilian. Determined to show his zeal, Wolsey started from Richmond palace at noon, in a fast-sailing barge, and, with prosperous wind and tide, arrived at Gravesend the same afternoon. Taking horse immediately, he hurried forward to Dover, which he reached in five hours, went on board the packet boat, and, in the name of the king, ordered the sailors to start without a moment's delay. Arrived at Calais in another three hours, he posted, in hot haste, to Bruges, found the emperor ready to receive him at once, made an elegant speech, received a gracious and favourable reply, forthwith endorsed on parchment, and, before the sun had set a second time, was on his way back to Calais. His lucky star again made wind and tide favourable, and the waiting packet having brought him safely back to Dover, and relays of horses to London, he found himself at Richmond palace in less than forty hours after he had left it. King Henry was just rising, and going to the chapel for early prayers. Wolsey officiated, and, prayers over, bended his knee before the king, presenting the reply of Maximilian. Henry was surprised beyond measure to find his envoy had come back from what was then held to be a long and difficult journey, before he was aware even that he had left the court. Possessed as the king was himself of the most active energy, he could not help admiring the zealous vigour of his chaplain-ambassador, and then and there resolved not to lose sight of so valuable a servant. As a beginning of royal favour, Wolsey was made dean of Lincoln, and to this high office there came to be added various sinecures, among them the rectory of Redgrave, Norfolk, the vicarage of Lyde, a precentorship at St. Paul's cathedral, and—in curious combination with his clerical offices—the rangership of Brantsgisley park. This multiplicity of appointments did not prevent Wolsey from remaining at court, in the immediate neighbourhood of the king. The first steps upwards, so far from satisfying, but whetted the keen appetite of his boundless ambition.

The death of Henry VII., which occurred in the year after Wolsey's collation to the deanery, appeared for a moment to put a check upon his high aims. But he was too keen an observer of men not to see his advantages with any king; and before six months were over he was higher in the favour of the son than he had ever been in that of the father. Quite as able to get up a mummary, or a joust, in a couple of hours, as to travel to the continent and back in a couple of days, Wolsey had to wait but a short time to see his talents appreciated at the new court; and

the courtiers were not long in finding that their brilliant royal master was more fond of his society than of that of almost any other man. Though twenty years older than Henry, the versatile dean showed wonderful skill in adapting himself to all the fancies, freaks, and passions of the king, humouring alike and guiding the burst of his lower instincts and the higher qualities of his head and heart. Besides his vulgar admiration of tailoring, gorgeous upholstery, and love of all sorts of shows and silly displays, Henry was not without the nobler ambition of literary fame, caused by genuine respect for knowledge and wisdom; and often enough, feeling satiated with the sight of paper trees, wooden castles, and ladies in crystal robes, he fled for refuge to intercourse and correspondence with the greatest scholars of the age, such as Melancthon, and Erasmus of Rotterdam. In reality, Henry's acquirements were of no mean order; he had studied philosophy to some advantage, was well read in the classics, and able to express himself with more or less fluency in German, French, Spanish, and Latin. It was no wonder, then, that Wolsey should become his immediate favourite, there being no man at court so well able as he to share all and every pursuit and amusement of the king. Vastly superior as was Wolsey's understanding to that of Henry, he took good care not to make the superiority felt before the vain youth; but, on the contrary, laid it as a foil to set off the royal qualities. The crafty Venetian, who addressed Henry as Mars and Apollo, was scarce half so good a flatterer as this greater courtier, whose adulation was not in mere words, but acts. With all his vanity, there could not be but slight mistrust in the young king's mind at the genuineness of the Mars-Apollo worship; and the pleasure of the incense thus offered was not to be compared to the higher gratification afforded by the sweet reflex of the royal person in the magic mirror of Thomas Wolsey.

A few months after Henry's accession, Wolsey was appointed royal almoner, with the duty to be constantly about the king, and daily to perform the mass. His sacred functions did not in the least prevent him to act as leader of all the revelries and amusements of the court. According to Tyndale, "there was no man so obsequious and serviceable, and in all games and sports the first and next at hand, as a captain to encourage others, and a gay finder out of new pastimes." Henry was not slow in rewarding his useful and interesting almoner, and numerous gifts and church preferments quickly followed each other. In January, 1510, the splendid residence of the late king's unlucky favourite, Empson, situate in Fleet Street, was given to him as a present, and in the month following he obtained a prebendary at Windsor. He next got another rectory, that of Torrington; then two more rich deaneries, and the lucrative appointment of registrar of the Order of the Garter. So rapid was his rise in the royal favour that the ministers themselves now began to court him. There was an old antagonism between the clerical and the lay members of the cabinet, the former headed by Fox, bishop of Winchester, and the latter by the earl of Surrey. Both tried to propitiate Wolsey, but Bishop Fox tried hardest; and the great almoner leaning naturally to

the Church party, his friends were but too glad to stretch forth their hands and draw him up to their side into the royal council. They were left to repent their act when seeing that the presumed ally had risen to be their absolute master. But they did not see it all at once, and Thomas Wolsey came to rule England long before England was aware of the fact.

Wolsey rose to power at a moment when England's position stood higher than it had been for centuries. Internally, the country was quiet, and even prosperous, the limitation of feudal power under the sway of the first Tudor king having imparted new life to commercial and industrial activity and the general progress of the nation. At the same time, both the concentrated strength and visible stability of the Tudor throne, and the advancement of the people in all the arts of peace, raised the influence of the kingdom abroad, giving a weight to the English name such as it scarcely ever possessed. Foreign monarchs, even the mightiest of the continent, began to look for counsel, help, and assistance to England, and it was within the grasp of the sovereign of this country to become the arbiter in the international affairs of Europe. The position of the island king derived additional strength from the troubled state of the political atmosphere, and the imminence of a general European war. The war clouds were hanging over the old battle-field of the world—Italy. For centuries, the fair peninsula, rich, beautiful, and highly civilized, but weakened and prostrate through internal dissensions, had continued to be the seat of petty tyrants and the mark of conquerors, becoming at last the mere football of foreign politics. The kaisers of Germany claimed the greater part of Italy as a fief of the empire; the kings of France professed to have ancient rights in Lombardy and the Marches; and the rulers of Arragon and Castille demanded Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces as a family heirloom. For a time the German emperors were the only dangerous—because powerful—enemies of Italian independence; but as France grew in strength with the suppression of the great feudal dependencies and the concentration of regal power, another great foe was added; and a third stepped into the list at the union of Arragon and Castille and the foundation of the Spanish monarchy. France for the first time exhibited her power in the latter part of the 15th century, by making an effort for the conquest of Southern Italy. In August, 1494, King Charles VIII. of France crossed the Alps with an army of not more than thirty-two thousand men, and overran the whole peninsula with very little difficulty. Lingered a while at Milan and Florence, he made his solemn entry into Rome on the last day of the year, and into Naples on the 21st of February, 1495, and it seemed but to depend on him to annex the crown of Italy to that of France. But Charles was twenty-two, and more given to dissipation than work; and, instead of consolidating his easy conquest by wise government, he spent his time in feasts and revelries, distributing honours and high places among adventurers and court fools. The consequence was that all that remained in Italy of political power and influence united against him, and Charles was driven as quickly

back over the Alps as he had come across. Nevertheless, the invasion of Charles remained a strong incentive to further conquest: the eyes of all the kings of Europe being opened to the great fact that it was possible to take possession of the whole of Italy in a very few months, and with a very moderate expenditure of men and money. So the kings of continental Europe went on fighting about Italy for centuries to come.

The king of England had no direct interest in the struggle; but Wolsey had. His measureless ambition, rising higher with every step upwards, looking farther ahead with every new victory, impelled him to seek the friendship, not only of his own sovereign, but of foreign kings and emperors. He dreamt of placing on his brow, at some future time, the papal tiara, and of extending his sway over the nations of Christendom as never pope had done before. It was not an idle, or a wild dream, by any means. Men of lower origin than the butcher's son of Ipswich had filled the chair of St. Peter, and all that was requisite to obtain the glittering prize was the assistance of some of the great powers who influenced the college of cardinals. At the head of these powers was the kaiser of Germany, and, next to him, King Ferdinand of Spain. Both were thoroughly well informed of Wolsey's position, and were quite willing to assist him—provided he would assist them. The pact was soon made. On the 17th of November, 1511, Henry signed a treaty of alliance with his father-in-law, Ferdinand of Spain, by the terms of which he became a member of a confederacy styled the "Holy League," having for object the extinction of schism and the defence of the pope against all his enemies—notably the king of France. The chief members of the league were the Emperor Maximilian of Germany and Ferdinand of Spain, both of whom buoyed up Wolsey with the promise that at the first opportunity they would use all their influence to obtain for him a cardinal's hat. The bait for the big child, King Henry, was a golden rose, blessed by the hands of the pope, and, as carefully mentioned in the autograph letter accompanying it, "sprinkled with odoriferous musk, and anointed with holy oil." Henry was likewise flattered with the promise of getting, besides his rose, the title of "Most Christian King," hitherto borne by the king of France, but which was to be taken from that unorthodox monarch. This was quite enough to make Henry hurry into war with as much impetuosity as if entering the tilt at Richmond Green.

The war against France commenced in the tournament style, so much admired by the young king. A couple of heralds, dressed up in gorgeous tailorings, their mouths filled with big speeches, were despatched into France to order King Louis XII.—successor, since 1498, of Charles VIII.—not to make war upon the pope, "the father of all Christians," under the penalty of being deprived of his throne and kingdom. Louis XII., politest of monarchs, ever fond of an occasional bit of fun, sent the fine heralds back with neat compliments, expressive of great affection for his brother of England, and of much sympathy with the Christian father, whose worldly possessions, he declared, he was exceedingly sorry to invade, but could not

help it. Henry now was for attacking France immediately; but was restrained in his martial ardour by Wolsey, acting under the inspiration of Ferdinand of Spain. The latter—in many respects the greatest monarch of the age, and a match, more than once, for the astute diplomacy of Henry VII.—had his own objects to gain in the wars of the "Holy League," and being possessed of the advantage of knowing exactly what he wanted, meant to employ his young son-in-law as the mere tool of his designs. He persuaded Henry, through Wolsey, that it would be better to attack France in the south than in the north; and to show his friendliness in the matter, declared himself ready to send ships for the purpose of bringing an English army to the foot of the Pyrenees. The offer was accepted, and an army of ten thousand soldiers, under the command of the marquis of Dorset, left England in the spring of 1512, and was safely landed on Spanish soil, near the mouth of the Bidassoa, frontier river between France and Spain. French troops immediately rushed up to this point, to oppose the expected invasion; and all eyes being directed to the Bidassoa, Ferdinand quietly turned in the rear of the opposing armies, and took possession, on his private account, of the little kingdom of Navarre, fief of the crown of France. Ferdinand had long coveted Navarre, and by this clever strategy obtained his prize with the least possible trouble. The marquis of Dorset meanwhile, with his ten thousand, stood fixed at the river's mouth, unable to move for want of guns and other material of war, and watching the French on the other side, who could do neither less nor more than watch him in return. It was in vain that the English commander wrote home, to expose his helpless and almost ridiculous position. Henry, unable to see how he was being duped by his shrewd father-in-law, commanded Dorset to take his orders, as before, from Ferdinand, and, if not told otherwise, to remain at his post. But this was too much, if not for the English general, at least for his troops. The men, hopeless and helpless, and decimated by hunger and disease, began to mutiny, and in the end took possession of some of the ships of King Ferdinand, and set sail for England. About Christmas, 1512, some five out of the ten thousand men which had left the country set foot again upon English soil—starved, ragged, and miserable wretches, whom it was impossible even to punish for mutiny. It was the first fruit of the foreign policy of Henry VIII.

Though having not yet been quite three years on the throne, the king had very nearly exhausted the immense amount of treasure left by his father, as well as the rich dowry of his consort. His tailorings and upholsteries, artificial trees, wooden castles, and ladies under crystal shields, had proved somewhat expensive delights, and he was so far from giving them up that he added new ones every day. To carry out the invasion of France, therefore—costly, if in nothing else, in the manufacture of shiploads of new dresses for the king and his courtiers—Henry had to apply, for the first time, to parliament, and to ask for subsidies. The faithful commons, meeting in the winter of 1512-13, were liberally inclined, and readily granted two fifteenths and four tenths in the old form, besides sundry new personal and income taxes, which

were expected to produce a considerable sum. It was understood that the money was to go for war with France, and the old national antipathy once more made the cash come forth more readily from the pockets of the tax-payers than it would have done in any other case. The king himself made immense preparations to put himself at the head of the invading army; but it took a long time to get his accoutrements ready, and to keep the people in good spirits, Wolsey resolved to send out another fleet. The king's almoner had been made war minister in the preceding year, and in his hands was the supreme direction of the great contest now preparing with France. Wolsey rightly judged that it would be best to fight the French by sea; but his plans to this effect proved very disastrous at the beginning. Admiral Sir Edmund Howard, a son of the earl of Surrey, was entrusted with the command of forty-two armed vessels, which sailed from Portsmouth towards the end of March, 1513, with orders to cruise in the neighbourhood of Brest, where the French had collected a large fleet. For several months, Sir Edmund was unable to bring the enemy to an engagement, till, losing all patience, he rushed upon them, with more zeal than discretion, in the roads of Brest, within range of the guns on shore. The battle that ensued, on the 12th of August, 1513, was terrific, and, as appears from a letter of Wolsey to Bishop Fox, was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of brute valour that ever took place on the seas. "Our folks," Wolsey wrote, "met twenty great ships of France, the best furnished with artillery and men that ever was seen. After innumerable shooting of guns and long chasing, the *Regent* most valiantly boarded the *Great Carrick*, of Brest, wherein were four lords, three hundred gentlemen, eight hundred soldiers and marines, four hundred cross-bow men, and one hundred gunners. Our men so valiantly acquitted themselves, that within one hour's fight they had utterly vanquished, with shot of guns and arrows, the said *Carrick*, and slain most part of the men; but suddenly, as they were yielding themselves, the *Carrick* was one flaming fire, and the *Regent* was so anchored and fastened to it that by no means possible she could depart from it. And so both, within three hours, were burnt, and most part of the men in them." A frightful holocaust, thus coolly described! Remarkable was the conclusion of Wolsey's letter to Fox. "Keep," wrote the almoner and war minister, "these tidings secret to yourself, for there is no living man knoweth the same here but only the king and I." Wolsey might have taken precedence in all fairness, writing "I and the king."

To appease Henry's anger about the loss of the *Regent*, the first vessel of the royal navy, Wolsey ordered the immediate construction of a larger and much finer ship, to be called the *Henry Grace Dieu*. Meanwhile, the preparations for carrying war into France proceeded actively, the king's vanity and military ardour being kept alive by constant flatteries from the pope and the other members of the "Holy League." According to the language of these allies, Henry was already considered, before he had even drawn his sword, the greatest hero in Christendom. "The pope and all other great men here," wrote

Cardinal Bambridge from Rome, "now look daily to hear that your grace shall utterly exterminate the French king." Thus impelled, Henry set out at last upon the work of extermination. In May, 1513, the larger part of the army of invasion, some twenty-five thousand men, in two divisions, under Lords Herbert and Shrewsbury, were landed at Calais; and on the last day of June following, the king himself, with a glittering train of courtiers, embarked at Dover, after having taken an ostentatious farewell of Queen Catherine, to whom was committed the nominal government of the realm. Fondly keeping to the tournament style, Henry did not go direct from Dover to Calais, but made a magnificent display of his prowess in the Channel. Sailing up and down the coast between Boulogne and Calais, with hundreds of flags and banners streaming, he commenced warfare upon the sea-gulls, ordering, as related by the herald, "a great peal of guns to be shot, that it could be heard both at Calais and Dover." Late at night he landed at Calais, with more overwhelming noise of guns and trumpets. The king's arrival, according to an eye-witness—Dr. John Taylor, clerk of parliament, who left a curious diary, now among the manuscript collections of the British Museum—"was gratulated with tanto bombardarum terribili boatu, from ships, walls, and towers, that you would have thought the ruin of the world was come." Old warriors looked with astonishment upon this entirely novel style of warfare, in which all the shooting took place before the battle.

When Henry arrived at Calais, the bulk of his army, under Lord Shrewsbury, had already taken the field by engaging, somewhat needlessly, in the siege of the little town and castle of Terouenne—now called Th rouanne, a poor village of eight or nine hundred inhabitants—in Picardy. The king was in no hurry to follow; but remained full three weeks, engaged in tilting, shooting sparrows, and other less innocent amusements. Among the courtiers was one Sir Gilbert Talbois, distinguished for having a beautiful wife; and Henry was kind enough to send the knight to the army, and to take charge of the lady. The presence of other attractive ladies at Calais made the three weeks pass pleasantly for the king, though it created some uneasiness with his royal spouse at home. Knowing the influence of Wolsey, Queen Catherine addressed a piteous letter to "Maister Almoner," praying him to send a certain Francesca de Casseris away from court, with all haste. The poor queen did not know exactly where to dispatch Francesca, "for she is so perilous a woman that it shall be dangerous to put her in a strange house." However, "Maister Almoner" managed the matter in his own clever way. Many other letters, written by Queen Catherine about this period to Wolsey, serve to show the acknowledged power of the latter, and that he was in reality the absolute commander of the royal forces. But his military capability was certainly not equal to his political genius. Instead of attacking the French at once, which might have been done with great advantage, seeing that they had no good army in the field, and were vastly inferior to the English forces in the important matter of artillery, he lost more than a month in the siege of an insig-

nificant little castle, and even when taking the offensive at last, did it with seeming fear and hesitation. On the 21st of July the king quitted Calais, preceded, as usual, by his showy train of guards and archers, the latter "all in white gaberdines and caps," and after a march of wonderful slowness, equalling a procession, arrived on the 1st of August before Terouenne. In Henry's company were a dozen very large guns, expected with great anxiety by the earl of Shrewsbury and his besieging army, and famous, far and wide, as "The Twelve Apostles." The biggest of these pieces of ordnance, known by the French as "le grand diable," tumbled into a pond, on the way to Terouenne, and although more than a hundred men were harnessed to it, and tried to draw it out, they could not do it; and, to Henry's deep regret, it had to be left behind. King Louis afterwards recovered, and made good use of "le grand diable."

It was a dreadful rainy season, and the camp was one mass of mud when Henry arrived before Terouenne; nevertheless he could not help displaying his finery. He held court under a tent of silk, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and kept strutting about in fine clothes, dangling with the ladies, while the poor soldiers perished in his sight, of cold, hunger, and fatigue. The misery of the English army, according to the testimony of the eye-witness already quoted, was fearful. "No mortal," writes Dr. Taylor, "could be of such an iron or stony heart as to see our soldiers in their night watches, sticking in mud up to their knees all the sleepless night, and not pity them." The French forces, too, kept hovering round the camp, attacking and killing all stragglers, and intercepting the supplies which ought to have arrived from Calais. A battle, or bold march forward, was called for loudly by the troops, but Henry felt not inclined to leave his silken tent. The chief reason for his stay was that he expected a most illustrious visitor, the emperor of Germany, nominal head of all the sovereigns of Europe; and to forego a show of this kind was more than he was able. After some delay, the emperor, Maximilian I., made his appearance, Henry riding forward some miles to meet him. The rain poured down in torrents; notwithstanding which the king and his courtiers were clad in embroidered garments of gold and silver tissue, overhung with jewels, and their horses ornamented with tassels and bells of gold. The emperor, on his part, was dressed in plain black cloth, while his attendants were chiefly cased in leather, well suited to "the foulest weather that had been seen." Perhaps this still more contributed to feed the childish vanity of Henry, whose exultation at the visit of Maximilian knew no bounds. Queen Catherine echoed the sentiments of her lord in writing to Wolsey: "I was very glad to hear of the meeting, which hath been to my seeming the greatest honour to the king that ever came to prince." But the honour conferred by Maximilian proved, like most honours, of considerable expense to the accepting parties. Some time before the meeting, the emperor got a subsidy of one hundred and twenty thousand crowns from the English treasury, in aid of raising an army for the invasion of France, jointly with that of the king. But this army he forgot to bring with him when meeting Henry; to whom he offered, how-

ever, his personal services, as a volunteer, at the small wage of one hundred crowns per day. The offer, of course, was most gratefully accepted, the king being beside himself for joy at the prospect of giving orders to an emperor.

Maximilian and his leather-cased friends were worth their money, after all. From the moment they arrived in camp, things began to take a better turn, the king throwing off his indolence to exhibit himself before the high guest, and submitting with deference to his military advice. The emperor's counsel was that he should take the offensive on the first occasion, and gradually advance upon the main body of the enemy, stationed at the camp of Blangy. A favourable occasion for attack offered itself a few days after the arrival of Maximilian, in the attempt of a strong body of French cavalry to provision the besieged town. When the French horse, some twelve thousand strong, had come sufficiently near, Maximilian, acting as commander for the day, with the red rose of Lancaster on the top of his helmet, made a flank movement, and, throwing a strong body of mounted English archers upon the enemy, suddenly brought confusion into their ranks. The attack being entirely unexpected, the French *gensd'armes* fled as if seized by a panic, the foremost lines falling back upon those behind, and so on, until the whole mass had got into inextricable disorder. There was little fighting, and no interchange of artillery; the whole was a mere scamper, but one in which the French showed nothing but their backs. The great question in the contest was which party could spur their horses the fastest, the pursuers or the pursued; and the affair being over, the French themselves settled the name of the English victory as the Battle of the Spurs. There were few men killed in this memorable skirmish, but a great many distinguished prisoners fell into the hands of the English, among them the renowned Bayard, the "fearless and blameless knight"—*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The famous knight fell into English hands in rather a curious manner. Riding in the rear of his flying countrymen, spurring not quite so fast as the rest of the brave *gensd'armes*, he espied behind him a knight in rich armour, and swooping down upon him made him a prisoner. But before long Maximilian and his cavalry came up in the race, and now Bayard, seeing the uselessness of further flight, and recognizing the fact—true to the present day—of the English being the best horsemen in the world, surrendered himself to his own prisoner. It was at the side of King Henry, who had shown himself no bad rider during the day, that the fearless and blameless knight rode back into the English camp. The question now arose whether Bayard could be considered a prisoner, as he had been taken by one who was his own captive in the first instance; and the settlement of this nice point in the code of honour being left to Maximilian, he pronounced in favour of the renowned champion. A score of other French prisoners of the highest rank were dealt with very gently, Henry's vanity rising into magnanimity.

The Battle of the Spurs, unimportant as it was in itself, threw terror into the French army. King Louis momentarily expected that Henry, accompanied by the German emperor, would march upon the camp

of Blangy, containing the only army he had been able to raise; which, when destroyed, would leave the road open to Paris. The crisis was all the more to be feared, as a body of twenty thousand Swiss mercenaries, in the pay of the pope, had broken into France from the south, and had got as far as Dijon, with no troops between them and the capital. Already the pontiff was preparing a jubilee, and the people of Paris were debating whether they should defend or open their gates. Neither proved necessary; King Henry being gracious enough not to pursue his advantages, but to continue amusing himself under the blue silk tent at Terouenne. Being reassured thus far, and seeing that he only had to deal with the Swiss, Louis despatched to them his ablest officer, Tremouille, who beat the twenty thousand into retreat in the simplest possible manner, by giving each a purse of gold. This being accomplished, the governor of Terouenne received orders to open his gates; whereupon Henry, having granted to the besieged a very favourable capitulation, marched in with great pomp. Even now he did not pursue his advantages, and instead of attacking the French army in front, turned aside upon the city of Tournay, in the Netherlands. This singular movement, which created extraordinary joy at the French court, was due to the advice of Wolsey, who in his turn was prompted by Maximilian. The emperor had long wished to possess Tournay, a French enclosure within his own dominions; and taking this good opportunity, he thought it would be best that his new allies should conquer the territory. He therefore promised Wolsey to make him bishop of Tournay, there happening to be just a vacancy in the see; and this little matter settled, the English army went to march upon the city. To keep Henry amused, various grand festivities were prepared at Lille, the emperor, with some members of his own family, doing all in their power to please their guest, and Wolsey providing the other indispensable ingredients of pleasure. The capture of Tournay proved no very difficult matter, and Henry arrived just in time, five days before Michaelmas, to hold his entry into the city. Then there was more jousting, dancing, and banqueting, with such an exhibition of finery as to bewilder all mankind. The king and his whole train were clad in coats of purple velvet and cloth of gold; they feasted under gold-embroidered tents, and often wore bonnets of gold, which, after the fumes of wine had got under them, were thrown among the mob, for a scramble. It was altogether the golden age—paid for by the English treasury.

While Henry was amusing himself at Tournay, weighty news arrived from England. It was nothing less than that the Scottish king had broken across the border, had been attacked by the English troops, and had lost the battle and his life on the field of Flodden. King James of Scotland, although married to Henry's sister, had never been treated with the consideration due to a royal kinsman; nevertheless, his personal grievances were scarcely of the kind to justify war. Into this he was driven by the shrewd diplomacy of the French monarch, who, making use of all the influence acquired by the old alliance of the two nations, persuaded James not to lose so favourable an opportunity as the absence of King Henry from England to assert

his rights. The French counsel prevailed, and James resolved upon war; but, too honourable to take advantage of Henry's stay in France to attack his antagonist unawares, he began the contest in accordance with all the laws of chivalry, by despatching a herald to his royal brother-in-law, and proclaiming his intention. The Scotch herald, Lyon king-of-arms, arrived at Henry's camp the day after the gorgeous meeting with the Emperor Maximilian, which excited his vanity to such a pitch that he had nothing but a scornful answer to return. Henry's vanity, too, made him attach so little importance to the threatened invasion as to leave no thoughts to return home, and to quit his silken tents at Terouenne—a fact which, probably, contributed not a little to the safety of England. In the king's absence the command of the whole of the English forces, gathered to meet James, was left to an old and skilful general, the earl of Surrey, whose experience of warfare was vastly superior to that of his brave and chivalric but somewhat hot-headed antagonist. King James crossed the Tweed on the 22nd of August, at the head of an army of about thirty thousand men, including the flower of the Scotch nobility. Before them the strong castle of Norham fell in a week; and Wark, Etall, Ford, and other border fortresses surrendered almost without striking a blow. On the 8th of September James encamped near the river Till, a tributary of the Tweed, not far from the village of Branxton. Here the vanguard of the English army came in view, despatched from Alnwick, the head-quarters of the earl of Surrey. The latter, whose movements were planned with great strategic skill, and executed with mathematical precision, intended to cut his enemy off from the base of his supplies, and intercept his communication with Scotland. James, on his part, had scarcely any plans at all, but kept pushing forward with fierce impatience, less a general than a brave, hot-headed knight, fighting single-handed. However, on tilting against Surrey's vanguard, and becoming aware of his plan, James turned to bay, and marching along the Till, near its junction with the Tweed, took up a strong position on the slope of a hill. The king of Scotland and his army were now standing on Flodden Field.

Flodden Field, or rather Flodden Hill, forms the last and lowest of the north-eastern offshoots of the Cheviot mountains. At the base of the hill runs the little river Till, and four miles to the north flows the Tweed; while southward stretches the large and perfectly level plain of Millfield, through which runs the great road from London to Scotland. At present the summit of Flodden Hill, distant about half a mile from its river base, is covered by a plantation of fir trees; but it was bare on the memorable 9th of September, 1513, when King James and his army encamped on the ground. From the top of a natural rock, still known as "the king's chair," James' eyes anxiously strained the horizon, until the gleam of the English halberds and battle-axes became visible in the distance, and dark masses were seen moving up from many directions in the valley below. The earl of Surrey's forces were ranged in three divisions; the first, or vanguard, commanded by Lord Howard, the earl's eldest son; the second, or right wing, by Sir

Edmund Howard, a younger son; and the third, comprising the body of the army and rearguard, by the earl in person. Knowing the excellent and almost impregnable position of King James, the English commander felt extreme hesitation to engage in battle, and both Lord Howard and his brother were ordered to march with the greatest caution, and to keep on the defensive as long as possible. So the English troops came creeping slowly up the valley, to the extreme vexation of King James. He was prepared to be attacked; prepared to fight like a lion—prepared to do anything but to wait. But one hour passed on after another; it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and still the English bows and halberds appeared as far off as ever, and to the impetuous king it seemed as if they would never come near. Trembling with impatience, James at last gave the signal to attack, and rushing down from his high hill, he threw himself with fierce onslaught upon the right wing of the English army. The shock was terrific, and Sir Edmund's men gave way at once, the leader himself being thrown to the ground in the sudden rush. But he soon recovered his footing, and ordering his big guns to the front made them play upon the enemy. It was here that lay the real strength of the English and the real weakness of the Scotch. In personal bravery both armies were well matched, no less than in numbers; but in the newly invented scientific aids of warfare—the use of cannon—the English, thanks to the progress of industry under the wise rule of Henry VII., were much superior to their northern neighbours. So powerful, indeed, was the English artillery, that it silenced in a very short time the fire of the opponents. The "master gunner of Scotland" soon fell dead at his post, and all his men

were driven from their ordnance. For the first time in English history, the fate of battle came to depend less upon men's bravery than their skill in the use of gunpowder.

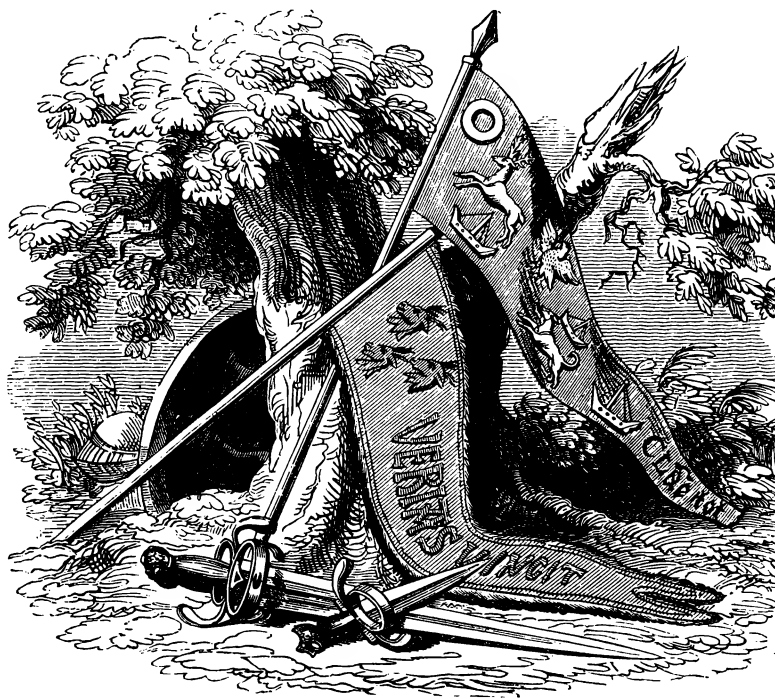
The first onset of his troops having been partly successful, King James threw himself forward more fiercely than ever, aiming right at the centre of the enemy. Again the English retreated, stunned alike by the fury of their opponents and by a sudden deluge of rain which came sweeping stormlike across the battle-field. But the ranks had no sooner given way when they closed in again; and now from behind there came marching up, with steady tramp, the body of the English army under the earl of Surrey. His eye, calmly watching the progress of the terrible struggle, perceived at once the tremendous fault committed by James, in rushing with his best forces upon one point. To retain him here—to destroy him here—was the instant resolution of the old soldier. The plan was executed with military precision. Sir Edmund sweeping round with his right wing, and Lord Howard with the left, the army of Scotland found itself hugged in deadly grasp. The battle now turned into carnage—the Scotch fighting and falling in stubborn despair:—

"No thought was there of dastard flight,
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight
As fearlessly and well."—*Scott.*

Thus, "in the serried phalanx," fell ten thousand men of Scotland; fell the flower of the Scottish nobility; fell the Scottish monarch. King James, fighting with passionate fury, sank under the stroke of an English battle-axe, with corpses around and

above. Night set in before the carnage was ended: a hideous night of woe and unspeakable misery, the living men lying on the damp ground among the dead, and the groans of the wounded and dying rising up to Heaven. So fierce and terrible had been the struggle, that the victors felt equally helpless with the vanquished, and ill prepared to pursue the contest. Though the regular army of King James had been annihilated, there were large bodies of stragglers remaining, bold enough to show front the day after the battle. The earl of Surrey, however, did not feel inclined to attack this new enemy otherwise than by bringing his guns to play upon them, on which the Scotch retreated leisurely and in good order, carrying not only large booty, but a considerable number of prisoners with them across the Tweed.

The news of the victory of Flodden Field came to Henry in the very heat of his Tournay rejoicings, furnishing a suitable opportunity for new displays. In one sense a share of the success was due to Henry



SWORD AND DAGGER, JAMES IV.

—that of leaving the earl of Surrey alone in facing his impetuous brother-in-law. Imagination fails to paint the consequences that might have ensued had Henry commanded his army in person on the fatal 9th of September. As it was, the king did not hesitate for a moment to accept the whole glory of the great battle. An immense tent of purple and gold was erected on the banks of the river Scheldt, and a solemn *Te Deum* having been sung before the king, he galloped through the ranks of his army, dressed in magnificent clothes, amidst the clanging of trumpets and the roar of guns. But now the autumn was drawing near; the plains on the Scheldt got damp and uncomfortable, and the old city of Tournay, crowded with vulgar makers of woollen and linen stuffs, had not even a decent palace for dances and banquets. Wolsey, too, having been made, as promised, bishop of Tournay, wished to get back to England, and the return was therefore decided upon. On the 20th of October the king took farewell from his friend the emperor, a solemn compact having been previously made that Maximilian's son, Charles, destined to be lord of Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and boundless territories west of the Atlantic, should wed Henry's sister Mary, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, in the course of a year. The marriage compact was the only practical result obtained by Henry's pompous expedition, for which the English people had to pay immense sums; and even this alliance, of which the king was very proud at the time, came to nothing in the end. On the 21st of October, Henry re-embarked at Calais for his kingdom, with the proud consciousness that while his first invasion of France had given the kingdom of Navarre to Ferdinand of Spain, his second had added the thriving city and province of Tournay to the dominions of Kaiser Maximilian. It was impossible to deny the fact of England being an entirely unselfish member of the "Holy League."

After his return to England, Henry threw himself into a new vortex of pleasure, leaving all the cares of state to Wolsey. The latter, was now in reality prime minister, though nominally still content with the humble title of king's almoner. Wise enough not to excite jealousy by a too sudden display of power, he had hitherto preferred climbing upward in the social hierarchy with great caution, but now deemed it prudent to show his position to some extent. Not long after his return from France, he was made, or made himself, dean of York; at the end of another few months the bishopric of Lincoln fell to him; and in a few weeks more he had become archbishop of York. The accumulation of titles brought with it a more than corresponding increase of riches, which he expended with great liberality, considering wealth as mere means for the attainment of his object, that object being power. Knowing better than any man the vacillating character of Henry, his combined weakness and obstinacy, his childish love of pomp mixed with avarice, his vulgar conceit, and his more than vulgar lustfulness, Wolsey could only hope to retain his position by constant care and watchfulness, alternately guiding and following, commanding and obeying the royal lion, or tiger, whom he had ventured to tame. The prize was high, but the game not a

little dangerous. One false move, one moment's neglect in turning the eyes off the noble brute, and he might spring at the tamer's neck, drawing blood with his sharp claws. The safest way evidently was to keep the powerful creature engaged at play, harmless or otherwise, never too hungry, and with something always at hand to satisfy his passions. Wolsey proved a splendid lion-tamer—for a time. He had his own house in the city of London fitted up in magnificent style, as a temple of pleasure for the king, with a branch establishment, not less costly, near New Hall, in Essex. The latter place, called Jericho, served for the temporary sojourn of the fair Lady Talbois, whom Henry had met at Calais, and brought back with him to England. It was remarked with great truth that a large portion of the revenues of the see of Lincoln now went to Jericho.

It was due to Wolsey to some extent that Scotland was very leniently dealt with by King Henry. To recompense the earl of Surrey for the victory of Flodden was absolutely necessary, and he was made, therefore, duke of Norfolk, regaining the title which his father had lost at Bosworth. But Wolsey was very anxious that his old antagonist in the royal council should gain no more, and to prevent any fresh accession of military glory, he strenuously advocated peace with the northern kingdom. This was the less difficult to achieve, as Henry, too, felt somewhat jealous of his great commander, and was, moreover, warmly attached to his sister Margaret, who by the last will of her husband had become regent of Scotland, as guardian of her infant son James—subsequently known as James V. Thus the victory of Flodden remained without serious consequences, as far as regarded the political relations of the two kingdoms. Nevertheless, though the sword was not unsheathed, there sprung up deep bitterness, amounting to hatred, between the English and Scottish people, not a little owing to Henry's moral turpitude. So far from showing any compassion for the fate, or at least respect for the bravery of a fallen foe who happened to be his own brother-in-law, he was not ashamed to heap indignities upon his memory and even his dead body. The mutilated remains of King James, taken up on the field of Flodden, were first carried to Berwick, where some friends embalmed the corpse and put it into sheets of lead; but instead of being honourably buried, it was from thence conveyed, with other packages, to Newcastle and London, and finally deposited in a lumber room of the monastery of Sheen, or Richmond. Henry pretended not being able to give a burial to the dead king on account of some papal excommunication—for the crime of being friendly with France, enemy of the "Holy League"—and to remove this obstacle, he applied, with great ostentation, to Rome. The pope, Leo X., immediately gave leave to inter James' body, as desired, in St. Paul's cathedral, with all the rites of the Church. However, the royal corpse remained in the lumber room—remained there more than half a century, when a London glazier got possession of it, and for some mystic purpose of his own, cut off the head and brought it to his shop in the city, leaving the bones to fall into dust. The brutality thus exhibited was but a part of Henry's general demeanour towards a van-

quished but brave foe. The "poet laureate" so called, or, more strictly, court lampooner, John Skelton, was encouraged to compose long strings of verses of the greatest scurrility upon "Jemmy the Scot," now "laid cold in his clay," for having been "stark mad to make a fray, his grace being then out of the way." The reply from the north came in the beautiful lyric called the "Flowers of the Forest," bewailing, in tender strains, the loss of Scotland's noble blood.

Henry's connection with the "Holy League" came to a sudden end in 1514, less than six months after his return from Tournay. The astute king of France, who had taken the measure of his royal brother's military and political capacities, saw that it would be easy to detach him from kaiser and pope by a simple little scheme, fitted at one and the same time to rouse in his mind suspicions against his former allies, and to offer a bait to his vanity. The scheme consisted in breaking off the engagement between Henry's sister Mary and prince Charles, grandson and heir of Kaiser Maximilian, and substituting for this union that of the French king himself with Mary. Louis XII. had just lost his second wife, the once renowned Anne of Brittany, and though fifty-three years old, crippled with disease and debilitated by excesses, felt very desirous to take the young and beautiful English girl of sixteen to his marriage bed. His shrewd diplomacy soon accomplished the first part of the scheme, by enticing Maximilian into negotiations for another marriage of his son, and then giving notice of it to Henry. The latter, ever distrustful and suspicious, was infuriated at the supposed treachery; and, to show his resentment, at once broke off all intercourse with the emperor, and consented to receive the flatteries of a French ambassador with becoming grace. Louis thereupon despatched the duke de Longueville, a sharp-witted and accomplished courtier, already known to Henry from the Battle of the Spurs, which had brought him as prisoner to the English camp. The duke managed matters with so much skill, duly propitiating Wolsey as well as the king, that all preliminaries were arranged in a few weeks, and the marriage was arranged to take place towards the end of the year. There was great reluctance on the part of Princess Mary to give her hand to a man old enough to be her grandfather; and the opposition was the stronger as she was violently in love already with a cavalier of her brother's court, the young and handsome Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. However, the opposition was soon overruled, and in the end Mary gave her consent, encouraged, probably, by the report of her intended husband being so decrepit in body, that it was not expected he would live many years, or even many months. But for all this, Louis was most impatient to get possession of his pretty young bride; and, giving way to his importunities, Mary was despatched into France some months before the appointed time. Early in the month of October, 1514, the fair princess embarked at Dover, with a numerous train of knights and ladies; among the former the handsome Charles Brandon and among the latter a modest little maiden called Anne Boleyn. On the 9th of October Mary exchanged rings with King Louis; on the 5th of the following month she was crowned queen of France; and in less than seven

weeks she had become queen dowager. King Louis XII. died on the 1st of January, 1515, and two months after the not disconsolate widow was privately married to the accomplished Charles Brandon.

Louis XII. was succeeded on the throne of France by his son-in-law, Francis I., twenty-one years old, a king after the knightly Bayard type. Thirsting for renown, he had no sooner put the crown upon his head when he resolved upon a new war for the conquest of Italy. To secure his rear, by keeping on good terms with England, was absolutely necessary; and ambassadors were, therefore, at once sent to Henry, to renew the treaty of peace concluded shortly before. The negotiations ended favourably, though not without some opposition on the part of Wolsey. The young king of France, more soldier than diplomatist, took a few months longer to learn the nature of the "arguments" required to make peace treaties; and, until this was done, Wolsey remained more or less antagonistic. It did not suit Wolsey's policy, however, even now to break with Francis I., and to rely upon the friendship of the Emperor Maximilian, who did everything in his power to destroy the good understanding between England and France. The great objection to Maximilian was that he had no money to give, but, on the contrary, wanted it given to him whenever possible; to which was added the still more serious fault of harbouring the idea of becoming pope. The latter interfered too seriously with Wolsey's high schemes to be tolerated for a moment; and, though the realisation of the emperor's dream seemed so far off as to be nigh impossible, he yet kept on his guard, remembering what strange things had happened at Rome. The breach was widened by Wolsey perceiving that Maximilian, as well as his relative, Ferdinand of Spain, for whom he had done so much, showed great disinclination to serve him in matters nearest to his heart. To be a cardinal was the first step to the chair of St. Peter; and, easy as it would have been for either the kaiser of Germany or the king of Spain to procure this dignity for Wolsey, they neglected doing so. The much-coveted honour came at last through a sovereign from whom it was least expected, the young king of France. Having climbed with his army across the Alps, over paths never trodden but by chamois hunters, and having defeated the pope's Swiss mercenaries in a terrific battle, Francis found himself, in the autumn of 1515, face to face with Leo X., the latter ready to do anything to please the young king and conqueror. Francis, after receiving from the pope's own hands "a beautiful true cross, a foot long," was asked whether he wished any other favours; when the happy thought occurred to him to ask for a cardinal's hat for Wolsey. The request was granted immediately, and Francis, quick in all his movements, started the papal messenger at once off for England. Boundless was the joy of Wolsey when he heard that his hat was coming at last. Intercepting the envoy from Rome—a common sort of creature, entirely engaged in hat carrying, at small wages—he had him stuck into costly silks, and paraded slowly along from Dover to Blackheath, where the formal delivery of the hat to Wolsey took place with great pomp. Then there was a grand procession right through the city

of London to Westminster, where new honours were in store for the red hat. It was placed on a kind of throne, in the midst of a large hall, lighted by innumerable wax tapers, and round the throne the chief personages of the court were ordered to march in solemn procession. "The greatest duke in the land," according to the old historian Tindal, "was compelled to make a curtesy to it"—the hat. Nothing more clearly showed the growing success of the culminant object of Tudor policy, that of debasing the great nobles.

Wolsey's elevation to the dignity of cardinal was immediately followed by other honours, which lifted him to the highest position he could ever hope to fill in his own country. The old archbishop of Canterbury, Warham, who continued to hold the post of lord chancellor, was compelled to give over the seals to Wolsey, who henceforth became nominal as well as real head of the royal council. The last step in the ladder was reached the next year, when Pope Leo X. nominated Wolsey his legate *a latere*, or personal representative in England. As legate, Cardinal Wolsey now was at the head of the spiritual, as he was as lord chancellor at that of the secular government of the realm, and the combined dignities made his position almost equal to that of the king. Having reached this point, Wolsey did no longer hesitate to cast aside his former humility, and on all occasions, particularly in the presence of the hereditary nobility, assumed a high and haughty tone. It had the desired effect with not a few exalted personages, and many a proud earl, accustomed to look down upon untitled beings as serfs, knelt lowly in the dust before the butcher's son of Ipswich. Not behind in their adulation were the heads of the great seats of learning, and the university of Oxford went so far as to address Wolsey as "Your Majesty." The royal lion was now tamed sufficiently to allow all this display of pride and pomp, which seemed to please him even, as reflecting the lustre of his own exalted individuality. "In all things," reported the French ambassador, "the cardinal is honoured like the king's own person, and sits always at his right hand. In all places where the king's arms are put, the cardinal's have the same rank, so that in every honour they are equal." The ostentation, thus proclaimed abroad, had its practical results. Kings and emperors did not hesitate to correspond with Wolsey in familiar terms, and, what was more, to settle large pensions upon him, besides bestowing, whenever occasion offered, the most substantial bribes. It is probable that the attainment of this object was one of the reasons of all the absurd frippery in which the cardinal delighted after he had risen to visible power. Though not exactly of the stuff of which the great ones of the earth are made, Wolsey was yet a man of far too high an intellect to find real pleasure in the childish exhibitions of fine clothes and upholstery, and he probably looked upon them as mere means to an end. That end—sole object of all his dreams, hopes, and aspirations—was the triple crown of the pope.

The policy of England for the next fifteen years was the policy of Thomas Wolsey. For half a generation he was allowed to stand, as sole steersman, at the helm of the vessel of state; his flag the red

cardinal's hat, and his pharos on the distant shore, the papal tiara. Never did vessel of state run such tortuous course before, as England did to bring her helmsman into port. To carry Wolsey to Rome, there were two pilots not to be dispensed with—the German emperor and the king of France; and the two being deadly enemies, an immense amount of craft, cunning, and deceit was required to secure the favour of both, and make them serve under the one flag. At the outset, Wolsey seemed inclined to put more faith in the emperor than the king; but gratitude for the great gift received from the latter, combined with hopes of larger favours to come, made him alter his course, and look chiefly towards France for support. The young king was fully aware of the importance of the English alliance in his high aims of conquest, and eagerly accepted the cardinal's propositions. A royal marriage being deemed the strongest tie between the two countries, Wolsey hit upon an extraordinary expedient for uniting England and France. King Henry VIII. had a daughter, baptized Mary, born to him on the 11th of February, 1516, and it was proposed to betroth the infant to a child which King Francis I. *expected* to be born to him. The queen of France was pregnant, and it was on the supposition that she would give birth to a son, that the pact was duly made and signed. For the honour of the high contracting parties, the expectation proved true; the fortunate queen was delivered of a male child, and France and England were made happy by the announcement that the two royal babies had agreed to be man and wife. In consideration of this important alliance, a "perpetual" peace was concluded between Henry and Francis, on conditions extremely favourable to the latter, and involving the cession of some English territory to France. But the balance was restored by a secret engagement immediately following the great treaty, by the terms of which Francis I. granted an annual pension of twenty thousand livres tournois to Cardinal Wolsey, with full promises to be his pilot to Rome.

Wolsey's foreign policy, crooked, false, and selfish as it was throughout, was so far beneficial to England as keeping the nation from war. The smouldering hatred between the French and English people, engendered by centuries of dire contests, was ever ready to burst into fresh flame; but the cardinal kept it down with a strong hand, serving in this respect the true interest of England even more than his own. Wolsey had nothing whatever to gain by war; but ran the risk of losing much, by alienating one or the other of his illustrious foreign allies, as well as paving the way to the rise of some successful general. Thus, in spite of many provocations, peace was kept, not only with the great continental powers, but even with Scotland, the troubled state of which might have provoked the interference of any other English sovereign. After the death of King James on Flodden Field, the Scotch people consented to his widow, Margaret, becoming regent during the minority of her infant son, not quite two years old. Margaret might have reigned in peace, but for the wild voluptuousness distinguishing all the children of Henry VII. Like her sister Mary, Queen Margaret no sooner found herself a widow, than she cast her eyes

about for another spouse. In the case of the younger sister the infatuation was pardonable, inasmuch as she had been torn from her first lover to become the wife of a decrepit old king; but there was no such excuse for Margaret, supposed to be attached with sincere affection to a young and valiant husband, whose memory was deserving at least of some outward show of esteem. Nevertheless, Margaret threw off her mourning with immense haste, uniting herself, a few months after the battle of Flodden, to a stalwart Scotch noble, Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus. The union became the more indecent through the fact that there was a strong belief among numerous people in Scotland that King James had not fallen, as asserted, at Flodden, but had made his escape from the carnage and gone to the Holy Land, in expiation of the crime of shedding so much precious blood. There was some justification for this story; for not only was the king's body not properly identified among the ghastly heaps of corpses on the battle field, but the victors, who paraded James' armour with much ostentation, could never show the very remarkable iron girdle which he used to wear next to the skin, in penance for youthful rebellion against his father. More than this, there came forward witnesses who solemnly asserted having seen James subsequent to the battle. One, Telfair, "a man *probo et docto*," declared positively that his own eyes watched the king as he was crossing the Tweed on the morning after the struggle, and the tale was confirmed by numerous others. However, neither the romantic belief of her subjects, nor the dictates of her own heart, prevented Queen Margaret from attaching herself to a second mate as soon as the first was out of sight. The stalwart earl, who had the honour of being second husband, was not the last one, either; for Queen Margaret got rid of him before long—setting the useful example of divorce to her royal brother of England.

The people of Scotland, both on moral grounds and for political reasons, took great offence at the hasty marriage of Queen Margaret, and an insurrection having broken out, she had to leave the country with her husband. In Margaret's stead, a nephew of James III., John Stuart, duke of Albany, who had long resided in France, was elected regent, and the infant son of James IV., wrested from his mother, was given over to his charge. Enraged both at the loss of her child and of her power, Margaret fled into England, imploring her royal brother to aid her in regaining her position. Henry was much inclined to take advantage of this splendid opportunity for making war upon the neighbouring kingdom, but on Wolsey opposing, the sword remained in its sheath. Scotland was not in the way to Rome; and a war in that direction being likely to lead to misunderstandings with France, Wolsey prudently abstained. Queen Margaret and the earl her husband got a residence assigned to them at Harbottle Castle, Northumberland, where she was delivered of a daughter. The child thus born, and christened Margaret, subsequently became the wife of Matthew Stuart, earl of Lennox, and mother, by him, of Henry Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary of Scotland. The earl of Angus and his royal spouse did not long reside at Harbottle Castle; he returned to Scotland in 1516, and she,

after a short stay at Greenwich with King Henry, who received her joyfully—the temper of brother and sister being very much in the same mould—rejoined the earl in June 1517. Both husband and wife intrigued much, and quarrelled much, and the consequence was a divorce, which had no sooner been pronounced when Margaret sought and found a third husband in Henry Stuart, Lord Methvin. This ended for a time the immediate connection between the crowns of England and Scotland.



GREENWICH.

The political state of Europe underwent a remarkable change in the year 1519, with the death of Maximilian I., Kaiser of Germany. As candidates for the imperial crown, nominally the first of the Christian world, there came forward two extraordinary men, Charles V., ruler of Spain, of Burgundy, and the Netherlands, and Francis I., the young and chivalrous king of France, and conqueror of Italy. Distinguished as the age was for great monarchs, these two proved by far the greatest, and their life-struggle commenced in no meaner way than a contest for the diadem of Charlemagne. Charles V., grandson of the deceased emperor, and a German by birth, seemed to have the best claims to the crown, possessing also the high advantage of almost boundless wealth, drawn from the Spanish possessions west of the Atlantic. King Francis, however, was no mean adversary, being of undaunted energy, with his whole mind bent on gaining the glittering prize, and willing to spend all his treasure, his power, and his influence in the contest. The struggle was of the highest importance to nearly all the nations of Europe, as on its settlement depended the great principle, now first put forward and discussed, of the Balance of Power. With the united crowns of France and Germany on one side of the scale, there was fear that the political Balance would never stand even again; but there were apprehensions likewise, that Spain and the Netherlands would prove too heavy for the desired equilibrium. As far as England was concerned, its true policy went undoubtedly against France; but its true policy was not always Wolsey's policy. With his eye fixed upon Rome, the one consideration for him was the reaction of the imperial

election upon the papal. Hitherto Germany and France had influenced each about one-third of the votes of the conclave: the two powers united, it was clear, could make a pope. Believing in the king's sincerity to place on his brow the papal tiara, Wolsey was willing to assist Francis in obtaining the crown of Germany; nevertheless he had strong doubts whether Francis would ever be successful, and, fearing irretrievably to offend a mighty antagonist, he hesitated to assist him openly, but took refuge in the old system of double-dealing. Sir Thomas Boleyn, English ambassador at Paris, was instructed to tell Francis I. that "the king and cardinal" were doing all in their power to further his German election; and the envoy at Madrid received exactly the same communication for Charles V., with the addition, however, to keep the matter secret. But the matter was not kept secret, and Francis, learning that he was betrayed, did not fail to remonstrate with Wolsey. To escape the dilemma which threatened to place him into serious difficulties, Wolsey conceived the notable scheme of putting King Henry forward as third competitor for the crown of Charlemagne. It was a ridiculous candidature, unaccompanied with even the slightest chance of success; nevertheless, it furnished Wolsey with a valuable excuse for not compromising himself either at Paris or Madrid, and was pleasing, besides, to the vanity of the hero of the pantomime. Ambassadors, in grand costume, and with plenty of English gold, were duly despatched to Frankfort, and came home again with the report—without the gold—that they had been too late in the field. The seven electors of the Holy Roman empire had met on the 1st of July, 1519, and elected Charles V. Kaiser of Germany. The contest was an expensive one to all parties concerned. Francis I. spent above two millions of crowns in the canvass, and Charles V. about half that sum. To Wolsey the election proved most ruinous of all, as it cost him the loss of friendship of Francis as well as Charles, both of whom were disgusted with his double-dealing. They continued to promise, but never even attempted to undertake the grand pilotage to Rome. From having duped others, Wolsey henceforth became the best duped man in Europe.

The election of Charles V. to the Imperial throne proved the beginning of the mighty struggle between him and his great rival Francis I. But, like giants preparing for battle, each well aware of the strength of the other, they did not rush into the arena all at once, but carefully mustered their forces and recruited their strength for the deadly onset. They both looked to England for aid, direct or indirect; and, thoroughly aware of the duplicity of Wolsey, tried to gain him over by the same arts of intrigue and cajolery he was so fond of employing. The king of France, always quick and energetic, was first in the field by entering into friendly correspondence with the cardinal, offering new bribes and honours, and presenting before his eyes the ever brilliant phantasma of St. Peter's chair. Wolsey eagerly grasped the bait, and restless with impatience, thankfully accepted the proposition of a personal interview with Francis. "He desireth more," Sir W. Fitzwilliam wrote, "to see your grace than any prince living, to the intent he may

show you the secret of his mind, whereof hereafter he will declare to your grace largely." The interview was quite to the mind of Francis I., whose personal blandishments had often proved as good weapons as his trusty sword; and, all preliminaries being settled, it was arranged that "the king and cardinal" should meet him in the summer of 1520, in the neighbourhood of Calais, on the boundaries of France and England. Henry was overjoyed at the idea of exhibiting his splendour before a brother monarch, in a new manner, on such good occasion, and he, therefore, resolved at once to make the show as glittering, as magnificent, and as costly as the world had never seen before, and, in all probability, would never see again. More than three months before the appointed interview, a whole army of workmen was despatched to France, to prepare the trappings for the grand spectacle, the crowd including, according to the old 'Chronicle of Calais,' no less than "three hundred masons, five hundred carpenters, one hundred joiners, many painters, glaziers, tailors, smiths, and other artificers, to the number in all two thousand and more." Very likely King Henry had many a sleepless night, racking his poor brain about the ceremonies he was to perform, and the dresses he was going to wear. A plume more or less, or a button in the wrong place, might make all the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous in upholstery. The royal anxieties were increased by the fact of the French court not entering with equal energy into the grand preparations, but attempting to do the thing modestly. There came a weighty message from the English ambassador at Paris, dated April 18, 1520—just a month after the arrival of the two thousand tailors, who landed March 19—saying, "the king here would gladly know whether the king, his brother, would be content to forbear the making of rich tents and pavilions, which thing he could be well contented to forbear on his part." But Henry had not the least inclination to "forbear," and kept sending fresh detachments of workmen, ready to convert all France into one big 'stage. Francis I. had spent two millions in the attempt of getting an empire, and Henry VIII. resolved to spend no less in getting up a show.

While preparing to meet Francis, Cardinal Wolsey continued in active correspondence with his high rival, Charles. The latter felt somewhat alarmed at the news of the great interview, foreboding an intimate alliance between England and France, and he did his best to counteract it by liberal bribes and more liberal promises to the cardinal. Wolsey had a large pension, in the shape of revenues from some cloudy Spanish bishoprics, settled upon him, and these and other gifts so much excited his cupidity that he repented almost having gone too far with the French king. To make amends, his fertile mind conceived the scheme of arranging a meeting between the emperor and Henry previous to that fixed upon with Francis, and another, if necessary, afterwards, so as to neutralize any possible influence of the grand Calais interview. The idea found ready favour with Charles, and it was resolved that to please Henry, and tickle his vanity, the emperor should make his appearance at the English Court without notice, in a sudden and altogether unexpected manner. Tho



THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

comedy was carried out as arranged, to the high credit of the lord cardinal's diplomatic and dramatic skill. Setting out from Greenwich with an immense retinue, begilded and bejewelled to such an extent as absolutely to dazzle the starving peasants on the road, Henry reached, on the 25th of May, the ancient city of Canterbury. Here the king was startled by the news that the Emperor Charles, just travelling by sea from Spain to the Netherlands, was in the Channel, and intended to pay a visit to him, and his aunt, the queen. Henry was in ecstasies; and Wolsey was hurried off to Dover to receive the great Kaiser. He found the Spanish fleet in the roadstead, and in a gilded state barge—part of minute theatricals well arranged—was rowed on board the vessel bearing Caesar and his fortunes. Having held a long secret conference, Kaiser and cardinal were landed in Dover harbour, where Henry, high on horseback, was awaiting them impatiently. The three rode on together to Canterbury: the lord of Spain and the Indies in a woollen jerkin and little black cap, and King Henry and his cardinal apparelled in gorgeous costume, moving heaps of gold and jewels. Anxious as he was to do his business and be off again, Charles was forced through the inevitable series of splendours, until, on the fifth day, he could stand it no longer, and hurried away from Canterbury, not resting till he set foot again on board his ship, at Sandwich. Henry and Wolsey now likewise continued their journey, and starting from Dover on the 1st of June, 1520, arrived at Calais the same day, ready to open the grand show of the "Field of Cloth of Gold."

Unearthly almost were the magnificences of this Field of Cloth of Gold—enough, in their fulness, to madden the souls of all tailors and upholsterers for generations to come. Henry's contemporaries themselves grew crazy under the sight; and both the French and English historiographers, who were ordered to follow in the wake of the kings, and to describe the wonders which their eyes were to behold, fairly broke down in the task, overcome by the depth of their own feelings. "He were wise," wrote Master Hall, recorder of London, and historian on the English side; "he were wise that could have told or showed of the riches of apparel that was amongst the lords and gentlemen of England: cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvets, tinsins, satins embroidered and crimson; of the marvellous treasure of gold that was worn in chains and baldrics so great, so weighty, some so manifold, some in collars, that the gold was innumerable, to my deeming, to be summed, of all noblemen, gentlemen, squires, and knights; each honest officer of the king was richly apparelled, and had chains of gold, great and marvellous weighty." Bewildered and confused—dazzled, above all things, like a true city-man, by the "gold so weighty," "marvellous weighty"—the recorder of London felt his heart swelling with pride and exultation at sight of the "riches of apparel," though he could scarcely comprehend where they all came from. This was lucidly explained by Hall's brother historiographer, M. de Bellay. Many of the French nobles in the suite of King Francis, he informed his readers, "carried on their shoulders their mills, their forests, and their meadows." Probably this held good also, as regarded

the knights and nobles in Henry's train, and as such furnished a delightful glimpse behind the scenes of the Cloth of Gold stage.

The performances commenced with the meeting of the two kings. Both had taken up their residence in wooden castles, tinselled all over; Henry at the village of Guisnes, on the English side, and Francis at the little town of Ardres, on French territory, then a fortified camp, but converted, at the present day, into a useful railway station. On the 7th of June, each king issued from his painted dwelling, in accordance with a ceremonial minutely settled by my lord cardinal, which left the high sovereigns about as much volition as the dolls in a pantomime. Riding towards each other, under the sound of a host of trumpets, sackbuts, and clarions, with their people ranged behind in a sort of battle order, the kings met in the valley of Ardres, embraced each other on horseback, and, descending, embraced each other once more. They then entered a tent prepared for their reception, and, while banqueting together, the English knights ran over into the French camp with wine and other refreshments—a happy idea, highly creditable to the stage manager. The next day, Sunday, Henry and Francis went praying together, and the day after, Monday, the 9th of June, they broke lances together. The latter was one of the grand events of the show, the two queens appearing for the first time in public. A field had been prepared in the midst of the valley of Ardres, nine hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad, with benches all around for the nobility, and with broad and deep ditches behind, to keep out the vile multitude. The centre of the field was distinguished by a wonderful creation of art—nothing less than two trees, nearly twelve yards high, entirely made by tailors: the trunks and branches of cloth of gold, the leaves of green damask, and the flowers and fruits of embroidered silk. There never before were two such gorgeous trees in the world, and all the knights and ladies in the Field of Cloth of Gold got delirious for joy at sight of them. On the eventful Monday, the 9th of June, the king of France and the king of England met under these trees, and, hanging their shields against the damask leaves, began to joust, the queens looking on from a tapestried platform. The jousting being over, the prizes were distributed by the fair judges on the platform, who declared that both kings had won, each having been victorious over the other, and not one having been conquered. Thereupon the multitude behind the ditch began to marvel, thinking the battle more wonderful than the wonderful trees in whose shade it was fought.

For full three weeks the kings kept on jousting, banqueting, and complimenting each other, the official programme being changed, now and then, in favour of impromptu scenes and divertissements. One of the prettiest was the clandestine visit of Francis to Henry—place, hour, and dresses, accurately arranged by Wolsey. Early one morning, the French king, accompanied by only a few pages, made his appearance at the gate of Henry's wooden castle. The officer of the guards pretended not to know him: yet let him in all the same, and even showed him the way to his master's bedroom. Here Henry was sitting, as if

fresh from the couch, in splendid negligence of silks and satins. A great loving scene ensued; the king of France, by official account, "warned Henry's chemise," for which he got a chain of gold, quite English, "marvellous weighty." The clandestine visit was returned next morning by Henry, when there was more loving and caressing, with interchange of golden rings and chains. All these by-plays, duly recorded by the royal historiographers, turned out most effectively, except on one occasion when, the cardinal's programme being discarded, there ensued a little scene. At the end of a banquet, Henry, full of wine, suddenly jumped from his seat, and, running towards Francis, exclaimed, "Brother, I will have a wrestle with you." The French king, thoroughly versed in the game, though much inferior in physical strength to his royal brother, at once accepted the challenge, and, after a few rounds, gave Henry a neat twist, bringing him to the ground at full length. There was undisguised fury in Henry's eyes when he arose; but, luckily, my lord cardinal, always watchful, had kept his eyes on the scene. On a wink from him, there was a flutter among the ladies, and a minute after the poor wrestler found himself again on his seat, under the incantation of soft voices. But all the evening long Henry was sullen, and it is doubtful whether he ever forgave his royal brother that neat little twist.

The great show finally came to an end on the 23rd of June with a pontifical mass by Wolsey. My lord cardinal on this occasion outdid himself. To show his capabilities, he produced, in the course of one night, a wooden cathedral, splendidly begilt and be-painted, in which he himself sung the high mass before the two kings, queens, and the whole army of knights and nobles, finishing by pronouncing a full indulgence for all their sins. Immediately after, the kings took farewell of each other, Francis to return to Paris, and Henry to Calais. The French king was delighted with the success of the interview, which, he fancied, had brought over his brother of England entirely to his side; but the delight was not to last long. At the very height of brotherly love, when Francis was warming Henry's chemise, my lord cardinal had been busy to counteract the effects thus produced by a close correspondence with Francis's great antagonist, the Emperor Charles. Wolsey had to play his game warily; he valued the French pension, and he valued the Spanish allowance, and, his tastes being expensive, could not afford to lose either. However, more than all pensions to him was the one great object of his life, the Romish tiara, which, if not entirely through, could scarcely be got without the Kaiser. All through the time of the golden meeting, therefore, he kept in intercourse with Charles, informing him of what passed, and scheming as to the future; and, the splendours having come to an end, it was arranged that the emperor should proceed to the boundary of his Flemish dominions, near Calais, where Henry was to meet him. The plan was carried out with the cardinal's usual tact. Having taken Henry to Calais, he let him remain there for a week, as a rest from his fatigues, and on the 11th of July went with him to the little seaport of Gravelines, where the emperor had established his quarters. Henry was

much displeased with the aspect of the lowly abode in the old fishing village serving as temporary residence of the Kaiser, and the latter gratified his vanity by returning with him to Calais. Here, the great emperor remained four days, in constant communication with Wolsey and the king; but to the infinite jealousy and distrust of Francis, who now perceived that he had spent his time and treasure in mere childish displays. The Kaiser, on his part, was firm in declining all festivities; however, to please Henry, who felt sincerely sorry to see the greatest monarch of Europe in a short woollen coat, with not so much as a bit of lace on his cap, he accepted from him a splendid mantle, and a horse covered with cloth of gold and jewels, on which he rode back to Gravelines—and there left it. The king and Wolsey now hastened back to England, arriving at Dover on the 18th of July, "all safe," according to Recorder Hall, "in body, but empty in purse."

Wolsey was now at the zenith of his power. A deputation from the Netherlands greeted him with *Salve rex regis tui atque regni sui*—"Hail! king of thy king, and of his kingdom!" and, high as the compliment sounded, it spoke no more than the truth. Wolsey, indeed, was king of the king, maintaining his power with irresistible strength, though by the simplest means. The secret of Wolsey's lead and influence over Henry was, that while easing him of the real burthen of government, he increased its outward glory, and left no means untouched which might add to the gratification of all his whims and passions. Whatever pleasures fancy could devise and money purchase were spread out before the king, and his very dreams anticipated in dreamlike reality. Splendid banquets, with masks and mummeries so gorgeous and so costly that "it was a heaven to behold," the richest wines in golden goblets, and the sweetest music, streaming forth from unseen fountains; and, with it and around it, a paradise of Mahomet, filled with lovely forms, ready to welcome the elect of the prophet—such was the world prepared by the king of the king for the king. The voluptuous, Asiatic nature of Henry—inheritance on the maternal side—was never inclined to real labour, mental or physical; and feeling instinctively the vast superiority of his minister, he was but too glad to leave him all the work, as long as he could retain the show and pomp of absolute power. Wolsey, on his part, well knew the tiger majesty he had to deal with, and never slept in fancied security. An army of spies surrounded the king, the queen, and every influential person at court, and not a word could be said, nor an act done, without the knowledge of it coming to his ears. Henry himself was chiefly kept under watch by his confessor, the bishop of Lincoln, an absolute tool of my lord cardinal, and entirely under his control; and whenever there was the slightest chance of a new candidate in the royal favour, the fact was reported to him at once, and as quickly counteracted. "He flattered," wrote Tyndale, the contemporary of Wolsey, "and persuaded, and corrupted, some with gifts, and sent some ambassadors, and some made captains, at Calais, Hannes, Guynes, Jersey, and Guernsey, or sent them to Ireland, and into the north, and so occupied them till the king had forgotten them, and others were in

their room." Queen Catherine was watched no less strictly, according to the old historian. "In like manner," says Tyndale, "he played with the ladies and gentlewomen; whoever was great with the queen was he familiar to, and to her gave his gifts. If any were subtle witted, and meet for his purpose, he made her betray the queen, and tell him what she said or did." The result was, "by these spies if aught were done, or spoken in the court, or against the cardinal, of that he had word within an hour or two, and then came to court with all his magic to persuade the contrary." But my lord cardinal knew how to strike as well as to persuade, and apt to establish, when it suited his purpose, a reign of terror. This he showed soon after his return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

One of the most zealous performers at this grand masquerade was Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, son of that unfortunate noble who died on the scaffold by order of Richard III., for being a lineal descendant of King Edward III. The duke, being very wealthy, fond of good cheer, and still more fond of fine dresses, had become one of the king's favourites, and at the Cloth of Gold show obtained the high honour of being appointed one of the judges at the royal jousts, and partaker of the more intimate of the royal amusements. These and other marks of affection shown by Henry raised Wolsey's jealousy, and he at once made efforts to get Buckingham away from court. But this was not easily done; to send a proud Plantagenet as captain to Calais or Guernsey was clearly impracticable, and to propitiate him by bribes was still more out of the question. Seeing other means fail, the cardinal decided upon ridding himself of his presumed rival in the old grim fashion. The duke of Buckingham suddenly found himself accused of high treason. Among the failings of the gay and warm-hearted, but, like all libertines, somewhat superstitious nobleman, was that he believed in necromancy. He even indulged in the luxury of keeping an astrologer, in the person of one friar Hopkins, a sleek Carthusian, who carefully and intently watched the glittering stars high above the ducal mansion, not neglecting, at the same time, the glittering flasks of Burgundy in the deep cellar below. Friar Hopkins altogether was a shrewd man, and, whether inspired by the stars or the Burgundy wine, made the most remarkable predictions. He foretold the duke, his employer, that King Henry would come back from invading France without a scratch; but that King James would get to harm in invading England. There were sceptics in astrology who thought this prediction natural enough, seeing that Henry was exorbitantly inclined to take care of himself, while his royal brother-in-law showed himself utterly neglectful of the same golden rule; however, the duke was not among these sceptics, and the prophecies having been verified, his trust in friar Hopkins grew boundless. Long conferences and consultations of the stars followed, and the Carthusian found out at last that there was a high destiny in store for his master, and a higher still for his little son. This came to the ears of Wolsey, who had his spies everywhere, and probably was not entirely unacquainted even with brother Hopkins. A hint was enough to rouse the king's ever suspicious

nature, and henceforth the fate of the poor Plantagenet duke was sealed. In the spring of 1521, Buckingham, who was quietly living at his residence at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, received a friendly message from Wolsey to appear at court. He obeyed, without the least suspicion, and rode on to London, accompanied by only a few servants. But a dawn of the treachery to be practised came across his mind when, on calling at York House, my lord cardinal's residence, he was refused admittance, under the pretext of illness. He had scarcely left the palace, by the water side, when his barge was boarded by a detachment of the king's body guard, who, without further ceremony, carried him as prisoner to the Tower. Here the duke was kept from the 16th of April till the 13th of May, and then put upon his trial. Friar Hopkins and other creatures who had been in his pay were brought forward as witnesses to substantiate the charge of treason against him, and though all their evidence amounted to the merest gossip, the duke was declared guilty by the mock tribunal, and sentenced to death. Three days after his head fell on the block, amidst the groans of the people, who seemed to feel instinctively that the sharp claws of their ruler were creeping forth from under the velvet glove.

While the terror of his name was spreading in England, Wolsey intently looked towards Italy, feeling nearer his grand aim than ever before. Towards the end of 1520, the bishop of Worcester reported to him from Rome that Pope Leo X. was dangerously ill, and that the cardinals were discussing the merits of the cardinals for the new election. It was generally held to be an election more important than any that had taken place for a long time, for on the character of the new pontiff depended, to a great extent, the future position of the church, in relation to the mighty schism that was taking place in central Europe. A poor Saxon monk, called Martin Luther, had visited Rome ten years before, and disgusted with the wickedness and irreligion of the heads of the church, had set himself to study the Word of God, so as to separate the true faith of Christ from the superstition of centuries. Having found the truth, and full of its spirit, the poor monk had dared to throw the gauntlet to the pope, calling him the Antichrist, and exhorting the nations of Europe to throw off the sinful burthen of this dominion, and to purify themselves in a new and better faith. At first, there was but slight attention paid, among the purple hierarchy at Rome, to the preachings of the monk in far-off Saxony: others had preached before him, quite as zealous and as earnest, and their voice had perished in the flames of the stake, or under the axe of the executioner. But when the Saxon monk had been excommunicated by Leo X., and all the terrors of the Church had been let loose against him, and he yet kept on preaching, with multitudes of devout listeners, knights and nobles, and even princes, around him, then the alarm began to spread at Rome, and it was felt that something more was needed than bulls of excommunication to check the restless spreading fire—the old-world devouring fire of the Reformation. The pope and his council now began discussing the great question as to the best mode of annihilating Luther and his doctrines; and the pontiff's earthly career

drawing to an end, it became a matter of the highest importance to find the man, able and wise and energetic enough to restore the threatened power and unity of the Church. Wolsey was kept intimately informed of all that was going on at Rome, and to show his zeal for the Church and thereby advance his interest in the college of cardinals, resolved upon a career of persecution. Not being able, to his infinite regret, to lay hands upon Luther himself, he wreaked his vengeance upon the books of the reformer, a few copies of which were believed to have been brought over to England by foreign merchants. On the 14th of May, 1521, a month before Luther was cited before the Diet of Worms, to answer the accusations made against him before the civil authorities, Wolsey issued an edict forbidding the study of all works against the pope, and those of the Saxon reformer especially, under severe penalties; and, to give effect to the denunciation, the bishops were ordered to affix at the doors of their cathedrals a complete list of all the heresies propagated by the daring enemy of Rome. This extraordinary measure had the effect of making the doctrines of the Reformation generally known in England, bringing to Cardinal Wolsey the unconscious merit of becoming one of the most active agents of Martin Luther.

No sooner was the cardinal's edict issued when the news arrived that Leo X., after recovering a little, had suffered a new relapse, and was not expected to live many weeks, or, perhaps, many days longer. Thereupon Wolsey redoubled his zeal, and not content with his own efforts for extirpating heresy, enlisted the king in his service. On the 20th of May, a few days after Buckingham's head had fallen under the axe of the executioner, Henry was made to write a fierce epistle to the duke of Bavaria, arch-enemy of the Reformation, exhorting him to send Luther to the stake. The letter met with immense ridicule in Germany, inasmuch as the poor duke was but too willing to burn Luther—if he could only have caught him, in the first instance. But the reformer being under the special protection of the elector of Saxony and a powerful party of the most enlightened princes and nobles of Germany, it was not only far beyond the might of the little duke appealed to by Henry, but of the Kaiser himself, to extinguish the new doctrine in the blood of the bold enemy of Rome. Still more absurd, in view of the real ends to be attained, was Wolsey's next effort to curry favour with the college of cardinals. He instigated Henry to set his name to a pamphlet against Luther, in defence of Romish authority, and as a reply to the reformer's tracts entitled "Popedom," and "the Babylonish captivity." A really able work of this kind, coming forth under all the prestige of royal authorship, might have had some influence in directing public opinion; but the style of Henry's pamphlet was bad, the theology worse, and the reasoning worst of all, so that Luther had an easy task in keeping his ground against the new antagonist. The reply of the reformer, written with extraordinary vehemence, was given to the world together with Henry's feeble book, and had a great effect in gaining new converts to Protestantism, so that Wolsey's efforts even in this direction went directly in favour

of Luther. However, the king's vanity was satisfied by the applause awarded to his pamphlet by Pope Leo X., who, in reward for this literary service rendered to the Romish Church, bestowed upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith." By a strange anomaly, this title given to orthodox Henry VIII., and meant to be purely personal, has been retained by his Protestant successors to the present day; and the Popish *fidei defensor* keeps figuring on English coin now that England professes to ignore the very existence of the pope of Rome.

The conferment of the title "Defender of the Faith" was one of the last acts of Pope Leo X. His nephew, the Cardinal de Medici, on the 24th December, 1521, sent Wolsey the news of his death, together with the *fidei defensor* bull, signed by the trembling hand of the dying pontiff. The long-expected event had come at last, and Wolsey without delay put forth all his strength to grasp the coveted prize. Kaiser Charles had formally given his promise to support Wolsey's elevation to the papacy with all the influence at his command, and my lord cardinal had some reason to believe that a number of other voters, purchased at far above the ordinary market price, would not fail to secure his election. The cardinals, thirty-eight in number, assembled in conclave on the 27th of December, three days after the death of Leo X., to go through one of the most heated contests that had ever taken place for the papal chair. The struggle lasted full fourteen days, the greater part of the time being spent in the most disgraceful scenes of riot and disorder. On the first day, the cardinals having been locked up in their little cells, sixteen feet long and ten feet broad, the name of Giulio de Medici came out of the scrutiny; but as he had only eighteen votes, and twenty-six were necessary for the required majority of two-thirds, there was no result. Other names were brought forward on the second, third, and fourth days, among them that of Wolsey; but all obtaining fewer votes than even Cardinal de Medici. Beyond the few individuals gained over by his gold, Wolsey found no supporters, and it became clear at once that the Imperial party had not received the instructions which were promised by the Kaiser to my lord cardinal. This party was bent upon seating Adrian, cardinal of Tortoso, and early tutor of Charles V., upon the pontifical throne; but not being sufficiently numerous to gain their object at once, the zealous Imperialists had to spend many days in preliminary sham-fights, to the no slight distress of the aged members of the conclave. On the fifth day of the contest, in accordance with ancient custom, the cardinals were deprived of a portion of their allotted food, which made them more fierce than ever, leading to all but hand to hand fight. Wolsey's friends now succeeded in bringing him forward once more; but as the first scrutiny gave him only nine, and the second—three hungry men coming over into the camp—only twelve votes, further exertion was deemed hopeless. At the end of a week, with victuals constantly diminishing, according to rule, the caged ecclesiastics went into fury, ready to tear each other to pieces. The Imperialist party alone stood firm, like a rock, ready to undergo martyrdom for Kaiser Charles and his tutor. It was in vain the weaker members of the

conclave asked the small favour of having their cells cleaned of the filth accumulated therein, and which was beginning to give out a horrible smell; even this was denied, and they were told that they must suffer either or vote for Adrian. Thus passed the first week of the new year, and the second commenced: the hunger of the cardinals becoming more fierce every day, and more fierce the stench. But every day brought a couple of new names for Adrian into the golden chalice representing the ballot-box, till at last, on the morning of the 9th of January, 1522, there arose the cry of twenty-six voices, *Papam habemus*—"we have a pope."

The news of the election of Adrian was received with assumed indifference by Wolsey, though he could scarcely help seeing that he had been deceived by the emperor. But my lord cardinal, astute as he was, had not one half the craft of that young man of twenty, on whose head lay the crowns of Germany, of Spain, and of the Netherlands, and whose heart was stirred by mightier ambition than that of any living man. There was in Wolsey somewhat of the supercilious vanity which so greatly distinguished his master. Successful as he had been in his career, he held himself a match for all the world, and his mind was unable to conceive the idea that that young Charles, in his simple woollen jerkin, so devoid of pomp, so unaffected in speech, and apparently so trustful, should be leading him as a child leads an elephant. Therefore, greatly annoyed as he was by the result of the papal election, Wolsey allowed himself to be easily pacified by new promises, couched in soft language. At an audience given to the English ambassador, Sir Richard Wingfield, on the 11th of February, a month after the election, Kaiser Charles was particularly mellifluous in tone. He informed Sir Richard that he considered the new pope to be both so old and sickly as to make it probable that he would hold the office but for a very short time. "Wherefore," reported the ambassador, "his majesty prayeth you, in most hearty manner, that ye will cherish yourself, and have his causes and necessities as sureties for being recommended, as he intendeth verily, when the case shall require, to do his best for your advancement in the matter." It was the old bait all over; but Wolsey was once more duped, and resolved to spend English blood and treasure for the "causes and necessities" of Kaiser Charles.

The trouble taken by Charles to propitiate my lord cardinal was not at all unnecessary, for his majesty was more than ever in want of English help. The great struggle for empire between him and his French rival had already commenced, but as yet not spread very far; and to fan the smouldering fire into the immense flame of European war, the active assistance of liberal England—liberal with her gold as with the life-blood of her sons—was urgently required. Some months previous, in October, 1521, Charles had succeeded in getting from Wolsey a treaty of alliance, binding Henry to invade France with a large army, under the frivolous pretence of having refused the arbitration of England in the contentions with the Kaiser. It was an important point of this treaty that the marriage contract between the French and English babies, the daughter of Henry and the son of

Francis, should be broken "for the common good of Christendom," and that the English baby should be united to Kaiser Charles—nephew of baby's mother. The arrangement seemed a monstrous one, and not likely to be fulfilled, and King Francis, therefore, had not given up all hopes that the peace with England which he so much desired might yet be secured. He was well aware of the bribe by which Charles had secured his own ends; and seeing the treachery of his rival in carrying out the promises made to Wolsey, he sent fresh ambassadors to England as soon as the election of Adrian had become known. The ambassadors did their best to prove to both Wolsey and Henry that they were being duped by the Kaiser; but their words were not listened to, and they got nothing but fine compliments in return for their offers. So great was the cardinal's vanity as to his diplomatic skill, that he thought himself able to hide from the French government the treaty made with Charles a few months before, and which had become known at Paris at the very moment; and while treating, now once more, with the ambassadors of Francis, he made it a point to assure them of his peaceful intentions, and of the great love he bore for the king, their master. The affection was justified in so far as Wolsey continued to draw his French pensions, and was most unwilling to give them up; and to carry on deception as long as possible, he did not put a stop to commercial intercourse with France, and allowed even a number of vessels, in which the king was largely interested, to go to Bordeaux and other French ports. But the crooked policy of my lord cardinal failed entirely this time, besides proving, as usual, extremely expensive to England.

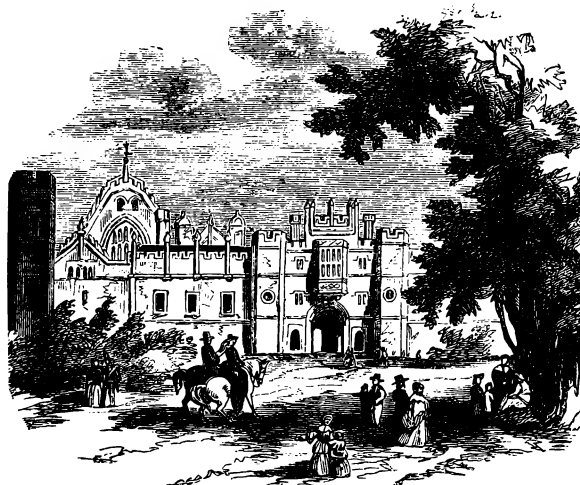
While still treating with the ambassadors of Francis, under endless protestations of friendship, Wolsey was making secret preparations for a descent upon the French coast. Of all this, notwithstanding the cardinal's honeyed hypocrisy, Francis was thoroughly well informed, and kept watching the course of affairs from a distance; till at last, utterly disgusted with the deceit practised upon him, he resolved to be the first to strike. Early in May, 1522, he suddenly laid an embargo upon all English ships in French ports, proclaiming at the same time, for his justification, the treaty made between England and the Kaiser for the invasion of France, and the double-dealing of Henry and his cardinal-minister. The cause was certainly more than sufficient to justify the measure: this, however, did not prevent Henry from flying into a great rage at the news of it. That English ships should have been confiscated, he might have borne; but that his own ships, freighted with costly wines and other luxuries for the royal table, should be seized, was more than he could stand. In his violent passion, he ordered the imprisonment of the French ambassador and of all other Frenchmen in London, and the instant despatch of a challenge to the king of France. With an eye for display even in the height of his royal rage, Henry commanded further that Clarenceux king-at-arms, noblest of heralds and best dressed, should bear the letter of defiance, got up for the occasion in a style befitting his dignity. Francis received the gorgeous messenger with quiet dignity, not unmixed with a shade of sadness. The king had

just before given a parting audience to Sir Thomas Cheyney, the English ambassador, to whom he was able to speak more freely than to the embroidered herald. "In Henry," he said, "he had been more mistaken than in any man he ever met; he had believed him a staunch friend, and was sorry to find him now a disguised foe, insincere even in his animosity; but," he added, "as he lost him once, he made a vow that he would never win him again as long as there was breath in his body." After a few more words, expressing contempt for Wolsey, the king bade farewell to Sir Thomas; and having despatched, with very little ceremony, the handsome herald on his return journey, he took his horse and galloped away westward. There was a rumour that the invading force from England was about to land in Normandy, and Francis felt anxious to be first in the field—this time not a Field of Cloth of Gold.

The swift movements of the French king had taken Wolsey somewhat by surprise, for his own calculations were that the actual war should not begin till at the end of another few months, after certain important money matters had been settled with the emperor. To lose a few thousand men in battle, through imperfect preparations, would not have signified much; but to lose the French pensions, without an equivalent in Spanish revenue, was a question of a very different and far more important kind. To solve the difficulty, Wolsey wrote urgent letters to Charles to come on a visit to England, hinting that the contest of arms could not begin before a personal interview had taken place. The Kaiser was too anxious for the success of his great schemes not to comply at once, and on the 26th of May—three days before Clarenceux king-at-arms made his appearance at the French court—the imperial fleet threw anchor at Dover. My lord cardinal, this time, did not go out in a barge to receive the Kaiser, as he had done a few years before, but awaited his coming, in great state, at the landing place, and from thence walked with him arm in arm to the castle, where a long interview took place. The result was a treaty, formally signed and sealed, by which an annuity of nine thousand crowns of gold was settled upon Wolsey, expressly as an indemnity for the loss of his French pensions, and exclusive of two other allowances, of five thousand and of three thousand ducats respectively, granted two years before, upon the nominal holding of some Spanish bishoprics. These matters having been arranged, King Henry was called upon the scene to fulfil his functions of entertaining the august visitor during the month he was to stay in England. The entertainments were, as usual, regardless of expense, in the style which twelve years' experience had made more and more familiar to Henry. A liberal grant from parliament, for war purposes, had fortunately filled the otherwise empty royal exchequer, just in time for the fêtes; and Wolsey employed whatever leisure he had in extorting more money from rich merchants, particularly of the city of London, casting into prison such of them as were unpatriotic enough to refuse their cash. Thus the progress of his imperial majesty through England turned out such a marvel of splendour as had not been seen in the world since the famous Cloth of Gold affair. Henry's expressions of

friendship and of brotherly love towards Charles were more numerous even than those exchanged with Francis a few years before; and the two went so far as to receive the sacrament together, and swear faith to each other at the foot of the altar. After that, Wolsey blessed the sovereigns at Windsor, pronouncing benediction as sweetly as he had done on a similar occasion in the wooden cathedral at Ardres. With the cardinal's blessing upon them, the royal friends parted, Henry for Greenwich, and Kaiser Charles for Southampton, where the sails of a hundred English vessels were fluttering in the breeze to carry him to Spain.

The king of France had not to wait long for the coming invasion, which, as expected, took place in Normandy. Immediately after Wolsey had arranged his little treaty with the Kaiser, orders were given to the earl of Surrey to put to sea; not, however, to land an army, but to ravage the coast of France. It was an ungracious task for the victor of Flodden Field, but, dumb soldier that he was, he had to obey it. On the 13th of June, while Henry and Charles



HAMPTON COURT—ENTRANCE.

were feasting at Hampton Court, an English force was landed near Cherbourg, which burned and devastated the country for miles around, and then took ship again. The invaders next descended upon Morlaix, a prosperous town of Brittany, which was entirely sacked and given up to pillage. Filled with booty, the fleet now returned to Southampton, to embark Kaiser Charles, and see him safely to Spain. Large as was the escort, it was not by any means too numerous, for the French galliots kept hovering round about, anxious to pounce upon the pale young man whose ambition was setting the world in flames, and whose capture to them was worth more than that of the whole English fleet. But the earl of Surrey took good care of his illustrious passenger, landing him at the port of St. Andero on the 16th of July. He then returned to Calais to take the command of the army of invasion, consisting of about ten thousand English troops, besides five thousand Flemings and Spaniards under Count Buren. But the invasion even now was a mere marauding expedition, disgraceful alike to the English government and to Kaiser Charles. Repre-

sentative of the latter was his aunt, the duchess of Savoy—buxom widow once sought after by Henry VII.—who harboured an old grudge against King Francis, and who now sought feminine revenge in the ruin of his poor subjects. However, the lady, with all her hatred, did not forget her personal interests; and there being in these northern parts of France some private property belonging to her family, she gave careful instructions to Surrey to keep his hands off the estates thus distinguished. “We have thrown down and burnt a goodly castle,” the earl of Surrey wrote to Wolsey in August, “and have burnt divers other small holds; and I have in our hands another goodly castle called Torfyn, which to-morrow shall likewise be thrown down and burnt. It is said to be a marvellously good house. Some towns and villages of this country, which is Artois, do pay rent to the emperor; wherefore my lady of Savoy has written to me in no wise to burn them.” When hearing of these exploits, Francis exclaimed, in sorrowful tone, “the English were soldiers once, but now they are robbers.”

The inglorious invasion of France ended as it began. After sitting down before Hedin, “the weakest place on the frontiers,” for full six weeks without taking it, the earl of Surrey had to turn back to Calais. Demoralized by plunder, his host had become a mere rabble, unfit for anything else but the burning and sacking of defenceless villages. But revenge followed closely on the heels of the marauders, and they were punished for their own crimes. The fertile country had been laid waste to such an extent, that Surrey, on his retreat, found himself without provisions; and, heavy rains coming on, and the roads getting impassable, many thousands sank down exhausted in the bare fields which they had helped to turn into a wilderness. They might have been cut down to a man, the population all around being bitterly hostile, but that there was no pursuit by regular troops, the whole of the French army finding itself engaged in the south, whither Francis had turned immediately after leaving Normandy, not expecting the English to do more than attack a few places on the coast. Francis at this moment was assailed not only by a crowd of external enemies, but betrayed by his own friends, including the first subject in the kingdom. Prince Charles, duke of Bourbon, a member of the royal family, and who held the high post of constable of France, had been dissatisfied for some time with the treatment received at the hands of the king; and, to vent his anger, entered into secret correspondence with the Kaiser, as well as with Wolsey, promising to stir up a civil war in his own country. Francis early received information of this correspondence; but loyal as was his own mind, and abhorrent of all deceit, he refused to entertain the belief that the duke, young and chivalric like himself, could harbour such base schemes. But on the information being repeated, the king, with right royal frankness, if somewhat imprudent, resolved to investigate the matter personally, and to this end paid a visit to Bourbon, at the moment when the Anglo-Flemish invading army started from Calais on their course of devastation. The constable was staying at Moulins, in the Bourbonnais, when Francis came to see him,

and, feigning illness, immediately took to his bed. With the utmost generosity and kindness, Francis went to the couch, took his relative by both hands, and looking him straight in the face, told him that he had been accused of being a traitor, and that papers bearing his signature had been seized, revealing treasonable correspondence both with the cardinal-minister of England and the Emperor Charles. Bourbon, master in hypocrisy, did not shrink under the gaze of the king, but denying on oath all accusations made against him, spoke with so much earnestness bearing the semblance of truth, that Francis felt almost ashamed of ever entertaining mistrust against his friend. An hour afterwards, Francis having left to place himself at the head of the army in the south of France, the constable received Wolsey's envoys, urging him to betray his confiding master at once, and offering money to entice the troops to desertion. Bourbon hesitated, overcome with scruples about the career of infamy he was entering upon; but, urged more and more, with his old feelings of disappointed ambition fanned into the flame of hatred, he at last declared himself ready to enter the list of the enemies of France. At the hour of midnight he left his house in disguise, accompanied by only one confidential servant, and after many adventures, being more than once on the point of falling into the hands of the troops sent in pursuit after him, he succeeded in reaching the Swiss mountains. From here he wrote to King Henry, offering him, most liberally, the crown of France.

Bourbon's schemes for the invasion and ultimate division of his country—of which he intended to hold a large part, under the suzerainty of the king of England—were to the effect that France should be attacked, at the same time, from three sides: by an English army from the north-west, a German force from the east, and a Spanish army from the south. To carry out his part of the compact, Wolsey despatched to Calais, at the beginning of September, a fresh body of troops, under the command of the duke of Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law. The devastation of the country during the expedition of the previous month seeming to forbid another march inland, it was resolved to keep near the coast, and to besiege Boulogne in the first instance. But this plan, settled by Henry, was not at all agreeable to the Flemings under Count Buren, who again formed part of the English army of invasion, and, as before, showed a decided predilection for loot. To besiege a strongly fortified city, according to all the rules of war, was not in the least to their taste; and, thinking the sack of open towns and villages the only interesting part of warfare, they openly remonstrated against the attack upon Boulogne, and their protest had to be sent to England. My lord cardinal's reply was characteristic. “As to sparing the country from burning and spoil,” he wrote to the commander-in-chief, “the king thinks, that since his army shall march in hard weather, with many sore and grievous incommodities, it would not be good that they should also forbear the profit of the spoil, the bare hope whereof was great encouraging to them.” Thus encouraged to plunder, fortified Boulogne was left aside, and the duke of Suffolk was dragged on by Count Buren and his

Flemings, towards Paris. Meeting with little resistance by the way, and burning and pillaging towns and villages to right and left, the marauding host got within twenty miles of the French capital, where further advance was stopped by a small force under General Tremouille, who had come up in haste from the south. The inhabitants now rose in all directions to assail the invaders, and Suffolk had to wend his way back to the coast in the most inclement season of the year, with enemies hovering all around, and his allies, the Flemings, deserting him in whole companies. At the beginning of September, fifteen thousand men, in full health and vigour, had left Calais, and towards the end of December, less than three thousand pale, emaciated figures, broken by hunger and disease, staggered back into the English stronghold. Henry, who had begun to give himself airs as king of France, talked of cutting off Suffolk's head, but finally mitigated the punishment to exclusion from court—even from the court masquerades.

The failure of the second French invasion little affected Wolsey, for his whole mind was once more bent towards Rome. While Suffolk's army was marching upon Paris, there came news that Adrian's short career as pope had come to an end, and that the cardinals had once more taken to their little cells to elect a new tenant of St. Peter's chair. The news did not arrive entirely by surprise, for, in expectation of it, a couple of English envoys had been despatched to Rome some months previous. By Wolsey's instructions, given in his own handwriting, they were enjoined upon "not sparing any reasonable offers, which is a thing that amongst so many needy persons is more regarded than, *per case*, the qualities of the person." "Ye be wise," my lord cardinal added, "and ye wot what I mean. Trust yourself best, and be not seduced by fair words, and specially of those which, say what they will, desire more their own preferment than mine. Howbeit, great dexterity is to be used. The king thinketh that all the imperials shall be clearly with you if faith be in the emperor. The young men, for the most part being needy, will give good ears to fair offers. The king willesh you neither to spare his authority, or his good money, or substance." There was no reluctance on the part of the English envoys to spare "the king's good money," and there was no reluctance on the part of the Romish cardinals to take it. As shrewdly foreseen by the head of the Church in England, the "young men" showed themselves the neediest and the greediest, and there kept flowing into their pockets such a stream of gold as had seldom ever before been seen at Rome. Thirty-nine cardinals assembled in conclave, and all having taken solemn oaths against simony, condemning their souls to eternal perdition if selling their votes for money, they went praying into the cells. The contest, meek at first, waxed gradually more fierce, extending altogether over more than seven weeks, and ending in open battle between the factions indoors and out of doors. Cardinal de Medici, head of the Ultramontane party, and determined opponent of all measures of reform, came out of the first scrutiny with seventeen votes, and eighteen out of the second; but here he stopped, although his partisans declared at once their firm determination to elect him and

nobody else. For the next four days, the names of cardinals Colonna and Jacobatius alternately found many friends, but each remained far from the requisite majority. The sufferings entailed by reduction of food after the fifth day had no perceptible influence on the heat of the struggle; and the orthodox faction, including the imperialists, kept as stoutly in favour of de Medici, as the rest, composed chiefly of cardinals under French influence, opposed it. As to Wolsey, his name was barely mentioned in the conclave, he being evidently regarded with equal aversion both by the French and the imperialist cardinals. The trusty envoys from England described his failure to him in soothing terms. "It is true," they wrote, "that during the discord and dissension among them, your grace's friends did attempt and made at sundry times motions effectually for your preferment, *sed semper parum feliciter*, for the multitude of them would never incline thereunto, nor hear of it." For more than a month the golden chalice went round among the cardinals, and all voting being found resultless, there commenced an actual struggle among them. Meanwhile, the populace of Rome, excited to the highest pitch, kept battering at the doors, and the electors were told that unless they did bring out de Medici as pope they would be torn to pieces. Still the French cardinals stood out resolute, declaring on their part that they durst not support an imperial prelate even if their lives were at stake; and de Medici himself declared that "he would rather die in that prison than condescend to his capital enemies the French." However, these professions of martyrdom remained unfulfilled; life still retained its sweetness, even at a modicum of victuals, and with smells which sickened all but the strongest. On the forty-ninth day of the conclave the cardinals made up their minds not to die, but to get out of their prison, to eat, and to live. There was a tremendous shout of all Rome, when on the 19th of November, 1523, proclamation was made from the windows of the Quirinal that Cardinal de Medici had been elected pope, and declared his intention to reign as Clement VII. It was a great hour for England, a great hour for religious emancipation all over the world, that in which Clement VII. ascended the papal throne.

The influence of the papal election was felt before long through the whole of Europe, but first of all in the relationship between England and Kaiser Charles. Blinded as Wolsey was by his monstrous vanity, he could not help perceiving now that he was being befooled by the emperor, and that the latter had no more intention of helping him to the Roman tiara than of offering him his own diadem. This conviction once acquired, the cardinal's policy took a sudden turn, and, with the view of abandoning Charles, he began looking kindly towards Francis. The latter was but too anxious to accept the proffered hand of friendship, being overwhelmed by misfortune on all sides. While the adherents of Bourbon were working hard to stir up insurrection, and the constable himself was standing at the western frontiers at the head of a considerable force in the pay of the emperor, a large Spanish army, under the Marquis Pescara, came marching along the shore of the Mediterranean, laying siege to the city of Marseilles. The siege lasted from Novem-

ber, 1523, to August, 1524, and notwithstanding many fierce assaults, the citizens bravely held their own. In the meanwhile, encouraged by the friendly disposition of Wolsey, and ceasing to fear another English invasion, Francis was enabled to withdraw his troops from the north-west, and to direct them upon the south. Having collected a numerous army at Avignon, he easily drove the besiegers from Marseilles into Italy, and, in the flush of victory, followed them beyond the Alps. His old dreams of conquest once more enticed the royal knight into the fatal land—tomb of so many of his soldiers. The troops of Charles fled before him, and he sat down with the main body of his army to besiege the strong fortress of Pavia. Here he lost some precious months, and the coming winter brought hunger and disease into his camp. Suddenly, in February, 1525, Bourbon appeared in the field at the head of twenty thousand troops, and on the twenty-fourth of the month offered battle to Francis before Pavia. A fierce conflict ensued, one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought on the red soil of Italy, and the result was the utter destruction of the French army and the capture of the king. From his prison, an hour after the battle, Francis wrote to the regent of France, his mother Louise, one short line: *Tout est perdu, sauf l'honneur*—All is lost, save honour.

The news of the battle of Pavia and the capture of Francis caused great joy to Henry, but great consternation to Wolsey. For several months past, the cardinal had been in secret negotiations with the French court, carried on through the instrumentality of one Joachimo, a shrewd Italian, high in favour with Francis's mother. Of these negotiations, however, Henry knew nothing, and Joachimo, who passed as a foreign merchant, lodging at a humble dwelling in Blackfriars, held intercourse with no one but Wolsey himself. This gave rise to an extraordinary divergence in the actions of king and cardinal, which went to show once more the real ruler of England. All the vanity of Henry was roused by the sudden prospect that the crown of France, so liberally offered to him by the duke of Bourbon, might be easily obtained through the imprisonment of the French king; and a royal ambassador was despatched at once to concert measures with Kaiser Charles for a speedy invasion of the kingdom. Wolsey put no obstacles to the departure of Henry's ambassador, but he neither ceased his own secret negotiations with the mother of Francis, and the result was that the royal mission proved utterly futile. Charles, through his spies, was well informed of Wolsey's movements, and no man knew better than the Kaiser in whose hands the power of England was resting. Consequently he received Henry's envoy in a very cold and almost haughty manner, declining the proposed joint undertaking. It now was the king's turn to be offended, which was just what Wolsey wanted. Stirring up the royal conceit to the desired pitch, he easily persuaded Henry that it was the extraordinary and quite unexpected success of the Kaiser which had given rise to his haughtiness, and that, having exploited the goodwill of the sovereign of England as long as necessary, he was now beginning to scorn it, as of little further use. Arguments such as these could not fail to have a great effect upon Henry, who, like all little minds,

measured other men's motives after the standard of his own. Thus things went on quietly, Henry's ambassador still residing in full grandeur at the court of Madrid, and Wolsey's secret envoys busily engaged in undermining the alliance with Madrid at the court of Paris, presided over by the anxious mother of Francis. There was no doubt as to the ultimate result of my lord cardinal's mining operations; however, the most intense astonishment was created all over Europe when the sudden news spread forth that an offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between the deeply humiliated French government and the king of England, supposed to be on the point of invading France. It was an alliance utterly inexplicable to most men, except on the supposition of its being a grand effort of diplomatic skill to re-establish the Balance of Power, made uneven at the battle of Pavia. Wolsey was not at all displeased with this supposition, some of the honour of which he allowed to reflect upon his poor master. For a time, Henry was intensely proud of holding the Balance of Power, little doubting but that the scales were kept fixed by the fascination of his royal eyes.

The treaty with France, signed on the 30th of August, 1525, completely changed the political aspect of Europe. To the Kaiser, whom the battle of Pavia had made master of half the civilized world, it was a great calamity; but as great an advantage to France, although the terms were somewhat costly. Wolsey, happening to be in great want of cash, his own and Henry's amusements getting more and more expensive, had stipulated for the payment of the enormous sum of 2,000,000 crowns of gold, in six monthly instalments, and a subsequent annual pension of 100,000 crowns. In return for these immense sums, Wolsey engaged not only to assist France whenever attacked, but to use all his efforts to obtain the release of Francis from captivity. The latter was the most urgent object to the motherly heart of Regent Louise, and she left no means untouched, and spared no bribes, to induce the cardinal in setting earnestly to work to gain this point. It was no easy matter, however, for Charles guarded his prisoner with great jealousy, expecting for ransom little short of a kingdom. After keeping Francis for three months at the strong castle of Pizzighitona, near Pavia, he ceased to believe him safe even there, seeing that a strong Italian party, headed by the new pope, were claiming the king as their prisoner as much as his own. To secure his prize, the Kaiser ordered that Francis should be secretly taken to Spain; and, complying with the instructions, the prisoner was conveyed by his keepers, through lonely lanes and byways, to Genoa, from whence a ship of war brought him to Barcelona. The indignation of the army under Bourbon, composed chiefly of Germans and Italians, at this act, which they looked upon as treachery, was so great, that they broke out in open mutiny, to quench which the constable promised to go to Spain in person, to remonstrate with the Kaiser. Meanwhile, Francis had been taken from Barcelona to Madrid, where he was kept in the most rigorous confinement. All offers from France to pay large sums of money for his release having failed, Regent Louise next hit upon a singular plan for obtaining her object.

Her daughter Margaret—known to literature as Margaret de Valois, authoress of some charming volumes of tales in the Boccaccio style—had just become a widow, and being much beloved by her brother, the captive king, it was resolved that she should pay him a visit, interceding at the same time in his favour with Kaiser Charles. It was a rather unusual embassy; but the hopes set on it by maternal Louise were not at all unusual. Margaret was highly accomplished, and, by universal consent, one of the greatest beauties of the age; and there were fond hopes that her sweet eyes would have power enough to bewitch the proud Kaiser, greatest monarch of the world, twenty-five years old, and still a bachelor. The fair ambassadress, accompanied by a bevy of beautiful attachés, among them a certain Anne Boleyn, native of England, embarked at the little port of Aigue-morte, in September, and, travelling overland from Barcelona, reached the imperial court at Toledo early in October. Her application to see her royal brother was refused by the Spanish Government; but Kaiser Charles, against the advice of his ministers, consented to give her an audience. They met, the two, the greatest monarch, and the fairest princess of Europe. Margaret, flushed with anxiety, was surpassingly handsome; but the Kaiser looked at her with his cold grey eyes, till the very blood seemed to freeze in her veins. Her passionate eloquence, pleading for the life and liberty of a brother, found no other answer but a few measured words of politeness. Accustomed to adulation, Margaret at length rushed away, frightened almost at the icy tone of the young monarch. The next day she left the imperial court, without taking farewell, deeply humiliated at having come so far and gained so little. On the road, Margaret met the imperial train, going on a hunting expedition, with Charles in the distance caressing his dogs. Then she blushed and she sighed—the poor little French princess.

Wolsey's efforts to obtain the release of Francis had not much direct result, but proved successful in an indirect manner. Gold opened the gates of the king's prison to a couple of French priests, who came with a special message from the cardinal, to tell Francis how to get again into the open air. It was simply to consent to all the conditions laid down by Kaiser Charles, and not to fulfil a single one when once out of prison. A little perjury, the king was told, would easily be forgiven by the Holy Father at Rome, who already was deeply incensed at the independent manner in which the Kaiser carried on his Italian affairs. Francis eagerly listened to the words of the priests, though feeling some repugnance to follow their advice. It was probably not the crime of perjury itself which made him hesitate, for the age was rife with it, and there scarce lived a king or minister who had not committed it a hundred times over in his lifetime; but Francis feared the opinion of the world about his own false oath. He knew that he was looked upon as the model knight of France, successor of the "fearless and blameless" Bayard, and to lose this character seemed worse than death. However, life-long imprisonment appeared still worse; and, seeing no other means, Francis at last offered all the oaths demanded of him. Accordingly,

on the 14th of January, 1526, three months after the unsuccessful embassy of his beautiful sister, and eleven months after his capture on the field of Pavia, Francis swore that he would surrender the rich province of Burgundy to the emperor; that he would give up his suzerainty over Flanders; that he would reinstate the duke of Bourbon in his former position; and that he would for ever abandon all attempts of conquering Italy. These were the principal conditions of the treaty, called of Madrid. Some minor clauses, likewise sworn to by Francis, bound him to marry the Kaiser's sister, Eleanor; to pay a considerable sum as war indemnity; and, finally, to deliver himself up again at Madrid if not able to fulfil the whole of these promises. Not trusting entirely to the oath of his royal prisoner, pink of French chivalry, Charles moreover stipulated that the two children of the king, boys of tender age—the mother having recently died—should be given to him as hostages, to be kept till the complete execution of the treaty. All being settled, with a profusion of solemn affirmations on both sides, Francis was led to the Pyrenees, and having witnessed, at the frontier bridge between Fontarabia and St. John de Luce, the delivery of his two little children into the hands of the Spanish commander, he himself was allowed to get across into his own territory. Joy at his liberty for the moment overcame his paternal feelings of regret, and, bestriding his Arab horse, he galloped away, crying: "Once more I am a king."

The release of Francis, after all, proved but a fortunate escape. At the last moment Charles was made acquainted with the machinations of the French priests, and sent an express to the frontier to detain the king. But the latter had passed across the bridge into France an hour before the arrival of the courier, and was speeding away like lightning towards Bayonne. Almost the first person he met here was Dr. Taylor, a learned jurist, envoy of Cardinal Wolsey. His special mission was to persuade the king not to hesitate to break the treaty made with the Kaiser, as it had been entered into under compulsion. There was not much persuasion needed, for Francis at once declared freely that he had no intention to carry out any part of the agreement relating to a cession of French territory. As to the rest, he was willing to take the advice of his ministers, not forgetting, however, that his children remained as hostages in Spain. Following his instructions, Dr. Taylor remained in the suite of the king, making interminable speeches in bad Latin, until arrived at Paris, where the embassy was strengthened by Sir Thos. Cheyney, specially deputed to offer congratulations, and, what was more important, to propel the French government into war with the emperor. Charles of late had been imprudent enough to give vent to his opinions about Wolsey in bitter speeches, which, on being duly reported to England, had the effect of raising against him the deadly animosity of the cardinal. To bring about a league of all the European powers against the Kaiser now became his great object, for which he worked with restless energy. Meeting with some reluctance in the French king to engage in immediate war, Wolsey addressed himself to the pope, who listened more readily to his propositions.

Clement VII., though as cardinal a zealous imperial partizan, had ever since his accession to the pontifical throne shown himself the determined enemy of the ambitious projects of Charles, and when the battle of Pavia threatened to lay all Italy at his feet, had been bold enough to make open stand against the Kaiser. Italian by birth, and intensely national in all his aspirations, the great policy of the new pope was to allow no foreign power to get too much influence on the soil of the peninsula, and to insure this end as much as possible by the mutual opposition of conquerors. But now Charles alone was to be feared. Possessor in his own right of the realms of Naples and Sicily in the south, and of Milan, Genoa, and the country of Este in the north, with his armies overrunning the rest of Italy, he had reduced the influence of the remaining nominally independent states to a mere shadow, and the temporal power of the Church into nothingness. To enfranchise himself from this thralldom, Clement was ready to risk everything, even to his own life. He thus eagerly listened to Wolsey's proposals, requiting the zeal of the cardinal by a renewal of his legatine dignity, with greatly increased powers, such as to constitute him the absolute and irresponsible head of the Church within the English dominions. But the eagerness of the pontiff drove him into imprudent rashness; for before the king of France had declared himself, and even before Wolsey had openly given his adhesion, Clement formed a league with the republics of Venice and Florence, for the express purpose of crushing the power of Charles on Italian soil. It was again a "Holy League;" and the king of England had the presidency offered to him, with a speculative share in Neapolitan spoil, on the sole stipulation of assisting with money. To induce Francis to enter the confederacy, the pope solemnly absolved him from fulfilling the conditions of the treaty of Madrid, granting to him, likewise, certain provinces in the north of Italy, in the temporary possession of the emperor. Francis, constantly thinking of his two little sons, was not in haste to cross the Alps, but kept temporizing; and seeing this, Kaiser Charles determined to show the Holy Father his iron hand. In the autumn of 1526, a few months after the formation of the Holy League, a Spanish army, commanded by the viceroy of Naples, and in secret league with the powerful Roman family of Colonna, old enemies of the papal house of de Medici, came marching suddenly upon Rome, surprised the gates, and took possession of the city, scarcely allowing time to the pontiff to take refuge in the castle of St. Angelo. Clement would have been safe here, but that, unfortunately, the castle was only provisioned for three days; and trembling to be a martyr for lack of victuals, the pope surrendered, submitting to all the conditions laid before him. These were that he should dissolve the Holy League, should withdraw his troops from the north, and should enter into no further hostilities against the emperor. Clement swore to all—with a mental reservation. As soon as the Spanish troops had left the city, his holiness, in an interview with the English ambassador, told the latter, "that the imperials had broken so many times their bonds with him, that he might, when he should

see his time, break and not observe his with them." The example of this high morality of the head of the Church was not lost upon Christian sovereigns.

But the old weapon of perfidy, successful as it had been in the hands of many of his predecessors, was destined to be fatal to Pope Clement VII., bringing on results which sent a thrill of horror through the whole of Europe. Breaking through all the engagements entered into with the viceroy of Naples, as soon as he had recovered his liberty of action, the pontiff soon gave new grounds of complaint to Kaiser Charles, and the latter thereupon no longer hesitated to visit him with fierce punishment. The duke of Bourbon, greatest of war-captains of the age, made savage by exile and misfortune, received orders to direct his army upon Rome; to take it, and not to spare it. Under his own command at the time, there were but few troops, the imperial exchequer having fallen low; but making known the work on which he was engaged, the duke soon received reinforcements from all sides, and in the spring of 1527 he commenced his march from the plains of Lombardy, southward. The bulk of Bourbon's army consisted of German and Swiss lances, to the number of sixteen thousand, under the immediate orders of George Frondsberg, a zealous adherent of the doctrines of Martin Luther. To him it was heavenly work to march upon Rome, and to attack, to destroy, and, if possible, annihilate the great Babylon, against which the Reformer was preaching—the City of Sins, the Seat of the Antichrist. Willingly, George Frondsberg had spent the whole of his fortune to carry out this godly task; he had converted all his earthly goods into money, which was just sufficient to give a single ducat to every one of his sixteen thousand followers; and when they growled at the smallness of the pay, and wanted more, he pointed to Rome. At Milan, the men of Frondsberg united with the Spaniards under Bourbon, some ten thousand in number, and from thence the terrible host swept onward with the force of a hurricane through Tuscany, scattering the troops of the Holy League to right and left, like chaff in the wind. Hungering after loot, the Swiss wanted to turn aside upon Florence, but Frondsberg refused the demand, and the mercenaries were compelled to follow the stern leader whose eyes could see nothing but the Antichrist in front, the detestable Antichrist whom he was going to strangle. Onward he tramped with his daring band, Germans and Swiss in front, Spaniards behind, over hills and mountains, through streams swollen with rain, and over roads turned into morasses, linked together, in files of thirty and fifty, with locked hands and surrounding arms, stemming torrents in fierce embrace, with the water up to their necks, heeding neither hunger nor thirst, and cheering each other with warlike songs, till at last, on the evening of Saturday, the 4th of May, the wild brigade looked down upon the city of the Seven Hills. Encamping for the night under the walls of Rome, Bourbon wished to attack the city the next morning, but Frondsberg refused. It was Whit-Sunday, he argued, a day ordained for prayer, and on which he could not destroy aught even in Babylon. But the scaling-ladders were ready early on Monday morning; and as

soon as the stars began to fade in the sky, Bourbon got his army ready for the storm, addressing them in fiery harangue. "My captains, all valorous and brave," he cried; "and you, my soldiers, whom I love: our destiny has led us here, and here we must conquer, or here we must perish. Look upon the city before you, and behold the glory of the world: grasp it, and realize all the world can offer. Not a nation but that will tremble before the waving swords of the conquerors of Rome. Conquer, and gain eternal glory; or fail, and gain eternal shame!" "Amen!" cried Frondsberg. Then the storm began.

A thick mist enveloped, like a shroud, the city of the Seven Hills on the dawn of Whit-Monday, 1527. Within the city all was noise and wild confusion: terrified priests trying to hide their treasures; women praying at the doors of churches and chapels; and excited crowds of all classes listening to the screeches of a savage figure, red-haired, naked and thin, running through the streets, and predicting that the end of the world had come. Without the walls all was silent as the grave. Bourbon's men had no artillery, and no weapons whatever to attack a fortified place; but to attack it they were not the less determined, for death was in the rear, even more than in front. Silently they crept along the walls surrounding the western suburb of Rome, till, arrived near the Vatican hill, the signal of attack was given. Bourbon himself, with lofty courage, seized the first scaling ladder, to climb the high wall, throwing a white mantle over his shoulders as a guide for his army. Already his foot was near the summit, when a priest above lowered his arquebus, and, pulling the trigger, sent him down to the ground, a corpse. The wavering mist hid the sight from the assailants; but the news of the great loss instantly flew through their ranks, creating boundless fury in every man. Wildly they rushed up the ladders, heeding neither the hail of lead from the troops in front, nor the fire of the big cannon from the castle of St. Angelo. But the guns within were stronger than the brawny arms without, and the besiegers began to feel weary and faint, their corpses thickly strewn the ground, when an unexpected event turned the scale. A small party of Spaniards, not liking the look of the scaling ladders, had crept along the walls further towards the river, till they came to a port-hole covered with dung. This they removed, and silently crawled through the opening, while a growing stream followed in their wake. All on a sudden there sprang up a fierce shout of "Spain! Spain!" in the streets of Rome, and the garrison, seized by a panic, rushed away from the walls, Renzo, the commander, in front of the flying men. Awestruck, the immense crowd, priests, population, and soldiers, fled towards the castle of St. Angelo, not a soul thinking to break the bridges over the Tiber, which would have confined the invaders to the small suburb on the western bank—the Southwark of Rome—leaving the great body of the city as defensible as ever. But on they rushed, the trembling mass, and close at their heels the soldiers of Bourbon, made frantic by the loss of their leader and four thousand of their comrades. Now the mist dispersed, the sun stood high in heaven, and Rome had a new master. The sack of the city was resolved upon, and

an unexampled scene of horrors commenced. With the infuriated soldiers there came to be mingled the lowest mob of the streets, the refuse of dens of debauchery, and the liberated robbers and assassins of the prisons, all eager for theft, and more eager for murder. These and the Spaniards were the demons of atrocity which flew through the God-forsaken city. They dashed the brains of infants against the walls in sight of the mothers; they violated matrons and virgins at the foot of the altar; and extorted the secrets of hidden treasures from aged men under unspeakable cruelties and tortures. The German and Swiss lances behaved with far more humanity than the Spaniards. With the Swiss, the main object was to lay hold of as much ready cash as they could secure in their fathomless pockets; while the religious fanaticism of the Germans found vent in the milder display of ridicule against the priesthood. The rough unshaven troopers went strutting about in the state dresses of cardinals and bishops, singing profane songs, highly uncomplimentary to the Romish hierarchy. Much that they sang was true; for, according to the statement of the great historian of Italy, Luigi Guicciardini, the Rome of Pope Clement VII. was "a corrupt city, full of abominable vices." Yet before the unutterable cruelties of the invaders, even the abominable vices of the conquered were thrown into the shade. For more than a century after, Roman mothers hushed their children with the cry of "Spain"—the watchword of Bourbon's soldiery.

The news of the sack of Rome caused immense excitement and sympathy with the pope all over Catholic Europe; but was received with very remarkable indifference in England among all classes of the laity. Wolsey made some show of zeal in getting succour for the pontiff, but with not the slightest effect. According to Hall, faithful recorder of the city of London and of the signs of the times, "the king was sorry, and so were many prelates; but the commonalty little mourned for it." The common people were rude enough to say that "the pope was a ruffian," and that "he began the mischief, and was well served." The sorrow of Henry itself, Defender of the Faith, was neither deep nor lasting; and whatever there was of it was drowned in the sunshine of a fresh pair of blue eyes which had fallen upon his amorous heart. In the spring of 1527, while Bourbon's host was marching upon Rome, there arrived at the royal court at Greenwich a sweet damsel of twenty, called Anne Boleyn, daughter of a diplomatic gentleman in the English service, and great-granddaughter of a lord mayor of London who had been knighted for his virtues. Anne Boleyn, come to fill the post of lady of honour to Queen Catherine, was not without experience in the line, having been accustomed to courtly society from the age of seven, when following Henry's sister Mary into France to become the wife of Louis XII. On Mary becoming an unhappy widow, and, two months after, happy wife of a duke of Suffolk, pretty little Anne transferred her services to Queen Claude, consort of France, with whom she remained for nearly ten years. When Claude died in 1524, Mistress Anne, now seventeen years old, entered the court of Margaret of Valois, sister of King Francis, a lady alike distinguished for her beauty as for her literary accomplishments, and

her Protestant tendencies in religious matters. It was in the company of Lady Margaret that Anne Boleyn went to Spain, to bewail the unfeeling nature of a bachelor Caesar, and the diplomatic failure of rosy lips and sparkling eyes. To console herself for this misfortune, the sister of Francis soon after resolved to give her hand to the landless king of Navarre, and it was this event which brought Mistress Boleyn to the court of Henry, her father having solicited and obtained for her the post of lady of honour to Queen Catherine. Anne's exquisite beauty at once attracted the king's eyes, always on the look-out for new charms, and accustomed to pleasant change in the pleasures of love. At this moment the king was particularly open to fresh impressions, Wolsey's vast political schemes preventing the necessary attention being bestowed on palace intrigues and the superintendence of the royal amusements. From his queen Henry had separated some time before, growing age, coupled with disease, making her society undesirable, and the cardinal doing his best to widen this breach for political reasons. Bent as he was now on the most intimate alliance with France, and, if possible, a war with the hated Kaiser, he found the influence of Catherine, who never forgot that she was the aunt of Charles, directly opposed to his plans; and his object, therefore, became to estrange Henry to the utmost from his wife, destroying whatever power she might still possess over him. The task was not very difficult, inasmuch as the king, besides his now personal distaste, had a great complaint against her for not having given him any male heirs, all the children she had borne, with the exception of the one daughter Mary, having died in early infancy. Henry did not cease fretting at this supposed calamity; and fretted more and more when his separation from Catherine had destroyed the last hope of a fulfilment of his wishes. Wolsey skilfully fanned the flame, and at last skilfully threw out an idea, probably long slumbering in the king's mind—divorce. The word, once spoken, took root—another wild desire in the king's voluptuous nature, and another mighty lever in the cardinal's political machine.

It was before the king had seen Anne Boleyn that the question of a divorce was discussed between him and Wolsey, and the necessary resolutions taken. The matter at first was kept profoundly secret; nevertheless it came to be bruited about in the spring of 1527, and in June following the subject was talked of in the city of London more than the sack of Rome. Henry professed to be very angry at this, and sent for the lord mayor to stop these flying rumours—means not indicated, but necessarily aerial—on pain of his high displeasure. However, the rumours grew into certainty a few weeks after, when it was announced that Cardinal Wolsey was going on a grand embassy to France, to concert measures for an intimate alliance of the two countries, which was generally understood to comprise the king's marriage with one of the French princesses. Wolsey set out from London with immense pomp on the 3rd of July, fully impressed with the importance of his mission, and utterly ignorant as yet of the existence of a little lady of honour at Greenwich who had found favour in the eyes of him for whom he was seeking a wife. The train of the cardinal consisted of no less than

twelve hundred lords and gentlemen on horseback, who passed through the streets of the city three abreast, dressed in black velvet coats, most of them with large gold chains round their necks. An army of servants, in yellow livery, kept marching with this immense train, which was preceded by twenty sumpter mules, carrying the cardinal's cash and personal effects, and guarded by a great number of archers and men in armour. Wolsey himself rode in the centre, in gorgeous attire, on a mule behung with gold, his mace being borne by a nobleman, and his scarlet cloak-bag by another, both walking bare-headed at his side. In front marched two tall priests bearing silver crosses; and behind him two others, the one carrying his seals of office, and the other his cardinal's hat. Lord mayor and aldermen bowed to the ground, and the populace looked on in mute astonishment; but there were voices in the background whispering words of mingled hatred and contempt of the "butcher's son of Ipswich." It was felt instinctively by the people that the conceit of this low-born man was carrying him beyond all bounds of prudence and good sense.

Wolsey landed at Calais on the 11th of July, in more than regal state, having taken eight days in his progress from London to the coast. He left Calais with a train of knights, nobles, and pages, which filled the road for more than a mile in length, and the king of France having granted him letters patent to pardon crimes, and to open the prisons in all the places he should pass through, his slow march onward resembled a triumphant procession. At stated times he knelt down in the road, on gold embroidered cushions, to say his prayers, after which the priests swung incense on him, and besprinkled him with holy water, while he gave the people his benediction and full remission of their sins. Borne along solemnly, like a pagan god, Wolsey at last reached Amiens, at the gates of which he was met by the French king. The latter arrived unexpectedly, and seeing him approach, and his own finery as yet disarranged, Wolsey rushed into a chapel at the roadside to get into proper costume. Thence he issued in dazzling splendour, covered all over with gold and jewels; and bestriding a new mule, superbly trapped in scarlet velvet, with pearls and deep golden fringes, he slowly rode forward to meet the king, who held his stirrups while he dismounted. The next day there was grand service at the cathedral of Amiens, when Wolsey had his own arm-chair, or throne, placed three steps higher than that of the king, allowing the latter—who acted throughout with all the politeness and humility of a true-bred cavalier—to wait upon him as an attendant. Thus far the cardinal carried everything before him with a high hand; but in the practical negotiations which followed on the ceremonies, he not only gained nothing, but covered himself with ridicule, in a manner visible to everybody but himself.

Wolsey's great object in this journey, undertaken with such unheard-of pomp, was twofold: to connect England and France by a double matrimonial alliance, and to forward his own views on the papacy. His plan, regarding the first, was to get Francis to consent to a definite settlement of his proposed mar-

riage with Princess Mary, now eleven years old, and to obtain the hand of the French princess Renée, a young and very handsome lady of eighteen, sister of the deceased wife of Francis, for Henry. In both he signally failed, though exerting all his eloquence for the purpose, praising Mary as "the pearl of the world, the jewel that her father esteemed more than anything on earth;" and speaking of Henry's passionate love for Renée in terms which made the tears come into his own eyes. King Francis, too, professed to be immensely touched, and offered his word as a gentleman that he would marry the pearl of the world some day or other; only he refused to fix a day, the pearl being still so young. To Renée's marriage with Henry, also, the king had no objections whatever, provided the princess herself would consent. But the young lady, it was well known, felt not the least inclination to marry a middle-aged gentleman already provided with a wife, and rumoured to be anything but a good husband. Fair Renée, besides, was over head and ears in love with a certain young Italian, son of the duke of Ferrara, to whom she had pledged her troth, and whom she actually married a few months after. Of all this, however, Wolsey was utterly ignorant; and, while despatching long letters to Henry, descriptive of the great progress his "secret affair" was making, his pomp and his negotiations were the laughing-stock of the French court. Henry came to learn this in time, and the failure of the marriage project, coupled with the ridicule thus produced, and in which he thought himself involved, had not a little to do with the ultimate fall of the cardinal. Wolsey's grand journey into France was both the most splendid and the most fatal journey of his life.

In one respect, indeed, there were strong expectations that Wolsey's interview with Francis would lead to great results; but these also were shattered by his extreme conceit. Moved partly by political considerations, in seeing the pope a prisoner and mere tool in the hands of Charles, and partly by the doctrines of Luther, imbibed from his favourite sister, Margaret, the French king had conceived the grand idea of making his realm independent of the see of Rome, by instituting a high-archbishop, as spiritual head of a new Gallican Church. The plan was hinted to Wolsey, with implied promises that he should be appointed the first high-archbishop, with liberty to unite this dignity with a similar one in England. But the cardinal refused, almost with scorn, deeming himself already of more elevated rank than a possible high-archbishop, and not doubting that the tiara of Rome was more than ever within his reach, as soon as the power of Charles could be overthrown in Italy, and that of united France and England substituted. The cardinal's private ambition so far coincided with that of Francis as to make him seek this great result, and the war upon the emperor, therefore, was decided upon. Towards the end of September, Wolsey, after a sojourn of two months, bid farewell to the French king, and, almost at the same moment, General Lautrec crossed Mont Cenis with an army of sixty-thousand men, to conquer Italy, or, as it was stated, "to deliver the pope from the hands of his enemies."

The cardinal's return to England was hastened by

unpleasant news received from his agents. Henry's growing partiality for Anne Boleyn had become such as to attract all eyes, and Wolsey was deeply grieved to learn that his lengthened absence had contributed to complete the ascendancy of the unknown beauty over the king's mind. Some held that she was extremely virtuous, others, that she was extremely clever; but all agreed in the fact that she had refused certain offers made to her by the king, and, for once, baffled his grace in his career of easy victories over courtly charms. In virtue, my lord cardinal had not much faith, but in cleverness, male or female, he had no reason to doubt; and, considering the matter from this point of view, he felt some ground for alarm, though not sufficient to warrant extreme measures. With less than his usual circumspection, however, he contented himself with slighting the new favourite, and refusing to acknowledge her physical and mental attractions, at the same time making use of every opportunity to praise, before the king, the excessive beauty and grace of Princess Renée, whom he represented as ready to come to England as soon as the divorce had been pronounced. Henry was pleased enough. As yet, the idea of a marriage with a subject, humble attendant at the court, had scarcely entered his mind; and being incapable of real love, and impelled by little else but vanity and voluptuous passion, the possession of the high-born, beautiful bride promised by Wolsey was sufficient for all his desires. With immense impatience, the king now kept watching for further news from the beautiful princess whom he was to marry; and when, in the middle of October, three weeks after Wolsey's return, the report was made that a great French embassy had landed at Dover, all was stir and excitement at the royal court. The embassy, headed by the Marshal de Montmorenci, and comprising some of the most illustrious nobles of France, duly made their appearance, and—solemnly invested the king with the order of St. Michael. At the same time Henry was informed that the fair Princess Renée had been naughty enough to give her hand and heart to a poor Italian gentleman, instead of obeying the wish of her royal brother-in-law to marry the great king now decorated with the order of St. Michael. Henry, master of dissimulation, hid his mortification under a smile, and soon after sent for Wolsey, telling him that he was determined to espouse Anne Boleyn as soon as freed from his tie of wedlock. The cardinal fell on his knees, but to no purpose: he seemed to feel the blow was coming, but could not yet see that it would be fatal.

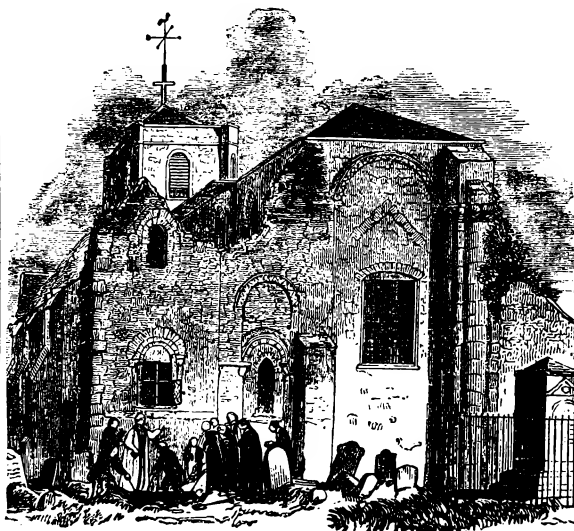
Queen Catherine as yet had never been openly told that her husband was seeking a divorce from her. The intercourse of the royal couple, to all appearance, was as friendly as ever, and Henry, with accustomed duplicity, even increased in outward affection, and made it a point, while plotting her destruction, to greet her in loving strains, and to seat her at his side in all fêtes and entertainments. However, it was impossible that the rumour of the events in preparation should not come to the ears of the queen; and well acquainted as she was with the character of her consort and that of his chief adviser, she could not be long under a doubt as to the truth of these proceedings. But of the details she was un-

aware, and it was not till the summer of 1827, Wolsey being in France, that she was informed, to her intense astonishment, that the divorce against her was to be procured on the ground of the illegality of her marriage, she having previously being the wife of her husband's brother. There was something so utterly monstrous in this pretence—and the notion appeared so incredible that a man, having been married eighteen years, should at the end of all this time wish to reduce his married life to a concubinage, and brand its offspring as a bastard, on the pretext of a mere legal or theological quibble—that Catherine at first refused to believe it, and expressed her unbelief to the Spanish ambassador, who brought the report. But the proofs came in fast, until at last the unhappy woman could shut her eyes no longer to the fact that her husband really meant to desert her and to marry another, branding her and her daughter with infamy. Catherine was a woman somewhat narrow-minded, a bigoted Roman Catholic, and devout pupil of priestly authority. Nevertheless, she had in her all the undaunted pride of her Spanish mother, and when she learnt that her husband was applying to the pope to have his marriage annulled as incestuous, she resolved not to bend even before the head of the Church on this ground, should he decide against her. But to prevent this, if possible, she at once despatched a trusty messenger to her nephew, the Kaiser, entreating him to assist her in this distress, and to use all his influence at Rome to oppose the divorce demanded by her husband. Kaiser Charles, attached with cordial love to his aunt, and as cordially hating Wolsey, at once fulfilled the queen's desire, by simply ordering the head of the Church not to do anything whatever in the matter of the divorce without the imperial sanction. The poor pontiff, still in the grasp of the fierce legions of Spain and Germany, and with but small chances of freeing himself from their embrace, willingly consented to everything demanded by Charles. It was the first great consequence springing from Bourbon's eventful sack of Rome.

The first applications of Henry to the pontiff for a divorce met with vague and undecided replies. Clement VII. had one eye upon Madrid and the other upon the Alps, over which a French army under General Lautrec was breaking its way; and being in utter uncertainty whether Charles or Francis was likely to be beaten in the great game about to be played in Italy, he, like a prudent man, tried to keep his peace with both parties. Personally, he had not the least disinclination to divorce the monarch of England from his wife, or, if necessary, from ten wives. Far worse cases than that of this amatory King Henry had been brought for centuries past to Rome; and there was really no precedent showing why a sovereign, treating the Church with due respect, should not have his domestic affairs favourably settled at the pontifical divorce court. But, though willing enough to favour Henry to the utmost of his power, Clement was not inclined to suffer martyrdom for his sake, and, with that iron hand of Kaiser Charles upon his throat, to incur certain destruction out of sheer affability. In vain Wolsey sent envoy after envoy to urge haste in the expedition of the divorce

affair. Clement promised everything and did nothing, and so skilfully kept his persecutors at bay with ever new questions, preliminaries, and preliminaries of preliminaries, that they themselves at last got utterly confused in their own minds. One morning, the two principal agents, Dr. Stephen Gardiner and Dr. Fox, who had long tried to come to a definite understanding respecting the divorce, and were now meditating their return to England, broke in upon the pope on a sudden, to get something like a clear reply from him. They were surprised to find the pontiff sitting upon a little wooden bench before the fire, with an old coverlet over his shoulders, "not worth twenty pence." On the bench there was no room for the English ambassadors, nor was there any other accommodation, so the intruders had to promise to call again the next day, with which his holiness seemed well pleased. The next day, on presenting themselves in compliance with the formal appointment made, the two stately envoys were ushered into the pope's sleeping apartment, where they found four cardinals. They all marched together into a very small bed-closet, and Clement, sitting down on the couch, with his back to the wall, quietly motioned his visitors to make themselves comfortable on little stools, placed around the bed in a circle. Here they kept talking for nearly five hours, the two envoys constantly full of their great subject, and the four cardinals as constantly driving them off at a tangent into the wide realm of politics and divinity. Sitting on their little stools, the eyes of the learned men of England began to open to the fact that they were no match for the learned men of Rome.

Like many other great questions, before and since, that of King Henry's divorce was doomed to be decided on the field of arms. The pontiff having sunk to be a mere mouthpiece of contending sovereigns, the decision lay between Charles and Francis, and the hosts of fighting men which they were hurling against each other on the fair fields of Italy. At first, the impetuous onset of the French proved victorious, as in many preceding campaigns. Having passed Mont



WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

Cenis in the summer of 1527 without much difficulty, General Lautrec began by driving the imperialist troops before him, taking Alessandria and other strong fortresses, and even that Pavia which had been so fatal to his master. Flushed with victory, the French now moved southward, along the Adriatic coast, towards the Neapolitan states, leaving Rome—still in the hands of the German and Spanish lances, under the able command of the prince of Orange, Bourbon's successor—to the west. After recruiting his strength in the fertile plains of Romagna and the Marches, Lautrec took to the siege of Naples, opening his guns upon the city on the 1st of May, 1528, about the same time when Gardiner and Fox were sitting on their little stools in the papal bedchamber. They might well have pardoned the poor cardinals, their stool neighbours, for talking politics instead of ecclesiastical law, for the fate of Rome and of the English divorce bill was depending at that moment very much more upon the proper direction of Lautrec's big guns than upon any arguments, divine or profane, bearing upon King Henry's case. The big guns did their work well at first, to such a degree that Clement despatched in haste a courier to England, declaring his readiness to accede at once to all the demands of Henry. But before a month had elapsed, a fearful pestilence broke out in the French camp, mowing down twenty thousand men in the lapse of a few weeks, among them their great leader, General Lautrec. The command now devolved upon the marquis of Saluzzi, who at once raised the siege and retired to Aversa. His small force, still suffering from disease, was attacked here at the end of August, and had to surrender to the prince of Orange. Of the sixty thousand men led across the Alps by General Lautrec, not sixty returned to tell the tale of woe. Italy once more was lying at the feet of that silent young Caesar, insensible to French princesses, with naught but the dream of universal empire in his lustreless eyes.

While the pope was yet trying to steer the bark of St. Peter clear of the rocks of both Spain and France, and to temporize with the fearfully importunate sovereignty of the western islands, there occurred events which bore the appearance that he would be relieved at least of the latter part of his trouble. In June, 1528, a dire pestilence broke out in England, simultaneously with that which ravaged in the French camp before Naples, and in many other parts of the continent. The "sweating sickness" was the name given by the English people to this fatal disease, the outward symptoms of which were described as follows by the French ambassador at London. "We have," informed the diplomatic gentleman, amiable unto death towards his government; "we have a little pain in the head and heart. We suddenly begin to sweat, and need no physician; for if we uncover ourselves the least in the world, or cover ourselves too much, we are dead in four hours, and sometimes in two or three. It is the easiest disease in the world to die of." Cheerful as was this French aspect of the "sweating sickness," its appearance created intense terror among many, and among the most alarmed was the king. On the disease breaking out at Greenwich, he fled away in great haste to Waltham, in Essex, and, not deeming himself quite safe here, to Hunsdon,

in Hertfordshire. From Hunsdon he wrote to Anne Boleyn, "entirely beloved," telling her not "to let his absence displease;" adding, "for wherever I may be, I am yours;" but enjoining her at the same time not to come near him, one of her servants having died of the sickness. The king next made his will, took the sacrament, confessed his sins, and called in his physician, Dr. Butts, with whom he set to making pills, ointments, decoctions, and lotions of all sorts, offering them also to the public as "the king's own plaster." But in spite of plaisters, the pestilence got more and more fatal, and several of his servants dying, Henry was seized with a true fit of compunction. Seeking again the society of his pious queen, he commenced sharing in her devout exercises, confessed every twelve hours, and every other day made his last will and testament—thirty-nine wills altogether. Henry was fast becoming a saint, when, unfortunately, the "sweating sickness" began to abate. No sooner was all danger gone, when he packed up his pill-boxes, discharged his confessor, huffed away his wife, and began writing fresh love-letters to Anne Boleyn, his "darling joy for ever."—The respite was short, and the real troubles were yet to come for the Roman pontiff.

Notwithstanding the raising of the siege of Naples and the utter defeat of the French troops in Italy, the irrepressible English envoys did not cease way-laying Clement, till at last, fairly worn out, kept at bay in the smallest of his small bed-closets, he promised to do something for King Henry. It was the institution of a court of inquiry to examine into the validity of the royal marriage, with power to call witnesses and to deliver judgment, subject to the approval of the court of Rome. The poor pope had made this concession with tears in his eyes, bitterly lamenting, as well he might, his unhappy lot; and seeing that they could wring little more from him, Henry's ambassadors, Gardiner and Fox, accepted it. As presidents of the court of inquiry, Clement nominated Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio, the latter an old and infirm man, suffering badly of the gout. Not to lose his prize, Gardiner himself took charge of the old cardinal, trying to hoist him along the road with the greatest possible speed. But Campeggio, shrewd Roman, with aching limbs but a clear brain, was not to be propelled in this manner; and, pleading the enemy gout as an excuse, he took his own time, full two months, to creep along from the Tiber to the Thames. In this, as in other things, the cardinal but followed his instructions, which were of a two-fold kind, open and secret. His written orders enjoined the prelate to accelerate the royal divorce as much as possible, and to do everything in his power to favour the wishes of the beloved son of the Church, King Henry, Defender of the Faith. But his private instructions, taking due priority, commanded the cardinal to keep very quiet, to travel very slowly, and to do as little as possible, and, above all, to give no offence to Queen Catherine, aunt of Caesar, commander of the legions. Thus well prepared for all eventualities, Campeggio crossed the Channel, and made his entry into London on the 9th of October, 1528, about a month after King Henry had got rid of his pills, his wife, and his confessor.

Wolsey's position became very critical with the arrival of the pontifical legate. Though the original instigator of the divorce, he had long come to repent of his scheme, seeing its partial failure, and the dire ends to which it would lead. Well laid as the plan was to make Henry break, for ever, with the Kaiser, and bring about the desired French alliance, it crumbled to pieces the moment the great bait, in the shape of the beautiful princess, began to fail; and its ruin became complete when Anne Boleyn appeared upon the scene. Wolsey now stood aghast at the plot he had been preparing; the grave he had been digging for himself. He was filling the place of a quiet elderly lady, with little influence over the king, very pious, and devoted to him as a high luminary of the Church, with a young rival, strong in the king's affections, of pronounced heretic opinions, and of cordial and undisguised hatred to himself. Queen Catherine's maid of honour instinctively hated Wolsey, and he returned the sentiment completely, feeling that he was face to face with a rival equal to, if not surpassing him in craft. Many attempts have been made, in old and modern times, to whitewash the memory of Anne Boleyn, and even to raise her on a pedestal of immaculate fame as a sufferer and a saint; but it seems impossible, looking dispassionately and without prejudice at all the facts of her short eventful career, to come to any other conclusion than that she was a woman of great cunning and of certainly low morality. Whether, as asserted by contemporaries, she got early debauched at the French court—a court famous, even at that time, for its gross profligacy—or whether she merely learnt there all the finer arts of intrigue, certain it is that the rôle she played after her arrival in Queen Catherine's household was such that the most consummate actress could not have performed it better. Her refusal to become Henry's mistress was necessarily made under one of two conditions: either she was perfectly virtuous, or she was thoroughly artful, intimately acquainted with the character of men in general, and of such men as Henry in particular. To accept the former alternative seems very difficult, inasmuch as it is inconsistent with the whole subsequent career of Anne Boleyn. She did not withdraw from the court, like a shameful maiden, after the dishonest proposals had been made, but remained in, and even sought the king's society, exchanging constant love-letters with him, exhibiting all her charms, and exerting all her power to supplant his faithful wife, and to grope her way to the throne over the ruin and misery of others. If nothing else were known of the life of Anne Boleyn, this alone would be sufficient to stamp her memory with disgrace. But the white veil of innocence has been flung over it for no other reason but that Anne Boleyn was a reformer, and weak eyes fancy to see that her taper fingers contributed to mould the new world of Protestant England. It is a narrow faith to trace the tides of the ocean into such shallow creeks—to forget a nation over a king's sweetheart. Wolsey would have gladly forgiven Anne Boleyn her Protestant heresies, if not accompanied by that worldly ambition which made her so like him, but the absence of which alone constitutes true religion.

The great drama, or melodrama, of the royal divorce

court was commenced on the 28th of October, the poor Roman cardinal having been prostrate for three weeks from the gout, and unable to stand on his legs. Even now he could not keep himself well upright; but the king's amorous flame being daily fanned by his new mistress, delay was no longer possible, and the unhappy prelate was stuck into a chair of crimson velvet, and placed at Wolsey's side, on the right hand of the throne. Having made a decorous and safe speech, full of praise of royal wisdom, but leaving out the matters under discussion, Cardinal Campeggio was transported back to his lodgings, and the proceedings were adjourned to Sunday, the 8th of November. On this day the king sat in state in the great hall of Bridewell palace, and addressing a crowd of nobles, judges, and eminent citizens of London, began pleading his own case. His speech—carefully noted by Recorder Hall, who, poor soul, wrote down immediately after “as much as his wit would bear away”—was more than usually full of hypocrisy. After assuring his hearers, every one of whom knew his passion for Anne Boleyn as well as himself, that religious scruples alone had brought him to investigate the question of the validity of his marriage, with the ultimate view of a divorce, he summed up and concluded his oration as follows: “If it be adjudged,” he cried, with tearful eyes, “that the queen is my lawful wife, nothing will be more pleasant or more acceptable to me, both for the clearing of my conscience, and also for the good qualities and conditions I know to be in her. For I assure you all, that besides her noble parentage, she is a woman of most gentleness, humility, and buxomness; yea, and of all good qualities pertaining to nobility she is without comparison. So that if I were to marry again I would choose her above all women. But if it is determined in judgment that our marriage is against God's law, then shall I sorrow, parting from so good a lady and loving companion. These be the sores that vex my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience; for the declaration of which I have assembled you together. And now you may depart.” What Englishmen thought of their king telling such miserable falsehoods, with not even the courage pertaining to open wickedness, it is impossible to say; but it evidently upset the “wit” of others besides Recorder Hall. Wolsey and his colleague, Campeggio, played a poor part when proceeding straightway from the meeting at Bridewell palace to the residence of Catherine, to announce to her, for the first time, that the pope had appointed a commission to inquire into the validity of her marriage. “Alas, my lords!” was the dignified reply of the queen, “can it be now a question whether I be the king's lawful wife or not, when I have been married to him almost twenty years, and no objection made before? Divers prelates and lords, privy councillors of the king, are yet alive who then adjudged our marriage good and lawful; and now to say it is detestable, is a great marvel to me; especially when I consider what a wise prince the king's father was, and also the natural love and affection my father, King Ferdinand, bare unto me. I think that neither of our fathers were so unwise and weak in judgment, but they foresaw what would follow our marriage. The king, my father, sent to the court of Rome, and there

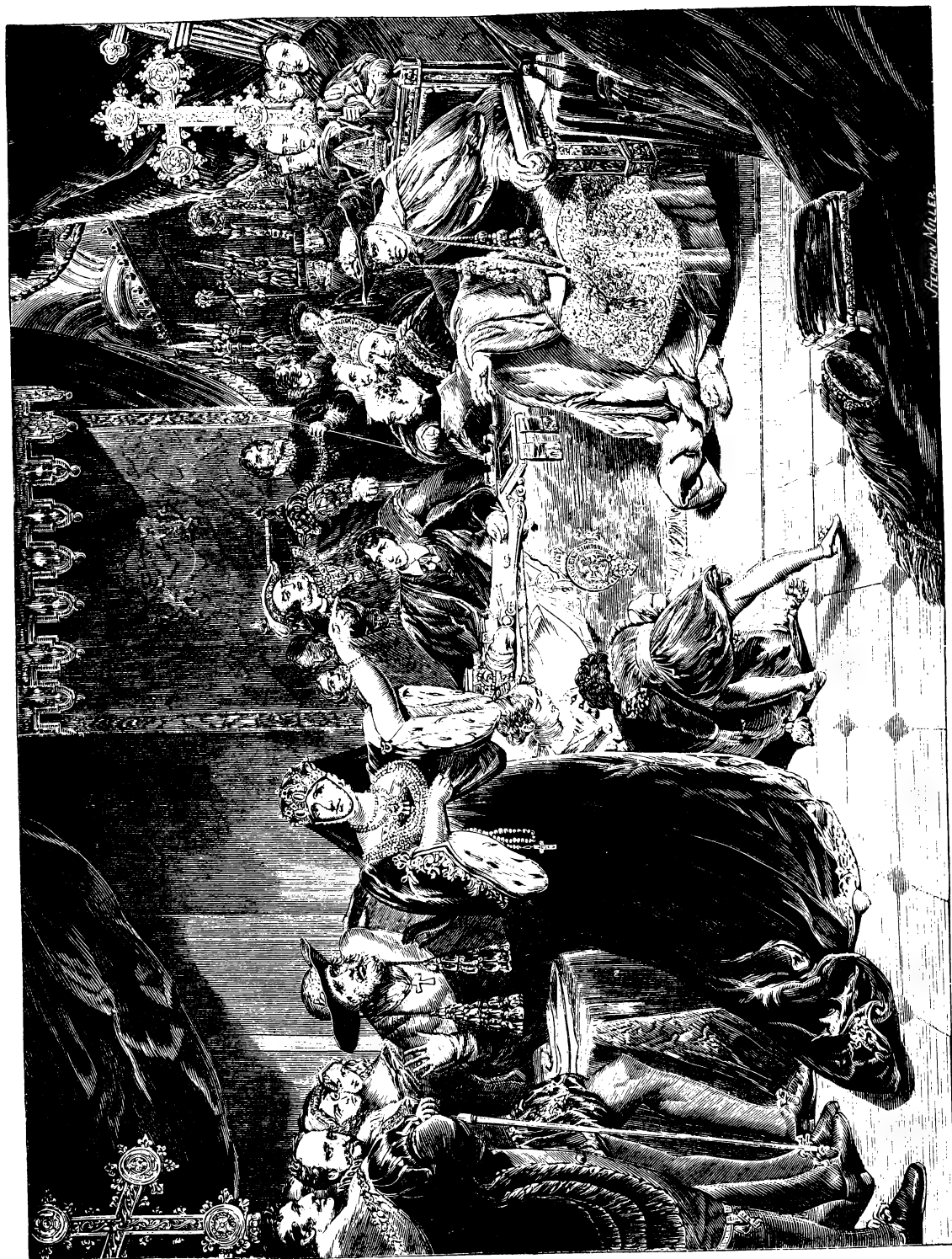
obtained a dispensation, that I, being the one brother's wife, might without scruple of conscience marry the other brother lawfully—which license under lead [*under leaden seal*] I have yet to show, which makes me say and surely believe, as my first marriage was not completed, that my second is good and lawful." "But of this trouble," she continued, turning to Cardinal Wolsey, "I may only thank you, my lord of York, because, I ever wondered at your pride and vain glory, and abhorred your voluptuous life, and little cared for your presumption and tyranny, therefore of malice have you kindled this fire; especially, for the great grudge you bear to my nephew the emperor, whom you hate worse than a scorpion, because he would not gratify your ambition by making you pope by force; and therefore have you said, more than once, you would trouble him and his friends—and you have kept him true promise; for of all his wars and vexations, he may only thank you. As for me, his poor aunt and kinswoman, what trouble you put me to by this new-found doubt, God knoweth, to whom I commit my cause."

Catherine's bold speech tore to pieces the whole network of flimsy argument brought forward by the king; but even on his own ground, leaving aside all questions of religion, honour, and morality, Henry had really no case for a divorce, nor as much as for an inquiry into the validity of his marriage. The king's lawyers, in their protracted quibblings and pleadings, first put the Bible into court, alleging that the marriage of a brother's wife being forbidden by God, the pope could grant no dispensation therefrom, his authority not extending over the Divine Law, but only the laws of the Church. The reply to this was that such marriage was not forbidden by God, but, on the contrary, ordained in certain cases, as in Deuteronomy, the twenty-fifth chapter and fifth verse, which commands, "If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without, unto a stranger: her husband's brother shall go in unto her, and take her to wife." Henry's advocates, not too well read in the Bible, on hearing the Mosaic law expounded to them, dropped the theological part of their case, taking refuge in a very mean quibble about the papal dispensation. They argued that this dispensation had been obtained under false pretences, as the bull embodying it stated that the marriage of Henry and Catherine was sought for the sake of peace between England and Spain; this being untrue, as there existed actual peace. The argument was so very weak that even a king's counsel might have been ashamed to take his stand upon it; however, there was more than one in this case ready to do the royal behest. The clever French ambassador, who dilated so pleasantly on the "sweating sickness," explained to his own court the simple means at Henry's command for raising good lawyers. "The king," he said, "pays all his servants well, but is terrible in his anger, and no head so fine but he has it knocked off"—*il n'y a pas de si belle tête qu'il ne ferait voler*. The gay Frenchmen, envoys of Francis at the royal court, watched Henry keenly during the whole of these divorce proceedings, and did not fail to observe that in the course of the drama the king's tiger nature was fast creeping out, his chief keeper

having had the taming process interrupted. The decline of Wolsey's influence was sincerely lamented by the French king, although he had a little private grudge against the cardinal for trying to negotiate the "pearl of the world," at the very moment when the pearl was to be turned into a bastard.

Wolsey, seeing his fall approaching, was well aware that to France alone he could look for help and sympathy, as, indeed, it was owing to his extreme eagerness for a French alliance that he had lost his footing on the dizzy height to which he had risen. His sole chance now of regaining his position was a great European war, the defeat of the Kaiser, and the occupation of Rome by French troops. Though Henry was blind enough to be duped by the comedy of cardinal legates in England, Wolsey knew but too well that as long as the Kaiser kept his hold upon Rome there was not the slightest chance of the pope giving his consent to the divorce; and this failing, he could not but foresee would bring him into irredeemable disgrace. Besides, his power at home depended greatly upon his high ecclesiastical dignity, and that of being the representative of the supreme pontiff; and as long as the glory of the latter was not dimmed in the eyes of the world, Wolsey might fairly hope to maintain his own grandeur, bearding even such enemies as a puissant king's wife or mistress. Having thus nearly as much interest as Clement himself to free Rome from the imperial sway, Wolsey did not cease his efforts to gain this great object, and late in the year 1528, when there was a temporary lull in the divorce proceedings, he despatched two fresh envoys to the court of Francis, to urge him to another Italian war. But the king was not in the mood for fighting, his whole mind being occupied by thoughts of his two little sons, delivered up as hostages to Charles to effect his own liberation. After remaining long in almost entire ignorance about their fate, Francis had just learnt from a priest, who managed to discover their prison and gain access to them, that they were kept in a dark chamber, scantily clothed and more scantily fed, and were fast sinking into the idiotic state, playing with little dogs and making pictures in wax. The thought of his poor little children, sacrificed for his sake, fairly overcame the king. To please his English ally, and gain glory for himself, he would have gladly hurled another fifty or hundred thousand men against the walls of Naples; but to let his two little sons perish in prison was more than his heart could bear. So he sent his mother, shrewd Louise, to negotiate for peace and the delivery of his children; and she having been met at Cambray by an elderly archduchess, near relative of the Kaiser, the two diplomatic ladies arranged the matter in a very few days. Francis, on payment of 2,000,000 crowns, got back his children; but at the same time received a wife, in the person of Eleanor, elder sister of Charles, who brought him back half the money. Thus all ended as merry as marriage bells—except for Wolsey. The peace of Cambray dashed his last hopes to the ground.

The negotiations between Francis and the Kaiser had an immediate effect upon the sittings of the pontifical Court of Inquiry. Cardinal Campeggio got another dreadful attack of gout, and reported his utter



TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE, (OF ARRAGON.)

incapacity to attend to any business whatever. It was in vain that Henry offered to have him carried, as before, in a very comfortable armchair, to Bridewell palace, or even to give him apartments within the precincts of the royal residence; he was deaf to all entreaties, and solemnly declared that he could move neither hand nor foot. The king got very angry, and Anne Boleyn still more; but there was no help for the matter, and legal happiness being postponed against their will, they resolved to employ the time in amusing themselves. The festive Christmas season of 1528 was spent at Greenwich with more splendour than had been exhibited for many years past; balls, banquets, jousts, and masquerades followed each other in rapid succession, and at every time and everywhere Anne Boleyn was the presiding goddess. Poor Catherine was forced to be present at most of these spectacles, enduring the mortification of seeing her servant placed in front of her, honoured with the smiles and obsequious attentions of her husband and the whole tribe of courtiers. Anne Boleyn, with shameless insolence, had commenced to give herself, even in the presence of Catherine, the airs of a real queen, holding courts of her own, and distributing patronage in Church and State, appointing ministers, bishops, and ambassadors. Her ascendancy over Henry was such, that even when he found that she paraded his love-letters in public, and was boasting of the passion she had inspired and was skilfully nursing, with proper regard for her own interests, he had nothing but the most gentle rebuke for her. To keep the royal tiger, full of vanity and conceit and thoroughly conscious of the strength of his claws, thus dancing before her, was certainly a grand feat on the part of Anne Boleyn, though a feat less resembling the work of an innocent maiden than that of a highly accomplished courtesan.

Cardinal Campeggio's gout continued into the year 1529, seemingly incurable, and threatening to become a national calamity. Henry alternately stormed and coaxed, offering the cardinal the see of Durham if he would only get better; but all to no effect, for the ugly enemy kept pinching and griping, in opposition to all divorce proceedings. The mentioning of the Durham bishopric, indeed, seemed to produce a momentary alleviation of pain; yet it lasted but a very short time, the attention of the suffering prelate being directed to the fact that his chief at Rome was able to unmake as well as to make cardinals, and that he was quite as willing as he was able. Thus passed the months of January, February, March, and April, the king's impatience passing all bounds, and venting itself in threats upon both Wolsey and Campeggio, and the despatch of envoy after envoy to Rome. The last course proved effective, to some extent, for the Roman cardinal received in May a message from the pontiff, and thereupon announced that his gout was rather better, and that he would resume the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry. The first sitting took place on the 28th of May, in the great hall of Blackfriars, the two cardinal legates presiding in great state, with their crosses and pillars. Henry appeared only by proxy; Catherine, however, came forward in person, and with queenly dignity handed in a protest against the competency of the court, appealing from its

decision to that of the pontiff. The protest was passed over, and the sittings continued, with intervals, till the 21st of June, when both Henry and Catherine appeared in person, the king taking his seat to the right, and the queen to the left of the cardinals. On the crier calling, "Henry, king of England, come into court;" he answered by a loud "Here!" and then proceeded to make another speech, similar to that delivered at Bridewell, dwelling upon his deep moral and religious sentiments, and the joy with which he would welcome any decision of the court which should declare his marriage with Catherine valid, and restore her to his fond embrace. This pathetic harangue done, the court crier shouted, "Catherine, queen of England, come into court." The queen slowly rose from her seat, and, without looking at the cardinals, or any other person in the vast assembly, silently and trembling walked up to the king, at whose feet she threw herself. There was deep silence in the hall.

"Sir, I beseech you," began the queen, in broken English, raising her head to Henry, the tears streaming down her pallid cheeks; "I beseech you, for the sake of the love that has been between us, and for the love of God, let me have some right and justice. Take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor stranger born out of your dominions. I have here no unprejudiced counsellor, and I flee to you, as to the head of justice within your realm. Alas! alas! wherein have I offended you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure. I have been pleased and contented with all things wherein you had delight or dalliance; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake, whether they were my friends or mine enemies. This twenty years have I been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. I put it to your conscience, whether I came not to you a maid? If you have since found any dishonour in my conduct, then am I content to depart, albeit to my great shame and disparagement; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowly, to let me remain in my proper state. The king, your father, was accounted in his day as a second Solomon for wisdom; and my father, Ferdinand, was esteemed one of the wisest kings that had ever reigned in Spain; both, indeed, were excellent princes, full of wisdom and royal behaviour. Also, as me-seemeth, they had in their days as learned and judicious counsellors as are at present in this realm, who then thought our marriage good and lawful; therefore, it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are brought up against me, who never meant aught but honestly. Ye cause me to stand to the judgment of this new court, wherein ye do me much wrong, if ye intend any kind of cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, since your subjects cannot be impartial counsellors for me, as they dare not, for fear of you, disobey your will. Therefore, most humbly do I require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the just Judge of all, to spare me the sentence of this new court, until I be advertised what way my friends in Spain may advise me to take;

and if ye will not extend to me this favour, your pleasure be fulfilled, and to God do I commit my cause." Having pronounced these words, Catherine arose, and slowly left the court, without paying further attention to cardinals and judges, nor heeding the voice of the crier, who kept shouting, "Catherine, queen of England, come into court!" Henry, seeing the impression his consort's touching address had made upon the whole assembly—upon all present, except him to whom it was addressed—now made another speech, lamenting his bitter fate "that his conscience should urge the divorce of such a queen, who had ever been a devoted wife, full of all gentleness and virtue." Having wiped his eyes, the sorrowing monarch then left the court, seeking the lodgings of Anne Boleyn.

The Court of Inquiry continued their sittings through the month of June, but both Wolsey and Campeggio could not help seeing that their position was becoming precarious, if not dangerous. The shrewd Italian saw it far more clearly than his colleague, and strongly urged his recall; but Wolsey kept still flattering himself that he should be able to weather the storm, the more so as Anne Boleyn had written him some very soft and very deceitful letters, employing all sorts of endearing terms. While thus amusing the cardinal, the skilful maiden was busy in gathering a strong political party around her, consisting chiefly of declared enemies of Wolsey, ready to take his place, and to hurl him into destruction. The Roman cardinal, spite of his gout, was not thus easily mystified; and, declining all honours offered by Anne Boleyn and the king, rested not importuning the pope to revoke his commission, which was done at last on the 15th of July. Clement VII., in a bull issued on this day, declared that the appeal of Queen Catherine to the court of Rome had been entertained, thereby dissolving the sittings of the legatine Commission of Inquiry; and Campeggio had no sooner received this order than he beat a precipitate retreat. Announcing to the king that he had been recalled on urgent business to Rome, he took his farewell audience on the 20th of September, and immediately after hurried off to Dover, the gout, fortunately, opposing no obstacle to his rapid progress. His haste was so great that he even forgot to tie up his luggage in an orderly manner, which brought him much distress and humiliation. No sooner had the mule, which carried all the worldly fortune of Cardinal Campeggio, been started from his lodgings, when it broke down, right in the midst of one of the busiest streets of London; and all the strings having burst, there came out into the light of day such an odd collection of ecclesiastical property as had never been before seen in the city. There were bundles of old shoes, patched top and bottom; ancient garments, marvellously repaired, having done service apparently for five generations of cardinals; and strange and wonderful hats of all colours, lined with leather, and filled with roasted eggs, slices of meat, and crumbs of bread. All this the comfortable citizens beheld with amazement, knowing little of the sack of Rome and the poor pay of Roman cardinals. It was with some trouble Campeggio's servant succeeded in picking his master's property out of the London mud and bring-

ing it to Dover, where the cardinal had the mortification of seeing his bundle unstrung once more, this time by order of the king. Anne Boleyn, having lost the royal love epistles which she had been so fond of showing to her admirers, suspected Campeggio as the thief; and Henry, at her desire, did not hesitate to order a close search of the prelate's luggage. Nothing was found, however, except the goods already exhibited in London, and Anne Boleyn's quickness resulted only in making her one more inveterate enemy. Mistress Anne, though crafty enough, was but a poor match for a Roman cardinal mending his own boots and boiling his own eggs. Her love letters safely got to Rome, better cared for than the cardinal's specific bundle of clothes and provisions; and at Rome the letters securely remain up to the present day. Curious travellers may still inspect at the Vatican the little sheets on which amorous King Henry VIII. expressed his passion for fair Anne Boleyn.

Cardinal Campeggio's departure and the dissolution of the Court of Inquiry was the final signal for the downfall of Wolsey. Immediately after, Henry received him very coldly, and seeing this, the whole tribe of courtiers, old and new enemies, fell upon him like a pack of hounds. Foremost in the rank of these enemies were the dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk—the victor of Flodden Field, and the husband of Henry's sister Mary—who both had private grudges against the cardinal, and felt strong now as the open agents of Anne Boleyn. They at once set upon Wolsey, insulting him to his face, and treating him in a manner entirely unbecoming their rank and position. Now was the time for Wolsey to show whatever real greatness there was in him, and whatever worth he possessed stripped of the royal favours. Thousands of keen eyes were fixed upon him, watching every one of his movements—a very few staunch friends to cling to his side, and a great many foes to throw him down; but all alike, in their eager interest in his fate, testifying to his importance, and as such ministering to the pride of a proud soul. Wolsey lamentably failed under this trial, sinking, not as a man overwhelmed by calamity, but like a child which has lost its toys. When, towards the middle of October, three weeks after Campeggio's departure, the two dukes came, by order of the king, to take the great seal from him, he at first peevishly refused, and afterwards complied with abject humility. With still more abjectness he made all his property, valued at nearly 1,000,000 crowns, over to the king, and, leaving his splendid mansion, York house—subsequently famous as Whitehall—sought the retreat of a mean dwelling at Esher. That it was not true humility of spirit which prompted all these acts, but base submission, springing from fear, was proved by a singular exhibition of servility on the journey from York house to Esher. Henry, in a sudden fit of generosity, sent one of his chamberlains, Sir John Norris, after the cardinal, to present him with a diamond ring, in exchange for the magnificent palace and million of property; and Wolsey was so overcome by this slight token of royal kindness, as to break out into ecstasy of joy. Jumping from his mule, he kneeled down in the mud, tore off his velvet cap, which he could not untie fast enough, and with

trembling lips thanked God for the mighty grace vouchsafed to him by his beloved sovereign. Lower than this, his most violent enemies could not wish him to sink—him who ruled England for half a generation, and who, more than once, held the fate of Europe in his hands.

The hounds which pursued the abject man, now sixty years old, might have well left him alone after his flight from London; but they wanted their prey, knowing no mercy. A bill of indictment, charging Wolsey with the breach of some old statute, of which even the lawyers were ignorant, was brought against him in the court of Star Chamber, and he was sentenced to prison. Thereupon Wolsey, quite forgetting that he was still a cardinal of Rome, and losing every atom of dignity he might be expected to possess, wrote the most abject letters to his "most gracious and merciful, and most pious sovereign lord," representing himself as a miserable, poor beggar, crawling in the dust. Henry sent a pardon to the wretched man, his bosom friend for twenty years; nevertheless, he had him arrested soon after, when travelling towards York, where he intended remaining for the future, devoting himself to his ecclesiastical functions. Wolsey had gone as far as Cawood castle, near Leeds, when the earl of Northumberland, one of the lovers of Anne Boleyn, suddenly broke in upon him with a number of armed men, exclaiming, "I arrest you for high treason." He stood motionless for a moment, as if bereft of sense and reason, and then sank to the ground under a flood of tears. The stroke was fatal. Carried along a prisoner, he reached Leicester Abbey on the evening of the 10th of November, and found a file of monks, with flaming torches, at the gate. "Father," whispered Wolsey to the superior, "I am come to lay my bones among you." Within the abbey, Kyngston, lieutenant of the Tower, was waiting to carry the prisoner to the great gaol, tomb, and palace of English kings. But he was spared the trouble of carrying Wolsey. The cardinal gradually sank, and as the clock was striking eight, on the morning of the 29th of November, 1530, he closed his eyes for ever. His last words, addressed to the lieutenant of the Tower, were: "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs." It was the truest speech Wolsey uttered in his life.

The government of England was now in the hands of Anne Boleyn and her friends, for the king kept amusing himself as much as ever, with time for little else but hunting, feasting, dancing, gambling, and masquerading. Wolsey's fall had brought him into possession of a splendid fortune, which he sadly wanted, but which he managed to spend in the shortest possible time. When Wolsey's chamberlain and faithful friend, Cavendish, brought him the news of his master's death, the king was hunting in Hampton Court park, a domain which had been given to him by the cardinal, and where, of all places in the world, he might have been expected to evince some regard for his memory. However, Henry, to whose heart pity and sympathy were utter strangers, evinced no feeling at the news received, but eagerly questioned the messenger respecting some money, about fifteen hundred pounds, which he fancied

Wolsey had put aside. Having got full information of all he wanted to know, the king continued his hunting, discharging the mournful servant with a smile. Money was the thing now most required by Henry, and to obtain the means for continuing his career of vice and extravagance, he left his ministers to do what they liked. The duke of Norfolk was the chief of the new cabinet, sharing his power with the duke of Suffolk and the father of Anne Boleyn, who in a short time had risen from plain Sir Thomas to Viscount Rochford and earl of Wiltshire. These three noblemen managed to grasp the actual power as it fell from Wolsey's hands, and carried the government on for a while, though with a faint and growing consciousness of not being entirely fitted to superintend the administration of a kingdom. Willing to retain the honours and to transmit the duties, they kept looking out for able men, and were fortunate enough to discover several, the first being Sir Thomas More, the greatest literary genius, and, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of the age. Sir Thomas, born in 1480, in Milk Street, Cheapside—"the brightest star," as the old historian, Fuller, quaintly says, "that ever shone in that *Via Lactea*"—was the son of one of the judges of the court of King's Bench, and at a very early age entered as a page the household of Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, and prime minister of Henry VII. The cardinal was the first to recognize the genius of the city boy, condemned, as was the custom of the time, to some rough apprenticeship; and one day, pointing to his little footman, he exclaimed: "This child here, waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous rare man." Having relinquished his service at table, he went to Oxford, where he made the acquaintance, and became the intimate friend of Erasmus of Rotterdam, greatest of living philosophers. Under his guidance, he studied law, theology, philosophy, and "all the sciences" as then understood; which, while greatly enriching his mind, yet made him for a time rather unsettled in his movements. Leaving the university, he first became a barrister, then a city preacher, and finally a monk of the Carthusian order, strictest and most ascetic of religious communities. But from monkhood and fasting he was withdrawn before long by a pair of uncommonly bright eyes, owned by a Miss Colt, the daughter of an English gentleman; and marrying this lady, More returned to life and law. A fluent speaker, and gifted with much natural eloquence, he made a very large income at the bar, and rapidly rose to distinction, and in 1514 he was made a master of the requests, knighted, and sworn a member of the privy council. Wolsey, who always kept his eye upon rising talents, had already employed Sir Thomas More in frequent diplomatic missions, chiefly to Germany and the Netherlands; and it was in the comparative leisure of his pursuits abroad that he wrote his great work, 'Utopia,' one of the most notable books in the English language. In the 'Utopia,' More laid down his own views of perfect society: crime to be banished by education; greediness and pride by the absence of all private property; and religious persecution by perfect freedom of conscience. The king read the book, and was

delighted with it, perhaps for the very reason of his character being anything but Utopian. He cultivated the acquaintance of the writer with much assiduity, visited him at his house at Chelsea, and at times "walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck." But Sir Thomas was too much an observer of mankind to be deceived by these marks of royal favour; and he showed his thorough appreciation of Henry in the words already quoted, that he believed the king was as fond of him as of any subject within his realm; but that, nevertheless, if the sacrifice of his head "could win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go." It was this shrewd man whom the duke of Norfolk persuaded to accept the office of lord chancellor; and the great seal, torn from Wolsey, was pressed, after much delay, into his unwilling hands. With the full knowledge of his master, Sir Thomas More seemed to foresee that the time was approaching, when, his brains having been used, he would be required to give his head.

The proceedings in the king's divorce were stopped for a while after the fall of Wolsey, the new advisers

suggestion to consult the learned doctors of the principal universities of Europe on the great question agitating the royal mind. The voice which threw out this hint was that of the family tutor, by name Thomas Cranmer. Both Doctor Gardiner and his colleague were overjoyed at the proposal the execution of which promised to give them some more work, prospectively highly profitable. They, therefore, hurried home at once, and the next day laid the plan before the council of ministers. All the royal councillors agreed in the opinion of its being a capital idea—seeing that it was eminently fitted to take the responsibility of a more and more dangerous subject off their own shoulders, to place it on other more or less irresponsible bodies, with no heads to risk. The dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, as well as Sir Thomas More, strongly recommended the new scheme to the king, who also was so well pleased with it that he adopted it at once, sent for the lucky tutor, appointed him royal chaplain, and ordered that he should be one of the chief agents in carrying out his idea of consulting the great universities on the

greatest question of the age. Henry himself had become persuaded by this time that the subject nearest to his heart, of getting rid of an old wife, so as to marry a young damsel, was one of uncommon profundity, the solution of which required the utmost tension of brain on the part of all the learned men of Europe.

Thomas Cranmer's idea was by no means new, for no less a person than Cardinal Wolsey had entertained it before him, and even gone so far as to make the necessary investigations into its possible results. These not proving satisfactory, the cardinal quietly dropped proceedings, and no more was heard on the subject. But several years had passed since that time, and the pontifical Court of Inquiry having failed, the anxiety to obtain the divorce had become much greater, and with



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of Henry being irresolute what to do next. Sir Thomas More, not wishing to lose his head a day sooner than absolutely necessary, pleaded his own incapacity as a reason for not meddling at all with so grave a subject; his argument being that it was a question which could be decided only by the theologians, and which was beyond the jurisdiction of mere lawyers, such as himself. In this perplexity—theology being as unwilling as law to incur martyrdom for truth's sake—there came help from an obscure quarter, in the shape of fresh advice most pleasing to all parties. One evening, the diplomatic gentlemen, Drs. Gardiner and Fox, old tormentors of the pontiff, were supping at the house of a friend, a Mr. Cressy, residing at Waltham Abbey, when the discussion turned, as usual at the time, upon the great subject of the royal divorce. The two diplomatists having lamented the dead lock into which they had been driven, there came a voice from the bottom of the table, in humble but cheering accents, with the

it the probabilities of ultimate success. As far as the poor tutor of Waltham Abbey was concerned, there was no want of energy and perseverance to obtain this much desired success. Thomas Cranmer, born at the little village of Aslacton, Nottinghamshire, in 1489, had studied theology at Cambridge, and, at the age of twenty-one, obtained a fellowship at Jesus College, which, however, he forfeited two years after by taking a wife. He subsequently became lecturer on theology, and next tutor in the family of Mr. Cressy, at Waltham Abbey, where he was discovered by the diplomatic gentlemen: thus having reached the mature age of forty without raising himself much above the lowest sphere open to men of good education. It was not the tutor's fault that he had not risen higher, for he had ambition enough; and no sooner had the first rays of the royal sunshine fallen upon him, than he put forth all his strength to climb upward in the world. For probationary service, Cranmer was first sent into the

family of the earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn; and, being duly prepared to do all that was wanted, he set out on his mission of gathering continental theology to upset the king's marriage. But, notwithstanding all his energy, he was entirely unsuccessful, as far as this great object was concerned; the whole of the universities and learned doctors of Germany, where he kept chiefly exerting himself, declaring themselves steadfastly against the divorce. The great leaders of the Protestant party, Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon, went so far as to declare that it might be legitimate for the king to have two wives, but that the divorce from his faithful spouse, after a union of twenty years, would be an offence against all the laws of God and man. It was somewhat singular that almost at the same time that Luther threw out this hint to commit polygamy, the pope made a distinct proposition of the same kind to Henry. Under date of September the 18th, 1530, Cassalis, English minister at Rome, wrote to the king: "Lately, the pope, secretly, as a thing of which he thought highly, proposed to me a condition of this sort: that he might grant to your majesty to have two wives." Henry did not entertain the offer, although he had before him the example of another sovereign, exactly in his own position, who was enjoying the luxury of two wives under the full sanction of civil and ecclesiastical law. In the same year that Henry made his first application for a divorce, the landgrave of Hesse, one of the most powerful of German princes, discovered that his wife was getting old; and, having a fair Anne Boleyn, called Margaret von der Saal, at his court, he made up his mind to marry her, without separating from his first consort. Some of the early reformers of Germany applauded the act, on the ground that Scripture did not forbid polygamy, and that, this being the case, it was far more honest for a man to place, even in the teeth of public opinion, a young wife at the side of an older one, than to repudiate the latter under a frivolous pretext, making religious scruples a cloak for sin. The latter part of the argument being clearly aimed against himself, Henry found no pleasure in the discussion, and indignantly spurned both Luther's and the pope's advice. As to Cranmer, he heard so much about marriages and marrying in Germany, that he resolved to take unto himself a second wife, his first having died before he became tutor at Waltham Abbey. Without divining that in the course of a short twelve months he would be called upon to become archbishop of Canterbury, the ex-tutor and fellow of Jesus College, at the beginning of the year 1532, married a young girl of Nuremberg, niece of pastor Osiander, otherwise Hosemann, the son of a blacksmith, and one of the most daring advocates of the doctrines of Luther. Soon after his marriage Thomas Cranmer returned to England, full of the new light of the Reformation.

While Cranmer was canvassing Germany in favour of the king's divorce, other agents were busy in France, in Italy, and at home. The university of Oxford was first called upon to pronounce itself respecting the great question, and its decision was held so important that Henry's confessor, the bishop of Lincoln, went personally to superintend the debates.

The result was unfavourable to the king, against all expectation. Only a few of the seniors, "in hopes of reward, or out of fear, gave their opinions concerning the matter such as they thought would please the king;" but all the rest, according to Anthony à Wood, chronicler of the university, strongly opposed the biassed judgment of the elders, "and could not be drawn to their minds." The consultation of Cambridge gave little better result, and notwithstanding the most extensive use of threats and bribes, only a small number of professors and scholars could be brought to declare for the divorce. Far more successful than the canvass of the great English universities was that of the French high schools of learning, the management of the matter there being in the most skilful hands. On the first application to consult his own learned subjects, King Francis made some difficulties, pleading his new alliance with the Kaiser; but the present of half a million of golden crowns made him alter his opinion to the extent of promising to assist with his own influence the extraction of pure theology. He did his work so well, as to be able to report that five of the high schools of his kingdom, Angers, Bourges, Orleans, Paris, and Toulouse, had declared in favour of the divorce: as to the vote of a dozen others, likewise consulted, his majesty was prudently silent. To gather the valuable returns collected by Francis, the duke of Norfolk himself went to Paris, but got into considerable trouble for sheer want of diplomatic tact. The official report was that fifty-six doctors of the university of Paris had declared in favour of Henry, and only seven against him; and, in order to show his own zeal, Norfolk procured the list of names, when he was horrified at discovering that the figures stood very differently, there being but twenty-two small doctors in favour, and forty-one, among them the greatest names, against the divorce. To add to his disgrace, the undiplomatic duke reported the dry facts home, eliciting a burst of passion from Henry, and a sharp reproof from Mistress Boleyn. However, the French reports were sent to Rome by a fresh envoy, instructed to tell Clement VII. that the patience of the king was nigh drawing to an end. Clement once more took refuge in procrastination, not doubting the strength of the chains binding the English islands to the rock of Rome.

The pontiff at any other time might have felt more inclined to give way, if not before the prayers, at least before the threats of the king of England; but he heeded them the less at this moment as his sole attention was turned towards Germany. At a diet of the empire, held at the ancient city of Spire on the 15th of March, 1529, the Lutheran doctrines had been condemned by the majority of princes; but this momentary victory of papal influence only served to spread the cause of reform, for immediately after the people and princes of the whole north of Germany, headed by the electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, declared against the verdict of Spire, laying in a protest for freedom of conscience. Thus arose Protestantism: not an intellectual movement alone, but a vast political power. Its appearance startled the pope, and, still more, the pope's great master, Charles, who felt his dream of world dominion shaken

by the new phalanx opposing his authority, the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. Charles was not a bigoted prince by any means, and had shown no scruples to employ Frondsberg's lances in getting a firm gripe of the holy head of the Church; but having secured his grasp, and made the papal power part of his own, he wanted no more interference, resolved to subdue the nations withstanding him at the point of the sword. England's silent Reformation, much older than that of Germany, was nothing to him; he knew little of it, and cared less, his personal pride only being at stake in the matter of the divorce. While commanding the pontiff not to divorce his aunt, he bid him turn his whole attention to the great schism in the north, ready to fulminate excommunication upon the new sect of Protestants at the first signal from the imperial armies in the field. Thus Clement stood in trembling anxiety, with his eyes fixed upon Germany, and little noticing the crowd of English divorce agents which had kept flocking in and out of the Vatican for years past. The last, most solemn, and most brilliant portion of the crowd of English ambassadors was least attended to, as it made its appearance at the moment when the Kaiser entered the city of Bologna to meet the pontiff. Charles came to be crowned king of Lombardy and of Rome, entering upon the scene in military state befitting the occasion. He had changed his family's ancient costume of long hair by cutting off his own, while the pontiff and all the cardinals met him with beards of great length. Clement received his illustrious visitor on a high throne, with the triple crown on his head; but places were changed a few days after, when Charles took the throne for his seat, leaving the pontiff at the foot. The iron crown of Lombardy having been brought from Milan, the Kaiser placed it on his own head, after which he allowed the pope to hand him his sword and to invest him with the golden crown of Rome. "The pope," reported the French ambassador, the bishop of Tarbes, "tried to show the most joyous animation in giving him the sword, and putting the crown on his head; but it is certain he never performed a ceremony which so cut him to the heart."

While Charles was sojourning at Bologna, a final deputation arrived from England, earnestly urging the divorce. At the head of the mission was the earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, appointed by the king in utter disregard of good manners, and even of common decency. The Kaiser, not unnaturally, looked upon his ambassadorial dignity as an insult to Queen Catherine; and being present when the deputation made their appearance, the earl as the speaker, Charles sternly cried, "Stop, sir; let your colleagues speak: you are a party in this cause." Chafed by the rebuke, the ambassador broke forth, somewhat haughtily, that he was standing there as the representative of the king of England and not of his own daughter; but, this not mending matters, the audience came to an end. As might have been foreseen, the embassy proved entirely resultless, the poor pope having no more power to grant the divorce than to command the imperial troops to leave Rome. However, the hard words of Charles to Anne Boleyn's father had some effect in driving the king into bolder

measures than any he had hitherto attempted. On the advice of his mistress, Henry sent a message to Catherine, informing her that many of the most learned men of Europe had declared in favour of the divorce, and that, therefore, it would be wise on her part to leave the matter to the judgment of a court of arbitration. This the queen declined, replying, "God grant my husband a quiet conscience: I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome." Up to this time Henry had resided with his consort, behaving respectfully towards her; but now he suddenly changed, and on the 13th of July, 1531, he left Windsor Castle, with imperious orders that Catherine should quit the royal residence before his return, and not come to it again. The poor woman, who had been hoping against hope for better days, sorrowfully left Windsor, and with her child retired to a small house in Hertfordshire. "I am the king's true wife," were her last words; "and if all doctors were dead, or law and learning far out of men's minds at the time of our marriage, yet I cannot think that the court of Rome and the whole Church of England would have consented to a thing unlawful and detestable, as the king now calls it. Still, I say, I am his wife, and for him I will pray." Catherine saw her husband no more.

The enforced departure of the queen removed the last restraint upon the intercourse between Henry and his favourite, who now lived together, to all appearance, like man and wife. Under these circumstances the tongue of scandal could not fail to be busy about Anne Boleyn; so much so that the Venetian ambassador, Carlo Capello, wrote home officially "that it was generally reported that she had borne a son to the king, that had died soon after its birth." What partly gave rise to this rumour was the great change which came to be visible in the appearance of the king's fair mistress, as minutely described by the unflattering diplomatist. "Her form," wrote Carlo Capello, "is irregular and flat; her flesh has a swarthy tinge; she has a long neck, and a large mouth, yet very fine black eyes." But though decaying in beauty, Henry seemed to be as fond of Anne Boleyn as ever. They spent the greater part of the day together, outdoors and indoors; in the latter case chiefly engaged in gambling. The king was fond of cards and dice, and so was his companion; and Anne being generally lucky in her play, the amusement cost Henry very large sums. Mistress Anne proved otherwise a very expensive lady. Her court was much larger than that of any other member of the royal family, and the sums she spent on dresses, jewellery, and personal ornaments were enormous, her millinery bills alone amounting to thousands of pounds. The enamoured king paid all without grudging, and made her, besides, large allowances; notwithstanding which she was constantly in debt, to the extent of pawning her jewels with her sister Mary, a lady reputed to have formerly enjoyed the king's favour. To add to her revenues, Anne Boleyn was not above accepting presents from high personages who wished to gain the king's ear, as well as from foreign powers. The French ambassador, Cardinal du Bellay, an uncommonly shrewd diplomatic gentleman, paid her the most assiduous court, with the

recompense of having everything his own way in political and financial negotiations. From this resulted the most intimate alliance between the French and English courts; and to give vent to the warmth of their brotherly feelings, the two kings resolved to meet each other near the old Field of Cloth of Gold, and to shake hands once more. The meeting was arranged to take place in the autumn of 1532; but before all the details were finally settled, the French envoy made one more suggestion to his government. "If our sovereign," wrote du Bellay, "wishes to gratify the king of England, he can do nothing better than invite *Madame Anne* with him to Calais, and entertain her there with great respect." But there was a postscript: "Nevertheless, it will be desirable that our sovereign should bring no ladies." This was anything but flattering to the reputation of "*Madame*," but Francis was too much of a courtier not to overlook such little matters. There came a most polite invitation from Paris, asking Henry to allow the star of beauty of his court to grace the forthcoming interview with her presence; and Anne Boleyn was overcome with joy on her royal lover communicating the intelligence. She felt she was getting nigher the dazzling light towards which she had been fluttering all along—poor moth.

The new meeting between the French and English monarchs was intended, in the first instance, to be strictly political; but Henry managed to turn it into another exhibition of fine clothes. His love of show and pomp, so far from decreasing, seemed to increase with age; and his infatuation for Anne Boleyn, likewise excessively fond of display, furnished a new incentive to high tailorings and gorgeous upholstery. Before starting with "*Madame*" for France, Henry made her a marchioness, conferring upon Anne the title of Pembroke, borne by his late uncle, Jasper Tudor, to which was attached an annuity of one thousand pounds per annum, and the gift of large estates in Wales, Essex, Herts, and Somerset. It was the first instance of the creation of a female peer in England, and the occasion was not allowed to pass without great fêtes at Windsor Castle, the king himself placing the coronet on the head of the new marchioness. Eleven days after, Henry and his mistress started from Dover, Anne Boleyn having performed her journey to the coast in great state, like a real queen, and being received as such at Calais. They met the French sovereign on the 21st of October, at the gates of Boulogne, Francis advancing bareheaded towards his royal brother, and shaking hands right cordially. Francis had made grand preparations for receiving and entertaining his guests; but Anne Boleyn felt intensely mortified on seeing that he had not brought with him a single lady of his family. It needed not the hints of the diplomatic French cardinal to bring about this result, inasmuch as the young queen of Francis, Eleanor, was the sister of Kaiser Charles, and could scarcely help feeling an intense dislike for the woman who had supplanted her royal aunt. But humiliating as was her position, the marchioness of Pembroke took care not to show it, and appeared the gayest of the gay at all the balls, jousts, and masquerades. Recorder Hall, faithfulest of scribes, was again present as historiographer, minutely setting down all

the incidents of the royal meeting. Francis, with a fine eye for the inclination of his guests, had taken particular care to look to their feeding. "Great cheer," Master Hall recorded joyfully, "was made to all the Englishmen. The poultries, larders of meat, and cellars of wine were all open, and likewise hay and litter, and all other things: ask and have, and no man durst take any money, for the French king paid for all." To return these liberal hospitalities, and, if possible, outvie them, Henry, after staying five days at Boulogne, took his royal brother with him to Calais. Francis was soon brought to see that he was beaten in the art of doing things regardless of expense. The doings at Calais were inaugurated by a marvellous supper, which opened the eyes of even the royal historiographer, accustomed as he was to the magnificences. "The supper," we learn from the recorder, "was served in a chamber hanged with tissue, raised with silver, paned with cloth of silver raised with gold. The seams of the same were covered with broad wreaths of goldsmith's work, full of stones and pearls. In this chamber was a cupboard seven stages high: all plate of gold, and no gilt plate. Besides that, there hung ten branches of silver-gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same sort, bearing two lights of wax. The French king was served three courses, and his meat dressed after the French fashion, and the king of England had like courses after the English fashion. The first course of every kind was forty dishes, the second was sixty dishes, and the third was eighty dishes, all costly and pleasant." While the king of England was giving these very "costly and pleasant" entertainments, many of the common people of England were starving, and all the roads were crowded with beggars. To get rid of this common nuisance, it was ordered that every beggar, in the first instance, should be "whipped at the end of a cart;" when sinning again, be burned in the hand and "the upper part of the gristle of the right ear clean cut off;" and when once more impudent enough to ask for bread, then "he shall die for it." This law was promulgated while King Henry and his marchioness were feasting at Calais, with one hundred and eighty dishes each for supper, "all plate of gold and no gilt plate," and beyond dispute "costly and pleasant."

The Calais festivities ended with Henry's favourite pastime, a masquerade. "After supper on the Sunday evening, 28th of October," according to the minute historiographer, "came in the marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies, in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold, slashed with crimson tinsel satin, puffed with cloth of silver, and knit with laces of gold." The host made somewhat free with his "seven ladies," to the surprise of the more chivalric Francis, who was not a little astonished to see that "in dancing King Henry removed the ladies' visors, so that their beauties were shewn." After the dance the French monarch held a long private conversation with the marchioness, and the next morning he sent her a present of jewellery, "valued at 15,000 crowns." This bribe to Henry's fair favourite was very nearly the only practical result of the great meeting of the two sovereigns, which for a time created breathless interest throughout the whole of Europe. The Pro-

testants of Germany, above all, were hoping great things from the interview—an anti-imperial alliance between Francis, a Reformer at heart, and Henry, now arch-enemy of the pope, being confidently expected. But Henry hated the Protestants even more than the pope, his petty vanity having been too deeply hurt by the pungent attack of Luther; and after entertaining Francis to repletion with his matrimonial grievances, all discussions other than of pleasure came to an end. On the 30th of October the kings “mounted their horses, took hands, and with princely countenance, loving behaviour, and hearty words, embraced each other, and so departed.” Both Henry and his marchioness were anxious now to return to England; but the wind was blowing rough, and the snow-crested waves of the Channel looked suspiciously indicative of *mal de mer*. The lovers, therefore, remained at Calais, waiting for the wind and waves to get smooth, passing the time at cards and dice; and it was not till the 14th of November that they mustered courage to cross the twenty miles of water separating Calais from Dover. To the sailors of the royal fleet, lying in the outer roads, it was quite a novelty to behold a king of England afraid of the sea.

Two months after his return from France, Henry had the marriage ceremony performed between himself and the marchioness of Pembroke. The ceremony took place on St. Paul’s day, January 25th, 1533, and was of a grim sort of character, entirely devoid of the usual magnificences. “On the morning of that day,” according to a narrative compiled from contemporary accounts, “at a very early hour, Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the king, attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and the marchioness of Pembroke, accompanied by her train-bearer, Ann Savage, afterwards Lady Berkeley. On being required to perform the nuptial rite between his sovereign and the marchioness, the chaplain hesitated; but Henry assured him that the pope had pronounced in favour of the divorce, and that he had the dispensation for a second marriage in his possession.” The fact was that more than two months previous, on the 15th of November, the pope had signed a document exhorting Henry to put away “one Anne,” and threatening him with excommunication in the event he should presume to marry her. However, the scruples of the royal chaplain were neither deep nor lasting, and for whatever mental sufferings he underwent, in joining the hands of the king and Mistress Boleyn, he was compensated by elevation to a bishopric. The ceremony in the attic of Whitehall was kept for a time a profound secret, so that even Thomas Cranmer, now high in the king’s favour, did not hear of it till a fortnight afterwards. Though unsuccessful in his mission to the German universities, the ex-tutor of Waltham Abbey had attracted Henry’s attention by his earnestness in the divorce proceedings, and his zealous advocacy of the new doctrine of the royal prerogative being paramount to that of the pope; so that when Cranmer returned to England, in November, 1532, the king had taken the extraordinary step of appointing him to the see of Canterbury, vacant by

the death of Archbishop Warham. Cranmer accepted the high dignity, notwithstanding his being a Protestant and married; and, the papal confirmation of the appointment having been received from Rome, he swore to be “*fidelis et obediens*” to Clement VII. and his successors, and thereupon was consecrated with great pomp on the 30th of March, 1533. Before swearing obedience to the pontiff, the archbishop made a protest, before witnesses, that he did not intend his oath to prevent him doing his duty to God and the king. It was a mental reservation, which, however palliated by the force of circumstances, was yet looked upon by most men as a stain on the character of Thomas Cranmer.

It was absolutely necessary that the new archbishop should show his gratitude to the king, for lifting him from low condition to the pinnacle of honour and influence, by renewed zeal in the divorce matter; and Cranmer so well understood this, that little more than a week after his installation, he addressed a formal request to Henry for permission to take the case in hand. The demand was made, in the words of the archbishop, “for the exoneration of my conscience towards Almighty God, to licence me, according to mine office and duty, to proceed to the examination, final determination, and judgment of the said great cause.” Henry most graciously granted the licence, seemingly forgetful of the fact of having decided the “great cause” already in his own person by taking another wife. This oblivion was the more strange, as Henry, in his reply to Cranmer’s lowly request, put forward the theory that he, as king, was standing above all law, civil as well as ecclesiastical, so that there was really no need whatever of the “examination, final determination, and judgment” demanded by the archbishop of Canterbury. “For we,” wrote Henry to the head of the English Church, “being your king and sovereign, do recognize no superior on earth, but only God, not being subject to the laws of any other earthly creature. Yet because ye be, under us, by God’s calling and ours, the most principal minister of our spiritual jurisdiction, to which laws we, as a Christian king, have always heretofore and shall ever most obediently submit ourselves, we will not therefore refuse your humble request, offer, and towardness: that is, to make an end, according to the will and pleasure of Almighty God, in our said great cause of matrimony.” This most remarkable, though not altogether very logical letter, marking an epoch in the history of English kingship, was written under the inspiration of Thomas Cromwell, one of the strangest characters of the strange reign of Henry VIII.

Thomas Cromwell, born about 1490, and consequently a year older than Henry, was the son of a blacksmith established at Putney, near London. While still a boy his father died; and on his mother marrying again, he was thrown upon the wide world to shift for himself as best he might. After various adventures, wanting, not unfrequently, a crust of bread, little Thomas found his way to Antwerp, where he was fortunate enough to secure a clerkship in one of the English factories. But this was dry business for a talented young adventurer, so that, after a while, Thomas Cromwell threw up his clerkship and took to soldiering, there being a great demand for fighting men all over the continent, thanks to the rival ambition

of the two crowned youths, Francis I. and Charles V. His stout arquebuse helped him across the Alps into the fair Italian peninsula; where, for a little change, and to enjoy the balmy air, he again fell into a clerkship, assisting a banker of Florence, during the year 1515, to keep his debit and credit accounts. Thus, alternately engaged in fighting and book-keeping, he explored most parts of the continent, imbibed Lutheran doctrines in Germany, and finally, about 1524, returned to England. After a short stay in the household of the marchioness of Dorset, Cardinal Wolsey, always on the look out for clever men, enrolled him among his confidential servants, and with him Cromwell remained till the time of his fall and retreat to Esher. This retreat, very naturally, was not at all to Cromwell's taste. One morning, Sir William Cavendish, Wolsey's chamberlain and subsequent biographer, found his fellow servant "leaning in the window with a primer in his hand, saying our Lady matins," with tears running down in abundance over his sun-burnt cheeks. Upon which kind-hearted Cavendish: "Why, Master Cromwell, what meaneth all this your sorrow? Is my lord in any danger, for whom ye lament thus; or is it for any loss ye have sustained by misadventure?" Cromwell's reply was honest at least. "Nay, nay," he cried, still in tears; "it is my unhappy adventure which is like to make me lose all that I have travailed for all the days of my life, for doing my master true and diligent service." The chamberlain comforted his friend as best he could, telling him that Wolsey might yet rise again, and they with him, and thereupon Cromwell got more cheerful. All on a sudden he exclaimed, as if struck by a bright idea, "This afternoon, when my lord has dined, I will ride to London and so to the court, there to make or mar ere I come again." Thomas Cromwell meant what he said. That afternoon he rode to London, applied for and obtained an audience with Henry, and told him that there were sovereigns on the continent of Europe not dependent upon the pope, governing the Church as well as the state, and supreme judges within their realm even of such matters as divorce cases concerning themselves. How the burly despot stared at that bold brown face before him, one may imagine. Here was a blacksmith's son evidently fit to forge curious things. Henry saw it, and then and there made him a privy councillor, awaiting higher duties. With this Lutheran, Thomas Cromwell, came the first keen wedge of Protestantism into English government; and when, soon after, the other Lutheran, Thomas Cranmer, assumed the reins of ecclesiastical sway, the stubborn despot himself, popish though he was to the core of his heart, could not help being launched into the torrent of the Reformation.

Cranmer's proceedings in the divorce case, after the scheme laid down by Henry, were of the simplest. On the 8th of May the archbishop opened a court at St. Peter's priory, Dunstable, four miles from Ampthill, where the queen was residing, and before this court Catherine was cited to appear. The royal lady, as was expected, took no notice of the citation; whereupon she was declared "verily and manifestly contumacious;" and after some more formalities, Cranmer, on the 23rd of May, declared her marriage null and void. Five days after, the primate held another court

at Lambeth, at which a judicial confirmation of the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn was issued in due form. Before this, on Easter eve, the 12th of April, Henry had gone through a second nuptial ceremony with the lady, quite as private and mysterious as the first; and, seeing that the tragi-comedy of the divorce had not yet been played out, quite as useless from the legal point of view. As a compensation for this secrecy, so little to his own and Anne Boleyn's taste, Henry devised a splendid pageant for his new consort; and, while Cranmer's divorce court was yet sitting at Dunstable, a royal proclamation was issued, ordering that all who had claims to do customary service at the coronation of a queen of England should bring them before the High Steward, holding court in the Star Chamber. There was no want of great nobles to kneel before the new light, and all the preparations having been laboriously made, a grand triumphal spectacle, of even more than the usual splendour, came off on Whit-Sunday, the 1st of June. On the eve of the pageant Anne Boleyn was taken from the Tower, where she had been residing for some weeks with the king, to Westminster Hall, in a "litter covered with cloth of gold shot with white," the litter being borne by "two palfreys, clad in a garb of white damask, heads and all." The city people, under the guidance of the lord mayor, Peacock by name, haberdasher by profession, shone grand on this eventful day. They had stuck up Apollo and Mars in Fish street; Jupiter in Cheapside; and Venus, Juno, and Minerva at the corner of Leather lane. A poet, alive and rather stout, sat on a scaffolding in Cornhill, surrounded by the three Graces, stuffed; and not far off stood the most worshipful lord mayor Peacock, in flaming yellow robes, with all the aldermen, stouter than the poet, around him, and the city recorder in front. The latter had the pleasing duty of handing to Anne Boleyn a purse containing one thousand marks of gold, which weighty gift "she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly words." Then the silk-clad palfreys trotted on with their litter, in the midst of a procession half a mile in length, making their way right into Westminster Hall. Here the heroine of the day was led to a platform under a canopy of state, "on the left side of which was a cupboard of ten stages, filled with cups and goblets of gold, marvellous to behold." Having been treated to a "void of spice," or, in modern language, sugar plums, Anne Boleyn withdrew to Wolsey's splendid residence, York house, or Whitehall, where she was joined by the king. It was very remarkable that neither on this day, nor the next, when the great coronation ceremony took place, Henry was seen anywhere near his chosen consort. The king, according to Cranmer's own account, "came always before her secretly in a barge, as well from Greenwich to the Tower as from the Tower to York place." Wise men thought it foreboded evil.

On Whit-Sunday, 1533, Anne Boleyn, being, as stated by Cranmer, "somewhat big with child," was solemnly crowned queen of England, the archbishop of Canterbury placing the royal diadem on her head at the altar of Westminster Abbey. All the illustrious nobles of the realm, with scarcely one exception, were present at the ceremonial; and the king himself watched it, with gloating eyes, from a caged closet

over the choir. Sceptre in hand and the crown on her head, Anne Boleyn then marched from the Abbey into Westminster Hall, her canopy of state being borne by proud earls and barons. A grand banquet stood ready prepared, and when the king's consort and all the company had taken their places, the duke of Suffolk and Lord William Howard rode into the hall, high on horseback, escorting a file of knights of the Bath, each bearing two dishes, besides "subtleties of ships made of coloured wax, marvellous and gorgeous to behold." Anne Boleyn was waited upon by noble lords, and at each side of her chair stood a countess, with the especial duty of holding "a fine cloth before the queen's face, whenever she listed to spit or do otherwise at her pleasure." Among the august company present at the banquet was Lord Mayor Peacock, in his burning yellow, who had the honour of offering another purse of gold in the name of the city of London. The banquet lasted from an hour before noon till six o'clock in the evening, and all the while the two noble masters of the ceremonies, Suffolk and Howard, kept riding up and down the hall on their prancing steeds, "cheering the lords and ladies and the lord mayor and his brethren." All the terrific feasting having come to an end at last, Anne Boleyn "went under her canopy, borne over her to the door of her chamber, where she turned about and gave the canopy, with the golden bells and all, to the barons of the Cinque Ports." The whole of the next week was spent in tilts, balls, tournaments, and other amusements, great reverence being paid to the new queen by all the nobles. "They could not have shown more," the Venetian ambassador wrote home, "if she had been of royal parentage." While these grand and costly exhibitions were going on, Anne Boleyn revelling in the sunshine of her glory, poor Queen Catherine was persecuted by her husband in the most odious manner. On her refusal to submit to Cranmer's judgment—refusal grounded on the very good plea of the case being unfairly tried "within the king's own realm, before a man of his own making"—it was attempted to force her into submission through a slow species of torture, by filling her house with spies, depriving her of her attendants, and even threatening the life of her child. The last menace threw her on a bed of sickness; nevertheless she refused to give way, and to relinquish even so much as the title of queen. When taunted with pride, Catherine made a noble reply. "As to any vain glory," she cried, "it is not that I desire the name of queen, but only for the discharge of my conscience, to declare myself the king's true wife, and not his harlot, for the last twenty-four years." To this appeal of his wife, Henry responded by ordering her removal from the healthy air of Ampthill to a place called Bugden, four miles from Huntingdon, on the border of the Fens. It proved a sentence of death.

Although having gone thus far in his matrimonial proceedings, and after loudly proclaiming that he acknowledged "no superior on earth, but only God," Henry yet was far from throwing off allegiance to the pope. He entreated his royal brother of France, almost in piteous terms, to use his influence for making Clement consent to the divorce; and, this failing, Henry sent, on the recommendation of Crom-

well, one of his chaplains, Dr. Bonner, to Rome, to try once more the effect of eloquence backed by cash. The missionary was ill-chosen for the purpose, being not only too energetic, but a Lutheran at heart, and more fit to annoy the pontiff than to gain him over to Henry's views. At the prompting of his master the Kaiser, Clement issued a Bull, annulling Cranmer's judgment, as soon as the report of it had reached Rome; and, on the 11th of July, he went a step farther by launching an excommunication against Henry, in the event of his not separating from his new wife before the month of September. But even this was not enough to induce Henry to act up to the "no superior on earth" theory dictated to him by Cromwell; and instead of simply leaving the pope alone, he kept on despatching petitions, protests, and messages to the angry head of the Catholic Church. However, worthy Dr. Bonner did his best to make these communications ineffectual by extreme insolence. At the beginning of November, the king forwarded to his chaplain and envoy a paper, drawn up by himself, containing an appeal from the decision of the pontiff to that of a general council, with which document Bonner went to the Vatican on the 8th of the month. The papal chamberlains would not let him pass; but the fierce envoy, muscular Christian in every respect, successfully broke the ranks of gold and silver sticks in waiting, till he found himself in the presence of the astounded pontiff. Without further ceremony, he now began reading his paper, to which Clement listened patiently, "only pulling down his head to his shoulders, after the Italian fashion," as reported by the faithful envoy to his sovereign. But the paper was long, and the pontiff got tired, and, saying he had to attend a consistory, marched out of doors. Bonner replied it did not matter, he would come again in the afternoon; and duly made his appearance, driving all the chamberlains to the winds. The afternoon lecture contained the worst part of the long message, in which general councils were spoken of as standing above the head of the Church; and this passage having been read, Clement could not contain himself any longer. "He fell," Bonner wrote home, "in a marvellous great cholera and rage, not only declaring the same by his gesture and manner, but also by words. He was continually folding up and unwinding his handkerchief, which he never doth but when he is tickled to the very heart with great cholera." It would have been impossible for Cromwell to appoint a better man than this wonderful chaplain as Romish ambassador. Had he not "tickled" his holiness so well, Henry VIII. might have died a servant of the pope.

While Henry was still trying to secure the goodwill of the pontiff, another event occurred which made reconciliation, if not with him, at least with Clement's imperial master, all but impossible. On the 7th of September, 1533, little more than three months after her coronation, Anne Boleyn was delivered at Greenwich palace of a daughter, to whom was given the name Elizabeth. The birth of this child, though contributing greatly to strengthen the hands of Cromwell and the anti-papal party, was a severe disappointment to the king, who had confidently expected to have a son, and in his conceit had gone so far as to issue circulars ordering thanksgiving "for the good

health, prosperity, and continual preservation of the said prince." Little Elizabeth, destined to be, in course of time, the Great Elizabeth, was, according to the report of the French ambassador, "a fine child of a lively colour, in some features resembling its father, but much more like its mother." Her birth gave rise to popular tumults in various parts of the country, showing that the great questions agitating the foreign and ecclesiastical policy of England were being filtered through the middle, and even the lower classes, of the population. Almost all the women, high and low, took part against "Nan Bullen," as the new queen was irreverently termed; but not a few of the men, though sympathising with Catherine, were able to perceive the great results likely to spring from the divorce, and accordingly ranged themselves in defence of the king's consort. Thus gradually, almost without her own knowledge, and certainly without any efforts of her own, Anne Boleyn found herself at the head of a great party, anxious to throw off the yoke of Rome and to secure the inestimable blessing of liberty of conscience. Possessed of intelligence of a high order, though corrupted by vanity, Anne Boleyn could not fail perceiving that to secure her position amidst personal unpopularity, with all the power of the Church against her, and no other protection but the passing fondness of a ferocious human animal of unbridled lust, the assistance of this party was absolutely necessary to her, even more than her influence to them. Without long hesitation, therefore, while still devoutly attending the mass, obeying her confessor, and imploring the Virgin in her prayers, Anne Boleyn became the protector of the Protestant party in England, and a powerful instrument in the hands of Cromwell and Cranmer. The first exercise of her influence was that of dragging, at Cromwell's instigation, Sir Thomas More from his high position as lord chancellor. Although having propagated ideas of singular liberality in his 'Utopia,' and argued principles of universal religious toleration, Sir Thomas More had no sooner risen to power than he showed himself a rather bigoted Roman Catholic, violently persecuting the adherents of the doctrines of Wycliffe and Luther. To get rid of such an opponent was an absolute necessity for Cromwell in his upward flight to power, and the occasion was easily found. In the summer of 1532, while the divorce proceedings were making very slow progress, Anne Boleyn hinted to the king that there was lack of zeal on the part of his chancellor; and on Henry upbraiding him, with wonted impetuosity, More at once resigned the great seal, having held it for two years and a half. His successor in office was Sir Thomas Audley, speaker of the House of Commons, a time-serving sycophant of the meanest order, willing to do the behest of any party that happened to be in power, and useful as such to Anne Boleyn's friends. The ex-chancellor cheerfully withdrew into domestic life, to his quiet cottage at Chelsea, congratulating himself on having escaped the storm which he felt gathering in the air.

Anne Boleyn's unpopularity, which, before her coronation, was due chiefly to the true instinct of English womanhood abhorring her conduct towards the unhappy queen, soon afterwards shaped itself into systematic opposition, skilfully guided by the partisans

of Rome. The fall of Sir Thomas More too clearly indicated the direction of the new influence at work in the royal council, and the more shrewd among the conservative churchmen could not help seeing that there was no choice but to succumb or to offer resistance. But the latter was difficult, if not impossible. The constant growth of royal power for half a century had levelled all England before a throne supported by the monarchical instinct of the masses; the nobles had sunk to be courtiers, the prelates chaplains, and the Houses of Parliament mere offices for enrolling the king's decrees. To resist the incarnation of such power, vested in a tiger nature like Henry's, was clearly a hopeless task; yet was it attempted by the friends of Rome in a moment of despair. At the village of Aldington, in Kent, there lived a young servant girl called Elizabeth Barton, subject to fits and the talking of nonsense; and this poor tool was made use of by some cunning priests to try once more the effect of the grand old weapon—superstition. Under the tuition of one Richard Maister, rector of her parish, and a monk of Canterbury, of the name of Bocking, the servant girl advanced from foolish talk into rhapsody, and from rhapsody into prophecy; until, at last, by judicious management, the poor creature's fame spread far and wide, and the whole country was full of Elizabeth, the Holy Maid of Kent. Henry himself, not a little given to superstition, took great interest in the Holy Maid, and consulted, among others, Sir Thomas More about some of her prognostications. The great chancellor's opinion breathed scepticism. "For seeing," he said, "that some part fell in rhythm, and that, God wot, full rude also, for any reason that he saw therein a right simple woman might speak it of her own wit well enough." Notwithstanding this, Henry continued admiring the prophetess, until, all on a sudden, she commenced her oracular outpourings about "the sins of princes," and was taken at the same time under the avowed protection of the pope's agents, Darius and Pollioni. Getting bolder at every step, the curtain was soon after drawn up entirely, and the Maid of Kent stood forth denouncing the king, and prophesying his death on the scaffold unless he would take the oath of obedience to Rome, and, as ordered by the Bull of Clement, return to his wife, and put away "one Anne." Henry's anger now overruled his superstition; and Cromwell, who had long thought that the prophetess was far too clever for a servant girl, lost no time to shut her up securely, together with the principal of her friends and admirers. Included among the latter were the two most distinguished men known to be opposed to the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn, John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and the ex-chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Together with many other fervent adherents of Rome, More and Fisher were placed, in November, 1533, before the high court of Star Chamber, presided over by the archbishop of Canterbury and Thomas Cromwell, now prime-minister all but in name. The trial was the first indication of the mighty struggle about to commence. The two new men stood there ready to destroy the leaders of the old faith, to grasp the helm of the vessel of state, and to drift away towards the rising sun of the Reformation.

Such grand events as the first three months of the

year 1534 brought forth in England were never before compressed in similar space. On the first day of January, king, parliament, and people were still enclosed within the fold of Rome, and on the last day of March there remained not a single tie connecting the realm with the ancient head of the Catholic Church. What took thirty years of atrocious warfare—the most atrocious the world ever saw—to accomplish in Luther's own country, was done in England in as many weeks, with no perceptible effort. The greatest of all revolutions came creeping into the land as softly and as quietly as the balmy air of spring comes creeping over the earth. England's despot fell asleep for a season in Anne Boleyn's lap, and when he awoke the work was done, the vessel sailing in the open sea, and Rome fading in the distance. Thomas Cromwell, most daring of the two state pilots—noble blacksmith's son, whose full value his country has never yet acknowledged, forgetting him over his greater namesake to come—had the chief part of the work on his hands. He called a parliament together in the first days of the new year, and, in no other quality than that of chancellor of the exchequer, submitted to the representatives of the nation the full scheme of England's severance from Rome. In outward appearance the scheme was dry and prosaic, and entirely devoid of the eloquent fervour distinguishing the propositions of continental reformers. Cromwell's parliamentary bill, business-like to an extreme degree, as becoming a man of his experience, was divided into some twenty and odd chapters, each of which cut one link of the great chain of spiritual dependence. Three strokes served to disjoin the stoutest portion of the bond. By 25 Henry VIII., cap. 19, the legislative authority of the convocation of the clergy was entirely destroyed; by cap. 20, of the same Act, all bishops were ordered to be elected and consecrated under the sole authority of the king; and by cap. 21, most important of all, the kingdom of England was declared "free from subjection to the laws of any foreign prince, potentate, or prelate," the powers previously vested in the pontiff being transferred to the king, as "the only supreme head, under God, of the Church and realm." Parliament, as in duty bound, passed the whole of Cromwell's bill, and the royal assent thereto having been given on the 30th of March, 1534, it was dissolved the same day. Thus quietly was the Reformation in England accomplished.

It was characteristic of Henry that he paid far less attention to those all-important statutes securing the spiritual independence of the kingdom, than to another portion of the same Act settling the succession to the throne. By 25, Henry VIII., cap. 22, the king's marriage with Catherine was declared void, and that with Anne Boleyn valid; it being ordered at the same time that all who should "by writing, print, deed, or act, do, or cause to be procured or done, anything to the slander, prejudice, disturbance, or derogation," of the said lawful matrimony, "or as to the peril, slander, or disherison of any of the issue" of it,

should be declared guilty of high treason, and suffer death accordingly. This piece of outrageous despotism Henry tried to enforce with all his power, and on the last day of the session, the 30th of March, the members of both Houses of Parliament had to take an oath that they would "truly, firmly, and constantly observe, maintain, and keep, to their cunning, wit, and uttermost of their power, the whole effects and contents" of this law. To secure its efficiency still more, Henry appointed special commissioners to administer the oath in every part of the kingdom, to all persons of standing and influence, and particularly to the clergy. Very few had the courage to refuse, and those were cast at once into prison. To inspire the more terror, the accusation of treason against the Holy Maid of Kent, and her friends and abettors, was proceeded with at the same time, after having rested for awhile. The wretched girl had confessed her imposture publicly at St. Paul's Cross, in November, 1533, and, having done so, was sent back to the Tower, in hopes of being released. But while the special commissioners were administering oaths, she was taken out of prison, drawn to Tyburn, among a great concourse of people, and there hung, with six of her accomplices, including Maister, the rector of Aldington, Bocking, the Canterbury friar, and several other monks. The execution, which had the desired terror-creating effect, took place on the 21st of April, 1534. While under the gallows, the miserable servant girl kept shrieking that she was "a poor wench without learning," and that her treasonable prophecies had been taught to her by the priests. That was perfectly true, and Cromwell did not doubt it; but he saw his inability of hanging all the priests.

The most illustrious of all the prisoners accused of holding intercourse with the Maid of Kent, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, were not condemned with her, but liberated for the moment; yet only to be taken up on a new charge immediately after. The two great leaders of the papal party refused to take the *whole* oath of obedience to the law of succession demanded by the royal commissioners, and for this crime they were again sent to the Tower. Sir Thomas More made an attempt to save himself by offering to take the oath under certain conditions, acknowledging the succession as fixed by parliament, but leaving out the part relating to the divorce of Catherine, which, as denied by special decree of the pontiff, had become to him not a mere question of law, but one of religious



SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE

faith. Even this concession Bishop Fisher refused to make, preferring to suffer death rather than offend against his conscience. This sealed the doom of both, although they were not immediately executed, Cromwell fearing to compromise himself with the king by stretching his hand too high all at once. There was danger, too, of the Roman Catholic party attempting resistance, incited thereto both by oppression at home and the newly awakened zeal of its leaders abroad. Clement VII., to whose weakness and wavering indecision the Reformation owed so much, died on the 25th of September, 1534, scarcely six months after the destruction of the papal supremacy in England, and he was succeeded by Paul III., or Alexander Farnese, a fierce Italian, of ultra-catholic views. One of his first acts was to send a cardinal's hat to Bishop Fisher, lying in prison and awaiting his trial—a present as injudicious on the part of the giver as fatal for the receiver. “Ah!” brutally cried Henry, when he heard the news; “Paul may send him the hat; but I will take care he shall have no head to wear it.”

To complete the great measure of England's severance from Rome in all its details, Cromwell summoned the parliament again on the 3rd of November, 1534, seven months after its prorogation. On his bidding, a number of fresh statutes were passed, stopping every crevice by which papal influence might attempt to creep again into the realm. The most important of these statutes ordered that “the king, his heirs, and successors, shall have full power and authority, from time to time, to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities whatsoever they be, which by any manner of spiritual jurisdiction or authority, ought, or may lawfully be reformed.” Cromwell's intention in drawing up this Act evidently was to give the crown power of sweeping away every fragment of Roman Catholic superstition, and to introduce the purer tenets of Protestantism; but Henry soon proved to him that he understood the matter differently, his object being, not to make England Protestant, but to make himself a lay-pope. Seemingly unaware that his present keepers were adherents of the reformed religion, and that he himself was drifting, with full sails, in the same direction, the royal tiger, bloodthirsty as ever, laid his claws alike upon the friends of Rome and the partisans of Luther, killing them in turn, with beautiful impartiality. After executing the Maid of Kent, with her troop of attendant priests and friars, Henry sent a batch of Lollards to the stake; they were followed by another file of monks, and these again by a fresh lot of zealous Protestants. The latter were on the whole more severely dealt with than the believers in Rome. One John Frith, “a very learned young man, of an excellent and goodly wit,” was burnt at Smithfield for no other crime than that of writing a book against the purgatory; and several others were cruelly tortured to death, at slow fires, for merely expressing disbelief in the favourite popish doctrine of transubstantiation. At the very same time that this persecution of the Protestants took place, Henry ordered that the word “pope” should be erased from all books employed in public worship, and that all clergymen

and schoolmasters should teach that the king was the only true head of the Church, and the pope an impostor. To spur the zeal of the preachers and teachers, the sheriffs in each county were commanded to keep vigilant watch over them, and to see not only that they did their duty, but did it with the necessary zeal, “without coldness and indifference.” The penalties of non-observance were, for Catholics to be hung, and for Protestants to be burnt. If Henry's theology was defective, it was made up in the perfection of his criminal code.

At the beginning of the year 1535, the king assumed, with great pomp, his new title of supreme head of the Church. Not having been able hitherto to make any sort of spectacle out of the new movement, he did so on this occasion, and on the 15th of January went through various exhibitions of the usual magnificence, with the addition of more than usual incense and worship. There was some outward reason for the latter, for not only were all his courtiers, ministers, and councillors, even to his consort, bowed in the dust before him, but parliament itself and half the nation lay crawling at the feet of the despot. The lords and commons of England no more voted subsidies, but on their knees kept begging that the king, their “most gracious sovereign lord, upon whom and in whom dependeth all their joy and wealth,” would condescend to take any amount of the fortunes of his most humble subjects. Besides the ordinary taxes, increased from year to year, the first fruits of all spiritual dignities and promotions were given to the king in his new dignity, as well as an annual allowance of one-tenth part of the whole of the possessions of the Church. To protect the king's sacred majesty, it was enacted likewise that whosoever should utter a word against him, or his “dignity, title, or name,” should be deemed guilty of treason; and that a denial of his authority, spiritual or temporal, should be punished likewise with instant death. A number of other statutes enacted the most severe penalties for all offences, however slight, against the despot upon the throne, giving him full power, if so inclined, to hang, burn, or decapitate three-fourths of the subjects under his sway. But Henry was mercifully inclined, on the whole, only taking heads when it suited his immediate purpose, or went to satisfy a passing whim. After his inauguration as lay-pope, in January, 1535, there passed nearly five weeks without any executions, and the next who suffered were some twenty Dutch Anabaptists, who had sought an asylum in England from persecutions in their own country. The imprudent people were duly burnt at Smithfield. The turn now was for the Roman Catholics, and in April, three priors of the Charterhouse, a Bridget monk of Sion, and some other priests were sent to the Tower, on account of speaking, or thinking, treasonably. Having lain in chains for a fortnight, they were taken to Tyburn on the 4th of May, and hung on the gallows in their priestly robes. It was a nice distinction shown by the Defender of the Faith, and proving his love for etiquette, that he invariably hung the Catholics and burnt the Protestants. The only exception made was in the case of persons of rank, who had the honour of being beheaded.

The two great chiefs of the Roman Catholic party, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, after having been in prison for more than a year, suffering the greatest indignities, were at last put upon their trial on the 7th of May, three days after the execution of the Carthusian priests at Tyburn. Their trial, even in the reign of terror which had now commenced, excited the greatest attention, and not only all England, but the whole of Europe was watching it with intense interest, the two accused being looked upon as among the foremost men of the age. Bishop Fisher, now past seventy, having held the see of Rochester for thirty-three years, was universally held one of the most learned theologians of the sixteenth century, being the intimate friend of the famous Erasmus of Rotterdam, and distinguished alike for a spotless life and the mild tolerance of his religious views. Upon Henry he had particular claims, as having been his teacher, friend, and adviser from earliest infancy, and being, moreover, the last survivor of all the councillors of his father, Henry VII. But the royal tiger upon the throne knew not, nor acknowledged any such claims. After exposing the aged prelate, whose days on earth were numbered, to the most cruel sufferings, chaining him down in a filthy hole, covered with rags only, and without any but the coarsest food, he had him brought to trial in a dying state, accused, together with More, of the sole crime of believing in the legality of the king's first marriage. Like all the judicial proceedings of Henry, the trial was a mere mockery of law as well as justice. Put before some special commissioners, presided over by the lawyer-hangman Audley, the aged bishop was found guilty without hesitation, and sent to the block at once. The execution took place on the 22nd of June, under circumstances of disgusting cruelty, the head of the venerable old prelate being stuck on London Bridge, and the body, stripped of its clothes, being left naked all day on the ground at the foot of the scaffold. It was a fit revenge of the new lay-pope against the man who had taught him the first principles of religion.

The trial of Sir Thomas More was protracted a little longer than that of his unfortunate fellow victim, partly out of malice and partly from fear. Even his enemies acknowledged his greatness; for years Henry had boasted that More was his most intimate friend; and all the learned men of the continent agreed that he was unsurpassed in literary genius. The ex-chancellor, too, was "the first Englishman who signalized himself as an orator," and being a most accomplished as well as most eloquent lawyer, even Henry's judges found it difficult to get him within their grasp, and to preserve, at the same time, some faint show or resemblance, if not of justice, at least of law. The great lawyer fenced skilfully enough, evidently anxious, for the sake of many beloved children, to save his life. But his doom was sealed; there was no possible escape from the clutches of such a royal friend as Henry. All during the trial More seemed to feel oppressed; but the fatal sentence having been pronounced, he rose calmly, telling his mock judges that now there was no temptation on his part to conceal the full truth any longer, and that he felt bound, therefore, to declare openly that, after having studied the question for seven

years, he had come to the conclusion that Catherine was the king's lawful wife, and his other union illegal. When he turned round to leave the court, his son threw himself on his knees, invoking a father's last blessing, and while walking back to the Tower, with the sharp edge of the executioner's axe turned towards him, his first-born child, Margaret, twice broke her way through the guards, clasping him in her arms, and bathing him with her tears. Even the rough soldiers, brute instruments of despot power, could not help crying at sight of the touching spectacle. But Henry cheerfully signed the death warrant of his old friend, and had his grey head, like his tutor's, stuck upon the spikes of London Bridge. More was executed on the 6th of July, 1535, and his death raised a cry of horror throughout Europe. "Rather than lose such a servant, we would have sacrificed the best city in our dominions," exclaimed Kaiser Charles when he heard the news. "More is dead, and a reign of terror has shrunk up the shuddering realm of England," wrote Erasmus of Rotterdam. He did not presage, the great scholar, that the terrors past were mild compared with the terrors to come.

When the report of the executions of Fisher and More reached Rome, there was immense excitement among pope and cardinals. Paul III., possessing still faith in spiritual lightning, at once launched his pontifical curses upon Henry, threatening him with the most severe penalties of the Church. The execrations were embodied in a number of Bulls, some of which were despatched to England, while others were prudently kept for subsequent use. By one of the Bulls, the king and all his accomplices in the executions of Fisher and More were summoned to appear at Rome before the end of ninety days, to answer for their conduct; by others, Henry and all his ministers were excommunicated, his subjects were absolved from their oath of allegiance, and the kingdom was laid under an interdict. Cromwell took great care to publish the report of these proceedings, well knowing that if anything could reconcile the people of England to a reign of terror, the foolish threats of the foreign pope would be most likely to have this effect. Such was indeed the case, and the results were visible before long in bursts of animosity breaking out in many of the towns against the priesthood, still supposed to lean towards Rome. Cromwell thought this a favourable moment for commencing another important part of his great scheme of religious reform, the first notions of which he had received in Germany. He had there seen how nothing more effectually aided the spread of Protestantism than the destruction of the great priestly fortresses, called monasteries, within and around which papal Rome was keeping all the sources and engines of its world-overshadowing power and influence. There was not the least difficulty to obtain the royal consent to the measure contemplated by Cromwell; all that was necessary was to whisper in Henry's ear the tale of the riches hidden within convent walls. The shrewd blacksmith's son of Putney knew more about convents than most men in England, having had occasion to inspect a large number of them while in Wolsey's employment. In the latter years of his sway the cardinal had obtained a Bull from Rome, authorizing him to break up a number of the smaller monasteries,

and to employ the proceeds for the erection of educational establishments; and the task of visitation, for destructive purposes, having been intrusted to Cromwell, he had gained a thorough insight into the condition of these priestly fortifications. Henry's eyes, very likely, gloated not less eagerly on the quivering lips of his bold servant when he told the story of the convent treasures, than when bringing his first news of the German princes who had made themselves popes. In the seven years that had elapsed since Cromwell had come to court, to "make or mar" his fortunes, he had risen from dignity to dignity, and been made the king's chief adviser and prime-minister, until now he was very nearly in the same position as his old master, except not having the red hat. But this was an advantage rather than an obstacle to his sweeping measures of ecclesiastical reform, and the destruction of the monasteries having been settled between him and Henry, he assumed the titles necessary for his new labours. By a royal decree, issued in the summer of 1535, Cromwell was nominated the king's "vice-regent, vicar-general, and principal commissary" in all matters relating to the clergy, with special powers for "the godly reformation and redress of all errors, heresies, and abuses in the Church." Archbishop Cranmer, far less bold than his fellow worker in the field of reform, had for some time past ceded a part of his functions to the lay vicar-general; and the latter found it easy, therefore, to enter upon his new task, which made him virtually primate of all England, with royal and papal power superadded. Cromwell set to work in thorough earnest, a very Luther with English arms and sinews, not preaching, but acting, and wielding his sledge-hammer like a true blacksmith's son. With a clear, keen view of the actual state of things, and the necessities of the "godly reformation," he commenced his gigantic labours by suspending the whole of the bishops from their functions, and not reinstating them until their affairs had been completely investigated, and they had sworn obedience to the king, and to himself, as vice-regent. While this was taking place under Cromwell's own superintendence, a detachment of special commissioners, mostly men of learning and all good Protestants, went travelling over the country, visiting every hive inhabited by monks or nuns, and making a strict inventory of all their property, with careful account of the spiritual and other doings. Seeing the still unbroken power of the priesthood, and their great influence over the lower classes of the population, the whole was an extremely dangerous task, yet it was accomplished with wonderful zeal, discretion, and energy by Cromwell's agents, all working in the spirit of the master mind, the most extraordinary vicar-general ever seen in England.

Thomas Cromwell's agents mostly travelled in pairs, for greater security; being well armed moreover, and accompanied by stout servants. At home in the saddle as well as the pulpit, they spurred along highways and byways, thoroughly aware that hard riding would be the only means of discovering stores full of honey, instead of empty beehives. From old experience, Cromwell knew that some of the richest hives were to be found in the south-eastern counties, ancient home of monks and nuns; and thither he despatched one of

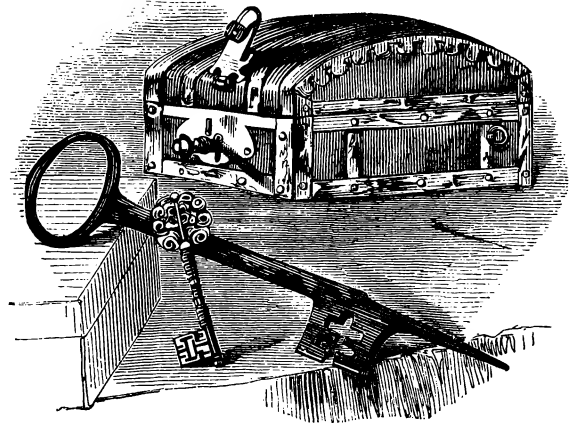
his best men, Dr. Layton, thoroughly up in Greek and the use of the broad-sword. With the commission of the king's vicar-general "in all his ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the realm" in his pocket, the worthy doctor set out on his tour in the early autumn of 1535, faithfully reporting the results of his labour. Some of these were exceedingly curious, well demonstrating the necessity of the powers obtained by Cromwell for the "redress of all errors, heresies, and abuses in the Church." At Langdon, near Dover, the zealous commissioner came unawares upon a beautiful little abbey, resembling, in its interior arrangements, a Turkish harem rather than a Christian house of prayer. The place having been secured by the commissioner's servants, with orders to guard "all back doors and starting-holes," Dr. Layton himself knocked for admission at the front gate, stating his official errand. Being refused entrance, the door, as usual, was broken open; "and," reported the valiant doctor, "about the house I go, with the pole-axe in my hand, for the abbot is a dangerous desperate knave, and a hardy." Out of one of the "starting holes," meanwhile, "rushed a tender demoiselle," who was safely caught and taken to Dover prison, while the abbot was conveyed to Canterbury. Such, and far worse scenes occurred all through England; the corruption of some of the religious houses, particularly the smaller establishments, being found perfectly revolting, and such as to surpass all belief. After the commissioners had finished their inspection, a general report was drawn up by Cromwell, and laid before parliament early in the year 1536, together with an Act for the suppression of all those monasteries which had been found to be corrupted, and beyond hope of reform. The lords and commons, without hesitation, passed the statute of the vicar-general, by which most of the smaller, and a few of the larger convents, colleges, and abbeys, amounting altogether to three hundred and seventy-six, were broken up, and their estates made over to the crown. The total revenues from the monasteries thus dissolved were estimated at 32,000 pounds sterling, besides which there was realised an immediate harvest, in cash, plate, and jewels, of the value of 100,000 pounds, or more than a million and a half of money of the present day. Henry pocketed this immense sum with great zest, more than ever pleased with his trusty servant Thomas Cromwell.

Wolsey's successor had hitherto devoted his whole attention to the interior administration of the kingdom, and the mighty reforms in the religious life of the nation, the superintendence and direction of which, indeed, was more than a full task for even the most hard-working of men. But the labour connected with the dissolution of the monasteries having come, provisionally, to an end, Cromwell began directing himself to foreign politics, following in the road pursued by the cardinal, though with higher and altogether different ends in view. His great object was to bring about an intimate alliance between all the princes of Europe who had adopted the reformed religion, or, at least, renounced connection with Rome; and thus to form a strong barrier against the efforts of both pope and Kaiser to bring all the nations back, by force or cunning, within the fold of

ancient superstition. It was a noble aim, and exceedingly well-timed. Kaiser Charles, after making several ineffectual attempts of crushing the Protestant power of northern Germany, had been compelled to desist from his attacks, and made a promise of religious tolerance in the peace of Nuremberg, signed on the 23rd July, 1532. But the Lutheran princes, headed by the elector of Saxony, were not at all inclined to place implicit faith in the emperor's promise, dictated as it was by temporary necessities; and seeking greater security in their own good cause and the strength of their arms, they knitted themselves together in the strictest bond of union, so as to gain peace through constant readiness for war. But their resources in men, and still more in money, were limited, and they could scarcely hope to withstand for any length of time the forces which Kaiser Charles might be able to send against them when released from his French and Italian difficulties. Under these circumstances Cromwell conceived the great idea of placing Henry at the head of the German Protestant league, thus serving the cause of true religion at the same time with England's best political interests. After some persuasion, and having had his vanity duly tickled, Henry consented to despatch ambassadors into Germany, with propositions for an alliance. The negotiation lasted longer than Cromwell expected, the little princes of the north showing a far greater zeal for religion than for political power, and expressing doubts as to the real Protestantism of the English king. Finally, however, the basis of a treaty was settled, stipulating that all the princes should form themselves in a new Protestant league, under the direction of a Free Council, and that the king should become head of this Council and Protector of the League, on condition of subscribing to the Augsburg confession of faith, altered in a few particulars by common consent. Henry accepted these stipulations; whereupon it was arranged that the elector of Saxony should select two of the most famous doctors of theology of his university of Leipsic, to go to England and instruct the king in the Augsburg faith. The learned professors, Franz Burckhardt and Friedrich Myconius, obeyed the electoral summons, and were on the point of setting out on their mission, when they were stopped by the news of a frightful event, received everywhere with horror and execration, and shattering all hopes of the king of England ever becoming a true disciple of the gospel of Christ.

The infatuation shown by Henry for Anne Boleyn did, as was in the nature of things, not last long. As her beauty faded, so faded his love, or rather his passion; and when she had brought him a girl, instead of a male heir, as he expected, the last remnant of his affection faded, and his brutal nature entirely got the upper hand. The behaviour of the young queen, under these trying circumstances, was not distinguished by either wisdom or high morality. She created herself numerous enemies by her vain arrogance, making, among others, the duke of Norfolk her deadly foe; while at the same time she exhibited a revengeful feeling against the unfortunate woman whom she had helped to push from the throne, which irritated even the king. With marvellous hypocrisy, Henry continued to speak of his deposed wife as his

sister-in-law, treating her as if she had never been anything else but the widow of his brother Arthur, and punctilious in assigning her rank as the dowager princess of Wales. Anne Boleyn was not actress enough to rise to this height of dissimulation, nor had she charity enough to bestow one atom of pity upon the unhappy being whom she had robbed of home and husband. As mean souls always hate those whom they have injured, so she hated Catherine, taking little care to hide her malignity. It was owing to her that the suffering queen was driven from the comparatively healthy residence at Amptill to the damp air of Bugden; and not dying sufficiently soon here, was still further exiled, in 1535, to Kimbolton Castle, a place notorious for its fever atmosphere. This last removal had the desired effect, and on the 8th of January, 1536, Catherine breathed her last, dictating, in final agony, a farewell to her "dear husband." When the report of his wife's death reached Henry, he pretended to be greatly moved, and instantly resolved to give her a splendid funeral. "Forasmuch," ran his letter to the keeper of Kimbolton Castle, "as it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy, out of this transitory life, the right excellent princess, our dearest sister the Lady Catherine, relict of our natural brother Prince Arthur, of famous memory, deceased, we intend to have her body interred according to her honour and estate." Following in this line of tragi-comedy which he had laid down for himself, Henry ordered the Court into mourning for his "dearest sister," and on the day of her funeral was in black from head to foot. Of such a husband Anne Boleyn was a poor mate. The news of the death of Catherine brought forth a wild exclamation of joy on her part. "Now I am, indeed, a queen!"



ANNE BOLEYN'S CHEST AND KEYS.

she screamed, handing a costly present to the bearer of the mournful tidings. Her exultation knew no bounds, and on the day of the funeral of her former mistress, she so far forgot herself as to disobey the strict orders of the king, by appearing, with all her ladies, in bright clothes, instead of mourning. Henry growled, deeply offended in his matchless vanity and conceit. In his eyes the offence of the woman whom he had raised from the dust was great indeed; for in not complying with his orders, she not only did what mortals never dared, but her disobedience involved



ANNE BOLEYN IN THE TOWER.

the accusation of hypocrisy against himself. Anne Boleyn's bright garments said, more than words, that she did not believe in the king's assertion of the "Lady Catherine" being the "relict of our natural brother Prince Arthur, of famous memory;" for, accepting this as the truth, she would have been compelled to mourn for her as a near and dear relation. It was enough to rouse the dormant tiger, suffering from palled appetite.

On the 29th of January, little more than a fortnight after the funeral of Catherine, which made her so gay, Anne Boleyn was delivered of a dead son. The confinement of the queen was premature, and due to the excitement and anger of having found the king in the arms of another woman, called Jane Seymour, one of her own attendants. Notwithstanding this, Henry got furious when he heard of his consort's miscarriage, and storming into her apartment, he bitterly upbraided her with the loss of "his boy." Stung to the quick, the poor suffering creature, forgetting every rule of prudence in her utter misery, told him that he alone was the cause of the loss. The reproach was too true to be ever forgiven, and the despot left the room, muttering she should have no more boys by him. Anne Boleyn's doom was now sealed, Henry's sole thought being to get rid of her in the best, or rather quickest, manner. In the meanwhile, false as ever, he kept his countenance, giving Anne her place as consort, and allowing her to share in his spectacular performances. On the first day of May there was a grand tournament, of more than usual splendour, in front of Greenwich palace, the king and queen looking on from the royal balcony. Henry was all smiles; but suddenly, in the midst of the pageant, his brow darkened, and he abruptly quitted his place. On this signal, Lord Rochford, the queen's brother, and several other knights who took part in the tournament, were arrested, and Anne Boleyn, returning to her room, was met by the lieutenant of the Tower, who led her away. The first wild burst of despair seemed to drive her mad; but after a while, in the solitude of the prison, she recovered her calmness, and having tried in vain to obtain an interview with the king, she addressed to him a piteous but dignified letter. "Your grace's displeasure," Anne Boleyn began, "and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse I am altogether ignorant." Then, dwelling on possible accusations against her, and eloquently asserting that "never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection," she continued: "try me, my lord, but let me have a lawful trial; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion

therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincipally and cruel usage of me at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife, ANNE BOLEYN."

There was no response to this touching appeal. The death of the poor woman, of whom the royal admirer had got tired, was settled; and her successor being chosen already, the eloquence of the heavens would have been lost upon a lecherous tyrant of unbridled power. Henry's proceedings to get rid of his second wife were not distinguished by much formality. Anne Boleyn was charged with adultery with her own brother and several other men, and under this indictment, which was called high treason by the forced interpretation of a statute of Edward III., she was tried on the 15th of May, in the hall of the Tower, before twenty-six noblemen appointed by the king. With an excess of refined cruelty, Anne Boleyn's father, the earl of Wiltshire, was made to sit among the judges, as well as Henry's bastard son, the duke of Richmond—fruit of his amours with the wife of Sir Gilbert Talbois—who was married to Anne's cousin. The charges made against the unhappy creature, still, with mock formality, called queen of England, were of the most disgusting nature, and of all but unspeakable vileness; but there was not a tittle of real evidence brought forward to substantiate them. Anne Boleyn had no counsel, nor were any needed in the sham trial, and she contented herself with solemnly and earnestly denying all the hideous inculpations brought forward. Her brother and the other accused likewise protested their innocence, but with no more effect—their death being prearranged, as necessary for the grim murder contemplated. By the verdict of a majority of the noble peers, Anne Boleyn was declared guilty of the crime of high treason, and condemned to be burnt or beheaded "at the king's pleasure." Anne Boleyn heard the sentence calm and unmoved, knowing the lustful beast who had clasped her in his arms so long, and who, as she was aware, was now on the look out for other prey, too intimately to have the slightest hope of mercy. After once more protesting her entire innocence in the most solemn

manner, calling upon God to be her witness that she had ever been a faithful wife to the king, she returned to her prison, of such calm and serene aspect as to cause surprise even to the lieutenant of the Tower. "I have seen," he exclaimed, "many brave men executed, and most of them have been in great sorrow; but to my knowledge this lady hath joy and pleasure in death."

But there was yet another farce to precede the final tragedy. Henry thought it would be fine to add a small dose of theology to the large measure of criminal law dispensed by his judges in the Tower; and before killing his dearly beloved wife, he had her brought up for a divorce, on the dainty plea that before marrying him she had made a promise of marrying somebody else, and that therefore the nuptials were not valid in conscience. On the 17th of May, the day selected for the execution of her brother and the other victims condemned with her, Anne Boleyn was carried by water from the Tower to a small crypt under Lambeth palace, where Archbishop Cranmer was sitting in solemn mockery, to declare "that the marriage between Henry, king of England, and Anne Boleyn was null and void, and always had been so." A tyrant less atrocious than this lustful brute filling the throne of England, or less blind in his atrocity, must have perceived that this last measure entirely defeated its own ends. If Anne Boleyn had never been the king's wife, it was impossible for her to wrong him by committing adultery, and consequently the whole accusation and judgment against her fell to the ground, the very basis of it having vanished in the air. Thus even the slender legal forms employed by the despot to rid himself of his consort were torn asunder and trampled upon, and her execution became sheer and undisguised assassination. The murder took place on the 19th of May, within the walls of the Tower, on a scaffold erected upon a grass plot known as the Green. Many good men and brave had lost their lives within these grim walls; but never before in the annals of England was there an instance of a woman having been dragged to the scaffold. Reckless as were the kings of the Middle Ages, and unmerciful in the heat of the contest and on the field of battle, they yet respected frail womanhood, allowing its sanctity even in their bitterest enemies. But the bloated tyrant now wearing the crown had no such scruples, and so far from hesitating to commit the foulest murder—and, more than this, the murder of a woman whom, but a few years before, he had declared to love above all earthly things—aggravated even this most monstrous of crimes by a shamelessness entirely without parallel in the history of mankind. On the morning Anne Boleyn was reserved for execution, Henry went to hunt in Epping Forest, having made previous arrangements for marrying his paramour, the girl Jane Seymour, the next day. It was carefully settled by him, that while enjoying himself in the green wood, merrily galloping after the hounds, his wife should be killed, and the good news to be communicated to him instantly by sound of cannon. It was at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th of May, a Friday, that Anne Boleyn was led to the scaffold. She was carefully dressed, and the bright crimson which flushed her cheeks gave her a radiant, fearful, and more than

terrestrial beauty. "Never before," wrote an eyewitness, "the queen looked so marvellously beautiful." Having said a short prayer, and with a last "O Lord God have pity upon my soul!" Anne Boleyn laid her head upon the block. Then there was the flash of a bright sword in the air, a heavy stroke and a deep groan, and all was over. Now the signal gun went booming forth, announcing to the merry hunter in Epping Forest that his second wife had been despatched, and he was free to take a third. And while the gory remains of the queen of England were being stuffed into an old chest, and put away among rubbish, the jovial king rode off in hot haste to Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, where his pretty mistress was awaiting him with open arms. Never were lovers so happy as King Henry and his new mistress. They were duly married early the next morning at Wolf Hall, both he and she in spotless white, all smiles and unalloyed happiness. Immediately after the marriage ceremony had been performed, the happy husband and wife went to church together, praying to the Almighty, All-seeing God.

When the news of this astounding and unparalleled outrage upon humanity spread abroad, there was at first general incredulity as to its truth; but the facts having been confirmed beyond all doubt, there was a cry of universal horror. The pious Protestants of Germany especially—simple, unsophisticated men, with a strong sense of right and wrong, though, perhaps, narrow-minded in the eyes of super-refined politicians*—stood aghast at the atrocity of the foul crime, offshoot of ravenous lust, committed by a king who pretended to be a religious reformer. Without regarding the great advantages which they were going to lose, the members of the Protestant League at once broke off all intercourse with Cromwell's agents, openly declaring that it was impossible now that King Henry should become their leader and Protector. The resolution was a grave one, causing unfeigned sorrow among the Protestant party; while on the other hand it gave ill-disguised satisfaction to the partizans of Rome. That a king who had thrown off the guidance of the sovereign pontiff, and was lying under excommunication, should have committed a hideous crime, was too plausible an argument against Church reformers to be lost sight of; and great accordingly were the taunts and menaces hurled by Roman Catholic writers upon their opponents in discussing the past career of the ruler of England. There were several highly distinguished persons among these writers, at the head of them a scion of the royal line of York, Reginald Pole, a man remarkable in many respects. Reginald Pole, born in the year 1501, was the fourth son of Margaret, countess of Salisbury, the daughter of George, duke of Clarence, and therefore first cousin of Henry's mother. His education was very carefully attended to from his earliest infancy, his excellent mother withdrawing him from the turmoil of high life, and placing him, first in a Carthusian cloister near London, and subsequently under

* Mr. Froude, learned historian of England, in his extraordinary attempt to whitewash Henry VIII., coolly remarks, when speaking of Henry's third marriage, the day after Anne Boleyn's execution:—"He looked upon matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment." ('History,' vol. II., p. 502.)

the best tutors at the university of Oxford. At the age of nineteen, Reginald expressed a wish to go abroad, with a view to complete his education at Padua, then the most famous seat of learning in Europe. Through the influence of Queen Catherine, who was on intimate terms with the countess of Salisbury, the young student had a liberal pension granted to him by his royal relative; and making good use of his funds, he acquired a vast stock of knowledge at the Italian university, besides gaining the friendship of some of the most eminent men of the day. In 1525, Reginald Pole returned to England, famous already as a highly accomplished scholar, and as such, and on account of his illustrious birth, expected to rise to an important position. However, not relishing the atmosphere of the Court, he kept away from it, shutting himself up in his old Carthusian retreat near London. Here he remained quietly until the great question of the divorce came to be discussed, in which, quite against his will, he was made to take a part. Henry's brutal notion was, that having allowed his cousin a certain sum of money to prosecute his studies, the latter was bound to him hand and foot, and compelled to do his behest in everything that was required of him. Thus Pole was requested to stand forth as a champion of the divorce. But he absolutely refused to do so, repeating his denial even after the offer of an immense bribe, in the shape of the bishoprics of York and Winchester, vacant through the fall of Wolsey. But so anxious was Henry to gain the great scholar over to his cause, that even now he did not cease his efforts. Pole's two brothers, both attached to the royal court, were set to importune him to give way, offering higher and higher bribes, and telling him that his continued refusal would be the ruin of all the family. However, his answer was firmly persisted in, that he could not act against his own conscience by complying with the wishes of the king. This not sufficing to make an end of the demand, Pole at last took a bold step. He went personally to the king, to state his reasons against the divorce, and its impossibility on moral and religious grounds. Henry received his cousin in the most affable manner, but hearing what he had come to say, his hand fell upon the jewelled hilt of his dagger, and the royal countenance changed into that of the tiger. But Reginald Pole met the savage glance with a look of equally fierce determination—he, too, had York blood in his veins, and knew how to use dagger and sword. The tyrant was cowed, and dropped his arm, muttering that he would consider the advice given. Pole knew what it meant, and, taking care not to provoke the tiger a second time, went away to the Continent. There was now one man in Europe, who not only thoroughly understood King Henry, but who was thoroughly able to rise full length against him in opposition.

Pole retreated to Padua, shut up, as of old, amidst his books. The king, forgetting, in all his other doings, that little scene of the dagger, continued to send messages and books to his cousin, hoping yet, by bribes and compliments, to bring him back to England, so as to make him either useful or harmless. Pole's answer to all communications was that he would reply to Henry soon, in a long letter. The letter got long indeed, for it took him above a year to write it. To

prevent mistakes, Pole finally had it printed, and in this form despatched it to Henry, into whose hands it was laid four days after the execution of Anne Boleyn, while he was yet enjoying the first week of his new honeymoon at Wolf Hall. The epistle did not add in any way to the sweets of the sweet season, as it was composed in a style such as had never yet rung in Henry's ears. Reginald Pole told his cousin, in the choicest Latin, that he was a profligate, adulterer, and murderer; that nameless crimes could be laid to his charge; and that he was a foul being who should be spurned from the society of men. The Christians, he said, were arming to repulse the inroad of the Turk; but they ought to attack first him, the crowned monster, worse than any Turkish despot that ever lived. And speaking of Anne Boleyn, he exclaimed, "Is she not the sister of her whom thou first violated, and a long time afterwards had with thee in the place of a concubine? For twenty-seven years," he continued, "nothing but lechery, murder, and rapine is known of thee. To replenish thy treasury, thou hast robbed every class of thy subjects; thou hast always made a mock of thy nobility; and thy people thou hast never loved. The learned and the clergy thou hast harassed in every way, and thou hast most cruelly torn to pieces some of the best and worthiest men of the realm: not as if thou wert a man, but like a rabid beast. To all men thou seemest more cruel than any pirate, and more audacious in thy cruelty than Satan himself." It was certainly strong language, not suffering in its vigour from being full of truth, and in Latin absolutely faultless. The letter was given to the world soon after Henry had received his first copy, and created a profound impression throughout the whole of Europe. With his usual admirable hypocrisy, the king professed to look upon the address of his cousin as a friendly joke, and, in the innocence of his heart, went so far as to invite Reginald Pole to come to England, "to explain some portions of his letter." In this little invitation, a week after the murder of his wife, Henry surpassed himself.

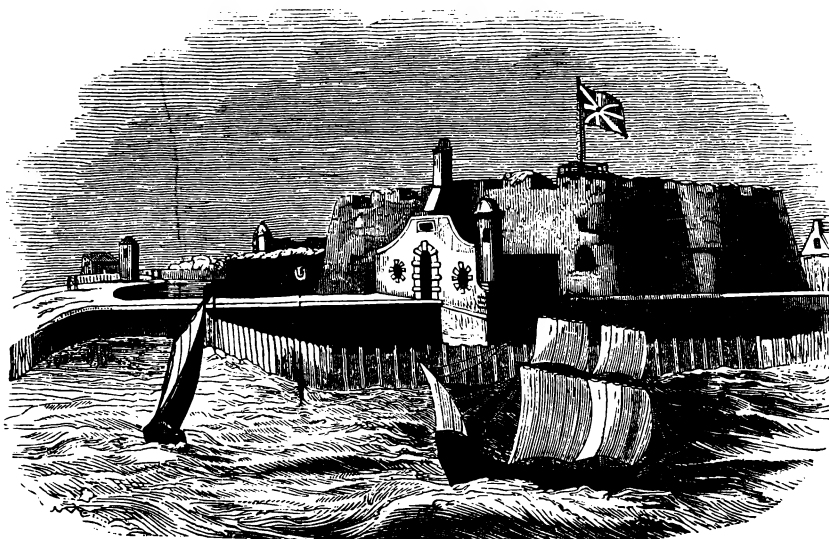
Reginald Pole's fierce onslaught upon the king did not remain without political consequences. The causes of dissatisfaction with Henry's despotic government were so numerous that nothing but a breath was required to fan them into flame, and this was given in an injunction from Rome. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of Pole's letter, which was offered to the public under the title *Pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione*, Pope Paul III. launched another Bull of excommunication against Henry, treating him as a doomed felon. By this decree, all the subjects of the king were absolved from their oath of allegiance, and commanded not to obey him; all priests and other ecclesiastical persons were ordered to read the excommunication in their churches; and, awaiting the obedience of the people to the dictate of the pope, the whole kingdom was placed under an interdict. The Bull of Paul was affixed to the walls of most of the cities of Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, and numerous copies of it found their way into England, sedulously distributed by the adherents of Rome. Under ordinary circumstances, the effect of such a document would have only been to rouse the people against the insolence of foreign dictation; but at this

moment the sufferings of the lower classes in many parts of England were so great and general as to destroy all patriotic feelings. The chief complaints of the people were arising from the dissolution of the monasteries. Wise as the measure was in itself, it had proved a source of almost unmixed evil throughout the country by the manner in which it was carried out. All the immense wealth of the religious bodies, a great part of which was formerly spent in alms and charities, had gone into the royal exchequer, to be wasted in riot and dissipation; while the convent lands were distributed among a number of fawning courtiers, who, very unlike the lenient clerical landlords, had no other object in view than to squeeze money out of the suffering tenants. It was said that Henry had given the revenues of one large monastery to a cook who made him a new toothsome pudding, and the lands of another to a woman who set his armchair in a comfortable position before the fire. More than one splendid peal of church bells was cast on a pair of dice, and waggon-loads of precious manuscripts, the pride of learned churchmen, were sold to shopkeepers as mere waste paper. The consequences of this barbaric spoliation soon became visible in a vast amount of suffering spread all over the kingdom. There were no poor laws to supplant the charity of the monks; but they themselves, often old and venerable, were wandering through the lands which were once their own, crushed under the weight of their miseries, homeless and hopeless, a piteous spectacle to the people among whom they had once distributed alms with a liberal hand. The king's heartlessness was conspicuous here, as everywhere. He grasped wealth only to squander it; and his sole remedy against begging was to hang the beggars. But at last the beggars refused to be hung any longer. The starving peasants of Lincolnshire were the first to rise in insurrection, and some twenty thousand of them assembled together to march upon London. Clever priests, armed with the papal Bull of excommunication, were quite ready to head the movement, and for about a week the revolt assumed threatening dimensions. But it was only for a week. No sooner

had the first detachment of the royal troops touched the vanguard of the insurgents, than they fled in all directions, leaving not even a sufficient number behind for a good wholesale execution. It proved the one thing, that people were not quite ready for revolt in this part of King Henry's realm.

But the insurrection in Lincolnshire had no sooner been quenched, when a far more formidable outbreak took place in the northern counties. In the autumn of 1536, some forty thousand men assembled between the Humber and Tees, and choosing for leader a wealthy lawyer called Robert Aske, they organized themselves in military fashion, and boldly went to attack the great fortresses of the north. On the banners of the insurgents were painted the five wounds of Christ; in front of each battalion marched priests, carrying tall crosses; and their movement they themselves called the Pilgrimage of Grace. Wherever they appeared, they reinstalled the monks in their convents, compelling, at the same time, the people to join them, so that their numbers increased like the falling avalanche. They first laid siege to Pontefract, in which the archbishop of York and Lord Darcy had taken refuge, and after but a faint show of resistance the fortress opened its gates. Then came the turn of York and Hull, which were taken with very little trouble, and the victorious insurgents now found themselves masters of almost the whole of Yorkshire. There were no royal troops to oppose them, until the duke of Norfolk, in slow marches, advanced as far as Doncaster, at the head of not more than five thousand men. Unwilling to face the enemy with this handful of troops, the duke began to negotiate by sending a herald to the rebel commander-in-chief, Robert Aske. The latter received the messenger in a very stately manner, sitting on a sort of throne, with the archbishop of York on one side and Lord Darcy on the other, both having apparently joined the insurrection. After many interviews, and by alternate threats and promises, Norfolk succeeded in inducing the Pilgrims of Grace to lay down their arms, and Robert Aske himself was invited to Court, treated with some

distinction, and desired to aid in the pacification of the people. Henry issued a general pardon, frightened by the report that Pole was coming over from Italy to place himself at the head of the insurrection, and to make a bold grasp at the crown of England. Although only true in part, the news was enough to blanch Henry's cheek. The despot was too coldly cruel not to be superstitious; and while assuming an outward indifference, he was trembling, in the depth of his heart, before the thunders of excommunication hurled at him by the gaunt high priest from the chair of St. Peter.



CASTLE OF HULL.

There was some reason, besides his superstition and popish sympathies, why the king should fear the arrival of Reginald Pole in England. He had some claims to the crown of England in his own right, and these claims became stronger through the overthrow of all regular claims of succession,—first consequence of Henry's lustful wickedness. After having bastardized the child of his first marriage to get a second wife, he repeated the same process in obtaining his third spouse. Anne Boleyn's corpse had no sooner been stuffed into the old chest at the Tower, when he declared her offspring, Princess Elizabeth, illegitimate, and a parliament, called together immediately after, had to legalize the Act, supplementing it by the extraordinary declaration that the king had full power to nominate his own successor. But the Lords and Commons of England, never more than royal servants in this reign, had sunk now into such utter nothingness, that it was doubtful whether their enactments would be accepted as valid by posterity; and Henry himself could scarcely help feeling contempt for men who pretended to be representatives of the nation, but crawled at his feet like mere lackeys. Under these circumstances, the succession to the throne was in the most doubtful state, and even without insurrections and Bulls of excommunication Reginald Pole and his brothers were likely to become at any moment dangerous pretenders to the crown. To the great relief of Henry, his third spouse showed signs of giving him a heir, little more than a year after the happy nuptials at Wolf Hall. Queen Jane Seymour, the eldest of eight children of Sir John Seymour, a country squire of Wiltshire, showed herself a strongly practical woman. She got the marriage cakes ready while her predecessor and former mistress was preparing for the block; and she never after inquired much about her august husband's pursuits, nor showed herself jealous of any other woman who might possibly attract the royal eyes. Thus all looked hopeful for King Henry, though not to the extent of his neglecting any precaution which might lead to a similar accident to that which had happened to Anne Boleyn. In the summer of 1537, Henry announced to his prime-minister the pregnancy of his beloved wife, Jane Seymour, in somewhat significant words. "Albeit," he wrote, "she is in every condition of that loving inclination and reverend conformity that she can in all things well content, rest, and satisfy herself with anything which we shall think expedient and determine; yet, considering that, being but a woman, upon some sudden and displeasing rumours and bruits, that might by foolish or light persons be blown abroad in our absence, she might take to her stomach such impressions as might engender no little danger or displeasure to the infant with which she is now pregnant (which God forbid), it hath been thought by our council very necessary, that, for avoiding such perils, we should not extend our progress farther from her than sixty miles." This extreme act of royal kindness to one "but a woman" was requited by the happiest result.

On the 12th of October, 1537, Jane Seymour was delivered, after great suffering, of a boy. According to a contemporary account, it was doubtful for a time whether the mother or the infant would have to be

sacrificed; and the alternative being placed before the king, he eagerly exclaimed, "Get the child by all means, for there are other wives." The command was strictly obeyed, great care being taken of the infant, and very little of the mother; and after enduring terrible pain, Jane Seymour expired on the 24th of October, twelve days after the birth of her child. The queen's delivery took place at Hampton Court on a Friday; and on the Monday following, at the hour of midnight, the infant was taken to the chapel of the palace, and baptized Edward, in the presence of a crowd of courtiers, including the earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, who had to figure in the procession with a taper in his hand and a towel around his neck. At the baptismal font the herald cried: "God, in His almighty and infinite grace, grant good life and long to the right high, right excellent, and noble Prince Edward, duke of Cornwall and earl of Chester, most dear and entirely beloved son of our most dread and gracious lord Henry VIII." After this, the "right high and right excellent" babe was carried back to his mother's chamber, preceded by half a score of trumpeters, who kept braying at the top of their lungs. The king was too fond of spectacle to forego his pleasure on this occasion, although the big trumpeters, marching around the pallet of a woman exhausted unto death, were clearly acting the part of executioners. But, if contributing to kill his beloved spouse, the king made up for it by giving her a splendid burial. Not since the death of Henry VII. had there been seen in England such a gorgeous funeral show as that which accompanied the mortal remains of Queen Jane Seymour from Hampton Court to Windsor. In the midst of an immense procession of priests, performing all the rites of the ancient Church, there was a car of state containing the coffin, and over it was placed the waxen figure of the dead queen, crowned with a magnificent diadem, a sceptre of gold in the right hand and a diamond cross in the left. Henry did not follow in the procession, but he ordered twelve hundred masses to be said for the repose of the soul of his queen. After which he gave minute instructions to Cromwell to search all over Europe for a fine handsome woman, fit to be his next wife.

It was a hard task for the vice-gerent and vicar-general, who had already heavy work enough on hand, far more important than that of looking after pretty women. The spirit of rebellion in the north was rather smothered than extinguished, and no sooner had the great Yorkshire insurrection been suppressed, than another broke out in Cumberland. In the spring of 1537, between eight and ten thousand men, headed by two landowners, Nicholas Musgrave and Thomas Tilby, assembled in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and attempted to surprise the town. They failed in this instance; and an attack upon Hull, by another body of insurgents, having likewise met with no success, the crowds dispersed in all directions, many of them being slaughtered in their retreat by the royal troops under the duke of Norfolk. Robert Aske, the former captain-general of the northern rebels, who had fled from the Court as soon as he heard of the new rising, was taken prisoner and hung in chains on one of the towers of York, and a number

of more or less distinguished individuals were executed at other places. Lord Darcy, a very old man, accused of being in secret correspondence with the insurgents, was beheaded on Tower Hill; and another great noble, Lord Hussey, met with the same fate at Lincoln. Six priors and a great number of priests were hung in various parts of the kingdom, the proof of their having taken share in the revolt being well substantiated. There was little doubt that this last insurrectionary movement had been originated by the partizans of the pope, and was due, to a considerable extent, to direct impulse from Rome. While the people were rising in Cumberland, Reginald Pole, who had been made a cardinal in the previous year, much against his will, came into Flanders as legate of Paul III., specially commissioned to stir up sedition against the excommunicated king. But the mission had no other effect than that of strengthening the hands of Cromwell, who, well aware that a main lever of the Protestant movement might be found in the national hatred of foreign dictation, lost no opportunity to disclose the intrigues of Rome. Cardinal Pole was proclaimed a traitor, and a price set upon his head; and while popular indignation was running high against him, Cromwell determined to finish his great work, commenced a few years before, that of razing to the ground the strongholds of popery, the monasteries.

The great measure was preceded by a general visitation of the whole of the convents which had survived destruction in the first instance. Again, the trusty agents of the vice-gerent, learned doctors on horseback, versed in the use of the pole-axe, went trotting off in all directions, keeping a sharp look-out upon monastic messengers, with particular attention for "starting-holes," and the movement of plate, jewels, and "tender demoiselles." The king, at first, was rather opposed to this new crusade against Roman Catholicism; the more as he continued burning Lutheran heretics, and was more than usually zealous in his prayers to the Virgin and attendance at mass and confession. These tender religious scruples, however, were allayed by a simple act of the vicar-general, consisting in the institution of a commission, under the earl of Sussex, called "The Court of Augmentation of the King's Revenue." It was settled that the entire confiscated property of the monasteries should be delivered up to this court, to be held at the sole disposition of the king. Under this satisfactory arrangement Henry became very zealous in the cause of ecclesiastical reform, giving strict orders for the most careful inspection of the monasteries, and imposing high penalties upon the hiding of treasure. However, the monks were not behindhand in their own zeal, proving quite a match for the king and his vicar-general. Anticipating the coming storm, they had time to hide and carry away the greater part of their moveable property; and when the doctors on horseback arrived, they found that the principal articles left for confiscation consisted in relics. Of these, an astounding number was forwarded to the "Court of Augmentation of the King's Revenue." Not less than eleven great monasteries were found to possess girdles of the Virgin Mary; eight had some of her milk, and thirteen had

portions of her dress. The ear cut by the sword of the apostle from the head of Malchus was discovered at five different places, and the teeth of St. Apollonia, famous for curing the toothache, were so numerous, that when collected they filled a whole tun. From Canterbury alone there came nearly a shipload of relics. Among them were the penknife and the boots of St. Thomas, warranted to procure a safe delivery to pregnant women; the skull of the saint, a mere look at which cured fever, rheumatics, and the gout; and the wooden image of a male angel with only one wing, who had flown into England with the spear-head that pierced Christ on the cross. The monks solemnly declared that these were the greatest treasures they possessed in their houses; but Henry, good Catholic that he was, refused to believe it, threatening them with the gallows unless they should find something better for the Court of Augmentation. This took effect, and the special commissioners had pointed out to them valuable hoardings in the most unexpected places. The king thereupon had the great liberality to present the city of London with his whole collection of relics, which were exhibited to the people at St. Paul's Cross. It was the first great exhibition that ever took place in the metropolis of England.

The visitation of the monasteries extended over two years, from 1537 to 1539, ending in a general measure of confiscation. Although at the beginning the moveable wealth of the religious houses did not appear to be great, the system of terror set at work by the king brought forth an immense amount of hidden treasure, so that the royal exchequer, for the first time since Henry's accession, was actually filled to overflowing. This, however, did not prevent him from applying to parliament soon afterwards, demanding compensation for the trouble and expense he had been brought to in dissolving the monasteries—a demand unsurpassed, even in this reign, for its cool impudence. The total number of conventual establishments suppressed in England and Wales amounted to six hundred and forty-five, exclusive of ninety-one colleges, one hundred and ten hospitals, and two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and "fire-chapels." After the calculation of John Speed, historian of the Reformation, the yearly value of the whole of these religious houses amounted to 161,000*l.*, but to nearly ten times as much according to another historian, Dr. Burnet. Henry appropriated to himself nearly the whole of this enormous sum, only allowing 8,000*l.* a year for the foundation of new bishoprics. As for the monks, some had small pensions doled out to them; others were put in prison, and others sent to the gallows. The inmates of the London Charterhouse were put into Newgate, where they perished through hunger, want, and disease; the priors of Woburn, Burlington, and several other convents, were hung in front of their own churches; and some of the greatest of the monastic rulers, among them the abbots of Reading and of Glastonbury, who lived in princely style, with larger revenues than the highest nobles in the land, fell under the axe of the executioner. After these summary processes, parliament was asked, or rather ordered, to sanction the dissolution of the religious houses, which formality was gone through with much

pomp and ceremony. All the members of the two houses waited upon the king, rode in state with him, in pairs, to Westminster Abbey, heard the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and, having escorted his grace back to the palace, proceeded to the parliament chamber in the same state and order. They then passed an Act, drawn up by Cromwell, ordering that "all monasteries, or other religious houses, dissolved, suppressed, surrendered, renounced, relinquished, forfeited, or by any means come to his highness, shall be vested in him, his heirs and successors for ever." Almost simultaneously with this great anti-papal measure, the obsequious representatives of the people enacted a statute more inquisitorial and more popish than any that had ever been passed in England. Henry, by the mouth of his lord chancellor, Thomas Audley, declared that it was his will "to extirpate from the kingdom all diversity of opinion in matters of religion;" and to this end required the co-operation of both the Lords and Commons. To defeat the intrigues of the Roman Catholic party, headed by the duke of Norfolk, Cromwell managed in getting the appointment of a committee, consisting of himself, Cranmer, and several other Protestants, to whom was left the task of drawing up certain "articles of faith." But while they were proceeding slowly in their labours, Norfolk got the ear of the king, persuading him to dispense with the committee altogether, and to elaborate the faith of the nation from the depth of his own royal wisdom. This was too much to the taste of Henry not to be at once assented to; and Norfolk, accordingly, was ordered to lay before parliament a short bill of six articles, containing all that the people of England were henceforth to believe, or not to believe. The humble Lords and Commons, immediately and without murmur, did the bidding of their master, converting the bill into a statute, henceforth, and for all times, known as "the bloody statute."

The Spanish inquisition itself, greatest of religious despotisms the world had ever seen, never possessed such powers as those now granted to the English pope-king by the nominal representatives of a free people. By the Statute of Six Articles the monstrous popish doctrine of the real presence was established under the most severe penalties; private masses were declared necessary; auricular confession was absolutely enforced; and the degrading and immoral celibacy of the priesthood was made the law of the land. The mere denial of the real presence doctrine subjected offenders to death by fire, without even the privilege of recantation, one never withheld in the worst times of Romish persecution. The abstaining from confession was likewise punishable with death, as well as the marriage of priests; and to enforce these and other parts of the "bloody statute," commissioners were appointed in all parts of the country. The latter, most of them zealous adherents of Rome, did their work so effectually, that in a short time all the prisons were filled with victims, and the fires of the stake kept blazing from one end of the kingdom to the other. Two among the prelates of the Church of England known as Protestants, Latimer, bishop of Worcester, and Shaxton, bishop of Salisbury, stood out against the persecution by resigning their sees, for which mild act of opposition they were at once

cast into the Tower. The head of the Protestant party, on the other hand, Archbishop Cranmer, meekly bent before the storm, humbling himself before the despot who had raised him to his high position, by casting off his wife and children. All freedom of conscience was now once more banished from the land, and the fiercest persecution of Protestants spread its terrors far and wide. To get a little spectacular amusement on his own account, while the flames were busy in devouring heretics, Henry did not disdain setting up as grand inquisitor. His first appearance in this new character was meant to be imposing. There was a poor wight of a schoolmaster in London, called John Lambert, who, with thousands of others, had adopted the views of the German reformers respecting the eucharist, and who, either more honest or more imprudent than the majority of the thousands—including the archbishop of Canterbury—wished to make converts to his faith. On being tried for heresy, in the archiepiscopal court, the man had the foolish idea of appealing to the king for judgment; whereupon Henry, not at all displeased to meet with an occasion for exhibiting his popeship, resolved to break this little fly upon the wheel. The preparations made for annihilating the poor little schoolmaster were on the usual gorgeous scale. An immense scaffolding, overhung with cloth of gold, was erected in Westminster Hall, with the throne on one side, and accommodation for the judges, clergy, and nobility of England on the other; and all the upholstery being ready, the herald trumpeted forth notice that King Henry the Eighth, lord of England, Ireland, and France, Defender of the Faith, was going to enter the lists against John Lambert. Accustomed as the good citizens of London were to processions, shows, and spectacles of all kinds, this exhibition gave promise of entire novelty; and accordingly, on the day appointed, an immense crowd filled the great hall of Westminster, to witness the tourney between king and schoolmaster.

Henry appeared on the throne in robes of white satin, emblem of his immaculate purity as king and judge, and all around, in vast circle, sat the bishops, peers, nobles, and great functionaries of the realm, overwhelming masses of purple and gold. Into the midst of this resplendent company John Lambert was led by soldiers—a very small piece of game for such a mighty array of hunters. The bishop of Chichester, Richard Sampson, opened the exhibition by a long and somewhat remarkable speech. He told his hearers that the wretched heretic now upon his trial had appealed to the king against the judgment of his ecclesiastical superiors, which showed a belief among the vulgar that his majesty had abandoned the religion of his forefathers, and adopted the tenets of some foreign people calling themselves reformers, or Protestants. This, the bishop said, was a wicked falsehood. All that the king, their gracious lord and master, had done, was to free himself of the supremacy of the pontiff; but, this accomplished, he was more than ever anxious to uphold the purity of the Catholic faith, and to destroy all heresies. After this overture, not very hopeful to the poor schoolmaster, Henry commenced his theological spectacle. "What sayest thou, fellow?" he shouted from his throne at the prisoner below, "what sayest thou touching the sacrament of

the altar? Wilt thou agree to the doctrine of the Church, or wilt thou deny that the eucharist is the real body of Christ?" There was pluck in the little dominie, as well as abundance of vanity; and being thus questioned, he attempted to recite a set speech, commencing with fulsome praise of the royal master. This, however, was not to Henry's taste, who, while exhibiting his own elephantine dignity, had no wish to show off the little worm he was going to crush under foot. He therefore coarsely interrupted the prisoner, thundering at him a wild mass of arguments, scriptural and non-scriptural, in favour of the real presence doctrine. There was terrific applause in the vast hall at this wonderful display of royal wisdom, utterly annihilating to the poor worm of a school-master; but, to give him the finishing stroke, Archbishop Cranmer, with nine other bishops, thought it necessary to fall upon him with a dreadful onslaught of theology. For above five hours the king and all his great and learned men kept tilting at John Lambert, till the wretched creature was fairly in the dust, confused, browbeaten, and utterly bewildered in his senses. At last Henry, in his grand white toga, raised himself full upright, and asked John Lambert the very interesting question whether he felt inclined to live or to die. Trembling all over, the man pitifully prayed for his life, crying, "I yield my body unto your grace's clemency." He might as well have invoked the clemency of a hyena. "Thou must die!" cried the brutal despot; whereupon the sentence of death, prepared beforehand, was read to the prisoner, which finished the spectacle. A few days afterwards John Lambert was burnt at Smithfield, under monstrous cruelties. Instead of being tied to the stake, as usual, his legs and thighs were first consumed at a slow fire, producing such agonies of pain that even the soldiers who stood around took pity upon the miserable being, and lifting him up on their halberts, cast him into the flames to end his fearful sufferings. Encircled by fire, the martyr gasped forth, with his dying breath, "None but Christ; none but Christ."

The despot of England was now fast verging towards madness. His body was slowly dissolving in putrefaction, being eaten up by loathsome disease, while the last fragments of human reason got undermined by fierce cravings of a tiger-like lust. The torturing and burning of heretics remained now but a mild sort of excitement, his chief attention being directed towards getting a new wife. Cromwell's task of procuring this wife had proved even more difficult than at first expected. The jaded voluptuary desired his spouse to be not only of high estate, and of great personal attractions, but of form and countenance strictly prescribed. She was to be stout limbed, warm-eyed, of full and sensuous beauty, able to fan, in looks and gesture, the expiring fire of animal passion. Great as was the experience of the much-travelled vicar-general, he found it difficult, if not impossible, to get such a princess; the more so, as in seeking for a royal spouse, he had to consult his own religious and personal interests as well as those of the mighty beast his master. He felt that with the growing ascendancy of the Roman Catholic party, his own head would soon fall on the block unless he was able to strengthen

himself by a new influence, which offered itself in the charms, of a queen and his grand object consequently was to find one attached to his interests. Protestant Germany was the country he naturally looked to for support, and his agents carefully examined every princely household, to discover beauty powerful enough to assist in the work of the leaders of the English Reformation. But Henry was too anxious in his matrimonial concerns not to have his own agents also, and those kept exploring southern Europe while Cromwell's men were busy in the north. Gifted, apparently, with a keener scent than their colleagues, the royal envoys were the first to report their discoveries. They had found, at the southern slope of the Alps, a dowager-duchess of Milan, buxom widow with large round eyes, splendid teeth, and a figure to please a sultan—the very ideal of female loveliness required at Hampton Court. The fine widow was not at all unwilling to give matrimony another trial; but, unfortunately, her guardian and near relative was Kaiser Charles, and he would so little hear of a marriage with the king of England, that he threatened to shut her up in a convent if she did so much as mention his name. The poor marriage agents, turned off unceremoniously, were crestfallen for the moment; however, they soon hunted up, north of the Alps, another dowager-lady, Marie de Guise, widow of one duke de Longueville, grandee of France, possessed of a sprinkling of royal blood. She was not nearly so nice and fat as the Italian beauty, but very passable, with a particularly fine complexion and excellent appetite, so that there were hopes she might improve upon the roast beef of old England. But notwithstanding her good appetite, she was a timid creature, fearing for the safety of a pair of blooming cheeks and a pretty round head in a journey to England. It was in vain that Henry, now very anxious to get a fresh spouse, made every effort to win Mary de Guise. The lady remained steadfast in her refusal, pleading a previous engagement with the Scottish monarch; and the king of France, appealed to in the matter, took her part, although he expressed his sorrow to the English ambassador that his fair subject should refuse so high a match. To soften the bitterness of disappointment, Francis, at the same time, offered an eligible wife in the daughter of the duke of Vendôme, likewise of the blood royal; but on hearing that she was rather thin, Henry at once indignantly refused the offer. At length, after much negotiation, the names of several other princesses having been brought forward, Henry had the insolence to propose that the king of France should meet him at Calais, in company with all the handsome and high-born ladies of his court, so that he might have his pick among them. The reply of Francis showed his indignation. He was sorry, he wrote, to disoblige his royal brother; but he had too much respect for the fair sex to carry ladies, like geldings, to the market. The sharp rebuke took no effect upon the coarse mind of Henry, unable to see in women aught but animals; and he continued to insist upon the Calais meeting till replied to with open contempt. It was now Cromwell's turn to present the fruit of his own activity, which he did with eagerness, believing he had found the fair princess destined to be the prop of English Protestantism.

There lived, in the small town of Cleves, on the left bank of the Rhine, close to Holland, an elderly gentleman of good descent, though very poor in purse, with a son and two grown-up daughters, the latter beauties after the Dutch fashion. Owning only a few square miles of land, with the title of Herzog, or duke of Cleves, the old gentleman would have been lost in utter obscurity among the ten score German princes, but for the fact that he was one of the earliest to embrace the tenets of Luther, and displayed great energy in spreading the reformed doctrines in his own remote corner of the empire. This brought him into connection with the elector of Saxony, patron of Luther, and head of the Protestant league, who after a while married his eldest daughter Sybilla. The marriage, which took place in 1527, had some effect upon the progress of the Reformation, inasmuch as Sybilla, as staunch a Protestant as her father, took a zealous part in the great struggle, encouraging her husband, in many a dangerous moment, to stake all and to lose all rather than recoil from his great work. Forming the head quarters of German Protestantism, Cromwell's matrimonial agents visited the Court of the elector of Saxony at the very outset of their tour, and when, after diligent inquiries, they discovered that the energetic electress had two unmarried sisters living at Cleves, they at once started for the little town at the Dutch frontier. Their report as to the physical condition of the ladies being favourable, Cromwell felt intensely anxious to secure one of them for his master, as from a political point of view he could scarcely hope to make a better match. Once the brother-in-law of Luther's friend and protector, and wedded to a princess as zealous for religion as the electress of Saxony, there seemed indeed, all but certainty that Henry would break with the Catholic party and throw himself into the arms of the reformers. But there were difficulties in the way of the alliance, the greatest of them being that the elector of Saxony, a simple-hearted and truly religious man, felt a dislike amounting to abhorrence for the despot of England; deeming him, not unjustly, a monster of cruelty, and, as he expressed it, "more false and more malicious than the pope of Rome." To overcome resistance in this quarter, Cromwell despatched a special envoy, Christopher Mount, to the elector, instructed to urge the importance of the Cleves marriage for the great cause he had most at heart. The effect was as expected by the shrewd vicar-general. On the repeated assurance of Christopher Mount, that the progress of Protestantism in Europe would be greatly accelerated by the visible existence and influence of a Lutheran queen of England, the elector gave way, and his example was enough for the Herzog of Cleves to give his consent to the marriage. As for the Cleves ladies themselves, they had no voice in the matter, having been brought up in the strict Dutch principle of implicit obedience; besides which, it remained undecided on which of the two would fall the choice of the king of England. They awaited their fate with mute resignation; and in the meanwhile, all negotiations for French and Italian princesses having failed, Cromwell had the great satisfaction of informing his master that he not only had found a veritable beauty in Protestant Germany, but even

the choice between two beauties. That was pleasant news indeed for King Henry.

But there remained still some obstacles towards the fulfilment of Cromwell's earnest desire. Henry was determined that his fourth wife should be a paragon of loveliness, and in his anxiety to secure all perfections in one woman, mere verbal or written reports of female charms appeared to him weak and insufficient. This had been his great argument in insisting with Francis upon the Calais ladies' market. On the French ambassador representing to him that his agents might send in a minute description of the matrimonial candidates, "Par Dieu," replied Henry, "how can I depend upon any one but myself?" In respect to the princesses of Cleves, this difficulty was the greater, as the father would not even send their portraits. He had consented to the marriage, as he explained to Dr. Barnes and Christopher Mount, agents of Cromwell, for the good of the Protestant cause; but he was by no means anxious about it, and would not be at all displeased if it did not take place. But in the midst of these discussions death came in at the court of Cleves, carrying off the old duke; and his son and successor, a great deal more vain and much less scrupulous than the parent, at once ordered his sisters to sit for their portraits to Herr Lucas, renowned painter of Dusseldorf. Before he could execute his task, however, Henry resolved upon a scheme which he thought would ensure perfect truth, by despatching his own great painter, Hans Holbein, together with a special envoy, Nicholas Wotton, dean of Canterbury, to the princesses at Cleves. The dean executed his task first, stating in his report that both the ladies were comely, but the eldest, Anne, more so than her younger sister Amelie. Of Anne his praises were great. "She can read and write her own language," Nicholas Wotton wrote; "but French and Latin, or other language, she knoweth not; nor yet can sing or play on any instrument, for they take it here for a rebuke and an occasion of lightness that great ladies should be learned or have any knowledge of musick. But her wit is so good, that no doubt she will, in a short space, learn the English tongue, whenever she putteth her mind to it." What was still more in Lady Anne's favour, according to the worthy dean, was her not getting drunk, or, as he expressed it, her not being "inclined to the good cheer of the country"—unspeakable virtue in those damp Dutch regions. "Your grace's servant, Hans Holbein," the dean concluded his report, "hath taken the effigies of my Ladye Anne and the Ladye Amelie, and hath expressed their images very lively." The "effigies" duly arrived in the autumn of 1539, and Henry liked that of "my Ladye Anne" so well that he at once determined to do her the great honour of making her his fourth wife. The marriage contract was signed in September by the young Herzog of Cleves, his sister Anne giving her consent to the union shuddering, but without resistance. Accustomed as she was to blind obedience, the poor Dutch maiden could yet not help being frightened at the fate which awaited her. There were dark rumours afloat in the land of Cleves that Henry had murdered his three wives—poisoned the first, beheaded the second, and killed the third by neglect. Lady Anne therefore bid good-bye to her

friends with a heavy heart, prepared for death even, but resigned to it as a necessity, fully believing that if she suffered, it was, as the Lutheran minister told her, "for the great cause of Protestantism."

In England, as well as abroad, the marriage of Henry with the princess of Cleves was considered a signal triumph of the Protestant party, and great accordingly was the consternation of the partizans of Rome. The religious camps, by this time, had come to be strictly divided: Cromwell and Cranmer being the leaders on the one side, and the duke of Norfolk, with Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, on the other. Ever since the death of Jane Seymour the great struggle between the two parties had been to choose the new wife of Henry, all other means to tame or guide the savage despot having long been found to be useless. The first news of the Cleves contract was felt by the papists like a death-blow; but they soon recovered themselves, and knowing that their very life depended upon the contest, they made another desperate effort to defeat Cromwell. The plan hit upon was a notable one, altogether worthy of popery and the newly-founded school of jesuitism. It consisted simply in giving Henry a fresh mistress, devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of Rome, and through the influence of this mistress to neutralize, or, if possible, overturn the power of the coming Protestant wife. The little scheme met with marvellous success. When Henry, on the humble solicitation of Bishop Gardiner, honoured him one day by a dinner visit, he found at the table a relative of the duke of Norfolk, Catherine Howard, a beautiful creature, small featured, dark-eyed, and altogether bewitching. He instantly got enamoured, and the obliging bishop so far favoured the sentiment as not only to give Henry every opportunity of declaring his passion, but arranging subsequent meetings, more or less clandestine, within the precincts of his own mansion. Meanwhile, however, Princess Anne came slowly journeying on from Cleves, was received with great honours at Calais, and on the 27th December, 1539, set foot on the shore of England. The king, who previously had expressed the greatest anxiety to see his bride, now showed no hurry whatever to meet her; and it was not until the first of January, when the princess had come as far as Rochester, that Henry paid her a private visit. On beholding the dreaded tyrant who was to be her husband, the poor princess fell upon her knees, frightened, probably, as much by his ugly looks as by the remembrance of his bloody deeds. Though not more than forty-eight at this time, the unwieldy body of the king bore all the marks of vice and disease; his ulcerated limbs, bending under the weight of the swollen trunk, his blotched face, and his protruding big eyes, forming a hideous contrast to the mass of pearls, jewellery, and cloth of gold with which he was bedecked. Utterly ignorant of all the arts of coquetry, Princess Anne was unable to conceal the impression made upon her by the monster she was to wed, and thereupon Henry thought he had a right to be offended. Fresh from the arms of Catherine Howard, voluptuous little woman, of much experience in love matters, Henry contrasted her looks with the cold, impassive, and somewhat broad figure and features of his Dutch

bride, and the result of his musings was an instant dislike. Having quitted Anne, the king coarsely told his courtiers that she was "a Flemish mare," and bitterly upbraided Cromwell for having procured him such a wife. The experienced vicar-general, indeed, might have known better. In the gloomy wreck of physical and mental powers of that miserable being who directed the destinies of England, wild lust had long been the strongest impulse, and a cold apathetic Dutch maiden of twenty-four could scarcely be expected to offer fit companionship. Norfolk and his jesuit friends soon proved to Cromwell that they knew more, if not of human nature, at least of human vileness.

To amuse himself, while the preparations for his marriage were being made, Henry had a few heretics executed, burning, as usual, the Protestants, and hanging the Catholics, among the latter an abbot or two. Impartiality was now the more necessary, as the two great religious parties were to all appearance well balanced in the royal favour, the Norfolk camp having furnished a comely mistress and the Cromwell faction an intended wife. But before the Protestant princess had actually reached her high position, the Catholics made one more determined effort to gain the day. As soon as it was known that Henry was dissatisfied with the personal appearance of his contracted spouse, there were not wanting skilful insinuations to fan the dislike; the duke of Norfolk especially, who had accompanied the royal lady from Dover, throwing out hints that, as she was not as fair as represented, the contract might be annulled. It was suggested at the same time that a convenient reason for declining the marriage might be found in Anne having been once promised, by her father, to a prince of Lorraine, which promise might easily be constructed into a pre-engagement. Henry listened placidly to all these insinuations, but nevertheless kept on with the preparations for his marriage. The fact was the "Flemish mare" was by no means an ugly woman; and Marillac, the ambassador of King Francis, who bore her not much good will, wrote home that she was *de beauté moyenne*, or tolerably handsome. What Henry determined in his own heart, therefore, was to appropriate to himself the lady, first of all, and to cast her off afterwards. This little matter being settled to his own satisfaction, he put on a smiling face, and on the 6th of January went through the ceremony of the nuptials, with the ordinary pomp and splendour. Cromwell's hopes revived after the marriage, for though Henry still professed to dislike his new queen, and made disgusting remarks about her in open court, he yet showed her outward respect, which, it seemed probable, might rise into affection. But all the while the Romanists continued their intrigues, and speculating as much upon the brutal passions of the despot as Cromwell did upon his higher instincts, or what he held to be such, Norfolk and his friends were sure of ultimate victory.

In the spring of 1540 Cromwell called another parliament together, to replenish the king's empty exchequer. The immense sums procured from the dissolution of the monasteries had already been wasted; and to open another source which promised to be bountiful, it was resolved to despoil the knights of

Malta, who owned many rich lands, houses, and moveable goods in England. The plan of this confiscation came from the vicar-general, and Henry was so much pleased with it that, five days after the meeting of parliament, on the 17th of April, he elevated him to the earldom of Essex, which had just become vacant, making him likewise a Knight of the Garter. One of Cromwell's first measures in the new parliament was to settle the dowry of Queen Anne, after which the demanded subsidies to the king were voted without opposition, as well as the spoliation of the Maltese knights, on the ground that "they had lost the island of Rhodes to the Turks, and that their revenues might be better employed." This having been accomplished, Henry opened his heart to the earl of Essex on another subject, that of getting rid of his wife. But Cromwell, for the first time since he had made himself the slave of the king, offered opposition. Being well aware of Henry's passion for Catherine Howard, the mere tool of his popish antagonists, he rightly judged that the fall of the queen would lead to his own destruction, and, probably, the loss of his life, and therefore spoke eloquently in her behalf. With wonted hypocrisy, Henry pretended to be convinced by the arguments of his minister in favour of retaining the queen, only lamenting that she was "unfit to nourish love." But the pretended submission served but to mask the plans of the king, who from that moment determined to get rid of his old servant, now that he had become an obstacle in the way of his passion. There were long and intimate conferences with Catherine Howard and her friends, and the result became visible on the 10th of June, in the sudden arrest of the earl of Essex. He was presiding at the council board, in the full exercise of his exalted power, when his great enemy, the duke of Norfolk, marched into the room, accompanied by soldiers, and, laying hold of him, exclaimed, "I arrest you in the name of the king." Cromwell quietly walked to the Tower, in the midst of his guards, followed by the yells and curses of a howling mob led by papists. Rome had cause to rejoice and England to weep.

The charge against Cromwell was the usual formula under which Henry effected his murders, namely, high treason. However, as there did not happen to be even the semblance of a decent accusation against him, the proceedings were shortened by ignoring his existence altogether, and putting him on trial in his absence. On the 17th of June, the humble lords passed, with due unanimity, the bill of attainder, which stated that Cromwell had been "the most corrupt traitor and deceiver of the king and the crown that had ever been known in his whole reign;" and the dutiful commons, long crouching at the feet of the powerful minister, but hooting the fallen man like the London mob, having passed the bill with like unanimity, all was ready for the work of murder. Thomas Cranmer alone showed some courage, though of a very feeble sort, in defence of his old friend and colleague, in saying that he "thought no king of England had ever had such a servant;" to which he added, however, with archiepiscopal caution, "but if he was a traitor, he was glad it was discovered." On hearing that he had been condemned to death, Cromwell wrote a touching letter to the despot whom he had

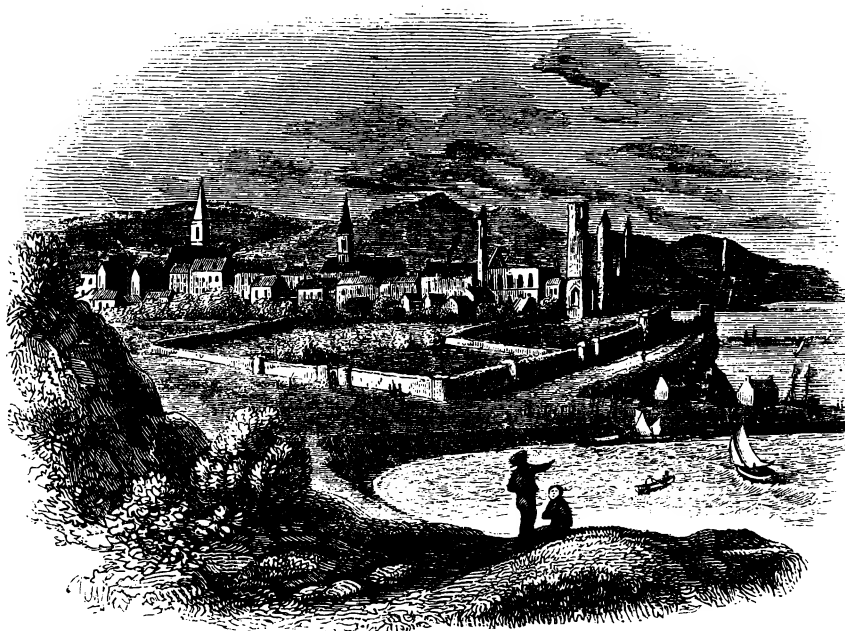
served—served far too faithfully—for more than twelve years, imploring his mercy. His majesty cried over it, and, having dried his tears sufficiently, gave orders for the execution. It took place on the 28th of July, and to celebrate the event, Henry went through the ceremony of marriage with his bewitching mistress, Catherine Howard. Aiming, as always, at high morality, Henry deemed it necessary, before taking a fifth wife, to get rid of the fourth, which was accomplished in a very simple manner. Cromwell, whom she knew to be her chief protector, as well as the originator of her marriage, having been dragged to the Tower, the queen momentarily expected to follow thither, on the road to the scaffold; and she was overjoyed, therefore, when receiving a notification from her dread husband, asking for nothing more but a voluntary separation. The poor princess never hoped in her life to get rid of Bluebeard thus cheaply, and expressed her extravagant joy, in Dutch fashion, by laying in a stock of new clothes. "Her conduct," wrote Marillac, the French ambassador, to his court, "is the more pleasing to the king, because, as it is said, his new *amourette* is already with child." With extraordinary generosity, Henry, seeing the meek submission of his wife, granted to her the title of "the king's majesty's sister," as well as a yearly pension of 3,000*l.*, the latter, however, under condition of not returning to her own country. There were always possibilities of the executioner being unnecessarily idle.

Cromwell's murder inaugurated a reign of terror, the atrocities of which surpassed anything previously seen in England, or, indeed, in any Christian country. The Romish party, headed by Norfolk and Gardiner, were now sole rulers, and not a day passed without a number of Protestants being dragged to the stake and committed to the flames. Now and then, to exhibit his superior wisdom and most gracious impartiality, the king interfered with his advisers by hanging a few papists at the same moment that they were burning anti-papists; the show being made more striking by the novelty of Catholics and Protestants being tied together in pairs on hurdles, which were drawn in long strings to the place of execution. While thus busily engaged at home, Henry devoted some of his spare time in spreading a knowledge of his own special theology abroad. He first made efforts to convert the Protestant German princes, and these attempts having been repulsed with some show of indignation, he addressed himself to his nephew, King James of Scotland. James at this moment was in a very peculiar position. Many of his subjects were secret adherents of the Reformed Church, and the middle and upper classes especially seemed ready to throw off the allegiance of Rome; but the priesthood, knit together in a strong bond of union, were more powerful than these disunited masses, and kept down the tumultuous spirit of free inquiry with a high hand. The first example of their determination to suppress revolt by the terrors of the Church was given in the committal to the flames of a noble youth, called Patrick Hamilton, who had filled for a time the high position of abbot of Fenne. In his travels through Europe, Hamilton had come into contact with several of the friends of Martin Luther, whose teachings

impressed him so much that, when returned to Scotland, he openly declared his belief in the tenets of the reformers. The report of this flagrant case of heresy was carried by Campbell, prior of the Dominicans, to David Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrews, who thought the matter so important that he summoned Hamilton to appear before a conference and to renounce his errors. The bold youth came forward as called, but absolutely refused recantation; whereupon he was at once condemned to the stake. He met his fate in

was very fond of all sorts of magnificence, and was, moreover, assisted in his operations by the very expensive French princesses, his matrimonial partners. His first wife, Madeleine, imitated the manners of the court of Paris; and when at her death, in 1538, he married Marie de Guise—once wooed by Henry, but afraid of taking apartments in the Tower of London—the splendours of Paris itself were thrown into the shade by those of Edinburgh. The good people of Scotland did not at all dislike these glories, except when

asked to pay for them, which they stoutly refused, thus putting King James to more than temporary inconvenience. To extricate himself from his financial difficulties, the rich monasteries of Scotland were lying there, a tempting bait, the use of which was strongly advocated by Henry. There was little resistance to be feared on the part of the nobles, who hoped to share the spoil, as in England; nor were the middle classes, already half won over to Protestantism, likely to put in opposition to a measure tending more than any other to undermine the power of an arrogant priesthood under foreign rule. But notwithstanding these favourable opportunities for filling his exchequer, the hand of James was kept off from the possessions of the Church by the



ST. ANDREWS.

the most heroic manner; and being insulted by his false enemy, the prior of the Dominicans, when already surrounded by flames, he, in solemn manner, cited him to answer for the insult before the heavenly throne of Christ. It so happened that Campbell soon after was attacked by fever, and died raving mad, to the great consternation of the judges of Hamilton, and the no mean satisfaction of his zealous friends, who made no doubt that it was a judgment of Heaven. Others took up the task of preaching the Reformation, among them a man of great eloquence, known as Friar Forrest; and though he too perished in the flames, the Protestant heresy spread farther and farther, till at last the priests themselves began to doubt the effect of their violence. While deliberating where to execute a new victim, a monk ironically advised his clerical brethren to burn him in a cellar, as the smoke of heretical flesh was sure to affect all on whom it blew. Such was the state of things in Scotland when Henry attempted to persuade his royal brother to erect himself into a pope, after his own example.

The characters of James and Henry were utterly unlike; but one thing they had in common—constant want of cash. No matter how often the royal treasury was replenished, it was always and constantly empty; and the distress occasioned was the greater, as James

action of two personages who, of all others, had most influence over him, his queen and his prime-minister, David Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrews. Marie de Guise was a bigoted and violent Roman Catholic, ready to extirpate the reformed religion by fire and sword; and not less Romanist in his opinions, though more prudent in his actions, was David Beaton. To gain him still more over to his cause, Pope Paul III. sent the cardinal's hat to Beaton, and the effect of the gift soon became visible in renewed persecutions of heretics and an aggressive attitude towards the English government. To counteract the latter, Henry despatched Sir Ralph Sadler, one of his cleverest diplomatists, to the Scottish court, who succeeded in worming himself greatly into favour with King James; and finally reported home, that if Henry would but consent to meet his royal nephew at a friendly interview, a perfect alliance between the two kingdoms might be established. To make a proselyte to his own notions of civil and ecclesiastical government was too flattering to Henry's vanity to be refused, and the proposed meeting, therefore, was settled to take place at York. Henry intended to make the interview as magnificent as possible, not behind his earlier splendours in the Field of Cloth of Gold.

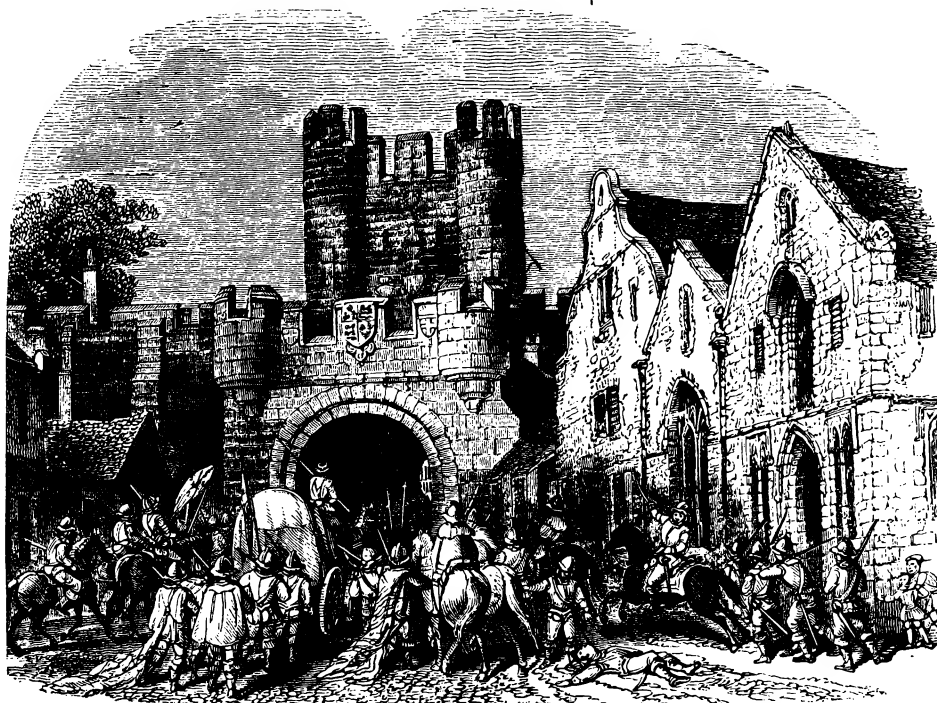
The preparations for the king's progress into Yorkshire were ready in the spring of 1541, but an un-

expected occurrence kept his majesty for some months longer at Hampton Court. Suffering under fearful oppression, and impelled by hunger and misery, the people of the northern counties made another attempt at insurrection, which was taken advantage of by the Romanists, who converted it into a fresh "Pilgrimage of Grace." The revolt, like former ones, was soon quenched in blood; but it was followed, nevertheless, by important consequences. Always suspicious, Henry began to distrust his chief advisers, Norfolk and Gardiner, and instead of leaving to them the government of the realm, in his projected journey to the north, he made it over, once more, to Cranmer, with whom was associated the earl of Hertford, brother of Jane Seymour, and consequently uncle of Prince Edward, who aimed at filling the place of Cromwell as leader of the growing Protestant party. But though thus discarding the friends of his new wife, Henry made no change in his behaviour towards the queen, but, on the contrary, seemed to get daily more enamoured of her. A reprobate woman, inured in vice from her earliest youth, without any education, and not even able to write her own name, Catherine Howard was, for these very reasons, a fit companion for the jaded voluptuary, whose burnt-out passions wanted excitement. Better than any of his previous wives, Catherine understood the art "to nourish love;" and Henry was loud in declaring to all who wanted to hear it that he never felt more happy in his connubial relations than with this new spouse. Engrossed by this felicity, Henry, accompanied by his queen, set out on his northern progress early in the autumn of 1541. They were received everywhere with the greatest splendour, the nobles and chief towns vying with each other to entertain the dread majesty of England—dreaded the

more as passing over the bloodstained ground of the late rebellion. Slowly the magnificent cavalcade went their way to York, where the triumphal progress was to be completed by the meeting with King James. But Henry's brow darkened on learning that his royal nephew had not only not arrived, but sent a message refusing the meeting altogether. Such an insult had never before been offered to the tyrant before whose breath heads were falling in the dust.

King James, though over anxious to fill his treasury, had little faith in the promises of his uncle to help him in despoiling the monks; and at the very last moment was kept back from the projected interview with him by a most skilful ecclesiastical manœuvre. All the reasons brought forward by his cardinal minister against an English alliance, and even the tears of his beloved wife, did not make him waver in his resolution to keep the appointment; but when, at the last moment, the bishops presented themselves with the offer of a yearly addition of a hundred thousand pounds to the crown revenues, and, as an earnest of the engagement, put fifty thousand into his hand at once, he thought the arguments too weighty to decline them. Cardinal Beaton now had it all his own way, and it being arranged that the meeting with Henry should not take place under any circumstances, an unceremonious message to that effect was sent to York. Boiling over with rage and vowing vengeance, Henry quitted his northern capital towards the end of October, to hurry back to Hampton Court. Arrived at the palace, Catherine once more brought the whole power of her charms to play upon her lord, with so much effect as to move him to a veritable transport of delight. On Allhallows-eve, as reported by the chroniclers, the king "received his Maker, and gave Him

most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with his wife;" and having quitted the chapel, sent for Cranmer, ordering him to draw up a public form of thanksgiving for his happy union, that all the nation might share his joy. The archbishop looked serious, and taking a paper from his pocket, handed it to the king, requesting that his majesty would condescend to peruse it when alone. He then retired. Henry read the document, and, trembling in every limb, burst into tears. Probably, for the first time in his life, the tears were genuine.



MICKLEGATE, YORK.

While Catherine was enjoying the splendours of royalty in her first public journey to the north, a man of the name of John Lascelles, intimately acquainted with her former life, requested an audience of Cranmer, and made to him some extraordinary revelations. Very likely the man was not unacquainted with the fact of Catherine Howard being an instrument in the hands of the Roman-Catholic party, the deadly foes of the archbishop, whose favour he hoped to gain as the tale-bearer of important news. The main purport of his tale was to the effect that the queen had led a dissolute life from her earliest youth, having given herself to several men, notably to two servants of the duchess of Norfolk, in whose house she was brought up; and that her profligacy had been such that she had even called her admirers to her bed when sleeping with other women. Lascelles further stated that Catherine's principal lover, one Derham, had been recently admitted into her service as secretary, which fact was naturally open to the gravest suspicions. The archbishop had no sooner received this information when he communicated it to his friend, the earl of Hertford, as well as to Lord-chancellor Audley, fearing that the sole knowledge of this important matter might lead him into ruin. After mature discussion, they found that there was but one course open to them, that of laying the whole information before the king, and they deputed Cranmer to do it. But the act was dangerous in the extreme. It was Catherine's influence that had brought Cromwell to the scaffold, and there was strong probability of her being powerful enough to urge the tyrant reposing in her lap to send all her enemies to the block. For a few days Cranmer hesitated; but receiving Henry's order to offer the prayers of the Church for the abandoned woman, his wife, all hesitation ended, and he handed him the paper containing the whole information given by John Lascelles. Its reading brought on a fit of mingled grief and rage; and, recovering himself, Henry swore it was a base forgery, the perpetrators of which should be severely punished. However, his innate distrust soon got the upper hand. His queen having been accused, it was impossible for him to rest till he knew the whole matter, and, with this view, he gave orders to place her under arrest. After remaining at Hampton Court for a few days, she was taken to Sion House, the investigation of the charges brought against her being entrusted to the lord privy seal, Sir Thomas Wriothesley. A short inquiry was sufficient to show that the early life of the queen had been one of utter lasciviousness, and such as to proclaim her a woman of the most abandoned character. The report caused the deepest mortification to Henry. It was not his love, a feeling he never knew, but his vanity, which was intensely hurt at the idea that, after seeking the fairest maid in Europe for a wife, he should have come to pick up the harlot of a brace of lackeys. To still his vengeance, there was nothing left but to revel in blood.

The men on whom Catherine Howard had bestowed her favours, before she knew the king, were cast at once into prison, and put to death after frightful tortures. It was undisguised assassination, for theirs was not the fault of the king's choice; and although there were suspicions at first that Catherine had been

unchaste after her marriage, not the least proof of it could be discovered. On the contrary, it was found that she had cast off her old lovers long before her marriage, and, in fact, had never shown any sincere attachment for them, exhibiting on all occasions as much coldness and heartlessness as if they had been mere toys to her. Thus, in reality, she had never sinned against the king, her husband, except in not telling him, before her marriage, of her former mode of life, which, though highly immoral, was yet not within reach of even Henry's criminal code. However, determined as he was upon revenge, the difficulty was of not the least importance. Her two early paramours, Derham and Colepeper, having been tortured, hanged, and quartered, and their heads placed upon London Bridge, the queen herself was conveyed by water from Sion House to the Tower, to prepare for the scaffold. To give some show of legality to her execution, the lords and commons, ever humble servants of the dread majesty of England, were brought forward to vote an act of attainder against Catherine and a number of her relatives who were to be punished with her. The aged duchess of Norfolk, wife of the conqueror of Flodden Field, had already been cast into prison, together with her son, Lord William Howard, and a number of others; and the whole of them were included in the bill of attainder. So deep had many of the great nobles sunk by this time, under the fierce despotism swaying the realm, that they seemed ready to sacrifice their own flesh and blood; and the duke of Norfolk himself, leader of the powerful Catholic party, had the unutterable baseness to turn round upon his nearest friends as soon as he found that they had fallen under Henry's displeasure. He had already helped to send Anne Boleyn, his niece, to the block. Catherine Howard was likewise his niece, and, moreover, had done his work in destroying Cromwell; yet as soon as she ceased to be useful, he turned her accuser and enemy, as well as that of his brother, his sister, and mother-in-law. In an abject letter addressed to Henry, the noble duke bitterly bewailed his misfortune of having had to witness "the most abominable deeds done by two of his nieces against his highness," which, he declared, had brought him into the most miserable condition that ever fell to the lot of a poor mortal wretch. "Wherefore," the great chief of the Howards continued, "my most gracious sovereign lord, prostrate at your feet, most humbly I beseech your majesty to recall to your remembrance that a great part of this matter is come to light by my declaration to your majesty. . . . Wherefore, oftsoons prostrate at your royal feet, most humbly I beseech your majesty that, by such as it shall please you to command, I may be advertised plainly how your highness doth weigh you towards me, assuring your highness that unless I may know your majesty to continue my good and gracious lord, as you were before their offences committed, I shall never desire to live in this world any longer, but shortly to finish this transitory life, as God knoweth." If anything on earth could serve to extenuate the vile despotism of Henry VIII., it would be this base and despicable slavishness of the foremost of his subjects.

The parliament which assembled early in the year 1542 had sunk so much in self-respect as to show,

even in its outward forms, that it had become a mere assembly of royal lackeys. The sittings were opened on the 16th of January, by Lord-chancellor Audley, with a long speech, as full as usual of the most nauseous flattery about Henry's great virtues and boundless wisdom. Every time the king's name was mentioned, the whole of the lords and commons bowed to the ground, ready, apparently, to kiss the dust, after the fashion of Asiatic slaves. As the only business for which they had been called together was to rid Henry of another wife, they set about their work without delay. A bill of attainder against Catherine Howard, "late queen of England," the duchess of Norfolk, Lady Rochford, Lord William Howard, and others, was voted at once in the House of Lords; but even this did not give full satisfaction to Henry. On the 31st of January, the lord chancellor informed the bowing senators that a better method of treating the matter had occurred to the king, namely, that they should humbly petition his majesty to give his permission to try the queen, as well as his gracious pardon to all members of both houses, who, "in the course of the business, should speak with disrespect of her." This was really very thoughtful of Henry, for as there existed a previous statute, passed in Anne Boleyn's time, which punished disrespectful language towards the king's spouse with death, it would have been perfectly fair and legal for his majesty, first to allow his faithful lords and commons to condemn his fifth wife, and, having beheaded her, to cut off all their heads likewise. The humble representatives of the nation were not at all ignorant of this fact, and, overjoyed at the unspeakable kindness of their sublime master, they passed the petition with the greatest enthusiasm; and were rewarded by an immediate reply, that their lowly prayer had reached the royal ears, and would be granted. The act of attainder against Catherine Howard and her friends was then voted a second time, with the addition of several monstrous clauses. By one of these it was made high treason to conceal the incontinence of the queen for the time being; by another, the offence of a queen soliciting a subject, or a subject the queen, was also made high treason; while a third clause declared that if the king, or any of his successors, should intend to marry any "reputed maid," and she not being so, did not reveal the same to the king, this also should be high treason; and if any other person knew her not to be a maid and did not reveal it, it should be misprision of treason. These shameless laws—inscribed 33 Henry VIII., cap. 21 in the statute book—caused some merriment among the lower classes, least affected as yet by the more than Turkish spirit of despotism which governed the realm. They said that the king must henceforth look out for widows, for no man would risk his head as witness for a "reputed maid."

Henry's fifth wife was beheaded on the 13th of February, her blood covering the ground almost on the same spot on which Anne Boleyn had fallen. To the last she declared that she was innocent of the charge of adultery brought against her, and for which she was punished, though she admitted having been dissolute in early life. Her parting words to her confessor, the bishop of Winchester, bore all the im-

press of truth. "As to the act," she cried, "for which I stand condemned, God and His holy angels I take to witness, upon my soul's salvation, that I die guiltless, never having abused my sovereign's bed: what other sins and follies of youth I have committed I will not excuse." The death of Catherine Howard did not cause much pity in England, for she herself had tampered too much in blood; besides which, the people were getting thoroughly brutalized by the constant executions, burnings, and hangings; but in Scotland, as well as on the continent of Europe, her fate raised a wild outcry of indignation. The king of France, especially, loudly exclaimed against the "wife butcher," declaring his intention to seize the first opportunity for making war upon a monarch who was outraging all the laws of humanity. An opportunity was not long wanting. In ignorance as yet regarding the feeling of Francis towards him, Henry, about a month after the execution of his wife, sent an embassy to Paris, to negotiate a renewal of the treaty of peace and amity concluded by Wolsey, and which was about to expire. The ambassadors were very coldly received, and, after a short while, treated with such insolence that they were compelled to depart. Henry thereupon got into a passion, and talked of invading the French territory at once; but, before doing so, he deemed it necessary to settle accounts with the king of Scotland, whose insulting behaviour, in not keeping the proposed interview at York, he thought worse than that of Francis. Before quitting York, his offended vanity having mounted into rage, he had given orders to the archbishop to search all the ancient records of the diocese, so as to find proofs of the just claim of the kings of England to the crown of Scotland; and the proofs being duly forthcoming—the art of demonstrating things out of ancient records being almost as well understood in the sixteenth as in the nineteenth century—Henry sent a cool message to his royal nephew, summoning him to do homage to his liege lord and superior. The insolence startled James, and he was about to retort by an angry reply, but was stopped by his wiser prime-minister. Cardinal Beaton was anxious to avoid war with England, not only as hurtful to the true interests of the Scottish nation, but still more so to those of his own party. The adherence of a majority of the middle classes, and of great numbers of the nobility, to the tenets of the reformed religion, was no secret to the shrewd cardinal; and he had just fears that a war would enlist these feelings on the side of England, and, if bringing about no other disastrous ends, would lead to the axe being laid on the roots of Roman Catholicism—the monasteries. Cardinal Beaton therefore advised James to send messengers of peace to his irate uncle; and, following the counsel, the Scottish king despatched the bishop of Aberdeen, together with Sir James Learmont of Darsay, to Hampton Court. But Henry, whose vanity was greatly raised by this offer of conciliation, treated the envoys with contempt; and before even they had found their way back to Edinburgh, the duke of Norfolk was ordered to invade Scotland with forty thousand men. The order was easier given than obeyed; the English exchequer was drained to the lees, and all the royal decrees were powerless to raise fighting men without cash in hand.

The people of England showed no inclination to war with their brethren in the north; but there were Scotchmen in the country more anxious than the subjects of Henry to enter upon the contest. A great number of Scotch exiles, among them the earl of Angus, Sir George Douglas, his brother, and other powerful nobles, had been living for some time near the border; and seeing the difficulty of the duke of Norfolk to raise his forty thousand, they persuaded Sir James Bowes, warden of the East Marches, to begin the struggle with a raid across the Tweed, assuring him that their presence would be sufficient inducement to their countrymen to rise in arms and overthrow the rule of James. Anxious to earn laurels, Sir James allowed himself to be persuaded, and, in August, 1542, he, at the head of three thousand horse, rushed across the frontier into Teviotdale, accompanied by the noble exiles. Like a torrent, they carried everything before them, till arrived near Jedburgh, where they were met by the vanguard of four thousand Scotch, under Lord Home and the earl of Huntley. Home's forces, most of them his vassals, were the first to engage in battle, on the 24th of August, near the village of Haddenrig, and though fighting with great courage, they were repulsed by the heavy cavalry of Yorkshire. But suddenly, while shouting for joy at their victory, the English beheld the troops of Huntley marching up to their flank and rear, as if to encircle them in deadly grasp. A panic now seized the invaders; unacquainted with the strength of their new opponents, and believing the main army of King James marching upon them, they fled in wild haste from the field, hotly pursued by the enemy. Only a few were killed in the flight, the English showing themselves capital riders; but they had to leave behind many prisoners, mostly persons of note, elderly country squires and noblemen, whose legs did not vibrate fast enough against the flanks of their steeds. The earl of Angus and his friends, however, spurred well, and safely got back over the Tweed.

The duke of Norfolk, in the meanwhile, by raising impositions from the people in the northern and the midland counties, had succeeded in executing his commission, and recruiting at least a portion of his forty thousand troops. His standard having been joined by the earls of Derby, Hertford, Cumberland, Shrewsbury, Surrey, and a number of other great nobles, he marched, at the beginning of October, from his head-quarters at Newcastle towards Berwick. Here the Douglasses fell in with the royal army, and burning to retrieve the disaster of Haddenrig, they urged Norfolk to commence hostilities without delay. On the 21st of October he crossed the Tweed at the head of thirty thousand men, ravaging the country far and wide, and burning the abbey of Kelso and a number of villages. On the report of this new invasion, King James, engaged in gathering troops on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh, set out in forced marches for the south; but before he reached the Lammermuir hills he found that the English were in full retreat. Norfolk, closely watched by Home and Huntley, had thought prudent to march his forces back to Berwick, not trusting their discipline, and fearing that they were more inclined to plunder than to fight; and seeing this, James was full of ardour to

follow, and to carry the war upon English territory. But to his intense mortification, his chief nobles refused to take part in the enterprise, arguing that the season was too late, that they had no provisions, and that their forces were insufficient to attack Henry's troops upon their own ground. All these were valid reasons; but James would not listen to them, and, lashing himself into a fury of passion, assailed his chieftains as cowards and traitors, swearing that he would attack the English even if alone. Galloping back to Edinburgh, he appealed to the clergy for help, and with their assistance raised a force of nearly ten thousand men, with which he stormed towards the western border. At the castle of Caerlaverock the little army came to a halt, and James, handing over the command to Lord Maxwell, bid him speed across the frontier, to take reprisals for the ravages committed by Norfolk. But the troops had no sooner passed the river Eske, into Cumberland, when Oliver Sinclair, a private gentleman and favourite of the king, rode up to Maxwell, and producing a commission of James, announced that the post of commander-in-chief was to be ceded to him. The insult was too great to be borne quietly, and the army had no sooner heard of it when they broke out into open mutiny. The Scotch were now standing upon Solway Moss, a large level plain, some eight miles in circumference, composed of mud and the putrid fibres of heath, covered over with a thin crust of moss and rushes. At every step of man and beast the earth kept shaking; but the excited troopers heeded it not, being engaged in angry discussions as to whether they should obey their old general or the detested courtier set over them by the king. In the midst of this confusion, the enemy all on a sudden appeared in sight. Five hundred English horse, commanded by Lord Dacres, came galloping up the morass with fierce shouts, the ground trembling under the stroke of their hoofs. The Scotch, taken by surprise, without commander, and utterly distracted and perplexed, did not await their approach, but turned round and fled in wild haste towards the north. No attempt was made to fight, but all scrambled in mad hurry to get away; some hid themselves in the fens, some were drowned in the river; many fell under the swords of the pursuers, and many more were taken prisoners. Dacres, with his five hundred, took back to Carlisle no less than a thousand captives, among them the earls of Glencairn and of Cassillis, Lords Maxwell, Gray, Oliphant, Fleming, Somerville, and many other nobles. On hearing the report of this disgrace, King James rode slowly back to Edinburgh, as one bereft of sense; from Edinburgh he went to Falkland Castle, and within its walls immured himself, refusing to speak to any living soul.

Henry's joy at the news of the destruction of the Scottish army was extreme; and it increased when he heard that his royal nephew was dying—dying of a broken heart. It was a disease which Henry could scarcely understand; yet which he probably fancied a retribution of justice, for not having met him at York, and bringing to nought all the projected festivities. There was something absolutely mysterious in the illness of James, soon followed and ended in his death. Though previously enjoying the most vigorous

health, he seemed to break up all at once, both in mind and body; and on the 14th of December, less than three weeks after the fatal rush of Solway Moss, he was a corpse. Seven days before his death, the queen brought into the world a daughter, called after her, Mary, who, two sons having previously died, was thus left sole heir to the crown of Scotland. To unite the northern kingdom with his own dominions now became the grand object of Henry, which he resolved to accomplish by a diplomatic movement, in seeking the hand of the baby Mary for his son Edward. The noble prisoners of Solway Moss were surprised when they found themselves suddenly brought forth from their rigid confinement, and ushered into the presence of King Henry, who addressed them in the kindest manner, declaring that it was his ardent wish to establish perpetual peace between his and their country, and that nothing could bring it about as well as the marriage of the presumptive heirs of the two crowns. The captive noblemen joyfully acceded to this proposition; and, upon Henry's demand, put their names to a formal treaty, by the terms of which they engaged themselves not only to use all their influence and power to accomplish the matrimonial alliance between young Prince Edward and the infant Mary, but, pending this, to acknowledge Henry as sovereign ruler of Scotland, and to place the government of the kingdom into his hands. This treaty they confirmed by a solemn oath; and having left hostages with Henry, and promised, at the same time, that, if failing to carry out the agreement, they would return into captivity, the noble prisoners were set free, and immediately returned to their country. But before they arrived in Scotland the tide of affairs had come to run in another direction. Cardinal Beaton, immediately after the death of James, had produced a will appointing him regent of the realm; but this will was declared a forgery by the earl of Arran, great grandson of King James III., and presumptive heir next to the infant Mary, and he succeeded at once in overthrowing the cardinal and establishing himself in power. Being a zealous adherent of the church reformers, Arran was not disinclined to make common cause with the English party, and one of his first acts was to recall the earl of Angus and the other Douglasses from their long exile. They were but the forerunners of the prisoners of Solway Moss, who had sworn allegiance to Henry; and when these arrived, towards the end of January, 1543, there seemed high probability of the northern kingdom being brought, after a while, under the sceptre of the monarchs of England.

The chances were altogether in Henry's favour; but his vanity and dogged egotism once more became fatal to success. It was utterly hopeless, seeing the sturdy feeling of independence of the Scottish nation, which often enough had refused to bow to their own kings, to attempt an immediate union of the two governments; and the captives of Solway Moss, although they signed Henry's treaty under compulsion, were well aware of this impossibility. Nevertheless, they were resolved to execute the promises made to the best of their power; and, with the assistance of the earl of Arran, they succeeded in procuring the consent of the national representatives

to the marriage of the royal children, involving the union, at a time more or less distant, of the two crowns. The parliament which passed this resolution met at Edinburgh on the 12th of March, and was, according to a letter of the earl of Angus to the English government, "the most substantial parliament that ever was seen in Scotland in any man's remembrance, and best furnished with all the three estates." Nearly the whole of the members of the three estates were in favour of the union, but under the conditions that the national laws and privileges should be preserved, and that the infant heir to the throne, Princess Mary, should be left in the country till the age of ten, after which she was to be sent to England for education. To these very fair stipulations, Henry not only objected, but went so far as to hurl the bitterest reproaches against his allies among the Scotch nobility, for not handing the government of the kingdom over to him at once. Although having really gained no advantage over the Scottish nation than the purely accidental success derived from the scramble of Solway Moss, Henry already looked upon Scotland as a conquered country, absolutely within reach of his sword. Against this presumption his very allies were compelled to protest; Sir George Douglas being the first to do so, in a spirited letter, in which he told Henry that to fulfil all his demands would be absolutely impossible. "There is not so little a boy," he exclaimed, "but he will hurl stones against it; and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die." Henry's own ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler, a shrewd man, eminently fitted for the difficult position of drawing the two nations together, wrote home to the same effect. "The Scotch," he reported, "would rather suffer extremity than come to the obedience and subjection of England: they would have their realm free, and live within themselves, after their own laws and customs." The word "free" could not but sound unpleasant to the ears of a despot accustomed to see every human being bend in the dust before him. It was in accordance with this feeling that he resolved to make another attack upon Scotland, at the same time that he was preparing for war with France.

Henry's craving for dominion, and particularly his desire to subjugate the northern kingdom, was greatly increased by events that had recently taken place in Ireland, by which that country was, for the first time in history, actually brought under English rule. Though nominally under the sceptre of English sovereigns since the time of Henry II., Ireland had remained in reality an independent country, governed by its native chiefs, who spent their lives in warring with each other, not paying the least attention to the orders and decrees of the foreign suzerains which made their appearance from time to time. Seeing this state of things, and with no means in hand to alter it, most of the monarchs of England had left the fertile island in the west to itself; and very few, such as Richard II., had taken any interest in its affairs. During the Wars of the Roses, the supremacy of England was almost entirely annihilated, and though subsequently Henry VII., after being firmly seated at home, made some efforts to regain the country, he could do little more than employ his influence to back

one or the other of the contending parties of nobles who were eternally fighting amongst themselves. But even he was absolutely powerless to prevent Lambert Simnel, the Oxford baker's boy, being crowned king of England as well as of Ireland at St. Patrick's cathedral, with all due forms and ceremonies, and to assume royal sway in such dressing-up as his new subjects could afford to give him. At the death of Henry VII. the English authority, as far as it went, extended no farther than over about one-half of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Louth, Westmeath, and Wexford; and all the rest of Ireland was divided among some ninety fighting chieftains, or kings, all hating each other bitterly, but united in common hatred against the foreign monarch who should presume to interfere with their liberty of killing each other. Of these chieftains, the two most powerful were the Fitzgeralds, earls of Kildare, and the Butlers, earls of Ormond or Ossory; and the policy of Henry VII. consisted chiefly in taking the part of either the one or the other in their everlasting feuds, and by this means keeping up a semblance of his own supremacy. That this was a great mistake, and so far from adding to, only undermined the royal authority, Wolsey was the first to perceive. It was he who struck out a new path by organizing a vigorous government, represented by the ablest men he could obtain, which went far to subdue the Irish anarchy, and the final effect of this measure was the peaceable reconquest of the country. The ninety kings still continued brandishing their swords for a while, but after a last fierce outburst in 1534-6, the steady increase of English power began to tell upon them, and they were gradually brought into submission, the long drama ending in the execution of the whole of the ancient race of the Fitzgeralds, only a little child escaping from the slaughter into Flanders. All the fighting chieftains who escaped the gallows got rewards, titles, and pensions; and, having sworn fealty to Henry, he elevated, in 1542, the country from a lordship into a kingdom, adding to his other titles that of "king of Ireland."

With this success before him, Henry now determined to conquer Scotland as well as France, and personally to lead his troops to victory. However, before setting out upon warlike expeditions, he contracted another marriage, this time choosing—as predicted by popular jest—a widow of the mature age of thirty four. The person selected for the honour of becoming his sixth wife, was Catherine Parr, daughter of a Northamptonshire squire, who had already lost two husbands, and thus gained an amount of matrimonial experience which made her bold enough to risk the union with so dangerous a partner as Henry. The nuptials were celebrated at Hampton Court palace on the 12th of July, 1543, the royal bridegroom being wheeled to the altar in a machine upon rollers, strong enough to carry the fat, unwieldy body, now going fast into decay. To prove his affection for his new spouse, who showed a lively sympathy with the Lutheran reformers, Henry sent a batch of Protestants to be burnt at Smithfield the day after his marriage, and ordered new prisons to be built, the old gaols having become too small to hold all the offenders. The increase was due to the promulgation of a fresh

statute, which settled religion on the entirely new basis of a book written by the king, called, 'The Erudition of a Christian Man.' This book was ordered to be the future Bible of England, subject to such additions as the royal author might deem fit to make. It was solemnly enacted by parliament that all persons who should teach or profess anything contrary to the doctrines contained in the king's book, or to any which he might thereafter promulgate, should be punished, in the first instance, by carrying a faggot, and on a second offence, should be put upon the faggot and burnt alive. It was sheer mercy now on the part of Henry if he refrained from burning all his subjects; a few strokes of his pen, and a new doctrine or two added to the 'Erudition of a Christian Man,' were sufficient to make every soul in the kingdom a heretic, and send them all to the stake, with legal obligation to the last survivors to set fire to each other.

In the meanwhile, awaiting the final exercise of his power at home, Henry pursued his plans for extending his influence abroad. To subdue the Scotch, a fleet of two hundred sail, commanded by Viscount Lisle, admiral of England, and having on board an army of ten thousand men, under the earl of Hertford, uncle of Prince Edward, set sail for Leith, with instructions to effect a landing, and to ravage the country by fire and sword. Henry's commission to the earl of Hertford ran textually as follows:—"You are there to put all to fire and sword; to burn Edinburgh town, and to raze and deface it when you have sacked it and gotten what you can out of it. . . . Beat down and overthrow the castle, sack Holyrood house, and as many towns and villages about Edinburgh as ye conveniently can; sack Leith, and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, putting man, woman, and child, to fire and sword, without exception, when any resistance shall be made against you. This done, pass over to the Fife land, and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto ye may reach conveniently, not forgetting among the rest so to spoil and turn upside down the cardinal's town of St. Andrews, as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same." No other human being but a despot, under whose murderous hand wives and relatives and the nearest and dearest friends had fallen, could have possibly given instructions such as these, every line begrimed with blood.

Before Hertford was able to execute his commission in Scotland, Henry put himself in movement to conquer France. The chief ground of accusation against the ruler of France was that "he had stirred the Scots to resist his majesty, contrary to their duty and allegiance;" and to punish him, Henry declared by the mouth of the herald that he would "put his own royal person, with the power of his realm and subjects, in armour." Previous to putting himself, or being put, into armour, Henry called his parliament together, to vote him large subsidies as well as a batch of new statutes. The most important of these was a law altering the succession to the crown, by placing the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth next in order to Prince Edward, without, however, repealing the acts which declared them illegitimate, and by

means of which they might at any time be again excluded from the throne. The object of this Act was to please Kaiser Charles, with whom negotiations had been opened for the invasion of France, which was to end in a division of that kingdom, and a marriage of his son Philip with Princess Mary. Charles was as eager as ever to humiliate his great rival, the French king; and having made the most flattering promises to Henry, the treaty for a combined attack upon France was signed in 1543. The whole of the next winter was spent in preparations for the invasion, and large bodies of troops having been despatched into France, Henry himself crossed the Channel in the month of July, 1544, leaving the government in the hands of his wife. Though utterly broken in health, and so fat as scarcely able to move, Henry showed himself as fond of show and frippery as ever, and made his French campaign—last campaign upon earth—a special means of gratifying it. The ship which carried him from Dover to Calais had sails of cloth of gold, with more trumpeters on board than sailors; and on landing he passed through triumphal arches gilded all over, with such a blazing of gunpowder as would have sufficed for a great battle. In the agreement with Kaiser Charles, it had been settled that the English army should march upon Paris, while the Imperial troops invaded the eastern and northern provinces of France; but Henry, disliking the fatigue of a long march, and wishing to have as much of pomp as possible, overthrew this arrangement, and went to sit down before Boulogne. Being at the head of a very powerful armament, with abundance of great ordnance and ammunition, he reckoned upon taking the city at once, and making a magnificent entry; in which, however, he was grievously disappointed. Boulogne held out for several months, and to gratify his vanity and make the most of his position, he underwent the suffering of having his obese trunk clapped into armour and hoisted upon a tall war horse, which was led slowly in front of the troops. Nearly the whole of its walls having been shivered to pieces by heavy guns, Boulogne fell at last on the 14th of September, and on the 18th Henry made his anxiously-expected triumphal entry. "The king's highness," reported Recorder Hall—now getting old, but magniloquent as ever—"the king's highness, having the sword borne naked before him by the lord Marquis Dorset, like a noble and valiant conqueror rode into Bulleyn, and the trumpeters, standing on the walls of the town, sounded their trumpets at the time of his entering, to the great comfort of all the king's true subjects the same beholding. And in the entering there met him the duke of Suffolk, and delivered unto him the keys of the town, and so he rode towards his lodging, which was prepared for him on the south side of the town. And within two days after the king rode all about the town, within the walls, and then commanded that our Lady church of Bulleyn should be defaced and plucked down." After this proper finish of the expedition, Henry returned to England in the greatest ill-humour, owing to Kaiser Charles having signed, on the 19th of September, a treaty of peace with the French king, without taking the least account of him or his grand doings at Boulogne. It was clear that Charles acted wisely in making peace, seeing that he

did not receive the least assistance from his royal brother of England, who seemed to have utterly forgotten the agreement about the march to Paris. But all this did not in the least abate from the fury of Henry, which spent itself upon his unhappy courtiers and generals. The dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, first of English peers, so much trembled for their lives, that they wrote a piteous letter to the queen-regent, begging her to avert the anger of the dread majesty, "whosedispleasure is death unto us." Catherine Parr, wise beyond all women, managed to soften the wrath of her august lord, which now once more directed itself upon unhappy Scotland.

In accordance with his instructions, the earl of Hertford landed his troops in the Firth of Forth early in the summer of 1544, and forthwith commenced the work of devastation. After battering down the gates of Edinburgh, burning and plundering the city, and demolishing the harbour of Leith, he set sail again for Berwick, where he was joined by a larger force, with which he marched slowly and leisurely along the border, sacking and destroying everything in his way. From Kelso Abbey he wrote to his master, detailing his exploits. "We have resolved," ran the narrative, "to raze and deface this house of Kelso, so as the enemy shall have little commodity of the same, and to remain encamped here for five or six days, and in the mean season to devastate and burn all the country hereabouts, as far as we can with our horsemen." At the end of a week the general reported further progress. "To morrow," he wrote, "we intend to send a good band of horsemen to Melrose and Dryburgh, to burn the same and all the corn and villages in their way, and so daily to do some exploits; and then to march to Jedburgh to burn the same, and then to march through a great part of Tyvydale, to overthrow their piles and stone houses, and to burn their corn and villages, with all annoyance to the enemy we can; which in our opinion would be such a scourge and impoverishing to the enemy as they shall not be able to recover a long season." Hertford noted with evident surprise the flourishing aspect of the Scottish realm. "Surely," he informed the king, "the country is very fair, and so good a corn country, and such plenty of the same, as we have not seen the more plenteous in England; and undoubtedly there is burnt a wonderful deal of corn." The burning of corn, reported over and over again, was altogether the principal business of the royal army; the work of murder, ordered by Henry, becoming difficult on account of the determined attitude of the population. Jedburgh having fallen before the torches of the destroying host—"I caused the abbey, the friars, and town of Jedburgh," reported Hertford, "and all the villages within two miles and more of the town, to be burnt, where was destroyed also no little quantity of corn,"—the invaders were compelled to turn back, and in their retreat suffered all the miseries which they had wished to inflict. Thinking only of murder and rapine, the king had made no preparations whatever for supplies, and his troops were decimated by hunger and disease on their march through the fair country which they had changed into a desert. Those that returned into England were immediately directed to the south, now the scene of the most serious events.

The king of France having made his peace with Kaiser Charles, and no other enemy on hand, resolved to make an attack upon Henry, for the double purpose of creating a diversion in favour of his old allies the Scotch, and of regaining the important city of Boulogne. His own country having been invaded more than once by English troops, Francis felt anxious to repay the compliment by despatching a French army to the shores of England. All the preparations having been made, a fleet of more than a hundred sail, commanded by Admiral D'Annebaut, left Havre early in the summer of 1545, and went to the attack of Boulogne, aided by a French army under the Dauphin, which had come to besiege the place from the land side. The intention of Francis was, first to retake his own city, and next to throw his troops upon the coast of England; but his fleet had no sooner arrived in the Channel, when, seeing no English ships near, he changed his plan, and gave orders for the immediate invasion. A number of Spanish, Portuguese, and Venetian transports were pressed into the service in great haste, and, stocked with soldiers, the fleet, now amounting to near two hundred sails, steered westward, right towards the English shore, which was touched on the 18th of July. Here all was panic and confusion. Henry's treasury, as usual, was empty; the nobles trembling for their lives; the people dissatisfied and miserable under grinding taxation; and the army and navy engaged in burning and destroying Scotch homesteads instead of defending English ones. Though having had notice for a considerable time of the expected French invasion, the king had done little else towards protecting the realm than engaging fourteen thousand Swiss mercenaries, ten thousand foot and four thousand horse; deeming these soldiers of fortune more fit for the defence of England than his own subjects, whom, despot-like, he had come to mistrust. But the Swiss, after all, did not arrive. Kaiser Charles refused to let them pass through his dominions, and when they had waited long enough, the recruiting agents of Francis appeared and led them to the attack of Boulogne. Thus when the French fleet appeared in sight of England, there was no preparation made for resistance, and no obstacle

for an invasion—no other obstacle but the stout hearts of the inhabitants in which Henry put so little trust. A few earthworks had been thrown up in hurry along the coast of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire; but these were contemptible as a military defence, except at Portsmouth, the strongest fortified point, behind which the English fleet, under Lord Lisle, retreated at the approach of the enemy. The French admiral, with great courage, apparently despising to take any unsecured place, went sailing along the coast till he came to Portsmouth harbour, before which he dropped anchor, signaling to Lord Lisle that he was ready for battle. Although greatly inferior, in ships, guns, and men, to the French, Lord Lisle was anxious to accept the challenge, and his sailors were burning for impatience to rush upon the foe; but as there were positive orders to keep strictly upon the defence, the commander did not dare to stir from his narrow prison in the harbour. To restrain the impatience of his subjects, Henry himself went down to Portsmouth, parading his obese body before the troops and sailors, and trying to persuade them by example that cowardice was a virtue. The great virtue of obedience, indeed, was required to keep Englishmen quiet under this enormous provocation. Emboldened by the inactivity of his opponents, the French admiral, having remained quiet at Spithead for several days, gave orders for his flat boats to be launched, and while these came right up to the entrance of Portsmouth harbour, almost under the bows of the English fleet, detachments of soldiers were landed near the town, to ravage and plunder the country. It was meant as, and certainly was, a deep insult, intended to provoke the English admiral to come out of his hiding-place and give battle; but the effect was altogether lost upon the majesty of England. Admiral D'Annebaut, uncertain what to do next, then began firing upon the fleet in the harbour, and succeeded in sinking a large vessel, called the *Mary Rose*, which, overloaded with guns and ammunition, went to the bottom with every soul on board. However, the loss of several of his galleys soon proved to the French commander that it was an absolutely hopeless task to attempt a struggle within



PORTSMOUTH.

the harbour, fortified as it was by tremendous land batteries; and, after holding a council of war, an attack upon the Isle of Wight was determined upon. Troops were landed at three different places, and several villages burnt; but D'Annebaut soon perceived that not much glory was to be earned in this direction, and after taunting the fleet in Portsmouth harbour a little longer, he set sail for the straits of Dover. Here he found orders to restrict himself to a blockade of Boulogne, and to disembark most of his troops, news from the Italian peninsula having once more turned the attention of King Francis to the old land of his hopes. The invasion of England came thus to an end; but not without leaving behind a deep stain on the naval prowess of the people, subdued by the most odious despotism.

The state of England now was deplorable. There was murder within and murder without; constant streams of victims led to the stake and the gallows; war in the north, invasion in the south, and famine, tears, and misery throughout the land. Law and order had ceased to exist, save in the unbridled will of a maddened tyrant, at whose feet peasants and nobles alike were crawling, and before whom parliament itself was bowing down like a soulless slave. The ancient realm of England had ceased to be a free country, and become the property of one man. All imaginable rights—the right to devise the crown to whomsoever he liked, the right to issue decrees having the force of statutes, the right to dispose of the lives and property of his subjects, and even the greatest of all rights, that to prescribe their religious faith, had been made over to this despot, until his rule at last had become more absolute than that of any oriental despot. But England, too, sank to the social condition of a slave state. The tyrant kept oppressing till he could oppress no more, and was beholding his own ruin in the kingdom which he had ruined. Year after year parliament voted subsidies, each session more than the other in name, but each time with lesser result, till at last the country seemed drained to the very lees. All the immense property of convents and monasteries had been squandered in reckless confusion; churches and chapels despoiled, and the richest lands in the realm confiscated; and the result was ever-increasing poverty of the royal exchequer. Now, in 1545, Henry went one step farther, the last he could possibly go, by laying his hands upon the charities and hospitals in the kingdom. On the royal demand, the obsequious commons, in the month of November, not many weeks after the disgrace at Portsmouth, passed an Act by which all the colleges, charities, and hospitals in England, with their whole real and moveable property, were made over to the king. Fortunately, the days of the tyrant were now numbered. Had he lived much longer, not a school might have been left for the children of the people; not a place where a starving man could get a crust of bread, nor a couch on which a sick man could lay down to die.

The chief part of the treasure thus amassed went for the prosecution of the war in Scotland, so that the English were robbed in order that the Scotch might be robbed in their turn. The war in the north continued as it commenced, with murder, rapine, and

devastation, to which, in its new turn, assassination came to be added. Henry's great enemy in Scotland was Cardinal Beaton, the leader of the Roman Catholic party; and in his destruction centered all the hopes of gaining over, by fair means or foul, the now kingless nation. But Beaton, a man of undaunted energy and inflexible courage, was not easily struck down; and though falling more than once, he quickly rose again. His first attempt to assume the government of the kingdom, immediately after the death of James, having failed, he was shut up in the castle of Blackness; but in less than eight months he not only got out again, but obtained a signal victory over the regent, the earl of Arran, by persuading him to abjure the Protestant faith, and to stand out in opposition to England. The Roman Catholic now became the national party, and on Beaton assuming the custody of the infant queen, he got virtually invested with sovereign powers. To these were added, in 1544, those of papal legate, which he exercised in a very despotic manner, burning and hanging great numbers of heretics. At Perth, three men were taken to the gallows by his orders for eating a goose during Lent, and a woman was drowned for refusing to pray to the Virgin Mary for help in childbirth; so that altogether he played the pope quite after the manner of Henry. But Henry did not like Cardinal Beaton the better for this rivalry, and therefore gave to his commander those special orders, "so to spoil and turn upside the cardinal's town of St. Andrews, as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same." However, Hertford did not get as far as St. Andrews, and the only effect of the burning and sack of Edinburgh, Leith, and the southern border lands, was the increasing influence of the cardinal and the gathering around him of the greater part of the nation. On his desire, the Scottish parliament repealed the treaty of union offered to Henry, but refused by him; and thenceforth nothing remained but war to come to terms. The king's instructions to Hertford showed that he was vain enough to believe Scotland might be overrun in a day; but he soon found out his mistake, and had to think of other means. A simple plan now was suggested to Henry, that of assassinating the cardinal, and thus producing complete anarchy in the kingdom, there being no man able to take the reins of government from his hands. The foul scheme originated with the earl of Cassilis and others of the noble prisoners of Solway Moss gained over to English interests; and having been laid before Henry, it was greedily, although cautiously approved of. However, the conspirators wanted a round sum of money in payment of the murder, and the king was reluctant to make a clear bargain. Sir Ralph Sadler, the English envoy, was ordered to tell the earl of Cassilis that he must trust to the "accustomed goodness" of the king, not forgetting also that the assassination would be "not only an acceptable service to the king's majesty, but also a special benefit to the realm of Scotland." This understanding having been come to, the murder of the cardinal was finally determined upon.

The execution of the deed was postponed for some

time, in the discussion of the all-important question of payment. Henry meant to be liberal, but would not state the exact sum he intended to pay down, and thus the matter suffered delay. At last, Sir Ralph Sadler advertised his master that he had received a letter, stating that the laird of Grange and the master of Rothes "would attempt either to apprehend or slay the cardinal, at some time when he should pass through the Fife-land." The bearer of the letter, according to Sir Ralph, was "a Scottishman called Wyshert," or Wishart, a zealous preacher of the doctrines of reform, whose dispositions were not by any means mercenary, but who, in his religious fanaticism, held that the killing of the great leader of the popish faction would be an acceptable service to God. But the cardinal, although ignorant of his project, was before him in the work of murder. While staying at Ormiston, in East Lothian, Wishart one day found his house surrounded by a troop of horse under the earl of Bothwell, and was captured after some resistance, under a promise from the earl that his life should be spared. He was forthwith carried to St. Andrews, placed before an ecclesiastical tribunal under the charge of heresy, and without hesitation was condemned to be burnt. The sentence was carried out the day after his trial, on the 28th of March, 1546, and caused deep rage among the whole of the reformed party, the execution of Wishart being looked upon as sheer assassination. It hastened the end prepared for the cardinal. As soon as Wishart's death became known, Norman Lesley, the master of Rothes named in Sadler's report, called together his friends and associates, who resolved to despatch their enemy without delay. On the evening of Friday, the 21st of May, the conspirators, sixteen in number, proceeded to St. Alban's, and careful in all their movements, entered the town successively at different gates. Early next morning, before the sun had risen above the horizon, they approached the castle, the residence of the cardinal, in detached groups, and, dressed as workmen engaged in repairing the fortifications, passed the first drawbridge unnoticed. At the second they were stopped by a sentinel; but when too late: the man was instantly killed, thrown into the ditch, and the bridge having been lowered with the keys taken from him, the conspirators found themselves inside the castle. But they had not yet gained their object, for there were fifty servants attached to the cardinal, besides a hundred labourers working on the inner ramparts. Neither obstacle was sufficient to frighten the small band of assassins. They peremptorily ordered the workmen to the gates, where they were dismissed, and then roused the household servants, and threatening them with instant death at the least noise, they led them likewise, one by one, to the gate, which they now barricaded. All this was done in the quietest manner; however, the working at the gate roused the cardinal, who had been hitherto asleep, and opening the window of his bedroom, he inquired what it meant. "The castle has been taken by Norman Lesley," was the reply. Rushing from his chamber, the unhappy man tried to escape by a privy postern, but finding this and all other outlets secured, he went back, seized his sword, and ordered his page to bolt and lock the inner and

outer doors of the apartment. A minute after, heavy steps were heard outside, mingled with loud voices, demanding admittance, threatening to force the doors. "Open!" said the cardinal to his page. The crowd of assassins came rushing in: Beaton sitting on a chair, pale as death, exclaiming, "I am a priest! I am a priest! ye will not slay me!" Lesley was about to strike him with his dagger, when James Melville, one of the conspirators, interfered. "This work and judgment of God," he exclaimed, "although it be secret, ought to be done with gravity." Admonishing the unhappy man to repent of his sinful life, and to seek the pardon of Heaven for the murder of Wishart, he bent him down on his knees to say his prayers; then shouting, "I kill thee because thou art an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy Evangel," he twice thrust the sword through his body. "I am a priest! I am a priest! all is gone!" faltered the cardinal, expiring on the floor. Thus perished, in the fifty-second year of his age, the last and greatest leader of the Romish church in North Britain, David Beaton, not unaptly termed the "Wolsey of Scotland."

The death of the cardinal was fatal to the Roman Catholic party in Scotland, but Henry reaped no particular advantage from it. His military operations in the course of two years had not gone beyond border war, and even this had to cease a few weeks after Beaton's assassination, owing to a treaty of peace made with France, and in which Scotland was included. In his contest with the French king, Henry had been throughout most unsuccessful, and after losing almost his last soldiers, a body of nine thousand men, two-thirds of them foreigners, in an expedition from Calais to St. Omer, in the spring of 1546, he was glad enough to enter into negotiations for the conclusion of hostilities. French and English commissioners accordingly met at Campe, a village at the boundaries of the Cloth of Gold Field, and signed, on the 7th of June, 1546, a treaty of peace, the principal stipulations of which were that Boulogne should be returned to the French king for a sum of money, and that England should cease to make war upon Scotland. To the latter clause Henry was most unwilling to accede, and gave way only on being informed that there would be no peace unless Scotland was included in it. The treaty of Campe ended all the foreign wars of England, leaving Henry to direct his whole attention to internal affairs. But a short span of life now was left to him, and he made full use of it by burning and hanging as many of his subjects as he could possibly get within his grasp. There was some little difficulty in procuring a constant supply of heretics for the stake, the terror-stricken people having become shy to divulge their opinions on moot points of theology, so that Henry's commissioners had to increase in zeal with the slackening love of martyrdom. The reading of the Bible supplied the greater number of victims, for as it had been allowed half a dozen times, and twice as often forbidden, there were a good many people fatally ignorant whether the study of the Word of God was right or wrong, and they were easily brought within one or the other of the many statutes of treason and heresy. Henry's chief agents in persecution now were Lord-chancellor Thomas Wriothesley, and Solicitor-general Griffin,

together with Bishop Gardiner, long trained to the hunting of heretics; and the combined zeal of the three seldom failed in keeping the prisons filled, the rack at work, and the stake burning. They employed torture more largely than ever to extort confessions, not disdaining to assist with their own hands to inflict hellish torments on the bodies of their victims, even when they were women. One of these victims, heroic beyond example, was a lady named Anne Askew, an avowed Protestant and personal friend of the queen. Imprisoned in the Tower, she freely confessed her heretical opinions about the eucharist; but being pressed to retract them, refused. Then she was put to the torture. There was a faint spark of human feeling left in the lieutenant of the Tower, who, after the poor woman had undergone horrible pain, refused to torture her more. Upon this Chancellor Wriothesley, who was present, threw off his gown, and, according to John Fox, martyrologist, "drew the rack so severely that he almost tore her body asunder." The torn body, still breathing, was carried to Smithfield a few days after, chained to the stake, and then committed to the flames, Bishop Shaxton, apostate Protestant, looking on and preaching a sermon. King Henry in the same month published a sermon of his own, in the shape of a message to parliament, exhorting all his subjects to Christian love and kindness, and solemnly requesting them "to be in charity with one another, like brother and sister."



THE RACK.

The martyrdom of Anne Askew had not all the results expected by the promoters. In putting her to torture, and degrading himself so far as to draw the rack himself, the chancellor, with his two coadjutors, hoped that she would make revelations respecting the Protestant tendencies of her friend the queen; and they were sorely disappointed on finding that all the excruciating pain they were able to inflict was insufficient to extract from her a word on this subject. Queen Catherine Parr was hated as well as feared by the Roman Catholic party, her growing influence over the king being held detrimental to their cause,

not only directly, but indirectly, as acting upon the counsels of the heir-apparent to the throne. To ruin her had long been the earnest desire of the three royal executioners; and although they well knew that she was almost indispensable to Henry as a tender and affectionate nurse, they knew still better that all his passions had now become concentrated in lust of blood, and that the pleasure to send his wife to the executioner would be greater to him than any pleasure he might derive from her society. Acting upon this conviction, the chancellor and his friends did not cease watching the queen, till at last their grasp was dangerously near her throat. One day, at Hampton Court, Catherine imprudently discussed theological subjects with her dread lord, and in the warmth of conversation dropped a few words in favour of the reformers. Henry said nothing, but watched her, cat-like, and the same evening complained of her remarks to Bishop Gardiner. The latter eagerly embraced the long-sought opportunity; and after fulsome praise of the all-abounding royal wisdom, brought Henry to sign articles of impeachment against the queen. Fortunately for her, the earl of Hertford, who had his spies in the antagonist camp, received instant notice of this act, and hurrying to Catherine, he revealed to her the imminent danger into which she had fallen. The poor woman naturally was much alarmed, but resolved to act with spirit and circumspection. Having met the king again the

next day, and attended to his frightful ulcers, the smell of which kept even the servants distant, Catherine showed more than usual liveliness; and when the conversation turned again upon religion, she made a neat and flattering speech to her lord, telling him that she was utterly ignorant about theological subjects; that she looked upon him as the source of all wisdom, judgment, and learning; and that the only thing she ever aimed at, was to entertain him, now and then, by some weak show of opposition, such as she had presumed upon the day before. Henry's vanity was so much excited by this clever

address, that he embraced his spouse, calling her "sweetheart" and other loving names, and drawing her into the garden for a chat. They had not been there long when Wriothesley appeared, at the head of a body of guards; and entirely unaware of the change that had taken place, marched up to arrest the queen and convey her to the Tower. On his approach, Henry received him with a storm of abuse, calling him knave, fool, and beast, and ordering him to quit his presence immediately. The chancellor's eyes opened wide, and he beat a hasty retreat, resolving never more to meddle with the queen.

The failure of this attempt to destroy Catherine had great effect in damaging the Catholic faction, and bringing about the ascendancy of the party headed by Hertford and Cranmer. Between these opposite poles, representing political as well as religious interests, the tyrant was now constantly drifting, having grown physically and mentally unfit for independent action. He had become in every respect the human tiger, or hyena. Other passions having died out, he inordinately indulged in that of feeding, and this and the pleasure of murder constituted the sum total of his delights. He gorged himself with food till he was unable to move; after which, as mental enjoyment, he gorged himself with blood. But the fawning courtiers bowed deeper than ever before the terrible monster who was wheeled about through the royal apartments, far too big to pass through the ordinary doors, and so full of ulcers as to be repulsive to all the senses. Life was fast fading from this hideous body, but no ray of love or fear from the unseen world beyond the grave shed its light upon the dark soul. There was no priest near with courage enough to tell the fierce tyrant that kings do sometimes die, and that it would be well to prepare for the last account. No priest nor friend was near, and the dying despot, who had murdered thousands of innocent human beings, who had killed wives, friends, teachers, servants, and counsellors, kept his hands steeped in blood to the last hour of existence. Of all the companions of his earlier life, there was only one left whom he had not killed, and this one he determined to destroy with his dying breath. On the 12th of December, 1546, the duke of Norfolk, Henry's oldest friend, first subject of the realm, was suddenly arrested and thrown into the Tower, together with his son, the earl of Surrey. The charge against both of them was of a strangely frivolous kind, that of having quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor, to which they were entitled by descent, on the *wrong* side of the shield. Surrey, most accomplished poet of the age, was accused, in addition, of having entertained in his house some Italians who were "suspected to be suspicious spies;" and to expedite his doom, he was at once placed before the lord-chancellor, found guilty, of course, and beheaded on the 19th of January. Henry was lying on his deathbed now, his huge body fast dissolving in corruption, and his mind troubled with the thought that the work of murder was not getting on fast enough. There were certain forms necessary to kill Norfolk, greatest peer of the kingdom, and parliament had to be called together to vote a bill of attainder. Norfolk employed the interval to write a touching letter to Henry, dwelling upon his long and faithful services, his sincere attachment to the royal house, and his entire innocence of any crime laid to his charge. The reply to this pathetic appeal was a message from Henry to the speaker of the House of Commons, telling him to hasten on the bill of indictment against Norfolk. The despot seemed to feel that his career of murder was drawing to a close, and trembled for rage at the thought that his old friend might escape the block. The parliamentary serfs did the royal behest with great rapidity. On the 20th of January, the day after the execution of the earl of Surrey, the House of Lords,

without examining the accused, without trial and without evidence, passed a bill of attainder against Norfolk, and sent it forthwith to the Commons. A slight delay occurred here: the crouching slaves whispered to each other that their dread lord was in his death swoon—the Howards were mighty in the land, they all remembered. But soon the whisper ceased; and when all heard that the master was still alive, able to make signs at least, if not to speak, they hurried on with their bloody work. It was finished on the 27th of January, and the tyrant, breathing heavy, in supreme agony, stamped his sign-manual to the warrant of death. Without losing a moment, order was sent to the lieutenant of the Tower to execute the duke of Norfolk. He commanded it to take place early next morning, the 28th of January; but before the bright dawn came to lighten up the gloomy walls of the great prison, the decree was reversed. King Henry had gone to his final account before accomplishing his last murder.

Henry expired at two o'clock on the morning of the 28th of January. On the evening before, the chief physician had told the assembled courtiers that, perhaps, the majesty of England might die. Was there a man with courage enough to communicate the intelligence to the dread tyrant? They all trembled, fearing to open their lips; but at last a bold knight, Sir Anthony Denny, came forward, venturing to approach the couch of the dying monster. Sir Anthony carried his life in his hand, for the eyes of the despot glared upon him with fierce anger. He refused to see a priest, refused to believe in his end; but after a while his voice got thick and he fell into a stupor. Awakening, he desired that Cranmer should be sent for. The archbishop was at Croydon, and came up in haste to Westminster palace, but before he arrived Henry had become speechless. Then Cranmer began praying, felt his hands pressed by a wild convulsive grasp, and heard a faint gurgling sound. More fervent now grew the archbishop's prayer, and with faltering voice he implored the mercy of Heaven upon a poor human soul—a soul which never knew mercy.

The death of the king was kept secret for three days, and then announced to parliament by Lord-chancellor Wriothesley, torturer of heretics, who managed to weep on the occasion. Henry had left a large sum for masses to deliver his soul from purgatory, and the priests kept chanting dirges day and night while the lying-in-state took place at Whitehall. But there was, all the while, an earnest competition between priests and players. "To-morrow," the bishop of Winchester wrote, on the 5th of February, to the secretary of state, "the parishioners of this parish and I have agreed to have a solemn dirge for our late sovereign lord and master, in earnest, as becometh us; and to-morrow, certain players of my lord of Oxford intend, on the other side, within this burgh of Southwark, to have a solemn play, to try who shall have most resort." All the praying and playing culminated in a grand funeral at Windsor on the 16th of February, Norroy, king-at-arms standing at the grave, and shouting, "Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign lord King Henry the Eighth."

Sir Walter Raleigh left another funeral oration for

King Henry. "If," he exclaimed, "all the patterns of a merciless tyrant had been lost to the world, they might have been found in this prince." According to Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' seventy-two thousand human beings were burnt, hanged, beheaded, or otherwise killed in the reign of Henry the Eighth.



SEAL OF HENRY VIII.

SECTION III. EDWARD VI.

THERE was a grim struggle for power as soon as King Henry had drawn his last breath. While the body of the tyrant was lying stiff and stark on its couch, the few favourites who had seen the heavy eyes close in death hurried about in wild haste, taking possession of all the papers and important state documents they could lay hold on. That they might not be interrupted in their task, they spread the report that the dread king was still alive, rightly judging that the terror of his presence would be quite sufficient to keep away all intruders. The chief direction of affairs was at once undertaken by the earl of Hertford, acting in conjunction with, and under the advice of, Cranmer; while under them served with zealous energy Sir William Paget, for some time secretary of state. A plan of action having been concerted among them, the earl took to horse, and in hot haste rode off to Hertford Castle, the residence of his nephew, little Prince Edward. With him he went to Enfield, where Princess Elizabeth was kept, and there announced to both the royal children that their father was dead. Their grief could not possibly be great, little as they had known of a father's love; however, they wept a few tears, and then put on their best clothes to go to London, under the safe conduct of the earl of Hertford and a body of his armed followers. The friends of the earl in London meanwhile carried out their part of the scheme with much punctuality. Although, according to law, parliament stood dissolved with the death of the

monarch, they allowed it to assemble on the day after Henry's demise, Saturday, the 29th of January; and it was not till Monday, the 31st, that the representatives of the nation heard the announcement of the great event from the lips of Chancellor Wriothesley. Having had full three days to prepare his grief, the chancellor acted to perfection, being, as officially entered in the parliamentary proceedings, "almost disabled by his tears from uttering the words." The faithful lords and commons were somewhat perplexed whether they ought to laugh or to cry; but, after due consideration, came to a compromise with their feelings, "so tempering their sorrow," according to Burnet, "for the death of their late master with their joy for his son's happy succeeding him, that by an excess of joy they might not seem to have forgot the one so soon, nor to bode ill to the other by an extreme grief." Together with the announcement that "their late master" had died, parliament received the news that, in accordance with statute 28 Henry VIII. cap. 7, which granted him the right to bequeath his kingdom to whomsoever he liked, he had left the property, under "executors," to his son Edward, by a will dated December 30th, 1546. Thereupon all the lords and commons rose in joyful tumult, crying "Long life to Edward the Sixth!"

The shouts had scarcely ceased in Westminster hall, before Hertford entered the city with the young king, conducting his precious charge straightway to the Tower. Among the good citizens of London, less versed than members of parliament in the arts of self-control, the joy was exuberant, venting itself in a tremendous amount of shooting; "whereat," as recorded by the Rev. John Strype, "the king took great pleasure." It was a new life to the poor boy, just passed nine, who had been brought up in such solitude and confinement that the world could seem little else to him than a dreary desert, with not even big guns to enliven it. When scarcely out of baby-clothes, little Edward—chiefly looked after by his shrewd uncle Hertford, and his friend and coadjutor Cranmer—fell among the divines, good Protestants at heart, and worthy men, but whose quintessence of life was in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. At the age of six, when fairly able to trot, two uncommonly learned men took him in hand, Dr. Cox and Mr. Cheke, the first, according to Burnet, "to be his preceptor for his manners and the knowledge of philosophy and divinity, the other for the tongues and mathematics." The "tongues" the poor child mastered so well as to be able to write elegant letters in Latin before the age of eight; when he was driven with full speed into philosophy and divinity by both Dr. Cox and Sir Anthony Cook, the latter "famous for his five learned daughters." Whether these terrible maidens assisted in Edward's studies, reciting Greek tragedies, or dancing after the manner of the ancient Egyptians, has been left unrecorded; but at any rate, the three tutors, Cook, and Cox, and Cheke, with a select band of minor professors, did their best to keep the little prince fully employed. Of the gambols of boyhood he knew nothing, and for playing there was no time; besides which it would have been unbecoming in one studying philosophy and divinity. Thus his eyes must have brightened when his uncle

Hertford came to fetch him, telling him he should be king and have a holiday. So he was led to London with great pomp, installed in new lodgings in the Tower, and saw all the great nobility of the realm pass before him in review on the day after his arrival, Tuesday, the 1st of February. In passing, every one knelt, and kissing the little king's hand, exclaimed, "God save your grace!"

The first measures of Hertford and Cranmer were, thus far, successful enough; but in the further prosecution of their designs they met with some obstacles. By the will of Henry, the royal property, that is the kingdom, was left in charge of sixteen "executors," who, in conjunction with twelve additional councillors, were to govern the realm until King Edward had reached the age of eighteen. The difficulties of such a numerous regency were obvious, and no sooner, therefore, had the young king been installed, when Cranmer proposed that the members of the council appointed in the royal will should elect a president among themselves, to carry out the chief functions of the executive. The proposal was acquiesced in by all except Lord-chancellor Wriothesley, one of the sixteen "executors," and the chief representative among them of the Roman Catholic party. Fearing that the appointment of a president would throw the whole political power into the hands of the reformers, he resisted Cranmer's design most strenuously, pleading that it was contrary to the intentions of King Henry. To stop the opposition of the chancellor, he was accused of having committed a misdemeanour by giving the great seal in commission, and the case having been proved before judges, the council of the regency pronounced that he had forfeited the office, that he should pay a large fine, and that he was to be imprisoned in his own house until further orders. Before this judgment had been arrived at, Hertford was unanimously elected by his colleagues Protector of the Realm of England and governor of the king's person, and this nomination was followed up by a distribution of titles and honours among the chief members of the council. The Protector himself became duke of Somerset; his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, was made Baron Seymour of Sudley and lord high admiral; and John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, was raised to the earldom of Warwick. This having been accomplished, and the Roman Catholic party been entirely subjugated by the expulsion of Wriothesley from the government, the Protector, on the 12th of March, made his nephew sign a patent by which nearly the whole of the powers of absolute royalty were transferred to himself. The "executors" were done away with by this act; liberty being given to the Protector, both to choose his own counsellors and to consult them or not as he thought fit. A mighty change was thus accomplished without the least visible effort: in reality, the duke of Somerset was now king of England, with Thomas Cranmer for prime-minister. For the first time in history, the realm had come to be under a Protestant government.

Edward VI. was crowned king of England and of Ireland on Sunday, the 20th of February, four days after his father's funeral. Archbishop Cranmer put the regal diadem on his head before the altar of Westminster abbey, and he and the Protector showed

their good sense by abridging the ceremony, so as not to be hurtful to the delicate constitution of the boy-king, whose health had grievously suffered in his monastic education. Even now it was not well attended to, and partly by his own wish, engendered by long habit, partly from political motives, the poor boy was kept shut up in his state apartments day after day and week after week, with nothing but the weary crowd of tutors and ministers passing around him and enlivening his existence. On the whole, he had but left his prison in the country to get into another, somewhat more sumptuous, in town, where the joys of happy boyhood were more than ever beyond his reach. To enliven the solitude of his confinement, the unfortunate child took to write an autobiographical sketch of his life, which, when brought up to his dreary gilded existence, changed into a diary. All the philosophers, divines, and mathematical and classical masters got wild for joy at the scholastic zeal of their pupil, utterly unable to see, with their learned eyes, that the poor little king was building himself a tomb among the dusty Greek and Latin folios. However, their praises sounded sweet to his ears. He was delighted when Master William Thomas, great among the book-worms of the age, bestowed public praise on him for his scholarly acquirements, in a work printed soon after his coronation. "King Edward," wrote the learned Thomas, "is the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun; the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world. Such a spirit of capacity, learning the things taught him by his schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to hear say." William Thomas got his reward by being appointed soon after one of the clerks of the council; but his praises did more harm than good to the pale royal boy, who got more and more ambitious of "learning the things taught him by his schoolmasters." His studies were greatly encouraged by his uncle, the duke of Somerset, who came forward in his own person the more he retired, growing, as expressed by Strype, the historian, "an exceeding great man swelling with titles." He called himself "Governor of the person of the King's Majesty, Protector of all his realms, Lieutenant-general of all his armies by land and by sea, Lord High Treasurer and Earl Marshal of England." There was nothing but the shadow of a pale sickly boy between him and the throne.

Somerset had scarcely seized the reins of power when he was drawn, somewhat against his own wish, and still more against that of Cranmer, into war with Scotland. It arose out of an event expected for some time, the death of the French monarch. King Francis I. survived his royal brother of England, with whom he had often feasted and often fought, little more than two months; and his son and successor, who ascended the throne under the name of Henri II., at once diverted the policy of France from its old course by throwing himself into the arms of the ultra Roman Catholic party. Guided by the duke de Guise and cardinal de Lorraine, the two brothers of the queen-dowager of Scotland, and chief leaders of the popish faction, the young king exhibited undisguised animosity to the new English government, and even expressed a wish for war in refusing

to ratify the treaty of Campe, entered into by the French and English plenipotentiaries on the 7th of June of the previous year, and which Francis I., owing to great bodily suffering, had not been able to sign before his death. Henri II., indeed, had one plausible if not valid reason for refusing to submit to the treaty of Campe, in the continued interference of the English government in the affairs of Scotland. King Henry, till the time of his death, had kept up a more or less open intercourse with the Scottish insurgents, especially with the murderers of the archbishop of St. Andrews; and the duke of Somerset, so far from interrupting this communication, greatly extended it by a treaty with the same rebel forces. The position of the latter at this moment was very strange. The men who murdered the great leader of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland were not looked upon as common assassins, but had risen to be the chief opponents of the established government; and while King Henry himself was unable to enter upon more than a border war with his army, Norman Lesley and his few co-conspirators held the castle of St. Andrews, which they had taken by stratagem, against the earl of Arran and the whole army of Scotland. Immediately after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, his inveterate enemies dragged his body upon the battlements and hung it across in a linen sheet; and when the people of the city came rushing up in terror, they mocked them, crying, "See, there is your god; and if ye are satisfied, get home to your houses." Such boldness intimidated all from disturbing the handful of men who held possession of the stronghold, so that they had time to invite all their friends and partizans to join them; and as the castle was well stored with food, guns, and ammunition, they soon found themselves at the head of a little army, necessarily the focus of the insurrection and the hope of the ever-growing body of reformers. In vain the earl of Arran, regent of Scotland, attempted to take the castle by a regular siege; his army suffered so much, that after an assault of five months he was glad to retire and to enter into a truce with Norman Lesley and his followers. This was a few weeks after the death of King Henry, when Somerset had just come to power, who lost no time in making a formal treaty with the insurgents of St. Andrews, among whom was John Knox, greatest of Scottish reformers. By their treaty with England the rebels bound themselves to use all means in their power for forwarding the marriage of the infant queen with King Edward, and to hold the castle of St. Andrews against the regent until the accomplishment of this event. On Somerset's part, there was this justification for the treaty, that the Scottish parliament had solemnly consented to the marriage of Mary and Edward; but the queen-dowager and the Roman-Catholic party, which sided with her, held that this consent had been invalidated by the subsequent action of King Henry. For a moment after the earl of Arran had been compelled to give up the siege of St. Andrews, there were hopes of a peaceable settlement of the question, the regent being not at all disinclined to it; but these expectations entirely vanished with the news of the death of the king of France. With the accession of Henri II., the con-

fidence of the queen-dowager and the papal faction rose to the highest pitch, and before even the old king had been buried, the duke de Guise was able to inform his royal sister that the new king would fight the battle of Catholicism in Scotland.

The interference of France in Scottish affairs at this moment was most wanton and mischievous, for as far as the English government was concerned there was no cause whatever for hostilities. In striking contrast to King Henry's proceedings, the Protector's conduct towards Scotland was characterized by the greatest moderation, and in all respects wise and statesmanlike. Soon after his accession to power, Somerset addressed an almost affectionate message to "the nobility and counsellors, gentlemen and commons, and all other the inhabitants of the realm of Scotland;" setting forth, "with greeting and peace," his own desire and that of the English people to live on perfect and unalterable terms of friendship with the brethren and neighbours in the north. The Protector eloquently argued that, being dwellers on the same island, and speaking the same tongue, the inhabitants of Scotland and of England ought to be connected in the most intimate alliance, so as to form one political body. "It is," he wrote, "unmeet, unnatural, and unchristian, that there should be mortal war betwixt us, who, in respect of all other nations, should be like as two brethren." Then, rising into still higher eloquence, he continued: "If we two, being made one by amity, be most able to defend us against all nations, and having the sea for wall, the mutual love for garrison, and God for defence, should make so noble and well-agreeing monarchy, that neither in peace we may be ashamed, nor in war afraid of any worldly or foreign power; why should not you be as desirous of the same, and have as much cause to rejoice of it as we?" That it was not the desire of the English people to subjugate Scotland, no more than of the Scottish people to conquer England, was the main point of his argument. "We are quite willing," the Protector exclaimed, "to take the indifferent old name of Britain again, because nothing should be left on our part to be offered; nor do we seek to take from you your laws or customs, but will seek only to redress your oppressions, which of divers ye do sustain." He finally argued that there never had been such an opportunity as now for the union of the two crowns, in the persons of two infant sovereigns; an opportunity manifestly offered by Divine Providence for the happiness of the two nations. The Lord Protector never was greater, never was wiser, and never spoke truer words than in this message, and yet it remained entirely without result. The eloquence of Heaven itself would have been ineffectual against the intrigues of a wily, bigoted woman, backed by a tribe of howling priests. The queen-mother and popish party saw no hopes of repairing their fallen fortunes but in war; and Marie's French friends being ready to steep Scotland in blood for her satisfaction, the demons of war were let loose once more.

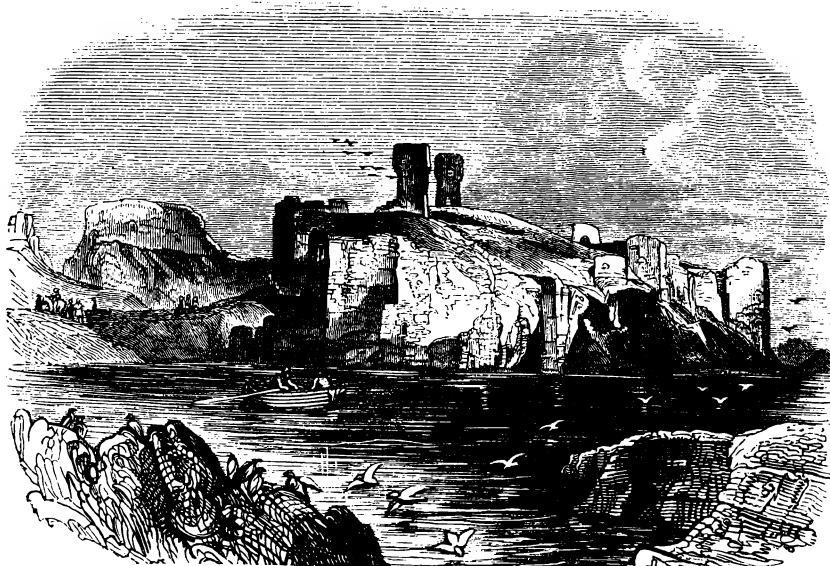
France commenced the strife without any previous notice, by sending a powerful fleet to Scotland, to assist in the reduction of the castle of St. Andrews. The whole movement was directed by the queen-

dowager; and when the French galleys arrived, the regent of Scotland was absent with his army, engaged in a little plundering speculation on the western border. Arran hurried up in great haste when he heard of the somewhat unwelcome arrival of the French allies, and to prevent them having it all their own way, sat down with them before St. Andrew's. However, he was not able to do much, for the French ordnance, once fairly posted, went blazing away at such a rate that the old castle seemed fairly to crumble under it to pieces. From the steeple of the abbey church, from St. Salvator's college, and from every point of vantage, the big guns of France hurled their shots against the stone walls, till at the end of a month a number of gaps betokened the terrible effects of the fire. Within the castle the besieged had little else but stout hearts to oppose to the big guns. They stood out valiantly, pestilence adding to their sufferings; but at last, when the large gaps in the walls told of the impossibility of holding the fortress any longer, they hoisted the white flag, and on the 30th of July surrendered to the French. The soldiers of Henri II. lost no time in securing their prize; they marched all the prisoners, great John Knox included, on board their galleys; and having plundered the castle of everything worth taking, set sail again for France. The earl of Arran grimly looked on, envious of the success of the dear allies, and still more envious of their booty, of which he had not the smallest share. He got, however, fresh work for his troops in the demolition of the castle—determined on partly as an expiatory sacrifice for the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and partly for fear of its falling another time into the possession of an enemy of the government. The task of breaking down the thick walls, battered though they were by the French guns, did not prove easy, and was only partly accomplished; and to this day the picturesque ruins of St. Andrew's castle boldly overlook the sea, a landmark for mariners.

The report of the landing of the French troops in Scotland had no sooner reached the Protector than

he collected an army in all haste, and set out towards the north. By the beginning of August he found himself at the head of twenty thousand troops, with which he started from Newcastle on the 29th of the month, and four days after entered Berwick-on-Tweed. Here admiral Lord Clinton was waiting with twenty-four galleys, prepared to co-operate with the army; and after a conference held with the Protector, the fleet put to sea on the 3rd of September, followed the next day by the troops. The army kept close to the shore, as much as possible in sight of the fleet; and having got as far as Dunbar, meeting with no resistance, Somerset turned west, marching directly upon Edinburgh, while Clinton sailed up the Firth of Forth. Near Musselburgh the English troops once more met the ships, and almost at the same moment came in sight of the main army of Scotland, strongly encamped on a hill on the eastern bank of the river Esk. The encounter was so unexpected that the earl of Warwick, next in command to the Protector, was very nearly captured by a body of Scotch cavalry reconnoitring the ground, and only saved himself by a desperate and protracted hand-to-hand fight, maintained till the timely arrival of some of his own troops. Seeing the enemy approach, the earl of Arran, who commanded the Scotch army, immediately prepared for battle. He had seeming good reason for hurrying on the contest, his position not only being far better than that of his antagonist, but his troops twice as numerous, more than forty thousand men having enrolled under the banner of Scotland. The Protector appeared far less anxious for the deadly encounter. It was not fear of being defeated that made him hold back, but a strong feeling of pity and commiseration for the men under his own command, as well as for the Scotch troops, whom, in accordance with his last message of peace, he looked upon as brethren. To make a last attempt at reconciliation, he entrenched his army at Prestonpans, about two miles from the Scottish camp, to which he despatched a herald, offering a cessation of hostilities on almost

humiliating terms. His proposal was to evacuate the kingdom, and to make good all the damages committed by his troops, on the sole condition that the Scotch should engage not to send their young queen out of the country, but keep her at home, and when of age allow her to choose her own husband. The earl of Arran received this, to him most advantageous proposition, by no means in the spirit in which it was offered; but attributing it solely to fear, hastened on the sanguinary struggle. His haste was the greater as, being endowed personally with no great strength of character, he had fallen gradually under the dominion



CASTLE OF DUNBAR.

of the priests, who swarmed all over his camp, directing the military movements as much or more than his own officers. Armed with swords and daggers, the teachers of religion went from tent to tent, inflaming the minds of the soldiers, and exhorting them to kill the English heretics in the opposite camp for the everlasting glory of God and the Holy Virgin. Before long, the regent himself was unable to restrain the ardour of his excited troops, and, led more than leading, hurried into battle.

The morning of Saturday the tenth of September broke dull and gloomy over the two armies prepared for deadly strife. Somerset knew that the battle could no longer be evaded, and at eight o'clock in the morning slowly moved his troops from their entrenchments into the plain near the mouth of the river Esk. He was prepared to meet the Scotch near their own camp; but great was his surprise, on passing an intervening hill known as the Fawside Brae, to see that they had left the splendid ground which they occupied, and actually crossed the steep banks of the river, placing themselves near a swamp, in the most disadvantageous position. This movement was owing to the priests, who, hearing of Somerset's disinclination for battle, and fearful lest the heretics might escape from their clutches and retreat on board the fleet, had driven Arran to leave his well-selected post on the hills and descend into the plain in search of the English army. The Protector at once perceived the immense advantage thus given to him by the enemy, and without further loss of time ranged his troops in order of battle. He posted his vanguard on a hill to the left, farthest from the sea, with orders to remain on the high ground till the approach of the Scotch; nearer to the river, hidden by its steep banks, Lord Grey was stationed at the head of the horse, to fall on the flank of the enemy when marching towards the van; while Somerset himself, with the main body of the army, remained on the Fawside Brae, where the royal standard of England was planted securely in the ground. These dispositions had no sooner been taken when the Scotch came rushing along with terrific force, both towards the English vanguard and the main. Nothing could withstand the furious onset, the storm of which drove back both infantry and cavalry, and before the Protector could well bring his troops into action, a body of Highlanders had grasped the flag-staff of the standard of England, trying to tear it to the ground. There was frightful confusion for a moment, but it passed over as rapidly as it had come. Rallying once more round their commanders, the English troops quickly formed themselves into one impenetrable mass, and levelling their bows and arquebuses, greeted the assailants with a hail of heavy missiles. At the same moment the fleet opened fire upon the dense ranks of the Scotch, and from the hills above, where the English artillery was stationed, there came a raking shower of lead and iron. The tide now turned in a moment, the very impetuosity of the Scotch becoming fatal to them. The wild and senseless excitement of the first onset suddenly got changed into an equally senseless depression, and seized by a fierce panic, they rushed backward quicker even than they advanced. No more fighting now was needed on the part of the English—all that was necessary was to slaughter.

There was no neglect shown in killing; from all sides death kept pursuing the flying men; down upon them came the cavalry of Grey, the infantry of Warwick, and Somerset with the guards, while the big guns on the hills and the ships hurled columns of fire upon the doomed host. "And thus," wrote an eye-witness, a native of London, named Patten, judge-marshal in Somerset's army, "and thus, with blood and slaughter of the enemy, the chase was continued five miles in length westward from the place from their standing, which was in the fallow fields of Under-Esk, until Edinburgh park, and well nigh to the gates of the town itself, and unto Leith; and in breadth nigh four mile, from the Firth sands up toward Dalkeith southward. In all which space the dead bodies lay as thick as a man may note cattle grazing in a full replenished pasture. The river ran all red with blood."

Scotland lost near twenty thousand of her bravest sons on this fatal day. Not a man of the whole of Arran's army would have escaped had the Protector willed it; but Somerset in mercy put a stop to the dreadful slaughter before it was quite dark. Staying the further pursuit of the enemy, he called his troops together in the camp which the Scotch had left in the morning, where, ranged for review, they broke out in such a tremendous shout of victory, that it was heard at the gates of Edinburgh. All day long the atmosphere had been thick and oppressive; but now a heavy shower of rain began to fall, refreshing the earth, and offering a last solace to the parched lips of the thousands of wounded and dying men who covered the ground for miles around. The English set up their tents for the night on a neighbouring hill, known as that of Pinkie—after which the battle came to be named—and the next morning, having stripped the Scottish camp, and taken possession of immense stores of arms, ammunition, and clothing, they leisurely marched towards the sea-shore near Leith. It would have been easy for the Protector, the preceding evening, to take Edinburgh, to the gates of which the panic-stricken remnant of the great Scottish army had been driven; nor was it difficult now, seeing the utterly helpless condition of the citizens. But Somerset, notwithstanding the almost unparalleled victory he had gained, and which had made over to him a whole kingdom not less than a great army, seemed as reluctant as before to follow up the war. He made no attempts whatever to take the capital; but while his fleet was sweeping the sea before him of every Scotch sail, he sat quietly down on the shore of Forth, forgetful, apparently, of battles, wars, and victory. Thus he remained inactive from Sunday the 11th till Saturday the 17th of November, when, to the intense surprise of his troops, the order went forth that they were to return to England. Never before in the history of fighting mankind had a grand victory been followed by such a voluntary retreat; and the indignation of the English soldiers thereat was so great, that, to vent their anger, they rushed into Leith, setting fire to the town and all the ships in the harbour. To prevent further mischief, Somerset hurried on his departure, and before day-break on the morning of the 18th of November the tents were struck, and the army marched to the south-east under a red sky, leaving the burning town in the rear. The

Protector himself with the main army took the road along the sea, avoiding the great battle-field, as if the remembrance of his victory was giving him pain; but some few of his troops went roaming over the ground, and had to behold a most extraordinary spectacle. "Part of us," reported Patten, the judge-marshal, "kept the way that the chief of the chase was continued in, whereby we found most part of the dead corpses lying very ruefully, with the colour of their skins changed greenish, about the place they had been smitten in, still above ground unburied. But many we perceived to have been buried in Under-Esk churchyard, in graves but thinly covered with green turf. By many others again of the dead bodies was there set up a stick with a clout, with a rag, with an old shoe, or some other mark for knowledge; the which we understood to be marks made by the friends of the party dead when they had found him, but durst not, for fear or lack of leisure, convey away to bury while we were in those parts." The terrified people everywhere fled before the invaders, but Somerset soon removed their fears; for after leaving small garrisons at Haddington and several other fortified places on his road, he went in a rapid march to the border, which he recrossed on the 29th of September, and immediately hastened back to London. The citizens wanted to prepare a triumphant reception, but he declined it. "If anything," he exclaimed, "hath been done to the honour of the realm, it is God's doing, and therefore give Him the praise."

The Protector's quick return to London, after an absence of only six weeks, was not entirely owing to his unwillingness to make war upon the Scotch nation, but also, in no small degree, to unwelcome news transmitted to him by his trusty friend and adviser, Sir William Paget. Somerset had to learn, with unconcealed regret, that, short as had been his power, and hard as he tried to discharge his duties, there was already a strong party forming against him, with his own brother at the head of the coalition, and to all appearance, one of his bitterest enemies. The animosity was solely the produce of envy. Both the Protector and his brother were little above the rank of country squires previously to the marriage of Henry VIII. with their sister, Jane Seymour; but while this union and the subsequent birth of a prince had the effect of raising the elder of the two brothers to the earldom of Hertford and a high position at court, it left the younger in a poor dependent position. The rise of the Protector was partly due to his insinuating manners, but more still to his strong attachment to the Protestant cause, which brought him into intimate connexion with Cranmer, as well as with Cromwell, whom he succeeded as leader of the party. It was Cranmer who planned but he who executed the great plan of making the infant son of Henry the means of establishing Protestantism in England; and while the archbishop carefully directed the education of the young prince, the earl of Hertford no less carefully watched over his personal security, prepared to grasp the crown, at the death of the king, in the name of his royal nephew. The success of the scheme was too perfect not to raise a host of envious foes, all eager to tear the high-minded usurper from his lofty position. The Protector was well aware of

the fact, but he trusted his brother; and one of his first acts on arriving at power was to raise him to the peerage, giving him the title of Baron Seymour of Sudley, with grant of large estates in various parts of the kingdom. His wealth and position was increased by a marriage with Catherine Parr, King Henry's widow, who was vain enough to believe in his insincere protestations of love, and to give him her hand soon after the demise of her dread lord. Catherine, during her short and perilous career as sixth queen of Henry, had managed to amass immense treasure, which was emptied by the old widow, with usual infatuation, into the lap of her young and handsome husband. Seymour spent the money freely in his high ambitious objects, engaging large bands of retainers, and gathering round him men of spirit and courage, chiefly from the ranks of the lower nobility. His movements were quiet as long as his brother was near; but no sooner had Somerset gone to Scotland, than he threw off the mask, openly avowing his aim to become ruler of the kingdom. It was the report of these doings that accelerated the quick return of the Protector to London.

His return was quite sufficient to allay the storm that seemed threatening against him. Seymour, able, unscrupulous, and master in hypocrisy, denied all the charges brought against him, and the Protector was too good-natured and full of brotherly love not to believe and forgive. He was the more inclined not to bear ill-will against friend or enemy, as he had a task before him, the greatness of which left no room for petty malice and personal considerations. The mighty work in which Somerset and Cranmer were joined, with many able minds under them, was to give to England the two inestimable blessings of Protestantism and free government. The first part of the task, the most important, they commenced to execute immediately after their accession to power, by instituting a visitation of the clergy after the manner inaugurated by Cromwell. For this purpose the kingdom was divided into six great circuits, each of which was placed, for the time being, under the absolute control of three or more ecclesiastical visitors, whose duty it was to inquire into the religious condition of the several dioceses, to exhort the clergy as well as laity to the study of the Bible, to remove idolatrous images, to repress priestly fanaticism, and in general to destroy as much as possible all outward forms of popish superstition. The success of this work, entirely directed by Archbishop Cranmer, was very great; and when the Protector returned from Scotland, he learnt to his intense satisfaction that the visitors, all of them zealous reformers, had carried out their instructions everywhere without opposition, cordially aided by the people. A great step towards freedom of conscience having thus been accomplished, Somerset next hazarded a bold stroke for political liberty. The first parliament of the new reign was called together on the 4th of November, 1547, and the first bill laid before it was expressly prepared to destroy the basis of the late king's monstrous despotism, as far as it was embodied in legislative acts and royal decrees having the force of statutes. The preamble of this bill recited that former parliaments had passed certain laws "which might seem and

appear to men of exterior realms, and many of the king's majesty's subjects, very strait, sore, extreme, and terrible," and that therefore the whole of them should be for ever repealed and annulled. The two houses duly passed the Protector's bill, and thus were swept away with one stroke the whole of those terrible statutes, described in the 'Commentaries' of Blackstone as "the new-fangled treasons of the bloody reign of Henry VIII." The act of repeal included the monstrous statute of the Six Articles, which had brought hundreds to the stake; the sanguinary law "concerning punishment and reformation of heretics and Lollards;" and, finally, that most preposterous of all the parliamentary enactments of Henry's reign, by which royal decrees were allowed to have the force of statutes. To stretch the repeal as far as possible, it was made to include the whole of Henry's despotic laws against freedom of conscience, or, as it was expressed, "all and every other act concerning doctrine and matter of religion." This great statute of repeal—first statute of the reign of Edward VI.—properly laid the foundation of religious liberty in England. Thirteen years before Cromwell had severed, with one gigantic stroke, the ancient bonds which chained the people to Rome; and now Cromwell's friend and successor annihilated, with stroke not less gigantic, the bonds, mightier than those of Rome, by which men's minds were held under the influence of worldly authority. Cromwell transferred the rule of faith from the pope to the king; Somerset transferred it from the king to God.

The opposition to all the measures for the reform of religion carried out by the Protector and Cranmer was remarkably slight, showing that the people of England had been Protestant at heart long before it pleased King Henry to make himself independent of the Roman pontiff. Everywhere the inhabitants, with the exception of the very lowest classes, joyfully welcomed the teachers and preachers of a purified faith, and eagerly assisted in the destruction of the images of idolatrous worship, which for centuries had debased the rites of Christianity into paganism. Even the high dignitaries of the Church, who had the greatest interest in remaining attached to ancient practices, showed scarcely any resistance to the new reforms, thus silently acknowledging that they met with the approbation of the vast majority of the people. Of all the bishops, only three stood forth in opposition, namely, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, Bonner, bishop of London, and Tunstall, bishop of Durham. The antagonism of the latter was very mild, so that Cranmer did not think it necessary to interfere with him; as for Gardiner and Bonner, they got exceedingly loud in their declamations, so that the Protector was compelled to shut them up in the Fleet prison. Under Henry's reign, for which both bishops professed extraordinary admiration, their speeches against royal authority would have certainly brought them to the block or the stake; but the Protector was wise enough not to interfere too much with these excited ecclesiastics, and having given them a few months in the Fleet, to cool down, he let them out again. This leniency, unfortunately, was very little appreciated by many of the old and new friends of Rome sympathising with Bonner and

Gardiner. Taking the Protector's kindness to be weakness, and regarding his lofty scruples of conscience to punish men for their belief as indifference to religion, they began to band together, declaiming, at first softly, but gradually in more determined tone, against many of the measures of reform, attempting even, here and there, to stir the ignorant population into insurrection. Somerset had not much trouble in keeping down open revolt. However, he seemed sorely vexed on many occasions to see the ingratitude of those very classes, the lowest and most oppressed of the nation, for whom he was struggling with all his might to gain freedom, and to whose political and religious emancipation he had devoted his life. To a mob which, stirred by priests, had risen in the eastern counties, demanding that the old forms of government should be restored, he sent a noble reply. "The Six Articles," he wrote in the king's name, "and the statutes that made words treason, and other such severe laws, ye seem to require again, the which the whole parliament, almost on their knees, required us to abolish and put away; and when we condescended thereto, with a whole voice gave us humble thanks, for they thought that before no man was sure of his life, lands, or goods. And will ye have these laws again? Will ye that we shall resume the scourge again and hard snaffle for your mouths?" The Protector had yet to learn the great lesson that the mob of all lands and all ages is ever more ready to crucify than to give thanks to its benefactors and reformers.

Somerset's extreme forbearance in the war against Scotland did not meet with more success than his leniency against the priestly element at home. After his overwhelming victory at the gates of Edinburgh, it was in his power to bring about the union of the two nations by taking possession of Mary, the infant queen, and thus securing the marriage with the young king which he so warmly advocated in his message to the Scottish parliament. But his fear of accomplishing by violence what he hoped might be done in peace made him neglect this golden opportunity; and not to give him the chance of another, the bigoted queen-dowager immediately concerted measures with her friends for carrying little Mary to France, and contracting her to the Dauphin; or, in other words, offering the crown of Scotland to the French king. The design met with great resistance among all the classes of the Scottish people, but was nevertheless carried out in a very short time, chiefly through the active agency of the priesthood, and with the help of French troops and French gold. In the middle of June, 1548, a body of six thousand mercenaries, under the command of general D'Esse D'Espanvillers, were landed at Leith, and marched towards Haddington; and when encamped here, ostensibly for the purpose of besieging the town, still held by the English, the queen-dowager called a parliament together to sanction the removal of her daughter to France. The deputies met in the ancient abbey near Haddington, the head-quarters of the foreign mercenaries; and in this unenviable position, with French guns pointed at their heads, were asked whether they had any objections to the marriage of their infant queen with the Dauphin. The danger

of opposition was clearly great; nevertheless there were men among the deputies who dared to lift their voices against the proposal, arguing that if Scotland must needs be dependent, it would be better to be under the kindred English government than under the rule of the alien king of France. Threats and bribes soon silenced these orators, for gold was plentiful in the French camp, as well as gunpowder. The earl of Arran, who had made a show of patriotic opposition, on a sudden became very quiet, consenting to accept a French pension of twelve thousand livres a year, together with the title of the duke of Chatelherault. Others followed his example, and the marriage of Mary to the Dauphin and her removal to France were voted by a majority. No time was lost in completing the scheme, great as were the difficulties still in the way. English ships held the command of the Channel, narrowly watching the traffic between France and Scotland; and to escape their vigilance, Captain Villegaignon, experienced mariner in the service of Henri II., conceived the bold project of carrying off the young queen by circumnavigating the kingdom. A voyage round the north of Scotland, through the intricate channels of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, had scarcely ever before been attempted; but the circumstances being desperate, the queen-dowager consented to the plan, resolved to risk anything rather than let her fall into the hands of the English heretics. Towards the middle of July, Captain Villegaignon quietly dropped down the Firth of Forth with four galleys, as if intending to return home by the usual route; but instead of sailing south when arrived in the open sea, he stood northward, and groping his way along the rocky coasts of Aberdeenshire and Caithness, around Duncansbay Head and Cape Wrath, between the Hebrides and the Isle of Sky, he succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Clyde, and threw anchor at Dumbarton. Here the infant queen, in charge of Lords Erskine and Fleming, and a suite of two hundred ladies, gentlemen, and attendants, was waiting to go on board; and Villegaignon quickly ran his four galleys across the Atlantic to Brest, landing his precious charge on the 13th of August. Queen Mary Stuart, now nearly six years old, was immediately conducted to St. Germain-on-Laye, and there betrothed to the dauphin, aged six. Thus Scotland had become a dependency of the crown of France.

The Protector saw, when it was too late, the immense blunder he had committed in not following up his advantages against the northern kingdom. Even at the moment when the French were preparing to carry off the infant queen, his generous sympathies blinded his political judgment to the extent that he issued an address to the people of Scotland, imploring them, in eloquent terms, to agree to a union of the English and Scottish crowns, and thus to end the danger that beset them from foreign encroachments. He could not, or would not see that in this case he was not dealing with the people at all, but with a set of bold and unprincipled adventurers, who only looked to their own interest and not to that of the country, and who, like their leader, the queen dowager, were far more bound to the Pope,

and the king of France than to the Scottish nation. But it was not until the crown of Scotland had been carried to France, that Somerset became conscious of his fatal mistake in trusting to arguments against people whose chief weapon was perfidy and intrigue, and in attempting negotiations where energy and physical force alone could lead to success. To repair his grave political error as far as possible, the Protector determined to appeal once more from diplomacy to arms, and commenced levying troops for a war against Scotland. It was the more necessary, as the French had already commenced war on their part, besieging the English garrison at Haddington, and reducing them to sore distress. An attempt to relieve them, made by Sir Thomas Palmer, governor of Berwick, at the head of twelve hundred horse, had failed entirely, the French general taking the field against them with his whole army, and, capturing one half of the small force, driving the rest back over the border. The repulse so much exasperated the people of the northern counties, that the earl of Shrewsbury, who, by order of the Protector, was gathering troops around his standard for the invasion of Scotland, saw his ranks swelled by a great many of the yeomen and middle classes, and was able to take the offensive, at the end of August, with an army of twenty-two thousand men, aided by a fleet of fifty sail under admiral the Lord Clinton. There was no resistance met with anywhere, the French retreating on all points, and Shrewsbury; after changing the garrison at Haddington, and leaving abundant stores of food and ammunition, went in search of General D'Espanvillers, whom he found under the walls of Musselburgh, in a strongly intrenched camp. To hazard an attack upon it, Shrewsbury was unwilling; and, after various warlike demonstrations, much sounding of bugles and beating of drums, the French looking sternly at the English all the while, and the English at the French, the two armies bid farewell to each other. Uncertain what to do in Scotland, the thoughtful English commander now turned his face again southward, and safely carried every man of his army back across the Tweed. Lord Clinton's fleet, which had started together with the army, did not get back quite so safely. With a wonderful absence of military knowledge and even common sense, the admiral landed several thousand of his men, sailors and soldiers together, without guns, and almost unarmed, at an inhospitable corner of the coast of Fife, with orders to march inland and to find something to conquer, or to plunder. They found nothing but the laird of Wemyss and a number of his friends on horseback, and as the laird persisted in riding towards them, the trespassers thought it best to beat a precipitate retreat. But having once commenced to run, they had all the country people behind them, with scores of well-horsed lairds and angry priests for leaders, who did their best to change the flight into a rout. Many were killed, and the rest, according to a Scotch historian, were "forced to save themselves by wading in sea to the necks, having got no better booty than their backful of strokes and wet skins." After this achievement, the noble admiral set sail again for the English shore, making his

appearance at Berwick a month after the arrival of his friend in command, the earl of Shrewsbury.

The disgrace of these proceedings against Scotland, which seemed deep enough to rouse the Protector to energetic action, was almost lost upon him, the critical state of affairs in his own immediate neighbourhood absorbing his entire attention. His high aims, genuine kindness, and extreme affability were gaining for him a daily increasing popularity among the middle and lower classes, but at the same time contributed to swell the number of his enemies in the upper ranks and those nearest to the throne. Accustomed to the brutal despotism of their former master, the great nobles felt no respect for one whom they deemed their inferior in birth, and who, though he might have easily purchased reverence by terror, was more inclined at all times to forgive than to punish. But the royal power which Somerset wielded was yet too exalted to allow them to go beyond hints and murmurs; and it was not till there arose a man among them bold enough to become their leader that they ranged themselves in open opposition. This man was Lord Seymour, the Protector's brother, and, as he gradually proved himself, his deadliest enemy. It was in vain that riches, honours, and dignities were heaped upon him to soothe his ambition and to become a dutiful subject; his mind, coarse and vulgar in the extreme, was doomed to be never content, and all that was given to him served but to increase his greed. In every respect, Seymour was the opposite of his elder brother. The Protector was strictly moral in his private life, and Seymour a wild unprincipled libertine; the former democratic in his political views, and the latter haughtily aristocratic; the former sincerely religious and attached to the Protestant faith, and the latter an utter sceptic with a dash of Popish superstition. In trying to reconcile such a brother and to win his love, Somerset's labours were necessarily vain; nevertheless, he made attempt after attempt to gain this object, sparing no trouble nor sacrifice for the same. Besides raising his brother to the peerage and bestowing upon him the title of lord high admiral, the Protector successively made him great chamberlain, high treasurer, and earl marshal, to which dignities were added grants of numerous rich estates, so that at last he who was all but a beggar only a few years before, came to be one of the richest men in the kingdom, holding landed property in no less than eighteen different counties. But gratitude was a feeling unknown to Seymour, and hatred and envy seemed to increase with every successive gift. After the Protector's return from Scotland, he made a faint show of submission, on being taken to account for his treasonable practices; but only a very short time elapsed before he broke out into renewed turbulence, scarcely hiding his great object of becoming guardian of the young king and ruler of the realm. There were even signs that his restless and unscrupulous ambition was soaring still higher, to the throne itself. Owing to his marriage with the widow of King Henry, the Princess Elizabeth was residing under the same roof with him, and to her he made love openly, even in the presence of his wife. The latter died on the 5th of September, 1548, soon after giving birth to a daughter, and then there arose dark rumours that she

had been poisoned to facilitate his designs. It now became impossible for the Protector to overlook the doings of his brother any longer, there being numerous proofs of his intentions to overthrow the existing government. Accordingly, the order went forth for his arrest, and on the 19th of January, 1549, Lord Seymour entered the gate of the Tower, never to leave it again.

The trial of the brother of the Protector took place, after the despotic fashion inaugurated under Henry VIII., before a commission which made its report to parliament, without giving the accused the slightest chance of being personally heard in his defence. As soon as Seymour had been thrown into prison, all the great nobles who professed to be his friends and followers, looking upon him for a restoration of that oligarchical form of government which had been so completely crushed under the iron heel of the two Tudor kings, showed themselves false and treacherous, and instead of assisting him, as they might have done, turned his accusers and enemies. The principal charges against Seymour were that he had tried to secure the person of the king, so as to concentrate in his own hands all the power of the government; that he had "attempted and gone about to marry the king's majesty's sister, the Lady Elizabeth, to the danger of the king's majesty's person, and peril of the state of the same;" and, finally, that he had abused his office as lord high admiral to extort money, actually making compacts with pirates, and had likewise induced, with the same object, the master of the mint at Bristol to coin base money. The latter charges were well proved; but the first two somewhat imperfectly, owing to the necessity to examine the highest personages in the realm as witnesses. Both King Edward and his sister Elizabeth were placed under examination, and their evidence was very remarkable. The boy king testified that Seymour had supplied him with pocket-money, with which, it appears, he was scantily furnished, and had said, upon one occasion, "Ye must take upon yourself to rule, for ye shall be able enough, as well as other kings, and then ye may give your men somewhat;" and again, "Ye are but even a very beggarly king now, ye have not to play, or to give to your servants." Little Edward, it was proved, took those taunts to heart, for the marquis of Dorset, one of his attendants, deposed, "that the king's majesty had divers times made his moan unto him, saying 'My uncle of Somerset dealeth very hardly with me, and keepeth me so strait that I cannot have money at my will; but my lord admiral both sends me money and gives me money.'" More extraordinary still was the evidence regarding Princess Elizabeth, which showed a deep-laid plan of corruption of the royal children. It was deposed by one of the attendant ladies of the princess—now going to be sixteen, and uncommonly shrewd and lively for her age—that Seymour used to visit her very early in the morning, "and if she were in her bed, he would put open the curtains and bid her good-morrow, and make as though he would come at her, and she would go further in the bed so that he could not come at her." Princess Elizabeth thought it necessary to defend herself against some of the current rumours about her connection with Seymour in a letter to the Protector,

written in January, 1549, while her admirer was under trial. She declared the report of being "with child by my lord admiral" a "shameful slander," to disprove which she offered to come to court "that I may show myself there as I am." The offer was not accepted; but a commissioner, Sir Robert Tyrwhit, was despatched by the royal council to take her under examination. Sir Robert had many queries, among them whether she would have liked to marry the lord admiral, with the consent of the king. To which Elizabeth pertly replied that "she would not tell him what her mind was therein," expressing her wonder, "who bade him ask that question." The poor envoy soon discovered that he was no match for the daughter of King Henry and Anne Boleyn. "She hath a very good wit," he reported to the council, "but nothing is gotten of her but by great policy."

Seymour's trial and examination came to an end on the 23rd of February, when the whole of the commissioners went to the Tower in a body, to tell him that the charges against him had been proved, but that yet forgiveness would be extended to him if he would promise to give up all his ambitious projects, make his submission to the Protector, and not further disturb the peace of the realm. New threats and menaces, mingled with the energetic demand to have an open trial, formed the sole reply of the prisoner. The trial was too full of dangers for Seymour's former friends, now his accusers and enemies, that they felt disposed for a moment to grant it; and, on his refusing to sue for mercy, a bill of attainder was at once laid before the upper house of parliament. The noble lords, among whom Seymour, till his incarceration, had been all-powerful, passed the bill unanimously and in one sitting, the only speeches made being for the purpose of throwing stones upon the fallen man. The commons, to whom the bill of attainder was sent immediately after it had passed the upper house, made a feeble show of generosity, if not of public spirit, entirely new in Tudor parliaments. According to Burnet, some few of the members had the courage to speak "against attainders in absence, and thought it an odd way that some peers should rise up in their places in their own house and relate somewhat to the slander of another, and that he should be thereupon attainted;" and they went so far as to propose that Seymour "should be brought to the bar, and be heard to plead for himself." To stifle this spirit of opposition, the council made the king sign a message to parliament, stating that his majesty held it to be "not necessary to send for the admiral," on which the commons forthwith remembered their duty, bowing in the dust as of old. The act of attainder was passed in a very full house, near four hundred votes being given for it, and only ten against it. On the 14th of March the royal assent was given to the bill, and three days after, on the 17th, the warrant was issued for Seymour's execution. It was believed that the Protector, who throughout did everything in his power to save his brother, acted under compulsion in signing the death-warrant, inasmuch as this document had also attached to it the name of Cranmer—it being deemed contrary to canon law for a bishop to sign an order of blood. Seymour was led to the block at Tower Hill on Wednesday, the 20th of March,

protesting his innocence with his dying breath. A few days after the execution, Bishop Latimer, who attended the admiral in his last hours, preached a sermon about Seymour before the young king, telling him that his uncle "died very dangerously, irksomely, horribly;" and adding, "he was a man farthest from the fear of God that ever I knew or heard of in England." The sermon proved, if nothing else, that Christian charity was nearly as much disregarded, in this burning age of religious zeal, among the friends of the Reformation as among the partisans of Rome.

The parliament which attainted Seymour was employed, during the rest of the session, upon ecclesiastical affairs. Cranmer had appointed, the year previous, a committee of bishops and divines to compose a liturgy in English, in substitution of the old Latin formularies of public devotion, and the task having been accomplished, the two houses were asked to order the adoption of the same, which they did without resistance. The next important measure of religious reform brought before parliament was an act for the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. In Germany, the Lutherans had made it one of their first efforts to destroy this unnatural law, and to fill up the great gulf separating the priesthood from the people, and forming it into a distinct caste; but in England nothing had been done hitherto to accomplish the same, although the leader of the English Protestants had strong personal reasons to follow in the steps of Luther. But Cranmer was essentially a timid man, and the very fact of being married, though known to every one, prevented him from advocating the destruction of so-called priestly chastity, for fear of its being ascribed to selfish motives. But the tide of the Reformation was now running too fast for even Cranmer to resist, and the bill against celibacy was brought in accordingly. It met with some little resistance in the upper as well as the lower house, the plausible old arguments as to the necessity of ministers of religion devoting themselves entirely to the service of God and keeping free of all earthly ties, being brought forward once more. The law permitting clergymen to take wives was finally voted by a large majority, though with the preamble, "that it were better for priests and the ministers of the church to live chaste and without marriage; and it were much to be wished they would of themselves abstain." It was strangely illogical on the part of the national representatives that, after abolishing a law as bad, they should at the same time recommend its voluntary retention; but in this, as in other respects, they merely obeyed superior orders. Like many other men, before and after, rise to power made a great modification in the views of Archbishop Cranmer, and the more unrestricted he had become in his sway, the more unwilling he showed himself to countenance those radical principles of religious reform which he had formerly advocated. It depended but on him now to remodel the government of the church of England after the tenets of Luther and Calvin; but instead of going in this direction, the primate, in his newly-acquired absolute power, seemed inclined rather to retrograde to Rome, not shrinking back even from Romish persecution. Soon after parliament had established the English liturgy, a

commission was granted by act of council to Cranmer and some of his friends, "to examine and search after all anabaptists, heretics, or contemners of the book of common prayer;" and the zeal with which the archbishop set to work in punishing people who differed from him in their religious views, was not at all creditable to his character, as developed in the height of prosperity and power. Among the heretics brought before him was a woman called Joan Bocher, or Joan of Kent, a poor creature whose brain had been completely upset by protracted religious musings. She advocated "that Christ was not truly incarnate of the Virgin whose flesh, being the outward man, was sinfully begotten and born in, and consequently he could take none of it: but the Word, by the consent of the inward man of the Virgin, was flesh." This was the reported "doctrine" of Joan Bocher—mystical in the extreme, to the ordinary understanding—but with which Cranmer, nevertheless, thought it necessary to interfere. Joan was cited before the archiepiscopal court, and, on refusing to retract, was condemned to be burnt. According to Fox, the martyrologist, the young king for a long time refused to sign the warrant of death, and, when overcome at last by the importunities of Cranmer, declared that her blood should fall upon his conscience. Though this story has had doubts thrown upon it, none remain regarding the active part taken by Cranmer in the persecution of advanced reformers, several of whom, such as Van Parr, a Dutchman, were given to the flames for no other heresy but the mild one of Arianism. Joan Bocher, after lying more than a year in prison, was burnt in May, 1550, her fanaticism having increased to such extent that she hugged and kissed the faggots, and kept crying to the orthodox church of England preacher, who attempted to convert her amidst the flames, "Get ye away: you lie like a rogue! Go, and search the Scriptures!" But Cranmer was not always severe against nonconformists, and while burning poor Joan, he allowed Princess Mary, heir-apparent to the throne, the free use of mass and confessors, and all the other paraphernalia of the church of Rome.

While Cranmer was busy with ecclesiastical reforms and persecutions, and Somerset engaged in levying troops for another war against Scotland, which seemed to promise great success, the people having come to repent of their too intimate alliance with France, there broke out a series of popular insurrections all over England, very embarrassing to the government, and not a little characteristic of the ferment of the times. In some respects, the risings were merely a prolongation of those witnessed in the two preceding reigns, consequences of the great political change effected by the Tudor rule in the systematic debasement of the great landed aristocracy and the accompanying favour bestowed upon the industrial and lower working classes. Under Henry VII., the movement was too new to have acquired much strength, and the wise king, besides, knew how to deal with it by legislation; but his son and successor had no other remedy but brute force, and though it suppressed for a while the outward symptoms of the disease, it was only to foster the germ of new eruptions at the removal of the pressure. A great part of the soil of England had changed hands since the accession of Henry VII., and

the labouring classes among the agricultural population, from being in a state of dependency on their feudal superiors, had become absolutely free men—free to work, but also free to starve. Though infinitely raised in their moral and social position, the tillers of the soil were not for a time gainers from the material point of view, the free men often wanting bread and a hut to live in, where the serf was provided with both. The chief ambition of the old nobles and landowners was to have the greatest possible number of retainers, over whom they exerted a paternal despotism, but for whose bodies, if not souls, they cared well; the new landowners, on the other hand, had no such ambition, their all-absorbing aim being that of making money. They hired labourers and paid them, when required; and when not, they turned them adrift, with leave to perish on the road or in a neighbouring ditch. Shrewd and calculating men as they were, the new nobles soon found out, too, that the tilling of the soil did not put half as much money into their pockets as the use of it for grazing, and having once discovered this, the conversion of arable land into pasture went on at a rapid rate. Year after year, as the demand for English wool kept increasing on the continent of Europe, especially in the busy Flemish cities, acre after acre of fine corn-land was given over to the sheep, until, as remarked by Sir Thomas More, "a sheep had become in England a more ravenous animal than a lion or wolf, and devoured whole villages, cities, and provinces." The immense distress thus occasioned was still increased by the wanton and wasteful spoliation of the monasteries. The religious houses were not only the greatest landowners in England, but the best of landlords; they exacted neither too hard work nor too high rents; and as the monks themselves put praying above digging, and good cheer above either, they were not loth in carrying out the same principle with their lay dependents: thus while they sometimes corrupted their souls, they always fed and clothed the bodies. No man ever went away hungry from a convent door, as long as food was to be had within; charity was easy and natural with the inmates, who had no reason for saving, being without social and family ties. But all this gigantic system of poor relief was swept away with one stroke, and no substitute was made for it in any shape or form. The fine monasteries were razed to the ground, and the splendid, well-cultivated estates fell into the hands of rapacious courtiers, who, careless of the future, and looking only for immediate gain, let them either out on short exorbitant leases, or turned them into sheep-farms. The immediate consequence showed itself in hordes of beggars, more numerous, more miserable and wretched than ever before seen in England. To get rid of the paupers, Henry VIII. had recourse to his one great specific—he hung them. But even he had to discover that murder was no cure for hunger, and that, though strong enough, if so willed, to kill all the barons, he could not kill all the beggars. Notwithstanding the extreme cruelty of the vagrant laws enacted by Henry's parliaments, pauperism increased so much during this reign as to become a national curse.

The accession to power of the duke of Somerset effected a complete change, amounting to a revolu-

tion, in the disposition of the government towards the suffering agricultural population. A democrat at heart, and sincere friend of the people, the Protector strove with all his might to assist the hard-working sons of the soil in their distress, making the greatest, though not always the wisest efforts to relieve it. In order to stop the conversion of the arable land into sheep-farms he got a bill through parliament—2 & 3 Edward VI., cap. 36—laying a heavy tax upon sheep, as well as woollen manufactures, every wether being charged with twopence, and every ewe with threepence a-year, while all manufactured cloth had to pay an impost of eightpence in the pound of its value. To tax the rich for the benefit of the poor, the Protector further obtained the grant of an impost of a shilling in the pound from all persons worth ten pounds a year, or upwards; of two shillings in the pound from aliens, and of six shillings in the pound from the beneficed clergy. The greater part of the sums thus obtained were spent on improving the condition of the labouring classes, but to very little effect. Somerset soon found that the tax upon live stock and woollen manufactures, so far from diminishing the distress, increased it greatly, so that it had to be repealed after a couple of years, and other remedies be sought for. There were great complaints all over the country of the commons and open places being encroached upon by the new and greedy set of landowners which had arisen since the reign of Henry VII., and to attend to those complaints, the Protector appointed a commission for making inquiry concerning enclosures, ordering moreover that all enclosures recently made should be laid open by a certain day. Hearing that some of the judges were venal, and would not give the poor man justice, he likewise opened a court of request, over which he presided in person, patiently listening to all the grievances brought before him, and settling matters, as far as possible, without protracted lawsuits. This necessarily gained him great popularity, but also many enemies, and in the royal council itself the opinions were very much divided as to the wisdom of these proceedings. By his earnest friend and adherent, Sir William Paget, the Protector was advised “not to meddle with private suits, but remit them to ordinary courses;” while, on the other hand, Cranmer approved of the democratic-despotic policy, and the more ardent of the political and religious reformers were enthusiastic about it. In one of his sermons before the young king, Latimer, after telling the story of Cambyses, ruler of Persia, who flayed a dishonest judge alive, and spread his skin over the imperial throne, cried, “I pray God we may once see the sign of the skin in England.” The feeling which prompted this outburst was purely and sincerely philanthropic; but Latimer, in his admiration of tyrannic justice, forgot the fact of England being very unlike Persia, and of Englishmen, whether judges or not, having a great dislike to being skinned.

All the efforts of Somerset to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes had been of very little result hitherto; but the least successful of all was the measure against enclosures, which, so far from satisfying the people for whose benefit it was designed, had the direct effect of leading them into revolt. The

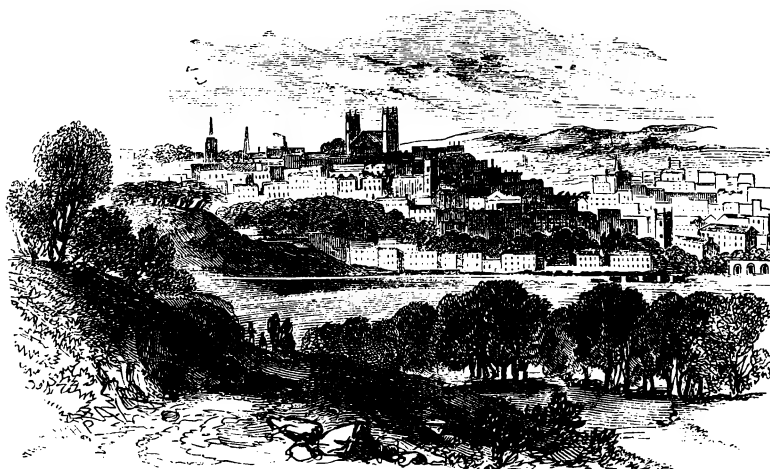
commissioners appointed by the Protector to hear and determine all complaints about enclosures and other wrongs to which the labouring classes thought themselves subject, had no sooner started on their errand, when the people rose in many parts of England, and, taking the law into their own hands, began tearing up the hedges, gates, and boundary fences of all obnoxious landlords whose title to their property was held to be doubtful. There seemed to be a general feeling, from one end of the country to the other, that the Protector was Protector of the poor alone, and enemy of all men of property; and inspired by this report, the ignorant mob suddenly forced the bounds of law, and almost simultaneously broke into insurrection in Sussex and in Yorkshire, in Kent, Norfolk, Herts, Essex, Berks, Suffolk, and Gloucestershire. In the summer of 1549, before even Somerset's commissioners had all reached their appointed posts, more than one half of the kingdom was in rebellion. It seemed like a general conspiracy; but events soon proved that there was none whatever, the vague helplessness of the masses who had risen being even more conspicuous than the fierce impulse which had driven them into insurrection at one and the same time. In most places they cried for purely local, and but in few for extensive national reform; hatred of individuals guided some, and of particular laws others: but there were no leaders to be found who could give a clear account of the wishes and objects of the rebellious crowds which had gathered in camps all over England. The Protector seemed as much astounded as any one when receiving the report of this huge confusion which had broken forth so suddenly. “The causes and pretences of these uproars and risings,” he wrote, in August, 1549, to the English ambassador in Germany, “are divers and uncertain, and so full of variety in almost every camp, as they call them, that it is hard to say what it is: as is like to be of people without head and rule, who would have they know not what. Some cry, pluck down enclosures and parks; some for their commons; others pretend religion; a number would rule and direct things as gentlemen have done; and, indeed, all have conceived a wonderful hate against gentlemen, and take them all as their enemies.” It was, in fact, the germ of a socialist revolution, engendered by the sufferings of thousands of miserable wretches in want of employment and of bread, but who had no leaders to give utterance and direction to their aims. They had vague notions of having a right to live, and to sustain their bodies with food, in return for work; yet how to get work they did not know, and thus all their longings fell into “a wonderful hate against gentlemen.” But the hatred, after all, did not assume violent proportions.

The fires of insurrection, which burnt all over the kingdom, rose into large flame only in two parts—the extreme west and the extreme east. In Cornwall and Devonshire, old homes of revolt, the rising began early in June, and soon took a form very different from that in any other part of England. While everywhere else not a single leader came forward to direct the dumb multitude, here the movement at once fell into the hands of some cunning priests, who knew exactly what they wanted, and who, being gifted

with the power of speech, found not the least difficulty to guide the excited crowd. The priests appointed one Humphrey Arundel, a man of some property, as chief leader, and by vigorous exertions stirred up the people so well that by the middle of June there were above twelve thousand men gathered round his standard. After committing all sorts of depredations, and plundering the country far and wide, they marched upon Exeter, and on the 2nd of July commenced a regular siege of the city. There was a strong priestly

and great were the rejoicings when, after a month's siege, they heard of the tardy march of the royal troops. Humphrey Arundel and his men, made fearless by long negotiations, which they naturally looked upon as weakness on the part of the government, did not wait for the arrival of the troops, but marched forward till meeting them face to face at Tennington bridge, near Crediton. The battle which ensued resulted in the total rout of the insurgents, and Lords Grey and Russell, the commanders of the

royal army, drove the flying multitude back to Exeter. Here they were reinforced by an accession of Cornishmen, led by priests, and the fury of these brought about another sanguinary encounter on Cliff Heath. The rebel host stood their ground bravely; for, according to an old historian, "great was the slaughter, and cruel was the fight, and such was the valour and stoutness of these men that the Lord Grey reported himself that he never in all the wars that he had been in did know the like." However, it was impossible for an undisciplined, badly-armed crowd, led by such poor strategicians as priests, to gain any advantage against regular troops, and stoutly as they fought, it served to nothing but the exasperation of



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faction within the gates, and the rebel leaders were in hopes that they might assist their entrance; however, the majority of the inhabitants would hear of no surrender, and, while guarding themselves both against the internal and external enemies, they hurried off expresses to London to obtain help from the government. It was impossible for the Protector to decline his assistance; but he at the same time showed himself most unwilling to shed the blood of the poor people, whom he held to be less criminal than misguided. With a singular ignorance of his own age, already displayed in the affairs of Scotland, he firmly believed in the possibility of gaining over large masses of men, even of the most ignorant, by the force of persuasion; and he therefore once more had recourse to proclamations and despatches instead of guns and soldiers. On being asked their objects, the Cornish rebel leaders were bold enough to let the mask fall, and to state their intention of fighting for the old religion. They demanded that mass should be said, as formerly, in Latin; that the reading of the Bible should be prohibited; that monasteries be re-established; that the images of saints be again set up in churches; that Cardinal Pole, foremost champion of the Pope, be appointed a member of the government; and, finally, that the act of the Six Articles, or the "Bloody Statute," should be made once more the law of the land. It was only on learning these extraordinary proposals of the priestly faction in the western counties that the Protector got convinced of the further uselessness of negotiations, and consented to an attack upon the rebels. The latter, in the meanwhile, had brought great sufferings upon the citizens of Exeter by undermining the walls and cutting off the supplies,

the soldiers, which in the end got so furious as not to be restrained by the generals. Notwithstanding the strict injunctions of Somerset to be mild and forbearing against the deluded multitude, the greater part of the rebels caught by the troops fell under the sword, while numbers were hung on gibbets along the road. Humphrey Arundel, the nominal chief leader, was carried to London, tried, condemned, and executed; but most of the priests were summarily despatched on the spot. One of the most notable of the clerical commanders, the vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter, had the distinction conferred upon him of being hung on the top of the steeple of his own church, "in his popish apparel, with a holy-water bucket and sprinkle, a sacrisy bell, a pair of beads, and such other like popish trash hanging about him." There was evidently no more inclination among the Protestants than among the Roman Catholics to treat each other like Christians.

While the rebellion was raging in the west of England, another of entirely different aspect had commenced in the eastern counties. In both instances, exactly the same class of people, agricultural labourers, paupers, and vagrants, composed the mass of the rioters; but while in the west, owing to the accident of leadership, they set up a cry for popery and the old right to be burnt or hung under the act of the Six Articles, in the east the rebels knew much better what they wanted, and at the outset declared undisguisedly that they were planning a social revolution. The rising commenced on the 6th of July, at Wymondham, in a tumult which ensued after the performance of some itinerant players, and which ended in the destruction of

hedges, gates, and enclosures for several miles around. The disorderly crowd thus collected acquired some coherence a day or two after, through the exertions of one Robert Ket, a tanner of Wymondham, and a man of some property, who, either driven by ambition or that true rebellious instinct which distinguishes demagogues, put himself at the head of the rioters to lead them towards Norwich. Not being able to march at once into the fortified city, Ket ordered his followers, who soon came to number near ten thousand, to throw up an encampment at Mousehold Heath, a broad eminence overlooking Norwich, and the rich valley of the River Yare. It was not a bad spot for a crowd of half-starving people to dwell on, in the finest season of the year, with fertile lands all around, fields stocked with vegetables, pastures full of sheep, and parks swarming with deer. They helped themselves freely to all these good things, like men with a heavy appetite and a light conscience; and, after a short while, to get the supplies in a business-like manner, without the fear of fast days, Robert Ket organized a regular commissariat, acting under fixed instructions. "We, the king's friends and deputies," ran the warrant supplied to the foragers, "do grant license to provide and bring into the camp at Mousehold all manner of cattle and provision of victuals, in what place soever they may find the same, so that no violence or injury be done to any honest or poor man: commanding all persons, as they tender the king's honour and royal majesty, and the relief of the commonwealth, to be obedient to us the governors, and to those whose names ensue." With such organization, the ten thousand, honest and poor, who had their dwelling on Mousehold Heath, fared exceedingly well, and the report of their good cheer soon had the effect of attracting another ten thousand hungry souls, willing to serve under the standard of the tanner of Wymondham. Somerset was weak enough again to spend his time in writing proclamations, exhorting the people to disperse, and to separate themselves from "one Ket, a tanner, who hath taken upon him our royal power and dignity, and calleth himself master and king of Norfolk and Suffolk." It was not likely that the poor wretches on Mousehold Heath would leave their quarters at the bidding of such despatches, the persuasive effect of which, however great, was entirely destroyed by the fine savour of the roast legs of mutton, and the unlimited supplies of fowl, fish, and game, furnished by the commissariat of King Ket. The latter, moreover, neglected nothing outwardly to give himself the true airs of majesty. He had a sort of throne erected for him under a wide-spreading oak, known as the "Tree of Reformation," where he sat in state, dispensing justice, conferring honours, and receiving ambassadors from all parts of the eastern counties. He even sent for the vicar of Norfolk to say prayers in the camp, and to exhort his men to lead a God-fearing life, which had such an effect upon public opinion that many of the middle classes began to sympathise with the rioters. Pious landowners even forgot the stolen deer in the feeling that they were being prayed for; thinking, with the historian Fuller, the scamps could not be so very bad, "so religiously rebellious were they."

This singular revolt lasted not less than seven

weeks, in the course of which the tanner of Wymondham actually defeated a detachment of royal troops, took possession of Norwich, and laid siege to Yarmouth. Remarkable order was kept all the while, and, except the forcible taking of food and provisions, no outrages of any moment were committed. So liberal were the insurgents in their views, that they allowed not only all sorts of persons to come amongst them, but even to preach against them in their very midst, to such extent that after a while the "Tree of Reformation," became a regular pulpit, its gigantic branches being admirably adopted for the purpose. But the arguments of the preachers, all of whom tried to persuade the mob to seek their homes and petition the government for the redress of any grievances under which they were labouring, took no effect, there being a strong and not altogether unnatural belief among the multitude that they were in far better position for negotiations while armed and encamped than while dispersed among their homes—if possessed of such. Thus even the sending of a royal herald, to which the Protector condescended on the petition of some of the leading citizens of Norwich, proved fruitless. The messenger made his appearance in great state on Mousehold Heath, and read his proclamation, offering full pardon to all offenders and strict investigation of their complaints, without the slightest interference; but only a very small number declared themselves ready to submit to King Edward, and the overwhelming majority remained faithful to King Ket. The Protector now could hesitate no longer in forcibly restoring peace, and a troop of fifteen hundred horse, under the marquis of Northampton, was despatched for the purpose. Before they reached Norwich, the rebels had taken possession of the city, and though the royal troops succeeded in gaining an entrance, they were attacked the next day and driven back in disgraceful rout, with the loss of several of their chief officers. The state of affairs now was so serious that the Protector himself began preparations to take the field; but, before doing so, ordered the earl of Warwick, who was busy in the northern counties in enlisting troops for a new campaign against Scotland, to make an effort for dispersing the rebels, if possible without bloodshed. Warwick, at the head of some five thousand men, succeeded, in the middle of August, in forcing his way into Norwich, from whence he despatched Norroy king-at-arms with a final summons to the rioters to lay down their arms and accept a full pardon. The herald brought back a blank refusal, and nothing remained now for the earl but to take the offensive. His first efforts were by no means successful, owing, probably, to strong sympathy between his own troops and the enemy, and it was not till the 26th of August, on receiving a reinforcement of fourteen hundred Flemish lances, that he was enabled to offer a pitched battle to the insurgents. The struggle took place in the valley of Dussindale, at the foot of Mousehold Heath, and was soon decided by the flight of the rebels, who turned in wild confusion before the steady fire of the foreign matchlocks, against which their pikes and pitchforks were sadly useless. The victory was disgraced by great cruelties committed upon the

flying men, and numerous executions, only stopped at last by a general pardon issued by the Protector. Ket, the leader of the rebellion, was hung in chains against the tower of Norwich castle, and there were gibbets planted along the chief roads of the county. But although thousands were sabred down, shot, and hung, the terrified landlords of the eastern counties, bewailing the loss of their sheep, kept clamouring for more blood, so as to disgust even Warwick, not otherwise inclined to undue tenderness. "Is there no place for pardon," he replied to the panic-stricken squires, who had come forth from their hiding-places to rush upon the sheep-stealers; "Is there no place for pardon among ye: so tell what shall we do? Shall we hold the plough ourselves, play the carters, and labour the ground with our own hands?" It was strange for a general to remind the lords of the soil that, with all their hatred of poor flesh and blood, they wanted "hands."

The rebellion had the effect of creating great political dissatisfaction among the upper, and chiefly the land-owning classes. Though unaccompanied by any excesses, and easily suppressed, the squires and all the new nobility, who had got their estates from the wreck of ancient civil and ecclesiastical society effected by the Tudor kings, stood aghast at the spectre of the gigantic multitude which had arisen in their sight. The new nobles of the purse had made no scruple to possess themselves of the old baronial halls, and to accept, on cheap terms, the vast domains of the church; but the very fact that their property was new, and not unfrequently ill-gotten, made them dread any new claimants, even if they wanted nothing else but the right to live on the land on which they were born, and to earn their subsistence in the sweat of their brow. This, in reality, was the only demand of the rebels, stripped of all the boisterous nonsense of clerical and other leaders whom chance had placed at the head of the movement both in the eastern and western counties. But poor laws were not yet thought of in England; there was no right to live, but only a right to starve, with the alternative of being imprisoned for begging and hung for stealing. There was not a man in high position, except the Protector, capable of sympathy with the great dumb mass of agricultural serfs, whose brawny arms and sinews represented the strength and glory of the nation, more precious than all its wealth of gold, silver, and merchandize, yet less valued than the cattle in the field. Somerset really and truly sympathised with the suffering people; but, high as was his position and great his power, even he was not able to do much towards alleviating their sufferings, being opposed in his efforts by every man in power and even his most intimate friends. All, without exception, blamed him for taking the part of the poor against the rich, of the oppressed against the oppressors; and, seeing that he continued in his course without taking heed, they broke out in open resistance against his authority. It manifested itself, immediately after the suppression of the Norfolk rebellion, in a sudden and violent conspiracy. The principal leader of it was the earl of Warwick, whose victory over the insurgent host at Dussindale, and indiscriminate slaughter afterwards, had given great

satisfaction to all the enemies of the Protector. The earl of Warwick was the son of the rapacious Dudley, executed for gross extortion early in the reign of Henry VIII., together with Empson. Finding him a shrewd, sharp fellow, in many respects like his father, and hopefully obsequious and unprincipled, Henry kept young Dudley near his person, made him into a Viscount Lisle after a while, used him for various purposes, and in his will nominated him one of his executors. Always ready to remain at the top, whatever might happen, the viscount no sooner saw the good arrangements which Somerset and Cranmer had made for seizing the power, than he attached himself warmly to them, and in recompense was invested with the illustrious title of earl of Warwick. A man of undoubted talent, though utterly unscrupulous, the new earl stuck to the Protector as long as he saw his fortunes in the ascendant; but as soon as he perceived the growing disfavour with which Somerset was regarded by the aristocracy, he immediately wheeled round, placing himself at the head of the opposition for further advancement. That the bulk of the people were as yet far too ignorant, as well as disorganized, to serve the purposes of political ambition, could not for a moment escape the notice of Warwick; and his shrewd calculation was that his friend the Protector would be entirely unable to withstand any decided attack of the upper classes. To secure the success of his scheme still more, Warwick sought allies among the great Roman Catholic party, whose hatred of Somerset was almost greater than that of the democracy-fearing landowners. The chief leader of this party, the ex-chancellor Wriothesley, created earl of Southampton by the Protector, and, notwithstanding his dangerous opposition, even reinstated by him in his place in the privy council, eagerly joined the conspiracy, on the promise that a check was to be applied to the Protestant movement. All these arrangements having been quietly entered into, Warwick and his friends assembled together in London towards the end of September, a month after the battle of Dussindale, to dispose of the supreme power of the English realm.

The greatest success attended the movements of the conspirators. Finding the city authorities in their favour, they openly paraded the streets with a great array of armed retainers, dressed up showily, with long swords and full pockets, so as to be able both to bribe the selfish and to frighten the timid. After obtaining entrance, by a stratagem, into the Tower, and removing the lieutenant, Warwick found himself master of the capital without striking a stroke, and nothing else remained to be done but to obtain possession of the young king to complete the revolution. There was nothing in the character of Edward VI. to offer the slightest obstacle to the success of the scheme. He had been well drilled in the dry formulas of Protestantism, and was thus far attached to the policy of Somerset and Cranmer; but to a keen observer like Warwick the great fact had long been visible that he was, on the whole, a boy of great callousness of heart, not improved by scholastic cramming. Young as he was, he kept a journal of the chief events of the day, noting down in succession, with as much unconcern as his roval father might

have exhibited, all that was passing before his eye, murders and mummeries, state assemblies, street riots, and executions. That there would not be much difficulty in separating this young king from his uncle, who loved him much, but for this very reason did not pander to his vanity, nor was unnecessarily compliant to his whims, the earl of Warwick knew well enough, and therefore made little ceremony, after having gained his footing in London, in demanding his custody. The Protector, who was staying with Edward at Hampton Court, and only had become aware of the movements of his enemies at the last moment, replied to the demand by a royal proclamation, issued on the 1st of October, requiring all subjects to meet under the king's standard, "in defensible array, with harness and weapons, to defend his most royal person, and his entirely beloved uncle, the Lord Protector, against whom certain persons have attempted a dangerous sympathy." The proclamation had very little effect, the poorer classes, upon whom alone Somerset was able to rely, having no "harness and weapons," and the arms-bearing property-possessing nobles and citizens being ranged, almost undivided, against the democratic chief of the state. He had, in this hour of need, no armed force to rely on. Of two bodies of troops, raised for the suppression of popular tumults, and partly for a new attack on the French in Scotland, the principal one, in the eastern counties, was under the command of Warwick, and, after the victory of Dussindale, entirely devoted to their leader, while the other, which had relieved Exeter, was guided by Lord Russell, whom to gain over had been one of the first endeavours of the conspirators. Of this, too, the Protector was unaware, for after issuing his proclamation, he sent a despatch to Russell, whom he believed his true friend, requesting him to hasten with the army under his command "to the defence of the king's majesty." The reply he received at last opened his eyes to the greatness of the danger which had risen up before him. Lord Russell coolly informed the head of the government that he had "received advertisement from the lords," that is, the conspirators under Warwick, "that no hurt or displeasure is meant towards the king's majesty, and that it doth plainly appear that they are his highness's most true and loving subjects." A final sentence revealed the great cause at the bottom of the conspiracy. "Your grace's proclamation," exclaimed Lord Russell, "and billets sent abroad for the raising of the commons we dislike very much." These "billets for the raising of the commons" constituted the last and most daring effort to prolong the reign of the democratic Protector.

"Good people," ran the billets, mysteriously distributed all over England, "in the name of God and King Edward, let us rise with all our power to defend him and the Lord Protector against certain lords and gentlemen and chief masters, which would depose the Lord Protector, and so endanger the king's royal person, because we the poor commons, being injured by the extortion of gentlemen, had our pardon this year by the mercy of the king and the goodness of the Lord Protector, for whom let us fight, for he loveth all just and true gentlemen which do no extortion, and also the poor commonalty of England.

God save the king and the Lord Protector; and all true lords and gentlemen, and us the poor commonalty!" Rude as it was, this appeal to the "poor commonalty," was not without its effect, so as even to alarm Warwick and his friends. They sent in haste for Russell to come with his troops to London; and he, setting out instantly, reported that "the countries were everywhere in a roar that no man wist what to do." However, the dangers on this side were not great, for Somerset, with all his love for the poor, was not the man to head a popular insurrection. Not deeming himself and his royal charge safe at Hampton Court, he removed, in the night from the 6th to the 7th of October, to Windsor, attended by about five hundred armed men, most of them his own and the king's servants. Only two of his friends and associates in power had the courage to follow him to Windsor, namely Cranmer and Sir William Paget. Seeing the difficulty of maintaining himself under these circumstances, and wishing, above all, to avoid bloodshed, the Protector now sent an envoy to London to treat with the conspirators, telling them, in a letter, "Ye shall find us agreeable to any reasonable conditions that you may require, for we do esteem the king and the wealth and tranquillity of this realm more than all other worldly things, yea, than our own life." The envoy to whom Somerset intrusted the negotiation, Sir Philip Hoby, like many other friends, played him false, and instead of working for his interest, allowed himself to be employed by Warwick as the bearer of secret messages to the young king, as well as to Cranmer, both being urged to detach themselves from the interest of the falling man. He was not quite on the ground yet, and might have easily risen to his full height again, had he been as daring and as unscrupulous as his antagonists. While negotiating with them, there came news that ten thousand men had risen in Wilts and Hampshire, and were in full march towards Windsor, and that twenty thousand more of the "poor commons" were assembling in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. But the Protector by this time had relinquished all notions of resistance, humiliating himself so far as to send an affectionate letter to Warwick, in which he brought forward their old friendship and the services he had rendered him as a plea for forbearance and mercy. To approach a man of Warwick's stamp with such sentimentalities was singularly childlike, but also singularly useless.

The crisis came at last, sadder to the Protector than he could have possibly expected. The secret messages of the traitor, Sir William Hoby, had the intended effect, and the last remaining of Somerset's friends, Cranmer and Sir William Paget, turned against him. On their persuasion, the conspiring lords, twenty-two in number, were invited by royal warrant to repair to Windsor Castle, the Protector's intention being to come to an agreement with them, but theirs to make him a prisoner. Warwick and his co-conspirators, accompanied by a large body of troops, arrived on the 12th of October, and, before twenty-four hours were gone, the Protector found himself a captive. Both Cranmer and Paget played an ignoble part in the arrest of Somerset, to which they actively contributed, taking credit for the same in a communication to the ruling powers. "Because," they reported, "his cham-

ber was hard adjoining to the king's bed-chamber, he is removed to the tower, which is called the lieutenant's, which is the high tower next adjoining to the gate of the middle ward: a very high tower, and a strong and good watch shall be had about the same." The day after his arrest, the Protector was carried off to London, while the young king was led back to Hampton Court, where Warwick intended taking up his quarters. Somerset had to enter the city in the midst of soldiers, like a prisoner captured on the battle-field, but with precautions which plainly showed the fear of the captors of a rescue. All the leading men of London came forward to keep the poor people in check; "the lord mayor," according to Holinshed, "Sir Ralph Warren, Sir John Gresham, master recorder, Sir William Locke, and both the sheriffs and other knights, sitting on their horses against Soper Lane, with all the officers with halberds, and from Holborn Bridge to the Tower, certain aldermen or their deputies, on horseback in every street, with a number of householders standing with bills as he [Somerset] passed." The householders and their bills effectually kept the houseless in the background; but they were unable to prevent the groans and murmuring of the people, who loudly declared themselves in favour of the prisoner, and against his enemies. However, no rescue was attempted, and the Protector was safely lodged within the dark walls of the Tower.

The earl of Warwick and his friends were now masters of the government and of the king, and all made anxious preparations to share the flow of wealth, honours, and dignities among them. Great in his hopes, above the rest, was the earl of Southampton, who, next to Warwick, had taken the lead in the conspiracy, with the bulk of the still powerful Roman Catholic party at his back. To become once more lord-chancellor and chief of the cabinet was the least he reckoned upon, and he was not without quiet expectations of filling Somerset's place, keeping Warwick at his feet, and restoring England to the Pope and the Pope to England. But the son of Dudley was more than a match for the wily ex-chancellor, who, with zeal enough to turn the rack upon women, lacked discretion in the management of his affairs. Warwick's keen eyes had watched the movements of the Roman Catholics, and, justly fearing that unless stopped in time they might become too strong for him, had made up his mind to throw them overboard at the earliest possible opportunity. The gates of the Tower closed upon Somerset on the 13th of October; on the same day, the letters patent for the custody of the king's person and the protectorship were revoked, and Warwick took possession of the royal power without further ceremony. All the more important places of the government fell to the lot of Warwick's friends, but the earl of Southampton got nothing. Vowing vengeance, he retired from court, and began plotting; but had not plotted long before he died—of vexation, as stated by some, or, more probably, as asserted by others, of vexation grimly assisted by poison. The Roman Catholic party, so far from reaping any benefit from the change of government for which they had desperately worked, soon found the tide turning against them more strongly than ever. Warwick was said to be popish at heart; yet he gave no proof

of it when arrived at power, but, on the contrary, showed himself more Protestant than even Somerset. A man of no convictions whatever, and with no other guide of his actions but the greed of ambition, he could not fail perceiving that the zealous advocacy of Protestantism was a far safer mode of retaining the supreme power which he had grasped than the leadership of the opposite party. He was too far-sighted not to be aware that the great bulk of the nation was Protestant at heart, and he knew, moreover, that the young king was too deeply grounded in the new doctrines of religion, and had too much of the obstinacy of his father to leave the slightest probability of his ever changing his Lutheran principles. To encourage these now became his great object, carried out with much wisdom and still more energy.

The first measure of the new government was to call together a parliament, for the double purpose of trying the Protector and of passing various important measures of civil and ecclesiastical reform. It was no part of Warwick's policy to be hard upon his predecessor in power, as long as there were hopes of making him useful in the prosecution of his ambitious schemes, and his chief object for the moment consisted in humiliating him sufficiently to extinguish further rivalry. The faithful lords and commons met on the 4th of November, three weeks after the fall of the Protector, and, obedient as ever, at once passed a long bill of pains and penalties against the prisoner in the Tower. After this preliminary ceremony, Warwick sent a message to his old friend and patron, asking him to choose between the alternative of declaring himself innocent of the charges brought against him and having his head cut off, and that of declaring himself guilty and being released, as well as reinstated in a position near the throne. Somerset was not sufficiently fanatic to covet martyrdom for martyrdom's sake, and at once promised to do any reasonable thing to get again into the open air. This having been agreed upon, he was led, on the 13th of December, before the king and privy council, was made to fall on his knees, to declare himself a very great sinner, and to promise repentance and melioration. After this he was taken back to the Tower, something more remaining to be done. Somerset had a large fortune, and Warwick thought it would be fair that he should have a part of it, and accordingly parliament was once more set to work in its judicial capacity. The obsequious members of both houses quickly passed a bill, by which the whole of the ex-Protector's personal property was declared forfeited to the crown, and he was adjudged, besides, to pay the large sum of ten thousand pounds as a fine, on retaining his estates. Against the latter part of the judgment Somerset remonstrated, but with the only effect of being again threatened with the axe, which naturally made him quiet. On the 6th of February, he was at last released from confinement, and four days after a royal pardon, signed by his nephew, was placed in his hands. Warwick, by this time, had come to the conclusion that his great antagonist was sufficiently humbled, and fit to become a helpless tool.

There were indications of restless disquiet among the labouring population throughout the kingdom, and reasons to fear a general insurrection. To lay

the threatening storm, parliament passed a number of laws by which heavy penalties were inflicted upon all who should disturb the peace. It was made high treason for more than twelve persons to meet together for a common purpose, and to refuse dispersing upon proclamation of the magistrates, and it was made felony to break down fences or enclosures, or to destroy deer, or to damage dwellings. Even those who refused to assist the constituted authorities in their action against rioters were made liable to severe penalties—farmers to forfeit their leases, and copyholders their lands and houses; and any forty persons meeting with the object of committing unlawful acts were to be held traitors. The severity of these statutes was but too likely to defeat the very object for which they had been enacted, and it was the knowledge of this, and of the growing animosity of the Roman Catholic party, which made Warwick anxious to enlist the popularity of Somerset in his service. The partisans of the old faith, indeed, had reason to be dissatisfied with the new government which they had helped to construct, for its first acts proclaimed a more severe warfare upon them than had ever yet been waged. By a new statute, passed during the imprisonment of Somerset, the whole of the images still remaining in the churches were ordered to be removed or destroyed, and all missals to be delivered up, while a body of thirty-two commissioners, presided over by Cranmer, was appointed to compile a new code of ecclesiastical laws. Several bishops, who stood out in opposition against these reforms, among them the occupants of the sees of Chichester, Durham, and Worcester, were committed to prison and deprived of their mitres, as a proof that the new rulers were thoroughly in earnest. But Warwick, although thus throwing the gauntlet to the party which had counted him as theirs, was not inclined to underrate the animosity arising therefrom, and, to strengthen his hands, resolved to call Somerset's influence to his aid. Towards the end of March, 1550, little more than a month after his release from the Tower, Somerset was invited to appear again at court, and on the 10th of April he was re-appointed to a seat at the privy council board, and his fine remitted. To gain him over entirely, Warwick next arranged a marriage between his eldest son, Viscount Lisle, and one of the daughters of Somerset, which was celebrated with great pomp, in the presence of the king, at Richmond, on the 3rd of June. The day after, there was another nuptial ceremony, graced by the royal presence, Warwick's third son, Sir Robert Dudley—better known, subsequently, as earl of Leicester—espousing Amy, the daughter of Sir John Robsart. The festivities attendant upon these joyful events extended over more than a week, and included various peculiar aristocratic amusements, such as foot-races between noblemen, and goose hunting. "There were," King Edward gravely entered in his journal, "certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head which was hanged alive on two cross posts."

England's influence abroad was very much weakened by the internal troubles of the kingdom. The army collected for driving the French from Scotland having been diverted from its purpose in the suppression

of the Norfolk rebellion, and subsequent assistance given to the ambitious designs of Warwick, the preparations for invasion were given up altogether, and the English garrison at Haddington, maintained all along at a great sacrifice of blood and treasure, received orders to return home. To leave Scotland alone was decidedly the wisest plan, since there were fair prospects that the people themselves would drive away their French friends and masters, utterly disgusted as they had become with their presence. Even the queen dowager was uttering loud complaints against the insolence of her own countrymen, and although, through the effect of her remonstrances, General D'Esse had to give up his command to Marshal Termes, affairs remained in nearly the same state, the country being treated in most respects as a dependency of France. His successes here emboldened Henri II. to assail the power of England in another direction, and, without declaring war, he suddenly pounced upon Boulogne, trying to take the city by surprise. He was unsuccessful in this attempt; but he drove the English garrisons from Ambleuse, Selaques, and other small fortresses near the coast, and then invested Boulogne by land and sea. Seeing that, in the existing state of weakness of the government, there was little chance of raising the siege, Warwick sent commissioners to the French king, with absolute power to treat for the cession of the place, on the basis of the treaty concluded between Henry VIII. and Francis I. The chief stipulation of this treaty was the payment of the sum of two millions of crowns, arrears of tribute due from the rulers of France to the kings of England, as a security for which Boulogne was supposed to be held. Warwick's commissioners, led by his friend Lord Russell, now created earl of Bedford, tried hard to obtain the signature of Henri II. to the fulfilment of this agreement, but found him immovable. As fully aware as Warwick himself of the impotency of the English government, he proudly declared that he did not acknowledge owing tribute to any nation upon earth, and that if Boulogne was not given up to him he would simply take it. But Bedford was persevering, and at length the French king allowed himself to be persuaded that it would be cheapest for him to pay a sum down to regain his city, instead of risking new lives in the attack upon it. Henri could not help seeing the force of these arguments, and thereupon agreed to give four hundred thousand crowns for the immediate restitution of Boulogne, one half at once, and the other half at the end of five months. The treaty of peace and amity on these conditions was signed on the 24th of March, 1550, and by an important stipulation attached to it, the English government bound itself to respect the independence of Scotland, or, in other words, to leave the kingdom in the possession of France. There was, moreover, a secret agreement, by the terms of which a marriage was arranged to take place between King Edward and Princess Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Henri II. The French monarch altogether had reason to believe that his four hundred thousand crowns were not ill spent.

The French treaty did not add to the popularity of Warwick, slight as it was before, and a strong

opposition against him was manifested all over the country. There were many who demanded the re-installment of Somerset in the protectorship, and though the latter did nothing to encourage this movement, it was not the less alarming to the party in power. Warwick's hope of making a tool of his great rival gradually vanished in the course of the year 1550, and he came to perceive that there was too much influence left to Somerset to allow subordination. There were alternate quarrels and reconciliations; violent words, followed by festive banquets and expressions of everlasting friendship. Even the servants of the rival statesmen were affected by the jealousies of their masters, and open battles took place between them in the streets, with this significant ending, however, that while Warwick's retainers always went scot-free, Somerset's men were put into prison at every possible opportunity. It was not difficult to foresee that the silent struggle between the two great rivals would end in the same way. Both were ambitious; but the one being kind-hearted and somewhat timid, and the other bold and utterly unscrupulous in his ambition, the result could scarcely be doubtful. However, Warwick hesitated to strike for some time. He felt that his own footing at the giddy height of supreme power was by no means secure, and that one false step might prove his destruction; but while waiting he did not cease watching, keeping a steady eye upon all his supposed or real enemies. Somerset was surrounded and followed wherever he went by a host of spies, who reported the most insignificant of his actions, and every word that went from his lips. The ex-Protector was anything but a cautious man, and often said things which, when reported and properly magnified by the paid tale-bearers, sounded very unpleasant in the ears of his successor, thus infinitely aggravating the mutual distrust. But there was one cause, stronger than all the others, which finally brought matters to a crisis. Somerset had long entertained a plan for drawing the relationship between himself and the young king stronger, by a marriage of the latter with one of his daughters, and even now that he had fallen from his high position he did not cease working in the execution of the scheme. It was naturally opposed by Warwick, who, to counteract the efforts of his rival, resolved to marry Edward to a daughter of the king of France, taking the first steps to this effect in the negotiations about Boulogne. Henri II. showed himself very anxious for the alliance, and in May, 1551, a splendid embassy, under the marquis of Northampton, was sent to Paris to invest the king with the order of the Garter, and to settle the preliminaries of the matrimonial union. The noble marquis was instructed to ask for a dowry of two millions of crowns for the princess, but this being refused, he obligingly accepted just one tenth part of it, with the proviso that the future queen of England, as yet in pinafores, should be sent across the channel "at her father's charge, three months before she was twelve, sufficiently jewelled and stuffed." This settled, another treaty of eternal peace and friendship between France and England was sworn to by the negotiators, and Henri II. despatched one of his great generals, the famous Marshal

St. André, to take to his expected son-in-law the order of St. Michael, in return for that of the Garter. Edward was much pleased with the decoration, and duly entered in his journal that he had received the order of *Mon-seigneur*, or My-lord Michael.

When Marshal St. André arrived in England, at the beginning of July, the "sweating sickness" had just broken out, and was making great havoc, to the intense consternation of the people. There was a belief spread far and wide that the plague was a punishment of heaven for the sins of the people, and that it attacked no other persons but natives of England. "The disease," according to a historian of the time, "followed Englishmen, and none other nations; only our Englishmen were sick thereof, and none other persons; the consideration of which thing made the nation much afraid thereof, who for the time began to repent and give alms, and to remember God, from whom that plague might well seem to be sent among us. But as the disease in time ceased, so our devotion decayed." One of the king's grooms, and a gentleman of the bed-chamber, having been carried off by the "sweating sickness," Edward was taken from Westminster Palace to Hampton Court, where the French ambassador was introduced into the royal presence, and afterwards entertained by a series of splendid fêtes. In the course of these, Somerset made himself rather conspicuous by constant attendance upon the young king, so much so that Warwick got alarmed, and hurried on his preparations for getting rid of his great rival. As a preliminary to this end he appointed himself, in September, Warden of the Scottish Marches, a place previously held by the marquis of Dorset, which placed at his disposal the most warlike portion of the country, and made him almost sole dictator of England. To a man more watchful of his own security than Somerset, this nomination, unexpected as it was, would have caused profound mistrust; but he seemed to feel none, and regularly took his seat in the privy council, placing himself at the free disposal of his enemies. Nor did he appear to lose his confidence when, a week after, it was announced that Warwick was to be raised to the dignity of duke of Northumberland, with grant of all the estates of this powerful family, forfeited by the attainder of the rightful heir. The young king himself communicated to the council, on the 4th of October, the news of this extraordinary elevation, which was made public on the 11th of the same month. Still Somerset, fearing nothing, and evidently ignorant of all the designs against him, made his regular appearance at the council table till the afternoon of the 16th of October, when he was suddenly arrested by Warwick's guards, and carried off to the Tower. A number of Somerset's personal friends were seized at the same moment, the young king, looking on very composedly at his uncle's and their arrest, and entering short notes of the matter in his journal. "This morning," Edward entered, under October 16th, "none was at Westminster of the conspirators. The first was the Duke [of Somerset] who came later than he was wont of himself; after dinner he was apprehended: Sir Thomas Palmer, on the terrace, walking there; Hammond, passing by Mr. Vice-chamberlain's door,

was called in by John Piers to make a match at shooting, and so taken. Newdigate was called for as from my lord his master, and taken. Likewise were John Seymour and Davy Seymour. Arundel also was taken, and the Lord Grey, coming out of the country." Thus, with one swoop, Warwick captured all whom he suspected were friendly to his rival, informing the young king that they were "conspirators." The notable sentence in Edward's journal about Newdigate, one of Somerset's retainers, being "called for as from my lord his master," clearly showed the conspiracy, if any, to be on the other side.

The charge upon which Somerset was arrested was that of having plotted with his friends, the earl of Arundel, Lord Grey, and others, to seize and execute Warwick, and stir up civil war in the northern counties. Not a tittle of reliable evidence was brought forward to substantiate this accusation, which rested chiefly, if not solely upon the deposition of the Sir Thomas Palmer, mentioned in Edward's journal as walking on the terrace during Somerset's arrest, doubtless to watch him. Palmer, an unscrupulous rogue and profligate, ready to lend himself to any crime for a substantial reward, swore that as far back as the month of April, Somerset had entered upon arrangements for overthrowing the existing government, and securing to himself once more the custody of the king and chief direction of affairs. The trial was a mere farce of justice. Warwick, acting the part of prosecutor as well as judge, went, with twenty-six of his adherents and dependents, including the marquis of Northampton, the earls of Derby and of Bedford, to Westminster Hall, on the 1st of December, and, sitting down under the cloth of estate, had Somerset brought up from the Tower. The depositions of Palmer and several other obscure individuals were read; but, though Somerset asked earnestly to meet them face to face, none of the witnesses were brought forward, and there was nothing for the prisoner but to give a general denial to the accusations of his enemies. So weak was the evidence, that the twenty-seven judges, creatures as they were of Warwick, found themselves unable to make out a case of treason against Somerset; however, they declared him guilty of the minor charge of felony, which was sufficient so far, as it was followed by the sentence that he should be hung. While these proceedings were going on, an immense crowd was waiting outside Westminster Hall, exhibiting their affection for "the good duke," as Somerset was generally called, in the most explicit manner. It was the custom at the time for condemned criminals who had been found guilty of treason to have the axe carried before them on their way back to prison, and when Somerset, after the trial, appeared without the axe, the crowd, thinking he had been acquitted, set up such a tremendous shout of joy that it was heard for more than a mile, beyond Charing Cross, and as far as Long Acre. A few minutes served to explain the mistake, and then there was deep and sorrowful silence among the vast multitude, not a few giving vent to their grief in tears. There still remained a hope with many that the young king would pardon his uncle; but those who expected it knew very little of the real character of the son of Henry VIII.

According to the entries in his own journal, Edward did not interfere to save Somerset, when lying in prison awaiting execution, making it appear that he rather wished his death, as he had openly declared some time before. But, wishing it or not, the young king did not express the least wish to save the life of one who, besides being his uncle, had been for years his intimate friend, guide, and companion. Edward, now past thirteen, began to feel pleasure in various kinds of amusements, and Warwick, having time to attend upon him after the condemnation of his rival, the Christmas of 1551 and new year of 1552 were spent in shows and theatricals, with boundless gaiety. The masqueradings were prolonged till the latter part of January, when, as quaintly recorded by John Stow, the antiquarian, "Christmas being thus passed, and spent with much mirth and pastime, it was thought now good to proceed to the execution of the judgment given against the duke of Somerset." King Edward entered the murder of his uncle thus drily in his journal: "January 22nd. The duke of Somerset had his head cut off on Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning." The next entry was: "Sir W. Pickering delivered a token to the Lady Elizabeth—a fair diamond."

The great love, wonderfully touching in its intensity, shown by the people to Somerset, was once more manifested on the day of his execution, Warwick, fearing a riot, and perhaps a rescue, had issued strict orders that no persons dwelling in the city should leave their houses before ten o'clock; but, notwithstanding this prohibition, and unmindful of the consequences, an immense multitude assembled around the scaffold, to have a last look at the "good duke," and to brighten his dying moments with their expressions of affection. Somerset met his fate with extraordinary courage, gentleness, and serenity. Before laying his head on the block, he made a calm speech to the crowd, asserting his innocence; and while thus engaged an affecting incident occurred, showing that, to the very last, the people expected that the young king would save his great and good uncle from violent death. A horseman came galloping up in hot haste to the scaffold, and the multitude had no sooner espied him, when they cried, with one voice, "A pardon! A pardon!" tossing their caps and cloaks in the air. But Somerset at once perceived their error, and, a faint smile spreading over his pale features, he quietly disabused his friends. In the words of an eye-witness, "the good duke all this while stayed, and with his cap in his hand waved the people to come together, saying these words to their words of pardon: 'There is no such thing, good people, there is no such thing; it is the ordinance of God thus for to die, wherewith we must be content; and I pray you now let us pray together for the king's majesty, to whom I have always been a faithful, true, and most loving subject. At which words the people answered, 'Yea, yea, yea;' and some said, 'It is found now too true.'" John Fox, the martyrologist, furnished a pathetic description of the last moments of the "good duke," gathered from the lips of a nobleman who stood near the executioner on the scaffold. After Somerset had spoken to the people, the account says, "turning himself again about like a meek lamb, he kneeled down upon his knees,

and Dr. Coxe, who was there present to counsel and advise him, delivered a certain scroll into his hand, wherein was contained a brief confession unto God; which being read, he stood up again on his feet without any trouble of mind, as it appeared, and first bade the sheriffs farewell, then the Lieutenant of the Tower and others, taking them all by the hand that were on the scaffold with him. Then he gave the hangman certain money; which done, he put off his gown, and, kneeling down again in the straw, untied his shirt strings; and after that, the hangman coming unto him, turned down his collar round about his neck, and all other things which did let or hinder. Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, where his only hope remained, and covering his face with his handkerchief, he laid himself down along, showing no manner or token of trouble or fear; neither did his countenance change, but that before his eyes were covered there began to appear a red colour in the midst of his cheeks. But this most meek and gentle duke, lying along, and waiting for the stroke, because his doublet covered his neck, he was commanded to rise up and put it off; and then laying himself down again upon the block, and calling thrice upon the name of Jesus, saying, 'Lord Jesus, save me!' as he was the third time repeating the same, even as the name of Jesus was in uttering, in a moment he was bereft of life, and slept in the Lord Jesus."

The execution of Somerset was not only a great crime, but a great political blunder. By it Warwick, or, as he was now generally called, the duke of Northumberland, deprived himself of the support of that great Protestant party on which, after thwarting the Roman Catholics, his power had mainly come to rest, and he created to himself, besides, such a mass of implacable hatred among the bulk of the population as all his astuteness, his governing talent, and his indomitable energy could not overcome. The earliest symptoms of the popular feeling towards Northumberland became visible in the attitude of the House of Commons. Parliament met the day after the murder of Somerset; and it had scarcely sat a week before it was seen that the spirit agitating the national mind influenced even its members, accustomed though they were to act as humble servants of any man, or knot of men, that had succeeded in grasping the supreme power. Almost for the first time in the course of half a century, the House of Commons now dared to enter into opposition, evidently encouraged by the extreme unpopularity of Northumberland, and quite regardless of the fact that the absolute power of the crown was resting in his iron hand as unlimited and quite as firmly as it had been in that of Henry VIII. Northumberland had acquired by various means, the nature of which may be surmised, an unlimited ascendancy over the young king, and in his name exercised the most undisguised despotism. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as anger that he saw the opposition of the despised House of Commons, which, to the living generation of Englishmen, was little else but a court for the registry of royal decrees. The opposition manifested itself in various ways, all more or less connected with the memory of Somerset. A bill brought into parliament for attainting Tunstall, bishop of Durham, on the charge of having assisted the

the late *ex-Protector* in a pretended attempt to raise an insurrection, was thrown out with little ceremony; and another bill for repealing an act of the preceding reign, by which the estates of Somerset were entailed upon his son, met with the same fate, notwithstanding that the unusual step had been taken of affixing the royal signature to the paper demanding the repeal. To leave still less doubt of the extreme ill-feeling directed against Northumberland personally, the House of Commons entirely altered the provisions of a new statute of treason which had passed the lords, adding a clause to the effect that persons accused of treason should always be confronted with their witnesses. In the course of discussion upon this subject, there were voices bold enough to hint, or more than hint, that Somerset had not met with a fair trial, but fallen a victim to unprincipled ambition. This was more than Northumberland could bear to hear, and to rid himself of his new foes, he quickly dissolved parliament, before it had sat three months, and even before it had granted the usual supplies. The dictator clearly was not unmindful of the dark clouds which were gathering on the horizon, but he firmly believed in his strength to master the storm.

Before summoning another parliament, Northumberland launched into a career of the most high-handed despotism. To his already immense possessions in the northern and midland counties, he kept constantly adding new estates, seizing, whenever opportunity offered, and under the most frivolous pretences, the properties of great and little landowners. Commissions were likewise issued for the confiscation of all the remaining gold and silver plate and ornaments of the churches throughout the kingdom, with the single exception of chalices in use; and the whole proceeds of this vast robbery Northumberland appropriated to himself. In order to satisfy a personal spite, as well as to enrich himself still further, he had the bishop of Durham, whom parliament refused to attain, tried before a special court, composed of his own creatures; and the prelate having been convicted, as a matter of course, he sequestered the revenues of the see, the richest in England, and added its vast domains to his own estates. With all the wealth and personal power thus obtained, he purchased as many adherents, nobles in preference, as he could lay hand on. His sons, brothers, and other relatives already filled the highest positions near the throne, and to extend his family influence still further, he elaborated a scheme of far-reaching matrimonial alliances, calculated to connect the new house of Dudley with some of the noblest blood in the land. The principal and most important of these matrimonial unions contemplated by him was that of his fourth and only unmarried son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the duke of Suffolk, and direct descendant of Princess Mary, younger sister of Henry VIII. The object of Northumberland in preparing this marriage was peculiarly grand and simple, being nothing less than to transfer the succession to the crown of England from the royal race of Tudor to the line of Dudley.

The scheme, in reality, was very feasible, and by no means devoid of reasonable chances of success. By the will of Henry VIII., the crown was to devolve,

in the event of the death of Edward, his only son, first, to Princess Mary, and secondly, to Princess Elizabeth; but against this arrangement there was the very strong objection that both Mary and Elizabeth had been declared illegitimate by acts of parliament, solemnly confirmed by the king. All the forms of law had been studiously observed in bastardizing these two children of Henry VIII., and the act, approved of by the highest ecclesiastical and judicial authorities of the realm, had never been repealed, so that, in strict adherence to law, the succession to the throne was to be sought in a different direction. But with Edward's death, and the accepted non-legitimacy of his two half-sisters, no other representatives of the royal house of Tudor remained but the descendants of the two daughters of Henry VII., Margaret, queen of Scots, and Mary, for a short time queen of France, and subsequently wife of Brandon, duke of Suffolk. The descendants of Margaret, represented at this moment by the young Queen Mary of Scotland, eleven years old, had, beyond doubt, the best claim, and all that could be urged against it was that this succession was excluded by the will of Henry VIII., and, what was far more important, was antagonistic to the true interests of the nation, inasmuch as Mary was betrothed to the dauphin of France, and her accession, therefore, would bring England in subjection to its great continental enemy. It was clear that, in view of this possibility, all claims of birth, however strong, had to fall to the ground; and the right of succession, in consequence, could devolve upon no other claimant but the offspring of Mary, youngest daughter of Henry VII. Mary, by her marriage with the duke of Suffolk, left two daughters, the eldest of whom, Frances Brandon, married Henry Grey, marquis of Dorset, subsequently created by Northumberland duke of Suffolk. Granting the premises of the illegitimacy of the two daughters of Henry VIII., and the political incapacity of the descendants of his elder sister, there then remained not the slightest doubt that the succession to the crown of England was vested in Frances Brandon, wife of the new duke of Suffolk. This was the very sufficient reason why Northumberland set himself to prepare the marriage of his fourth son, Guildford Dudley, to Jane Grey, eldest of the three daughters of the duchess of Suffolk. To complete the transaction, the duchess consented to sign a little paper, by which she made over to her daughter all her rights to the crown of England.

But the crown of England was not yet vacant, and to bring Northumberland's great scheme into operation, it was necessary that Edward should die, and die, too, before the projected marriage with a French princess could be carried into execution. The young king had never been very robust, and his intense application to study had not contributed to strengthen his bodily frame; however, he had always enjoyed fair good health, and it seemed that he was getting stronger after passing the age of thirteen. But, in the summer of 1552, he fell ill, and, though recovering for a while, his complaints soon after assumed an alarming character. There were dark rumours afloat among the common people that the young king was being poisoned by Northumberland,

whom, after the execution of Somerset, they held capable of all possible crimes. But the dictator paid no regard to these accusing voices, either fortified by a feeling of innocence or hardened by obdurate wickedness; and, steadily following the path he had traced out for himself, he continued gathering within his grasp more and more of power and of influence. In view of all emergencies, he even sought to strengthen his hands by foreign alliances, placing himself on even terms with the crowned heads of the great European states. The cession of Boulogne had already brought him in friendly relation with the king of France; and to form, if possible, likewise an alliance with the first sovereign of the continent, Charles V., Northumberland sent an embassy into the Netherlands, in the autumn of 1552. The ostensible object of the embassy was to induce the Kaiser to make peace with France, with which power he was wrestling in the evening as much as in the morning of his eventful life. But the envoys were likewise instructed to offer the great monarch assistance against the Turks, a tussle which he contemplated as a diversion from other fightings, and, in fact, to do anything to gain his goodwill for the English government, which, Northumberland justly feared, would be endangered by the contemplated setting aside of the succession of Princess Mary. Northumberland's embassy, consisting of Sir Richard Morysine and one or two other high-born diplomats, and including likewise an obscure plebeian named Roger Ascham, unknown as yet to the world, but destined to be more famous in times to come than either of his noble superiors, found Charles at Bruges, where they had several interviews, which, however, led to little practical result. To humiliate France was all the Kaiser cared for, and as the ruler of England did not dare assist him in this one great object of his life, he seemed rather careless about his friendship. Nevertheless, the English envoys persevered, not disguising their great anxiety to win the favour of the Kaiser.

He was as strange a man, this famous Kaiser Charles, now that he was past fifty, as when, at twenty, with the diadems of four empires on his brow and unutterable ambition in his breast, he was hiding all his ambition under a little cloth of frieze mantle. Sir Richard Morysine, brilliant ambassador, fitted out regardless of expense, reported to his master, with evident surprise, that he found Charles V., the greatest monarch, without comparison, of the civilized world, at "a bare table, without a carpet or anything else upon it, saving his cloak, his brush, his spectacles, and his picktooth." Sir Richard Morysine had been particularly ordered to watch, in his interview with the Kaiser, his general expression of countenance, and even his tone and gestures, his exact temper, or, as stated in his instructions, his "passions of joy and grief," in order that conclusions might be drawn therefrom whether he was really well inclined towards the English dictator, and disposed to be on friendly terms with him. But poor Sir Richard sadly failed to solve the great human riddle before him, and was frank enough to acknowledge his failure. "The emperor's majesty," he wrote home, "hath a face as unwont to disclose any hid affection of his

heart as any face I ever met with in all my life; for all those colours which, in changing themselves, are wont in others to bring a man certain word how his errand is liked or disliked, have no place in his countenance, and his eyes only do betray as much as can be picked out of him. He maketh me think of Solomon's saying, 'Heaven is high, the earth is deep: a king's heart is unsearchable.' The ambassador, further to explain his inability to search the unsearchable, added a curious portrait of the mighty ruler of Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, and the vast continents of the New World. "He was newly rid," reported Sir Richard, "of his gout and fever, and therefore his nether lip was in two places broken out, and he forced to keep a green leaf within his mouth at his tongue's end, a remedy, as I took it, against such his dryness, as in his talk did increase upon him." This "green leaf" was a great stumbling-block to the poor ambassador, and, as he firmly believed, a chief cause of his diplomatic failure. "There is in his majesty," he lamented in his despatch, "almost nothing that speaks beside his tongue, and that at this time, by reason of his leaf and soreness of his lip, and his accustomed softness in speaking, did but so-so utter things, without great care given to his words." Thus the alliance between Kaiser Charles and England failed on account of a little green leaf.

From the Netherlands, the English ambassador proceeded to Rome upon some mysterious negotiations, which had no further result than that of affording a glimpse into the condition of the papal court under Julius III., only known as "the bishop" to good Protestants, such as Sir Richard. "Of late," he repeated, under date of the 26th of October, 1552, "the bishop, meaning, as men guess, to enjoy his papacy, and live like a pope, hath wound himself out of all business, leaving the charge of his whole doings to five cardinals, with power absolute to do what they shall think good, only requiring them that, as occurrences happen, he may hear of them. Cardinal di Monte is appointed to oversee the bishop's revenues, and to take order for things of his holiness's chamber. Cardinal Pighin is appointed to matters of judgment, for to appoint consistories, and such like. Cardinal Cicada hath in charge to look to the bishop's lands and castles, such as are not appointed to legates already. Cardinal Mignanelli, or rather, Mangiagnelli, is made superintendent, to see that religion amend in no place where he hath to do. But Cardinal Dandino is he that hath to do in matters of state, in things between the bishop and the princes of Christendom, and it is thought Dandino will do his best to deserve such pensions as the French king giveth unto him, and, fail of that, he seeketh if he get not some more." According to this statement, bribery was as flourishing as ever at Rome, which was, probably, one of the reasons of Sir Richard's journey, seeing that wherever money was able to purchase friends, Northumberland was ready to come forward with a liberal hand. However, all his diplomatic negotiations proved failures, more or less; and even a special embassy to a lady supposed to exert some secret influence in the political affairs of the continent, the queen dowager of France, Eleanor, widow

of Francis I., and sister of Kaiser Charles, was resultless. Roger Ascham was a member of this embassy, and wrote home from Brussels an amusing account of the grand personages to whom he was introduced. "The French queen," he told his correspondent, "came to mass clad very solemnly all in white cambric, a robe gathered in plaits wrought very fair as need be with needle white work, as white as a dove. A train of ladies followed her as black and evil as she was white. Her mass was sung in pricksong very cunningly." Roger Ascham had the honour of seeing the queen eat as well as pray. "Her first course," he reported, "was of apples, pears, plums, grapes, nuts; and with this meat she began. Then she had bacon and chickens almost covered with stale onions that all the chamber smelled of it. She had a roast caponet, and a pastry of wild boar; and I, thus marking all the behaviour, was content to lose the second course, lest I should have lost mine own dinner at home." Honest Roger, very fond of a good dinner, came home greatly disappointed with the aspect of continental affairs. "Beef," he complained, "is little, lean, tough, and dear; mutton likewise; and a rare thing to see a hundred sheep in a flock; capons too, lean, and little; pigeons naught; partridges black, ill, and tough." And, summing up matters, he arrived at the conclusion, "there is no country to be compared for all things with England."

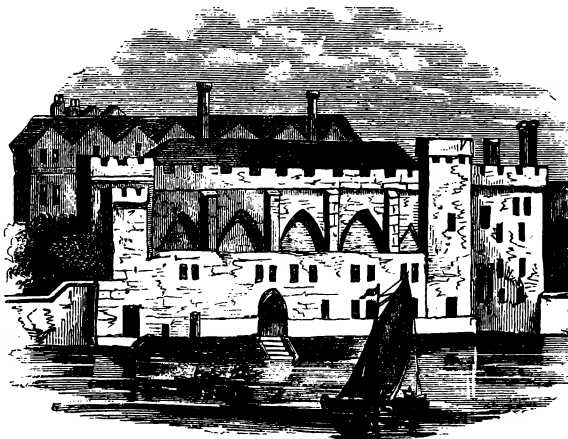
Northumberland was more fortunate in his home politics than in his foreign negotiations. After dissolving the parliament, which had sat during the whole of Edward's reign, he made great efforts to get another more fit to be an instrument in his hands, and, being utterly unscrupulous in the means employed, his endeavours were crowned with fair success. Previous to the election of the new House of Commons there were circulars issued, under the royal signature, to all the sheriffs of counties, enjoining them "to inform the freeholders that they were required to choose men of knowledge and experience for their representatives." In order that there might be no difficulty in finding the veritable "men of knowledge," Northumberland, in the king's name, further kindly promised to point them out to the electors. "Yet nevertheless," so ran the intimation, "our pleasure is that where our privy council, or any of them, shall in our behalf recommend within their jurisdiction men of learning and wisdom, in such cases their directions shall be regarded and followed, as tending to the same end which we desire, that is, to have this assembly composed of the persons in our realm the best fitted to give advice and good counsel." The plan worked exceedingly well, and, writs having been issued on the 18th of January, 1553, there assembled, on the 1st of March following, a parliament entirely devoted to the new ruler of the kingdom. It was highly welcome to Northumberland, greatly in want for the moment, not so much of fresh statutes as of fresh cash. He had spent, to the last penny, the produce of his great church spoliations not only, and of his immense estates, but also the four hundred thousand crowns received from the king of France for Boulogne, and, over and above all this, he had run the crown into debt to the extent of nearly three

hundred thousand pounds. It was, probably, this grievous want of cash which made his negotiations with Romish cardinals and French dowager queens less successful than they might have been otherwise; and it certainly impeded the execution of his all-important scheme for the change of succession. From these anxieties, Northumberland was relieved by the liberality of the new parliament, which at once granted him two tenths and two fifteenths, to be levied immediately; from the convocation of the clergy, likewise called together, he managed to extract six shillings in the pound in addition, thus satisfying the most immediate needs. Without losing further time, the usurper now set to work at once for the realization of his great enterprize.

The popular rumour which accused Northumberland of having poisoned the young king, seemed to be ill-founded for the present, for Edward threatened to die too soon. Attacked, successively, by the measles and the small-pox, he appeared to suffer, in the spring of 1553, from a complication of diseases, and at the opening of parliament, on the 1st of March, was so weak as not to be able to go from Whitehall to Westminster. It was evidently high time to commence operations, and Northumberland was ready for the emergency. He had erected for himself recently a splendid palace in the Strand, called Durham House, and all during the months of March and April, painters, gilders, upholsterers, and other artists were kept hard at work to prepare for the most magnificent wedding, or group of weddings, that had been seen for a long time in the metropolis. All being ready, the great event which was to transfer the crown of England to the house of Dudley came off on the 20th of May. On this day, the Lady Jane Grey gave her hand to the fourth son of Northumberland; her younger sister, Catherine Grey, was married to Lord Herbert, heir of Pembroke, intimate friend of the dictator; and, finally, Northumberland's youngest daughter, Lady Catherine Dudley, was made to wed Lord Hastings, eldest son of the earl of Huntingdon. There was one more marriage on this same day, likewise of a heiress to the crown of England, but it was not celebrated in the gilded apartments of Durham House. While the two first-born children of the duchess of Suffolk, great grand-daughters of Henry VII., celebrated their

nuptials with illustrious lords, expectant to move in the circle of royalty, her third and youngest child, Lady Mary Grey, gave her hand to one of the king's porters, a native of Kent, called Martin Keys. The duke of Northumberland was very angry at this unequal match, but unable to prevent it; and all that he could do was to exclude, with a show of pity, the sister of the intended queen of England from his own elevated sphere. The dictator was too full of schemes, and too much of an upstart, to judge things quietly; else might he have foreseen that, in these dangerous times of ambition, there was more reason to congratulate than to pity the humble descendant of King Henry VII., Mrs. Keys.

To complete Northumberland's great scheme, there now remained nothing but to gain the consent of the young king to a change in the succession. This was comparatively easy; and Edward not only obeyed the wishes of his guardian but assisted personally, and with extraordinary eagerness, in the execution of the plan. The poor lad knew by this time that he was dying, and having been educated in the strictest Puritan principles, he shrunk back in horror from the idea of being succeeded on the throne by a ruler of such declared popish tendencies as Princess Mary. There had been many attempts made to induce her to relinquish the Romish faith at least in its externals, to give up mass and confession, and conform, if not in all, in some respects, to the ritual of the Church of England. But, a true child of her father in obstinacy, she resisted all these endeavours with great energy, and even violence, declaring to the Lord Chancellor and other high officers of state whom the king had sent to her, that she would rather lay her head on the block and suffer death than leave the faith in which she had been educated. The young king, under these circumstances, looked upon his half-sister with a feeling akin to horror, and, when once the doctors had informed him that his illness was likely to end in death, manifested a vehement desire to destroy her claim to the throne. That he possessed the power to alter the succession there seemed little doubt, inasmuch as the statute of 28 Henry VIII., cap. 7, which had never been repealed, and was consequently still in force, had conferred upon the king the right to bequeath the kingdom to any person at his pleasure, without even reserving a preference to the descendants of former sovereigns. But Northumberland did not wish the young king to act upon this statute in nominating his successor, but directed him to follow the less arbitrary plan of simply excluding both the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth from the throne on the ground of their being illegitimate, and after that to allow the succession to take its natural course, under adoption of the will of Henry VIII., which eliminated the descendants of Margaret of Scotland. Edward was naturally unwilling to exclude his half-sister Elizabeth, whom he knew to be a good Protestant, together with Mary; but as he could not help seeing that bastardy could not be applied to one without the other, he submitted to this necessity. The young king accordingly drew up the will with his own hand, careful to put his signature at the top, sides, and bottom, and heading the paper, folded like a school-book, "My devise directing the succession."



DURHAM HOUSE.

While the great plot was proceeding, there was a little underhand plot being enacted in the royal council. Although in reality as unrestrained in his power as the most absolute monarch, Northumberland, fully aware of his extreme unpopularity, made it his principle to keep as much as possible in the background, assuming no high-sounding titles, or issuing decrees in his own name, but acting through the privy council and a couple of ministers, or secretaries of state. As the privy council was made up entirely of his own friends, or, at least, persons who professed to be such, so the ministers were little else but his own private secretaries, completely under his command. Notwithstanding this subordination, Northumberland had been fortunate enough to procure two very remarkable men for his secretaries, Sir William Petre, and William, afterwards Sir William Cecil. Petre had the reputation of one of the best scholars of the time, and Cecil gave early promise of having mastered more thoroughly the great arts of diplomacy and statecraft than any man of his age. William Cecil, born in 1520, the son of a master of the robes to Henry VIII., had been introduced into political life by Somerset, who, on becoming Protector in 1547, appointed him master of requests. He accompanied his patron in the expedition against Scotland, fought, and nearly lost his life, in the battle of Pinkey, and on his return to England was made a secretary of state. Passing for one of the warmest adherents of the Protector, he fell with him, in 1549, and had to spend a few weeks in the Tower, but suffering no harsh treatment. Northumberland, with his keen knowledge of character, soon perceived that this William Cecil, inborn diplomatist, loving mankind a little but loving office far more, was a person worth buying, and he thereupon took him out of the Tower and put him at his side. Cecil attached himself as warmly to his new patron as to his old friend, and not without reward, for Northumberland successively made him secretary of state, raised him to knighthood, and admitted him to the privy council. But though subservient in all things, Sir William was too far-seeing to follow his leader blindly, and when he beheld the latter advancing into a path which threatened to be beset with dangers, he cautiously drew back. Watching Northumberland narrowly, he early became aware of his great scheme for altering the succession to the throne, the success of which seemed to him extremely doubtful. There was one element against success which Cecil could not help appreciating in its full force, the hatred with which the people regarded Northumberland. There were none so blind, even among the lower classes, as not to see that the transfer of the crown to Jane Grey was a mere sham, and that the iron gripe of Northumberland would soon break through the flimsy mask. But there was scarcely a man alive who fully trusted him; who had faith in his being either a Protestant or a Roman Catholic; or who knew whether he would take the part of the ultra reformers in church and state, or of the priests and the old nobility. Cecil clearly saw that it was this profound mistrust of Northumberland which, in spite of all his great talents and boundless energy, would ruin his cause. This being settled in his own mind, Cecil, quietly resolved to desert Northumberland.

In the latter part of May, just after the celebration of the marriage between Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley, Sir William Cecil took a walk in Greenwich Park with a friend, a Mr. Roger Alford. The court had been removed to Greenwich, to the improvement of the king's health; and, talking over this important matter, Sir William informed his friend, in strictest confidence—subsequently given to the world in print—that he had got the information, not in his capacity as secretary, but from a private source, that his majesty was engaged in preparing a will in which the succession of princess Mary was set aside in favour of Lady Jane Grey. When the project was ripe, he said, he would very probably be called upon to give his advice; but he emphatically declared that, whatever might become of him, he “never would be a partaker in that devise.” However, Sir William Cecil altered his purpose very soon, at least outwardly. A few days after the memorable walk in Greenwich Park, Northumberland, as foreseen, ordered his secretary to make arrangements for passing a royal patent, altering the succession, through all the legal forms; and as Sir William showed resistance, he was quietly informed that unless obedient he would have to resign. Suing the action to the word, Northumberland at once summoned Sir John Cheke, one of the king's tutors, appointing him third secretary of State, with orders to be sworn into office the same day, the 2nd of June. This was too much for Sir William Cecil; he was prepared to lay down his life, but he was not prepared to give up his place. He now told his chief that he was willing to do his behest, and Northumberland accepted the offer—rather unwisely. He had always found it easy to curb small ambitions under his will, but he had yet to discover the danger of having a great servant unwilling to serve, and driven, through unwillingness, into falsehood, fraud, and deceit.

On the 11th of June, 1553, Sir Edward Montague, lord chief justice, received a letter from the privy council, signed by the three secretaries of state, Sir William Cecil, Sir William Petre, and Sir John Cheke, requesting him to attend the next day before the king at Greenwich, in company with the attorney and solicitor general, and the other judges. Montague, as in duty bound, repaired to Greenwich, and was ushered, with his brother judges, into the presence of Edward, who told them with much animation that his long sickness had caused him to think seriously of his duties as a ruler, and that feeling he was going to die, he had resolved in his own mind that the crown should not go to the Lady Mary, who might alter the religion, but to his dear cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, sincerely attached to the reformed faith. After these words, Edward handed to the chief justice his paper, headed “devise directing the succession,” commanding him to draw out a deed of settlement in conformity with the instructions therein. The communication did not come altogether by surprise to Montague and his colleagues, and looking around the room and finding that the duke of Northumberland was not there, they gathered courage, representing to the young king the difficulty of carrying out his orders. They felt, one and all, the poor judges, that there were heads at stake in the

work before them; but not wishing to be selfish, or personal, they put themselves on constitutional ground, getting very eloquent upon statute law and settlements confirmed by acts of parliament. But Edward was peremptory in his command; and, after some discussion, the judges withdrew, promising diligently to consult the statutes once more. The next day, the 13th of June, Montague attended by summons before the privy council, and missing the dreaded chief of the government again, plucked up courage to speak somewhat too strongly about the danger of altering the succession, which, he affirmed, would be not only treason in him and all his brother judges participating in the matter, but also in the members of the council. The words had no sooner passed his lips when Northumberland, pale and trembling, rushed into the room, and calling the chief justice a traitor, swore a great oath that he would fight in his shirt with any man opposing the orders of the king. Before this argument, Sir Edward Montague at once gave way. Now past sixty, he had seen much of life, and in his long experience always found it extremely hazardous to oppose the wishes of kings. He well remembered how, when little more than thirty, he had made an eloquent speech in the House of Commons against supplies; and how he had been taken to task by Wolsey; and how he had been sent for by Henry VIII., and been addressed with a "Ho! will they not let my bill pass?" and how he had fallen on his knees, imploring mercy; and how he had been soothed by the royal words, "Get my bill to pass by twelve of the clock to-morrow, or else by two of the clock to-morrow this head of yours shall be off." And he remembered well how he wept for joy when the bill passed against which he had so eloquently spoken. Lost in memories of the past, the lord chief justice declared to Northumberland that he was willing to issue the document demanded by the king, on condition of receiving an order under the great seal to perform the act, and a pardon afterwards for having performed it. There was no objection to give the poor old man these little indulgences, and thereupon the royal letters patent altering the order of succession were drawn up according to all the forms of law.

The important document, bearing date the 21st of June, 1553, and signed by the king, the whole of the judges, all the members of the privy council, except one, and most of the great officers of state, one hundred and one persons altogether, set forth three principal reasons for the exclusion of the ladies Mary and Elizabeth from the throne. These were, first, that they had been declared illegitimate, both by decrees of the highest ecclesiastical tribunal and acts of parliament; secondly, that they were only of half-blood by King Edward, and therefore not inheritable by ancient law, even if legitimate; and, thirdly, that there was a probability that they might marry strangers out of the realm, and thereby endanger the commonwealth. The second was an argument invented by the ingenuity of the crown lawyers, who held that the expression used in the royal letters patent of the ladies Mary and Elizabeth being "unto us but of the half-blood," and the Lady Jane Grey representing "very nigh of our whole blood on the

part of our father's side," did not a little to fortify the case. Northumberland, on his part, showed less faith in legal arguments than in the numerical strength of his partisans, and besides compelling all the great personages within reach of his influence to set their names to the royal patent, he made the principal members of the privy council sign another document by which they engaged themselves "upon their oath and honour to adhere to and carry into effect all the articles contained in the king's settlement." This second deed was subscribed by twenty-four privy councillors, including Cranmer and Sir William Cecil. The latter throughout acted in a false and deceitful manner, ready to serve his patron as long as fortune should continue to smile upon him, but equally ready to desert him at a turn of the tide. For the moment the chances seemed rather in Northumberland's favour, and it was highly probable that one step more would secure to him the undisputed possession of the crown. The step absolutely dictated by the circumstances was that of arresting Mary and Elizabeth, and, having placed them beyond reach of a tumult or popular insurrection, to proclaim Lady Jane Grey as heir apparent, leaving to her youth, beauty, and gentleness to win that popularity which was for ever denied to him. Most unaccountably, Northumberland neglected these measures, and, as if absolutely blinded for the moment, spent all his time, not in energetic action, but in getting signatures to little bits of parchment, the uselessness of which, in great events, he of all men ought to have best known. It seemed as if the bold usurper, overcome by sudden giddiness, was trembling on the lofty heights to which ambition had led him, with no guide near to direct his faltering steps. William Cecil alone stretched his hands forward to lead his patron—but to lead him towards the precipice.

Immediately after the signature of the patent of succession the king fell very ill, and the rumours that he was being poisoned grew stronger than ever. People whispered, with bated breath, that his majesty's health had been declining ever since Lord Robert Dudley, Northumberland's youngest son—notorious earl of Leicester of a coming reign—had been placed near him as gentleman of the bedchamber. The suspicion, probably, was unjust; but it was notable, nevertheless, as showing the intense hatred of the population towards their ruler. In one respect, too, Northumberland laid himself open to the accusation of planning Edward's death. When it was seen that the king was rapidly sinking, his physicians were sent away, and he was placed, by special order of the privy council, in the hands of an old hag who undertook to cure him by her nostrums. The imputed poisoning now took place in dire reality. The poor youth began to feel the greatest difficulty to speak or even to breathe; his pulse failed, his legs swelled, his eyes got heavy, and the fresh colour of his face turned to a ghastly livid hue. Thus he kept lying on his couch at Greenwich palace during the first days of July, the spirit apparently loth to fly a body which had only seen fifteen summers. But when the evening of the sixth of the month approached, the face of the young king had become more livid, and the bright eyes more heavy; but by a sudden effort he raised him-

self upright and went praying: "O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England! O my Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain Thy true religion!" Then a sudden calm spread over his features. Edward, third king of England of the Tudor race, was no more.



SEAL OF EDWARD VI.

SECTION IV.

MARY.

On Friday, the 7th of July, 1553, while the body of Edward VI. was lying stiff and stark at Greenwich Palace, a lady of middle age, apparently near forty, of short stature, keen eyes, and harsh and disagreeable features, went riding along the bridle-path leading from the small village of Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, into the great northern road, or Roman Ermine Street. She, with her short train of male and female attendants, had just reached the town of Hoddesdon, at the junction of the high road, and was turning southward, when a courier came galloping up at full speed, and, jumping from his horse, knelt on the ground, handing her a sealed letter. The pale face of the lady got flushed on the instant with extraordinary excitement, and her hands seemed to tremble under the weight of the little piece of paper which the messenger had handed to her. For a minute or two she was speechless and motionless; then she turned the head of her palfrey to the north, riding away in great haste. The short letter had told the lady that she had inherited the crown of England the day before, and that if she did not seek safety in rapid flight, she would find herself a prisoner the day after. The choice between a throne and a prison was not difficult, and a sharp ride up the old Ermine Street, her face turned away from the capital, was the first act of the first queen of England.

Northumberland, seemingly demented, or mentally exhausted after the great effort of procuring the patent altering the succession, had at last awoke to a sense of his position when seeing the hand of death

on the pallid brow of the royal youth whom he was accused of murdering. It was only then that the sudden thought rushed across his brain that unless he could lay hold of the first claimants to the crown, now hanging upon a feeble breath, all the parchments he had gathered would serve no other end but to pave his way to the block. That a man of Northumberland's stamp, and playing the game he did, should not have seen this at an earlier stage of his great scheme, was indicative of little less than dementation; and that, seeing it finally, he yet neglected to act with energy, was proof of his having lost all confidence both in himself and others. Climbing higher and higher, he seemed to feel more and more keenly that he was standing utterly alone, amidst the jealousy of friends, the contempt of enemies, and the bitter hatred of the mass of the people. Thus he acted like one in a dream, irresolute what to do next, or where to turn next. But even in his blindness it struck him at last that, if for nothing else, for sheer self-preservation, he ought to secure the two important personages whom he had excluded from the throne, so as to prevent them becoming the rallying points of the immense host of his enemies. As long as there was a glimmer of life left in that poor royal youth at Greenwich Palace, the forces of the kingdom were at his command; a word from his lips was sufficient to hurl troops of armed men away in all directions, to seize whomsoever he might order to be seized, and to kill whomsoever he might order to be killed. But once that child's breath was gone, all his power vanished into air, like the vision of a midnight dream. All this Northumberland knew, and yet forgot in his actions. When death approached the couch of the young king, a messenger was sent to Princess Mary, to lure her into his hands. A dozen halberdiers would have brought her safely from Hunsdon to the Tower, and she agreed to follow even the envoy who invited her to court, apparently without fear or suspicion of the fate awaiting her. But Edward died before she had set out, and another messenger, despatched by the earl of Arundel, Sir William Cecil's friend, had time to stop her on the way. The fate of England thus got changed in the turnpike road at Hoddesdon.

While the Lady Mary was spurring away towards the north, seeking shelter, in the first instance, at the castle of Kenninghall, Norfolk, which, confiscated from the attainted Howards, had been given to her by her father, Northumberland was still dreaming in London, evidently as yet unprepared for action. His chief aim for the moment seemed to be to hide the death of the king as long as possible, and while the great news was blazing forth in all directions, with Sir William Cecil and the whole privy council intriguing against him, and deliberating upon his destruction, he busied himself with drawing out fresh parchments and taking fresh oaths, neglecting even to proclaim the queen of his own making, Lady Jane Grey. The young lady, just sixteen, as yet remained entirely ignorant of the honour prepared for her by her father-in-law, and was living in retirement with her husband, about the same age as herself, at Sion House, near Brentford. Over-educated, pedantic, and timid, with a thorough knowledge of

the languages and customs of ancient Greece and Rome, and an all but complete ignorance of the wants and aims of her native country, she promised to be an admirable puppet in the hands of Northumberland, her very unfitness for a ruler, her youth, her innocence and beauty, being wonderfully adapted to gain the enthusiasm of the multitude. But while Queen Mary was straining every nerve to snatch the crown from the hands of the usurper, Queen Jane, his tool, was left to read Plato on the banks of the Thames, within sight of Westminster Abbey. After losing two days in consultation with his insincere friends in the privy council, Northumberland, on the 8th of July, roused himself to some show of action by inviting the Lord Mayor of London, six aldermen, and twelve other citizens to Greenwich Palace, and, informing them of the death of the king and of the patent establishing the new succession to the throne, desired them to swear fidelity to Queen Jane. They took the demanded oath, being bound, at the same time, under heavy penalties, not to divulge the secret of Edward's death—a secret known already to the meanest London apprentice. The day after the lord mayor and aldermen had been sworn in, a letter arrived from Queen Mary, addressed to the members of the privy council, in which she expressed her astonishment that they had not proclaimed her, ordering them instantly to repair that omission. To this letter Sir William Cecil was ordered to write a reply, informing Mary that she was a bastard, and recommending her to be "quiet and obedient." Cecil, with usual prudence, turned the labour of writing this message over to a friend, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and after having assured Northumberland of his entire obedience to Queen Jane, organized a plot for delivering Windsor Castle into the hands of Queen Mary. All the colleagues of Cecil in the privy council, with scarcely an exception, imitated his example of double worship, awaiting further news to decide who, of the two queens, ought to be hung, and who to be crowned.

The suspense of the honourable members of the privy council was not destined to last long. Queen Mary, when flying along the Ermine Street towards her castle of Kenninghall had scarcely a friend in the kingdom; but she had not been many days in her refuge when promises of support and adherence came in from all sides. The report that Northumberland had poisoned the young king and wanted to raise himself to the throne spread rapidly all over the country, causing everywhere a determination to withstand the usurper, the hated murderer of Somerset, to the utmost. In the eastern counties especially, where Northumberland's cruel treatment of the poor rebels after the battle of Dussindale was far from being forgotten, the detestation of him was greater than almost anywhere in England, and to oppose him the whole labouring population was ready at any moment to rise in another insurrection. Queen Mary was all but unknown to the bulk of the people; and although many of the better informed classes, aware of her attachment to Roman Catholicism, looked upon her with great suspicion, yet her accession, even to them, seemed greatly preferable to that of the unscrupulous adventurer who had risen to power

through falsehood and crime. That a woman, however bigoted or superstitious, could not but be better than this hated man, was the universal belief of the whole nation, a belief the stronger, as England had never yet enjoyed the luxury of being governed by a woman. Thus it happened that, while Northumberland was busying himself in petty scheming and the swearing-in of London aldermen, even neglecting to show the poor little puppet he meant to raise to the throne, the people kept moving in nearer and nearer circle towards Mary, as the rallying point or all hopes. In not more than a week after the poor middle-aged lady had fled up the old Ermine Street, scarce knowing whither to go, all England was ready to place the crown on her head.

It was only on the 10th of July, four days after the death of the king, that Northumberland brought his daughter-in-law by water from Brentford to the Tower, to proclaim her queen. The people at the river side looked on in deep silence, and not a sound was heard either of scorn or applause: the multitude clearly hated the usurper, and pitied the young and beautiful creature whom he was dragging along to the dark tomb and palace in the city. It was generally believed that she was unwilling to follow Northumberland and to be made queen, but that the entreaties of her father, and, still more, of her young husband, to whom she was passionately attached, had prevailed upon her to give her consent. She entered the Tower in state, accompanied by the whole court and all the members of the privy council, and the command went forth immediately to proclaim her queen throughout the realm. But it was too late, for Mary had been proclaimed already. Even the privy councillors, who now began to see clearly in what direction the tide was running, made mien to run away to Mary; and Northumberland, to keep his friends faithful, shut them up in the Tower, giving strict orders not to allow them to leave its precincts. Sir William Cecil tried hard to get out, as well as his friend the earl of Arundel; however, Northumberland sternly refused, mistrusting them deeply, his eyes being opened at last to the fact that they were plotting against him. But the reports which arrived every hour were more and more unfavourable; on the morning of the 11th the news came that Queen Mary had been joined by the earls of Bath and Sussex, with a numerous force, and on the evening of the same day it was known that Sir Edward Hastings, who had been commissioned to raise troops for Lady Jane, had gone to Kenninghall at the head of four thousand men. Northumberland now was forced to throw off his lethargy, and to begin to act; and after a conference with his council, it was decided that the duke of Suffolk, the father of Queen Jane, should be placed in command of the royal troops, "to fetch the Lady Mary up to London." The resolution was quite senseless, Suffolk being known as a semi-idiotic old man, more unfit than a schoolboy to command an army; but Northumberland was driven to this expedient by fear of treachery, knowing that if he were to march to the north, he would have more enemies behind than in front. However, Queen Jane strongly interfered on behalf of her father, and giving way to her entreaties, North-

Northumberland finally decided to take the troops directed against Mary under his own command. Sir William Cecil and the members of the privy council were overjoyed at this resolution, inwardly determining also to seek Queen Mary—on their knees.

Northumberland left the Tower on the morning of Friday, the 14th of July, oppressed by bitter forebodings. On the eve of his departure, he assembled all the great officers of state and privy councillors around him, addressing them, according to the report off an eye-witness, in an excited speech. "My lords," he exclaimed, "I, and these other noble personages, with the whole army that now go forth, as well for the behalf of you and yours, as for the establishing of the queen's highness, shall not only adventure our bodies and lives amongst the bloody strokes and cruel assaults of our adversaries in the open fields; but also we do leave the conservation of ourselves, children, and families, at home here with you, as altogether committed to your truth and fidelities: whom, if we thought ye would through malice, conspiracy, or dissension, leave us, your friends, in the briars and betray us, we could as well sundry ways forsee and provide for our own safeguard, as any of you, by betraying us, can do for yours. But now upon the only trust and faithfulness of your honours, whereof we think ourselves most assured, we do hazard our lives; which trust and promise if ye shall violate, hoping thereby of life and promotion, yet shall not God count you innocent of our bloods, neither acquit you of the sacred and holy oath of allegiance made freely by you to this virtuous lady the queen's highness, who by your and our enticement is rather of force placed therein than by her own seeking and request. Consider also that God's cause, which is the preferment of his Word, and fear of Papists' entrance, hath been, as ye have herebefore always known, laid the original ground, whereupon ye, even at the first motion, granted your good-wills and consents thereunto, as by your handwritings appeareth; and think not the contrary, but if ye mean deceit, though not forthwith, yet hereafter God will revenge the same. I can say no more, but in this troublesome time wish you to use constant hearts, abandoning all malice, envy, and private affections." The speech was a clear proof that Northumberland had come deeply to mistrust his friends; yet, in appealing to their honour and generosity, he showed that he was far from knowing them yet. When shaking hands with them, as a last farewell, the earl of Arundel, friend of Cecil, and greatest of all the hypocrites in the privy council, addressing Northumberland with tears in his eyes, "prayed God to be with his grace; saying, he was very sorry it was not his chance to go with him and bear him company, in whose presence he could find in his heart to spend his blood, even at his feet." At the very moment when making this profession of love, Arundel was in active communication with Queen Mary, promising to do all in his power to destroy Northumberland.

The duke, after mustering his men, some five thousand in number, at Whitehall, in the night from the 13th to the 14th of July, set forth from London at the dawn of next day. All the streets were crowded with people; but among the multitude there prevailed an

anxious silence, the force of which was felt by Northumberland. Riding at the side of Lord Grey through the city, he remarked to him, with bitterness, "The people press to see us, but not one saith God speed us." But Northumberland was still far from seeing that the five thousand men at his back, many of them old veterans, hardened in battle, were now the last resource left to him. A bold dash with them at the undisciplined forces which had gathered round Mary, followed by a short and decisive victory, might have yet saved him, and given the crown to Lady Jane Grey. However, steeped as he was in intrigue, he still trusted to it more than to anything else, neglecting even the dictates of common prudence. To tie his coadjutors in the privy council to his cause and its dangers had become one of his main objects, and to accomplish it he pretended that he was only marching by their orders and under their instructions. These had been furnished to him on his express desire, to the grim satisfaction of Sir William Cecil, Arundel, and all his other enemies. They were pleased to lay down his route to the north in very slow stages, fully persuaded that every day spent on the march would be a gain to Mary and a loss to her opponent. The scheme proved as successful as calculated. Following the instructions of his supposed friends in the privy council, Northumberland spent four days on the road from London to Cambridge; and, when arrived at the latter place, on the 18th of July, he found that Mary had moved, on the 16th of July, from Kenninghall to Framlingham, where, surrounded by strong walls and deep moats, as well as an immense number of partizans, she was quite beyond the reach of the handful of troops under his command. On the day after his arrival at Cambridge, the 19th of July, late at night, news still more disheartening came to Northumberland from London. It was nothing less than that the privy council had proclaimed Mary, and declared traitors all who should be found in arms against the lawful queen.

The manner in which Cecil and his colleagues executed their design was very characteristic and very simple. As soon as Northumberland's back was turned, they expressed a desire to leave the Tower, under various pretences, the earl of Arundel, among others, asserting, truly enough, that the air did not suit his constitution. This was a movement foreseen by Northumberland; and to prevent it he had entrusted the keys of the fortress to the duke of Suffolk, charging him strictly not to let any member of the government or high officer of state pass beyond the gates. But the imbecile old duke was but a poor obstacle against the machinations of such men as Cecil and Arundel, and they brought him to the ground in a very short time. Early in the morning of the 19th of July, five days after the departure of Northumberland, and three days after the advance of Mary from Kenninghall to Framlingham, the privy council held a sitting under the presidency of the duke of Suffolk, in which the arrival of a French ambassador was discussed. It was said that the king of France was prepared to send a large army to assist Queen Jane, and that his ambassador had just arrived to conclude the treaty of alliance, but was prevented by the rules of etiquette to come to the Tower. The stock of ideas of Queen

Jane's father was very slight, but a belief in etiquette was among his most coherent notions, so that he had no sooner heard of the ambassadorial scruples when he urged Sir William Cecil to go and meet his French excellency in all haste. Thereupon Sir William, the earl of Arundel, Cranmer, and all the leading members of the council, went forth with much alacrity across the drawbridge of the Tower, and, proceeding straightway to Baynard's Castle, residence of the earl of Pembroke, they unanimously resolved to proclaim Queen Mary. The lord mayor and aldermen of London were summoned, ordered to change their oath for Queen Jane, rendered ten days previous, into one for Queen Mary, and to get all their flags and trappings ready for a brilliant show. Then they all rode together into the city, Garter king-at-arms in front, embroidered all over, and with sound of trumpet and under wild shouts of joy echoed by the populace, the herald proclaimed at every street corner that the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of his late majesty Henry VIII., of blessed memory, had become Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. So great was the joy, and so loud the noise of voices and of trumpets, as to awaken even the sleepy duke, father of Queen Jane, representing her rule in the Tower. When told what was the matter, the poor idiot on a sudden got very lively, and, as stated in the letter of a contemporary, "he came himself out of the Tower, and commanded his men to leave their weapons behind them, saying that he himself was but one man, and proclaimed my Lady Mary's grace on the Tower Hill." Lady Jane Grey now was utterly alone in the Tower, a queen without subjects.

The behaviour of Northumberland at this sudden collapse of his power was anything but manly and brave. On the 20th of July, the day after the proclamation of Mary in London, he received a formal notification from the privy council, commanding him to lay down arms and discharge his troops on pain of treason; and a few hours later he found himself in the presence of his fervent admirer, the earl of Arundel, whose words of farewell in the Tower had been so loving and so eloquent, and who had declared himself ready to "spend his blood even at his feet." The noble earl had been quicker in his movements than any of his friends, and while they were proclaiming Mary in London, he went directly to the queen, so as to be first in the worship of the new light. Galloping in hot haste to Framlingham, Queen Mary graciously condescended to accept his fervent assurances of loyalty, to which was joined an offer of capturing her greatest enemy, and placing him in safe custody. It was on this errand that Arundel stood before his old patron early on the morning of the 21st of July, when scarce the sun had risen over the Cambridge lowlands. Northumberland was preparing to fly, when Arundel burst into his chamber, exclaiming, "my lord, I am sent hither by the queen's majesty, and in her name I do arrest you." Cowed and trembling, the duke fell on his knees. "For the love of God, consider," he exclaimed, "I have done nothing but by the consents of you and the privy council: I beseech you, my lord, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is." He knew the "case" but too well, the noble earl, to cease

gloating over his fallen patron, not half so clever as himself. "My lord," he rejoined, laughingly, "ye should have sought for mercy sooner: I must do according to my commandment." With these words, he handed Northumberland over to a file of soldiers, who forthwith tied his hands, and led him away a prisoner. Two days after, the gates of the Tower, which he had only left a fortnight before in regal pomp, and at the head of an army, closed behind him, never more to open but on the short walk to the scaffold.

After the arrest of her great enemy, and the entire dispersion of his forces, Mary slowly proceeded on her journey to the capital, accompanied by some thirty thousand men, principally from the eastern counties, which had gathered around her. Most of the men were staunch Protestants; but among them were also great numbers of Roman Catholics, and crowds of priests who had come flocking into Framlingham, who were celebrating mass daily, and who talked openly of the reintroduction of popery into England. A few of the eastern counties men were bold enough to remonstrate with the queen on this subject, venturing to hint that the reformed faith was by law established: to which she replied, with much blandishment of manner, that she had not the least intention to change the religion of her people, but would allow freedom of conscience to others, as she claimed it for herself. This seemed satisfactory to Mary's new friends, as they were full of the first intoxication of female royalty; and the goodly news of the coming reign of liberty having spread in all directions, her progress to London soon became a triumph. At Wanstead, in Essex, where she arrived on the 1st of August, the queen was met by her half-sister Elizabeth, who, having watched the course of events with keen eyes from her retreat in Herts, now came forward with great demonstrations of loyalty, bringing with her a thousand horsemen. Mary looked with some suspicion upon her affectionate sister, and still more upon her armed followers; but she received all of them graciously, and then set forth towards the capital, which she entered on the 3rd of August, amidst the most frantic shouts of welcome. Her first visit was to the Tower, to release the aged duke of Norfolk—prisoner since the death of Henry VIII.—as well as Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, Tunstall bishop of Durham, Bonner bishop of London, and several other zealous papists, who had been confined for their opposition to the established church. These prisoners not only obtained their freedom, but were at once raised to the highest positions near the queen, Bishop Gardiner taking the place of lord chancellor, and the duke of Norfolk that of chief confidential adviser of her majesty. The Pope Julius III. shed tears of joy on receiving the report of these events, firmly believing that the lost flock of the British Isles was coming back for ever into the fold of Rome.

The fervent attachment of Mary to the Romish faith, and her determination to reintroduce it into England, became so evident in the very first weeks of her reign as to induce the great mass of court worshippers to trim at once their sails to the wind, and to gain favour by Catholic orthodoxy. Before even a single public act had passed, abolishing any of the

tenets or ceremonies of the reformed religion, popish sermons were heard everywhere, mass was sung in many churches, and priests got snugly ensconced in most of the houses of the nobility and the upper classes. The movement was so rapid as to astonish honest Roman Catholics no less than true Protestants; and while the former saw in it one more proof of the hollowness of the new creed, there remained nothing to the latter but to hide their heads in shame and almost despair. Foremost among those who professed to have been suddenly convinced of the truth of the old faith was the duke of Northumberland. The wretched man, though clearly beyond the hope of being pardoned by a queen against whom he had stood up in arms, and, still worse, whom he had publicly branded as a bastard, conceived, nevertheless, a notion that religious hypocrisy might save his life, and determined accordingly to go through the act of conversion with such an amount of zeal as might touch the heart of his royal mistress. As yet, her hatred against him seemed profound, for the joyful acclamations with which she had been received by her subjects in the capital had scarcely died away, when she ordered that he should take his trial for treason, choosing as his judges the just liberated duke of Norfolk, together with Sir William Cecil, Cranmer, the duke of Suffolk, and others of his own partizans and presumed friends of the late privy council, who, to save their own lives, might be expected to be vindictive against their old master. In the interval of the preparation for Northumberland's trial, the obsequies of King Edward were solemnized at the Tower, in accordance with all the rites of the Romish church, mass being said in the mortuary chapel, and the dirge sung in Latin. This ceremony over, the other of the trial was gone through on the 18th of August. Northumberland, seeing most of his old colleagues sit on the judgment bench before him, asked, with some pluck, "whether any such persons as were equally culpable with him, and those by whose letters and commandments he was directed in all his doings, might be his judges?" The reply to which was that they had been forgiven, and he alone stood accused. To another question, "Whether a man doing any act by authority of the king and council, and by warrant of the great seal of England, and doing nothing without the same, may be charged with treason?" there was no reply at all. Northumberland had shown himself so cautious in all his latter proceedings, that, in strict law, he was certainly not guilty of treason; but he himself had been too long acting upon the doctrine that might was right to be able to make an appeal to law. Among his judges were not a few of the old friends of Somerset, by whom his murder was neither forgotten nor forgiven.

The verdict of guilty was duly recorded against Northumberland; but there seemed a chance of escape for him when, immediately after, Bishop Gardiner visited him in his prison vault in the Tower. Gardiner was not at all unwilling to extend a helping hand to his former foe, and even to save his life, since in him he felt not only sympathy of character, but could hope to gain such assistance as he stood in need of in the execution of his daring plans. His

rise to power had been too sudden to make him feel safe on his giddy height; besides which he had a secret enemy in the duke of Norfolk, against whom the queen's esteem was not a sufficient safeguard, as she, too, was likely to remember at any moment that the name of her chancellor was on the document pronouncing the divorce of her mother. Bishop Gardiner, moreover, was getting old, with much work still before him; and feeling that he wanted support, and that it would be impossible to obtain a more experienced, bold, and unscrupulous partizan than the fallen ruler of England, he went to visit him in the condemned cell. The interview lasted a considerable time, and immediately after, Northumberland desired the attendance of a confessor, to whom he declared his great anxiety to renounce his heresies, and to be again admitted into the church of Rome. His execution had been appointed to take place on the 21st of August, two days after his trial; however, on the representation of his confessor, acting, probably, with the secret assistance of Gardiner, it was postponed, nominally for a day, but, as Northumberland fondly hoped, for a much longer time, to allow him to make a public renunciation of his faith. The scene, described by a resident in the Tower, was altogether extraordinary. "On Monday, the 21st of August," reported the eye-witness, "it was appointed the duke with others should have suffered, and all the guard were at the Tower; but, howsoever, it chanced he did not, but he desired to hear mass, and to receive the sacrament according to the old accustomed manner. So, about nine of the clock, the altar in the chapel was arranged, and each thing prepared for the purpose; then Mr. Gage went and fetched the duke to mass, which was said both with elevation over the head, the peace-giving, blessing, and crossing on the crown, breathing, turning about, and all the other rites and incidents of old time appertaining. And when the time came to receive the sacrament, the duke turned himself to the people, and said first these words, or such like: 'My masters, I let you all to understand that I do most faithfully believe in the very right and true way, out of the which true religion you and I have been seduced these sixteen years past, by the false and erroneous preaching of the new preachers, the which is the only cause of the great plague and vengeance which hath light upon the whole realm of England, and now likewise deservedly fallen upon me and others here for our unfaithfulness. And I do believe the holy sacrament here most assuredly to be our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ; and this I pray you all to testify, and pray for me.' After which words he kneeled down and asked all men forgiveness, and likewise forgave all men. Amongst others standing by were the duke of Somerset's sons."

Northumberland gained nothing by this final apostacy. Although Gardiner was willing to save him, the queen in this instance refused to take his advice, preferring to follow the counsel given to her by her cousin, Kaiser Charles, who insisted that she should treat the principal of her enemies with severity. On the evening of the day on which he had made his public confession of heresy, the lieutenant of the Tower informed Northumberland that his execution

would take place when another sun had risen, exhorting him to spend his last hours in prayer. The advice was not taken, and, instead of praying, he spent his last hours in writing an abject letter to the earl of Arundel, whose intervention with the queen he implored. "Alas, my good lord," he exclaimed, "is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? An old proverb there is, and that most true, that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Oh! that it would please her good Grace to give me life: yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet, and spend life and all in her service." Even this last extreme humiliation was unavailing. Early on the morning of the 22nd of July, Northumberland was led out to the scaffold on Tower Hill, surrounded by an immense crowd of people, many of whom held up against him handkerchiefs which they had dipped in the blood of the duke of Somerset, executed on this same place exactly eighteen months before. The sight of the popular hatred thus exhibited did not unnervise Northumberland, for he entertained still hopes of being saved at the last moment by a pardon. To deserve it, he made another public recantation of the reformed faith, speaking in the tone of a priest seeking to gain converts. "Good people," he cried, with the axe of the executioner over his head, "there is, and hath ever been since Christ, one Catholic church, which church hath continued from him to his disciples in one unity and concord, and so hath always continued from time to time until this day, and yet doth throughout all Christendom, only us excepted, for we are quite gone out of that church. For whereas all holy fathers and all other saints throughout Christendom, since Christ and his disciples, have ever agreed in one unity, faith, and doctrine, we alone dissent from their opinions, and follow our own private interpretation of the Scripture. Do you think, good people, that we, being one parcel in comparison, be wiser than all the world besides, ever since Christ? No, I assure you, you are far deceived." He kept on preaching in this strain for some time, hoping against hope that his anxious apostacy would bring forth the pardon of "her good Grace," in whose sight he was so anxious to lead "the life of a dog." But the pardon came not; and, the executioner lifting his glittering steel, there was an end of all hopes and fears in this world. Northumberland's headless trunk was buried in the chapel of the Tower, close to that of his victim, the duke of Somerset, and near to the remains of Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Catherine Howard. The throne of England was strikingly represented in these four headless bodies.

The queen's inclination to follow the advice of her foreign relatives, rather than that of her own ministers and official councillors, which manifested itself first in the execution of Northumberland, soon after became more and more apparent; and one of the results of it was a division of the members of the government into two distinct parties, headed, respectively, by Bishop Gardiner and the duke of Norfolk. Gardiner's great aim was to restore all the ancient forms and ceremonies of the Catholic church, without, however, making England dependant upon Rome; while Nor-

folk, less national in his views, showed himself anxious to bring back not only popery but the pope. The duke was greatly assisted in his operations by the activity of his foreign friends. Immediately after the accession of Mary, Cardinal Dandino, papal legate in Flanders, despatched one of the shrewdest priests of his suite, Francis Commendore — subsequently famous member of the Sacred College — to London, to concert measures for the restoration of the Romish faith. Commendore, arriving in the middle of August, before the execution of Northumberland, found some difficulty in getting access to the queen, his way being barred by Gardiner and the men of his party, Arundel, Paget, and Petre, all of them in watchful attendance upon Mary as privy councillors. But watchful as they were, they were not sufficiently so to keep a zealous servant of Rome, from gaining his ends; and, in less than a week after his arrival, Francis Commendore was secretly introduced to the queen by a near relative of the duke of Norfolk, a gentleman named Lee, performing ministerial duties without being sworn in the privy council. Mary assured the papal envoy of her inviolable attachment to the church of Rome, and her determination to restore its worship; but she, at the same time, entreated him to conceal himself, and to act with the utmost caution—a rather superfluous piece of advice to the subtle, serpent-like messenger who had found his way into the royal closet. But there was more important information for Francis Commendore. Mary, as yet ignorant of the wheel-within-wheel complication of European politics, told the eager priest, as a piece of good news, but to his intense surprise, that she was in secret correspondence with Kaiser Charles, and that the latter had offered her his only son, Philip, in marriage. The treaty, she said, had not yet been concluded; but she intended to have it signed in a few days, after the execution of Northumberland had taken place, when she would find an opportunity to inform him of it. Commendore anxiously waited for the spectacle of blood on Tower Hill; and, the day after, the 23rd of July, was summoned to another secret interview with the queen. Mary now informed him that she had concluded her league with Kaiser Charles, and was resolved to marry his son. She also repeated the assurance of her extreme desire to reconcile her kingdom to the Holy See, to facilitate which she requested the appointment of her relative, Cardinal Pole, as legate of the pope in England. Francis Commendore hurried back to his lodgings, and a few hours after was on his way to Dover. Travelling night and day, he reached Rome in little more than a week, finding time on the road for a hurried interview with Cardinal Pole, who had sought a quiet retreat in the convent of Maguzano, at the lake of Garda. On the 1st of September, Commendore threw himself at the feet of his master, Julius III., imploring him not to lose a minute to wrest the fair and noble realm of England both from the heretics and the all-devouring ambition of the worldly enemy of the church, Kaiser Charles. The pontiff smiled approvingly, and Cardinal Pole was ordered to set out immediately for the court of Queen Mary.

There was need for the pope to make haste in the

conquest of England, for in the race between him and the Kaiser all the chances were in favour of the latter. Charles was not only first in the field, but the highest bidder, and had studied the character of mankind to infinitely more advantage than his poor friend Julius III. Battling all his life long for world dominion, attacking the French monarchy as a barrier in his way, using Rome as a war-engine, and treating Protestantism as a mere political enemy, Charles V. had not grown old in politics to allow such a splendid prize as the kingdom of England to be taken by others within his own reach. The grey-haired Kaiser by his first act showed that he understood his cousin Mary a great deal better than any of her bishops and privy councillors, and was fully aware that, aside of the religious fanaticism of her mother, she was still more strongly imbued with one of the most notable characteristics of her father. Some weeks before the quick-witted envoy of the pope had his secret interview with Mary, a private messenger from the Kaiser had brought her not only his warmest congratulations to her accession, but a portrait of his son Philip, heir of his vast dominions, aged twenty-five, extremely good-looking, highly accomplished, famous for his gallant adventures, and universally acknowledged the greatest match of the civilized world. Mary had no sooner seen the portrait, painted by an Italian master-hand, when, according to an old manuscript account, she "was so enamoured thereon, and so ravished that she languished for love, and was in a manner out of her wits." The feeling was not altogether unpardonable in a poor elderly woman of small brains and strong passions, who had spent thirty-eight years in kneeling before wooden saints, and who now found herself suddenly in the glare and flare of a throne, tempted to grasp the last rays of a lost spring and summer of life. For a full quarter of a century, the Lady Mary had been hawked about among the princes of Europe; from the time of Wolsey, who wanted to dispose of her, for private purposes, as an invaluable "pearl of the world," till the last days of the rule of Northumberland, who desired to get rid of her at any price, she had been successively offered to the king of France, to the dauphin, to Don Luis of Portugal, to the duke of Orleans, to a prince of Denmark, to the Herzog of Cleves, to the duke of Urbino, and to half a score of other princes. Refused by all, branded as a bastard, and scorned as ugly, she was beginning to feel the last bitter disappointment of heart and soul, when the crown was placed on her head, and the son of the greatest monarch of Europe, most dashing of cavaliers, and handsomest of men, came forward as a candidate for her hand. Thus, at the mere sight of his portrait, "she languished for love, and was in a manner out of her wits." It was the natural consequence of absolutist government that the English people should feel the full effects of these matrimonial yearnings of Queen Mary.

By the advice of Kaiser Charles, the queen kept her intended marriage for a time a strict secret, and in the meanwhile showed herself most gracious and affable to all her subjects, consoling even the Protestants with the solemn assurance that they should not be disturbed in the exercise of their religion. To gain

additional popularity, she exhibited herself constantly in public, arranging fêtes and entertainments, and crowning all by a coronation spectacle, more splendid than any show seen in London since the days of Henry VIII. The festivities commenced on the 30th of September with a gorgeous procession, more than a mile long, moving from the Tower through the city to Whitehall Palace. Mary rode in a chariot of tissue, drawn by six horses, amid such magnificences as fairly to bewilder even the court chroniclers who had seen the splendours of her royal father. "She sate," as rapturously painted by John Stow, "in a gown of blue velvet, furred with powdered ermine, hanging round her head a cloth of tinsel beset with pearls and stones, and upon her head a round circlet of gold, much like a hooped garland, beset so richly with precious stones that their value was inestimable: the said caul and circle being so massy and ponderous that she was fain to bear up her head with her hands." An innumerable train of guards, pages, knights, judges, bishops, and great lords, preceded and followed the royal chariot, the duke of Norfolk marching immediately in front, carrying the sword of state, with the lord mayor at his side, all in crimson velvet, bearing aloft the golden sceptre of the realm. Behind the queen's tissue coach came another covered with cloth of silver, in which sat Princess Elizabeth, together with a curious relic of olden times, in the person of the Lady Ann of Cleves, official "sister" of King Henry VIII. of blessed memory. To be a fitting ornament of the show, the royal lady, as fat, jolly, and contented as ever, amidst all the storm of times and change of crowns, had been dressed up "in silver habit, according to the French fashion," which was also the costume of her serious and far less happy-looking neighbour, Princess Elizabeth. Thus the pageant passed along the crowded streets of the city, amidst the joyous acclamations of the multitude, who were liberally supplied with wine, which was kept running from all the fountains. On the next day, the 1st of October, the queen went, in a splendid barge, gilded all over, from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, where she was solemnly crowned and anointed, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. In the procession to the altar, Princess Elizabeth, walking near Count Noailles, the French ambassador, and carrying the crown of her sister, complained that it was too heavy. "Be patient, madame," whispered Noailles, "it will be less heavy when it is on your head."

The first parliament of Mary met on the 5th of October, a few days after the coronation. Although as yet there had not been the least alteration, in a legal sense, of any of the forms and ceremonies of the established church, both the lords and commons, with more than usual obsequiousness, behaved as if they had never known any other than the Roman Catholic religion. At the opening of the session, high mass was celebrated in the House of Lords as well as the House of Commons, and a few members who refused to fall on their knees at the elevation of the host were summarily kicked out of doors. The legislative proceedings which followed were carried on in the same temper. At the demand of Gardiner, the whole of the acts bearing upon religion which had

been passed in the preceding reign were repealed in one swoop, thus doing away with all trouble of weeding the statute book. The next measure of parliament was to annul the divorce of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine, the double effect of which was to make the Queen legitimate beyond dispute, and to bastardize her sister Elizabeth. In this act there was involved, to a certain extent, the renunciation of the spiritual supremacy of the crown, which formed the basis of the divorce, the latter being absolutely beyond the power of revocation by parliament as long as the former was admitted. The queen was fully aware of it, and not only willing but anxious to renounce her supremacy and admit that of the pope; but this desire was so strongly opposed by Gardiner, who represented to her that the security of her crown depended upon the at least temporarily continued separation from Rome, that she gave her reluctant consent to retain, if only nominally, the title of head of the church. Probably the chancellor alone would not have been able to carry this important point with his bigoted royal mistress, but for the powerful assistance of Kaiser Charles. The great emperor cared very much less for Romish supremacy, pliant enough in his own hands, than for the queen's match with his son, which, he hoped, would add England to his dominions; and fearing that this great object might suffer by a too early display of religious fanaticism on the part of his zealous cousin, he strongly advised her to keep quiet, and to leave, as much as possible, the pope alone. The advice was equal to a command, Mary bending in childlike humility before the father of her coming husband, for whom she was yearning already with her whole heart. She had talked so much about him by this time that the report of her intended marriage had gone all over the country, creating intense dissatisfaction. Even the members of the House of Commons, with all their inborn humility before the throne, felt stirred by the rumour that it was to be occupied by a foreign prince, and commenced debating the matter, the discussion ending in the daring resolve to present an address to her majesty, praying her not to marry a stranger. The speaker, and a deputation of members, all bowing and slightly trembling, were ushered into the royal presence on the 30th of October, and became aware at once of the mistake they had made in interfering with the highest object of their sovereign. Mary had no sooner heard what her faithful commons had come to say, when she flew into a rage, and sharply reprimanded them for their insolence. As soon as they were gone, the queen sent for Charles's ambassador, and, as reported by Lingard, "bade him follow her into her private oratory, where, on her knees at the foot of the altar, and before the sacrament, she first recited the hymn 'Veni, Creator Spiritus,' and then called God to witness that she pledged her faith to Philip prince of Spain, and while she lived would never take any other man for her husband."

To prevent an elderly woman, possessed of absolute power, from marrying a handsome young man with whom she had fallen in love, was, the House of Commons soon found, a far more difficult thing than to change the religion of a kingdom. Notwithstanding its implicit obedience to all the demands of the

crown, parliament was dissolved soon after presenting the petition against the Spanish alliance, the queen loudly declaring that nothing in the world should hinder her from becoming the wife of Prince Philip. Of the fact that the whole of her subjects, with singular unanimity, were opposed to the match, there could be no doubt in the mind of the queen. There came reports from all parts of the country that the people, most of whom had shown themselves very indifferent about the introduction of the mass and other religious changes, were in a high state of excitement at the news that the queen intended to give her hand to a great foreign prince, who would thus become ruler of the kingdom. This general opposition to the marriage was so strong as to assume, in many places, all the features of a revolt against the queen. Judicial proceedings were instituted in several instances against persons who gave vent too freely to their opinions, and brought to light some curious displays of popular feeling. One William Cotman, a smith in a Kentish village, declared before the magistrates that the son of a gentleman called William Ishley, "came to his shop to shoe his horse, where he tarried the making of a shoe, and there used these words, 'that the Spaniards were coming into the realm with harness and hand-guns, and would make us Englishmen worse than enemies and viler; for this realm would be brought to such bondage by them as it was never before, and be utterly conquered.' And, at his taking of his horse, he said, with a loud voice, that all the street might hear it, 'Smith, if thou beest a good fellow, stir and encourage all the neighbours to rise against these strangers, for they should have lawful warning.'" Master Smith was a timid man, and hearing his customer hold forth in such a treasonable manner, interrupted him with, "Why, these be marvellous words, for we shall be hanged if we stir;" to which the other replied, "No, ye shall have help enough." These and many similar demonstrations, reported from all parts of the kingdom, showed the heart of England to be more deeply stirred by the projected matrimonial alliance of the queen than by any event that had taken place since her accession.

The opposition of the English people to his great scheme soon became known to Kaiser Charles. His large experience always made him select the best ambassadors that could be got as his representatives in foreign countries, and one of the shrewdest of these diplomatic personages, a Frenchman, named Simon Renard, he had despatched into England a little before the death of Edward, when the political waters looked troubled enough to invite fishing. The worthy Simon Renard—"Fox" by instinct as well as name—had spent the earlier part of his life as bailie, or reeve, of a small town in France, from which humble position he was rescued by Charles, who soon discovered his higher qualifications, and enlisted them in his service. Before he had been many weeks in England, Renard got a very clear insight into the political state of the country, and lost no time to inform his master that the execution of his plans would require extreme moderation, and that it was far more necessary to rein in than to spur the zeal of the queen for the marriage with Prince Philip. Charles fully comprehended the wisdom of

this counsel, and at once acted up to it by advising the queen to keep her intended union with his son secret for a while, and in the meantime not to attempt any violent ecclesiastical reforms, but to seek, above all things, the good-will and affection of her subjects. Mary was anxious enough to obey the Kaiser; but, maddened both by love and religious fanaticism, executed his wishes in a very imperfect manner. Not to speak of the angelic prince whom she was soon to clasp in her arms, was with her an utter impossibility; and equally impossible to her was the attempt to postpone for a time the violent propagation of the religious creed in which she had been educated, and which she firmly believed to be the only true road to salvation. But Mary's passion of love was stronger than even her religion, and she might have curbed her gloomy fanaticism under the counsel of Charles, whose son she had come to worship more than all her saints, but for the constant instigations of the crowds of priests who swarmed around her, and who never ceased repeating that the saving of her soul depended upon leading the kingdom which God had entrusted to her back into the path of true religion. To strengthen this priestly influence, envoys after envoys continued to arrive from Rome, and, at the queen's special wish, Julius III. despatched Cardinal Pole as pontifical legate to her court. The cardinal set out on his mission early in September, with the intention to make his appearance in England in the same month, but had the misfortune of being interrupted in his journey. Kaiser Charles had no sooner heard of Pole's movements when he gave orders to put a stop to them, justly fearing that the arrival of a papal legate would give rise to new commotions among the people of England. When Cardinal Pole, travelling onward with much pomp, arrived at Liege, he was forbidden to continue his journey, with a polite message that if he attempted to stir he would be hung. Soon after, Charles granted an audience to the cardinal, at which he treated him with great harshness and disrespect; so much so that, as reported by Pole, in a letter to Pope Julius, he "barely escaped being cudgelled by his imperial majesty." With all his zeal in the persecution of heretics, the Kaiser seldom lost an occasion of exhibiting the supremacy of the temporal over the spiritual power.

Having stopped the papal legate from interfering in his own policy, and prepared the ground for future action by a liberal distribution of gold among the leading men of Mary's court, the Kaiser held that the time had come to commence open negotiations for the long-settled matrimonial alliance. Towards the end of December, 1553, a splendid embassy, headed by Lamoral, Count Egmont, one of the greatest Flemish nobles, set out from Brussels, and, after staying a few days at Calais, arrived at Dover on the last day of the year. The queen had made immense preparations for the reception of the imperial envoys; nevertheless, their entry into London was dull and gloomy, the people looking upon them with undisguised suspicion. Count Egmont landed at the Tower wharf, on the 2nd of January; and, according to the description of a citizen of London, an eye-witness, "the lord of Devonshire, giving him the right hand, brought him through Cheapside, and so forth to Westminster; but

the people, nothing rejoicing, held down their heads sorrowfully. The day before his coming in, as his retinue and harbingers came riding through London, the boys pelted at them with snowballs, so hateful was the sight of their coming to them." Charles's messengers, with Christian charity, returned good for evil, and to pay for the snowballs of the London boys, sent a shower of gold upon the heads of London men and women. Count Egmont had brought with him no less than half a million of crowns to solve any doubts in the minds of the queen's subjects as to the expediency of her marriage with Prince Philip, and the wise application of these persuasive agents soon settled the matter. Ten days after the arrival of the imperial embassy, the lord chancellor called together, in the presence-chamber, a meeting of all the great nobles of the realm and leading men at court, informing them that the queen, by the unanimous advice of her council, had resolved to enter "in most godly and lawful matrimony" with the only son of her cousin and friend, Kaiser Charles V. After dwelling upon the great virtues of the prince chosen to be the consort of the queen, Bishop Gardiner proceeded to explain the various clauses of the treaty of marriage. They were that, immediately after the nuptials, Philip and Mary should reciprocally assume the styles and titles of their respective dominions; that Philip should aid the queen in the government of the realm, saving its laws, rights, privileges, and customs; that no Spaniard or other foreigner should enjoy any office in the kingdom; that the queen should never be carried abroad without her free consent, nor any of her children without the consent of the nobility; that Philip should settle upon the queen 60,000*l.* a year as her jointure; and that the male issue of the marriage, in default of more direct heirs, should inherit Burgundy and the Netherlands, and the general issue Spain, Sicily, Milan, and the other possessions of Charles V., both in the Old and the New World. These articles, drawn up by Gardiner, were praised as highly favourable to English interests, and the illustrious crowd assembled in the presence-chamber—all more or less acquainted with the gold bags of the Kaiser—having loudly given their assent to the treaty, it was signed, with great solemnity, on the 15th of January, by both the Spanish envoys and the councillors and ministers of the queen. The day after this event, Gardiner summoned the lord mayor, aldermen, and forty of the most influential citizens of London to court, and after delivering an eloquent oration to them, bade them rejoice "like good subjects." The fathers of the city, anxious always to swim with the tide, made great efforts to rejoice, but absolutely failed in their endeavours. They knew, as well as the lord chancellor, that a storm was brewing in the air which no fine speeches, official parading, and proclamations of heralds, would be able to disperse. The cry uttered at the Kentish farrier's shop had gone forth among the nation, and was daily growing louder, that "the Spaniards were coming into the realm with harness and hand-guns, and would make Englishmen worse than enemies." It was a cry which clearly heralded a revolution.

The storm burst forth even sooner than expected. Within a week after the signing of the treaty of

marriage, reports arrived in London that the people were rising both in Kent and in Devonshire, and that there was such a stir in the midland counties and in many other parts of England as to threaten a general revolt. All was confusion at court at this intelligence, the want of a great political or military leader being, for the first time, deeply felt. The queen herself was fully aware that she could not trust one half the men who had gathered around her as advisers, and who, as shown by their past career, would be as ready to desert her, and, if necessary, put her to death, as they had deserted and condemned her predecessors in power. Nevertheless, Mary, emboldened by her passionate love for the foreign prince against whom the revolt of her subjects was directed, got inspired by sudden courage, and resolved to risk her throne and her life rather than to rescind her matrimonial contract. Acting contrary to the advice of Gardiner, who recommended the employment of peaceful means for dispersing the riotous crowds, the queen called to her side several of the old officers who had seen service under her father, and giving them commissions for the enlistment of troops, ordered that they should forthwith take the field against the insurgents. The latter, after the first confusion incident to all popular risings, had collected in the east and west under two principal leaders, Sir Peter Carew, a Devonshire nobleman, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, an influential landowner in the central districts of Kent. The choice of these leaders proved that the revolt was wholly directed against the contemplated foreign marriage, and due to the fear of "Spaniards coming into the realm with harness and hand-guns," for both Carew and Wyatt had given proofs of being warmly attached to Mary's rule, and anything but desirous to overthrow her administration. This was the reason why Gardiner counselled forbearance against the excited people, but also why the queen, to whom the coming husband was far dearer than her throne, would not hear of it, but insisted upon the immediate and unconditional suppression of the revolt. As the Kentish insurgents under Wyatt were more immediately threatening than those of the west of England, both by their number and their nearness to the capital, Mary sent against them the most trusted of her servants, the aged duke of Norfolk. He raised some thousand troops in great haste, among them the train bands of London, commanded by captain Alexander Brett, and without loss of time started for Maidstone, the head-quarters of the insurgents. The latter did not wait for the arrival of the royal army, but marched towards it, and at Rochester Bridge the two hosts met, to decide with their blood the question whether Queen Mary should be allowed to wed the son of Kaiser Charles.

It was on the 29th of January, 1554, that Mary's commander found himself face to face with the insurgents, numbering nearly ten thousand men. Wyatt had posted his men in a very advantageous position on the bank of the River Medway, leaning against the ancient ruin of Rochester Castle, with the bridge in front. To attack his opponents, Norfolk had to cross this steep and narrow bridge, strongly guarded by the rebels, and which they seemed determined to defend to the last man. Prepared for some hard fight-

ing, Norfolk ranged his army in order of battle, with the London train bands in the vanguard, and, all being ready, the order to attack was given. The train bands advanced, but before they had gone far towards the bridge, Alexander Brett, the captain, turned round, and addressing his men in a spirited harangue, told them they ought not to kill their countrymen who had taken up arms to resist the coming-in of proud and treacherous Spaniards. In reply to this appeal, the London people set up a loud cry, "A Wyatt! a Wyatt! We are all Englishmen!" and forthwith signified their intention to take part with the insurgents. Many of the royal troops followed their example, and Norfolk, seeing that three-fourths of his men had deserted from his standard, marched back hastily and in great disorder, accompanied only by some of the queen's guards. Wyatt, by following him immediately, and taking advantage of the first panic which the sudden rout of the royal forces could not fail to cause, might have easily entered London, the train bands ahead, and proclaimed a new government. But the leader of the rebels, a brave yet irresolute man, had no distinct plan of proceedings before him, and being too full of loyalty to venture upon anything decisive, he, instead of following up his success, kept loitering on the road to the capital for nearly a week. The week was one of tempestuous confusion at court and among the leading men of the government, many of whom commenced preparations for wheeling round once more, so as to be the first to salute success. To have their hands free, these shrewd politicians, among whom were the principal ministers, invited Mary to fly at once; and to get her off the more safely, she was awoken from sleep at two o'clock at night, and told that her life was in danger, and that to save herself she must instantly repair to a boat which was lying ready near the palace. But Mary absolutely refused, feeling instinctively that to fly would be to resign her crown, and that with her crown she would lose her coming husband, her worshipped ideal lord, dearer to her than all else upon earth. Full of this passion, Mary suddenly exhibited a boldness never before shown, and which won the admiration even of her enemies.

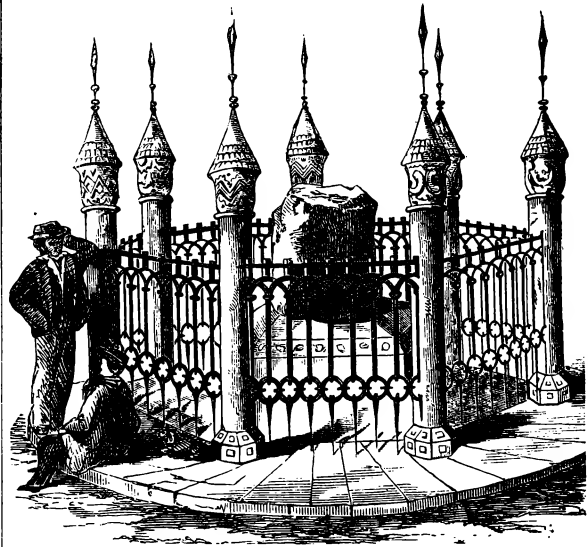
The day after she had been advised to fly, on the 1st of February, while all London was in consternation, wild rumours flying about that the men of Kent were standing at the gates preparing to attack the city, the queen, accompanied only by a few of her attendants, chiefly ladies, proceeded to the Guildhall, bent upon the extraordinary attempt of rousing the citizens by a personal address to the defence of her crown. She found the lord mayor and aldermen in steel coats, and even the barristers pleading in armour, all evidently prepared to fight, but with more general inclination to take the side of Alexander Brett and the train bands than that of the established government. When the queen commenced speaking, evidently unprepared, and giving vent only to what was uppermost in her mind, an immense crowd gathered round the steps on which she stood, listening in the deepest silence. "I am come," she exclaimed—as reported by John Fox, as near out of her own mouth as could be penned,—"I am come in mine own person

to tell you what you already see and know, how traitorously and rebelliously a number of Kentish men have assembled against us and you. Their pretence was for a marriage determined by us, to the which, and to all the articles whereof, you have been made privy: but since we have caused certain of our privy council to go against them, the marriage seemed to be but a Spanish cloak to cover their pretended purpose, against our religion, for they arrogantly demanded to have the governance of our person, the keeping of the Tower, and the placing of our councillors. Now, loving subjects, what I am ye right well know: I am your queen, to whom, at my coronation, when I was wedded to the realm and the laws of the same, you pronounced your allegiance and obedience. And that I am the right and true inheritor of the crown I take all Christendom to witness. My father possessed the same regal estate, and to him ye always showed yourselves most faithful and loving subjects; and, therefore, I doubt not that ye will so show yourselves likewise to me, and not suffer a vile traitor to have the governance of our person, and to occupy our estate." After some more words to the same effect, in which the queen very cleverly dwelt on the fact of most of the insurgents being very poor people, who would not keep their hands from the property of the wealthy citizens of London, she concluded, "Good subjects, pluck up your hearts, and like true men stand fast against these rebels, both our enemies and yours, and fear them not, for I assure you I do not fear them at all."

The effect of this speech, delivered in a voice deep like that of a man, was marvellous. Besides the extraordinary spectacle, never before witnessed in England, of a reigning queen addressing her subjects, the bold assertion she made that the true object of the insurgents was not to prevent her marriage but to grasp her estate and plunder the nation, made the deepest impression on all the assembled citizens, who on the spot determined to embrace her cause. They did not know that her majesty, in speaking about the privy councillors she had sent to the rebels and the answer she had received, had told a slight falsehood. She had, indeed, despatched two members of the privy council to Sir Thomas Wyatt, of whose loyalty she was well aware, but with instructions to speak to him privately, and to induce him to betray the people who had chosen him as their leader. This the Kentish knight refused to do, declaring at the same time that he was ready to argue the question of the queen's marriage, but that, wishing to be trusted as well as to trust, he should require four of the queen's ministers as hostages, and be permitted, moreover, for his own security, to garrison the Tower. Sir Thomas Wyatt was so little rebelliously inclined, and so poor a politician as to allow himself to be kept at bay by these negotiations, which were entirely dishonest on the part of the queen, and carried on only with the intention of gaining time, as well as throwing dissension into the rebel camp. While Mary was haranguing her subjects against him at Guildhall, Wyatt kept waiting for a final reply from her, loitering along on the road to London, and wasting his time in keeping down the impatience of his followers, who, with truer political instinct than himself, felt that if

they wanted to succeed at all they must succeed at once. But their leader's hesitation proved his and their ruin. On Monday, the 29th of January, Wyatt had gained his bloodless victory at Rochester, and it was not till Saturday, the 3rd of February, that he arrived at Southwark, preparing to enter the city. The week had been sufficient to change the state of public feeling within the capital, and with it the fate of the kingdom. London Bridge was shut against the insurgents, the gates on the southern side closed, and the drawbridge in the centre broken, while on the city side there stood fifteen thousand armed men, who had sprung from the ground by the magic of a queen's speech.

Arrived at the Surrey side of London Bridge, with barricades before him, and loaded cannon gaping at the other end, Wyatt for the first time perceived that his cause was lost, and lost, too, by his own inactivity. To finish her negotiations, the queen, at the day of his entry into Southwark, proclaimed him a traitor, offering a reward of a hundred pounds for his capture, dead or alive. This at last drove the rebel leader into fury, and, sticking his name in large letters to his cap, as a reply to the royal proclamation, he declared his absolute determination to enter London at any cost and at any risk. After personally inspecting the approaches to the bridge, scaling the gate-house, and looking down at midnight into the broad cataract dividing the thoroughfare, he found that it would be an utter impossibility to force his way in this direction, and he thereupon resolved to march up the river to the next bridge, at Kingston, and return from thence to the capital.



KING'S STONE.

The people of Southwark, who had received the rebels with great hospitality, were not at all displeased when they were marching away, for the big guns of the Tower had begun playing upon the suburb, and though little dangerous to Kentish lives, threatened to be considerably so to Surrey property. It was with the object of relieving his friends, who trembled for their goods and chattels, more than in hope of

success, that Wyatt quitted Southwark on Tuesday, the 6th of February, resolved, if not to conquer, to die like a rebel, sword in hand. His followers, well aware of the desperate nature of the enterprise under the new aspect of things, had dwindled down to only fifteen hundred, and with this handful of men the Kentish knight rushed along towards Kingston, a good twelve miles of road, reaching the town at four o'clock in the afternoon. The bridge here was likewise broken, while a small body of royal troops were stationed at the other side; but Wyatt, nothing daunted, at once set to repair the structure, with a few of his immediate attendants, leaving the bulk of his men to refresh themselves in the town. There were no boats anywhere near, but a row of barges was seen lying at the opposite shore; these some sailors, good swimmers, fetched over at nightfall, and being covered with planks and beams, they were made to fill the thirty feet gap in the centre of the bridge. An hour before midnight all was ready, and without taking any rest or refreshment for himself, Wyatt stormed forward, dispersing the opposing troops on the left bank of the river at the first onset. Onward now tramped the small band of rebels, straight towards London. The wind was howling, the rain descending in torrents, and the roads so deep in mud that the stalwart men were scarce able to drag their weary limbs along. Forward they pushed, however, following their leader, who kept storming along, heedless of wind, and rain, and mud, of aching limbs, and of aching hearts. Wyatt's spirits rose with his sinking body; more than ever he was determined to conquer or to die.

But rapid as was the march of the men of Kent, the rumour of their arrival had flown more rapidly still through London. Three hours before daybreak the rolling of drums awoke all the sleepers in the city, and nobles, merchants, tradesmen, courtiers, lawyers, and doctors alike rushed to arms. The train bands were the first to muster, still inclined, if fortune should smile upon him, to march at the command of Wyatt; but they were closely watched by a strong detachment of the royal guards, commanded by the earl of Pembroke. Manœuvring skilfully, the earl brought his men in front of the train bands on the road to Kingston, so as to be the first to meet the shock of the advancing rebels, and prevent an immediate communication with their sympathising friends of the city. The latter, nevertheless, held an imposing position on the high ground west of Charing Cross, and had Wyatt arrived, as expected, a little before daybreak, before the guards were firmly stationed, he might have joined them, and the fate of Queen Mary would have hung once more in the balance. But a trifling accident decided otherwise, destroying the last hope of success of the rebels. In the miry roads of Brentford, half-way between Kingston and London, the carriage of one of the brass guns, which the men of Kent had brought with them from Rochester, broke down, and Wyatt insisted that it should not be left behind, as he held it to be indispensable to force his way into the city. More than two hours were wasted to set the little piece of ordnance again upon wheels, and on marching once more forward, Wyatt found that a great number of his followers had left him,

reducing his force to less than a thousand. Among the deserters were some of the principal men of the band: Sir George Harper, who acted next in command to Wyatt, and John Poynt, bishop of Winchester, representative of the Protestant element in the rebellion. Harper was base enough to hurry forward to the court, offering his services as an informer; while Poynt, more conscientious but not more courageous, stole away from his companions in the dark, giving them his blessing, and telling his intimate friend, Alexander Brett, the train-band captain, that he would pray God for his success. So far from being discouraged by this defection, Wyatt pushed onward with more impetuosity, advancing at a speed which left others of his Kentishmen, bold as ever, but whose weary limbs refused service, behind on the road. The bells in the city sounded nine, and the sun, breaking in fitful streams through the dark clouds, was standing high in the sky on the morning of Wednesday, the 7th of February, when the straggling band of rebels at last reached the hill near Knightsbridge, with the steel armour of the guards glistening in front of them. The men of Kent were not more than eight hundred in number, worn and weary and faint with hunger and fatigue, and yet the throne of England trembled at their approach.

Queen Mary had not enjoyed much more rest than the rebels during the night they were marching upon London. The news that Kingston Bridge had been repaired by Wyatt, and that he had forced his way across into Middlesex, arrived soon after midnight, producing immense consternation at court. Again Mary was intreated to fly, but again she refused. Gardiner himself—secretly against the Spanish match, and preferring to quench the matrimonial desires of her majesty by a marriage with a healthy orthodox Englishman rather than a dissipated foreign prince, more master than subject of the Holy Catholic Church—was persevering in his endeavours to persuade the queen to leave Whitehall, where she would be at the mercy of the insurgents, and to take shelter at Windsor Palace. But with a stubbornness characteristic of the Tudor blood, she would not listen to these entreaties, and, as a final reply, declared that if her life was really in danger she would put herself at the head of her guards, and would die a queen. At daybreak she went forth on the balcony of the palace, watching the progress of events. The din of the conflict soon came near enough. Arrived at Knightsbridge, Wyatt made preparations of attacking the royal troops; however, Pembroke, instead of accepting battle, retreated to the further end of Hyde Park, putting his cavalry in ambush behind a thicket, close to the road along which the rebels were compelled to pass on their way to the city. When Wyatt, storming on, more wildly than ever, at the head of his men, arrived near this ambush, he was allowed to pass, but no sooner had he and about one half of his band gone by, when Pembroke's light horse dashed across the road, cutting the small rebel army into two. Wyatt scarcely perceived the loss, but kept hurrying along the road as if driven by demons. Looking neither to right, nor to left, nor behind, but gazing forward and tramping onward, silent and sullen like a battering ram, followed by less than four hundred men, gradually sinking to a hun-

dred and less, the rebel leader kept breaking his way for a length of two miles, over ground occupied by more than ten thousand troops. At his approach, the train bands fell back, the horses stood still in their gallop, and the men ceased firing. A single poleaxe stretched forth from the dense ranks of the soldiers would have been sufficient to end his career; yet not a man lifted his finger, and not a sword was pointed to his breast. More representative of the national will, even in this last mad race, than the queen on her throne, Wyatt passed through the dense hedge of armed men unhurt, as if bearing a charmed life, every eye looking upon him in sorrow more than anger. Thus he speeded along, his followers vanishing at every step, to Charing Cross, up the Strand, through Temple Bar, and along Fleet Street, not resting a moment till reaching the city entrance at Ludgate. The gate was open when he approached, but it was shut in his face, Lord Howard keeping watch at the entrance with a party of guards from the Tower. Wyatt looked round, and saw that only twenty-four of his men had followed him, all the rest having fled or been taken prisoners. Knocking at the gate with his sword, he muttered to himself, "I have kept touch," and then sank down, utterly exhausted, upon a bench against the wall. The rebel army of twenty-five men seemed dangerous even now to the commander of the royal troops, who sent a flag of truce against Wyatt, asking him to surrender. "Sir, ye were best to yield," exclaimed the herald, "the day is gone against you: perchance ye may find the queen merciful." Wyatt faintly smiled, as if struck by the absurdity of a merciful queen; however, he made no further resistance, handing his sword calmly to a royal officer, Sir Maurice Berkeley, who was standing near on horseback. His twenty-four followers, among them Alexander Brett, did the same, and all were carried in triumph to Whitehall, where the queen, still standing on her high balcony, saw them embark, with an air of triumph, for their last grim lodging in the Tower. Mary dimly felt that if her antagonist had shown half the pluck exhibited this day a week earlier, she might have been at the Tower, and he at Whitehall Palace.

A reign of terror, more violent and more hideous than even that of the last year of Henry VIII., followed immediately in the wake of the Kentish rebellion. Combining all the fanaticism of her mother with the sensual passion of her father, Mary had been driven into madness by the movement which aimed to deprive her both of her religion and her husband, and her rage vented itself in the fury of murder. The risings in the midland counties and the west of England, never of any great importance, having been suppressed before Wyatt had finished his career at Ludgate Hill, there was no want of prisoners, and upon their heads fell the first burst of Mary's tiger-like revenge. Among the most important personages implicated in the midland insurrection was the duke of Suffolk, father of Jane Grey, which furnished an opportunity to annihilate not only him but his whole family. Jane Grey, poor sovereign of ten days, had been hitherto treated with great forbearance, and although sentence of treason had been passed against her, she was allowed the liberty of the Tower, and

had thus virtually been pardoned. But no sooner was the insurrection suppressed when Mary determined to bring her to the block, so as to begin her new reign of despotism with the execution of a queen. The only pretence for this act, little less in itself than murder, was that the father of Jane had taken part, in a semi-idiotic manner, in an attempt at insurrection near Coventry. As soon as he heard that Sir Peter Carew, one of his friends, had placed himself at the head of a large band of rebels in Devon, he conceived the silly notion of making himself famous by playing a similar part in Leicestershire, where he possessed large estates. He had imbibed a great hatred against Queen Mary for the singular reason that she had treated him too leniently, her government having not even thought it worth while to put him on his trial for treason, on the plain ground of his not possessing sufficient mental capacity to be answerable for his deeds. To exhibit his political abilities, the duke rushed off to Coventry as soon as Wyatt had risen at Maidstone and Sir Peter Carew on the coast of Devon, and although he heard of the failure of Carew's undertaking and his flight to France before he had fairly commenced revolting on his own account, he pursued his career like a man absolutely bereft of sense. After raising the standard of insurrection and spending much money, he became faint-hearted on seeing the unwillingness of the people to range themselves under his leadership, and at the end of less than a week took refuge in the cottage of one of his gamekeepers. The royal troops in the meanwhile kept advancing, and getting dreadfully frightened, Suffolk fled from the cottage and made himself a nest in the hollow of a tree, not far from Astley church. He stayed in his tree for two days without food or drink, till getting exhausted by cold and hunger, he crawled away and sought another hiding-place in the chimney-corner of a labourer's hut. Here he was found by the troops who had taken the trouble to search for him, and carried off to the Tower. It was the erratic course of this poor idiot which had to serve as a pretext for inaugurating the reign of terror.

Mary began her career of murder by devout prayers. On the Sunday after Wyatt's capture, the 11th of February, Bishop Gardiner, acting upon instructions, preached a sermon before her, in which she was entreated, in the name of religion, to "cut off and consume the rotten and hurtful members of the commonwealth." Great numbers of people listened to the sermon, and all, according to a contemporary chronicler, "did gather there should follow sharp and cruel execution." The worshippers were not mistaken in their belief. As soon as the sermon was over, the queen despatched one of her chaplains, John de Feckenham, to the Tower, to inform Jane Grey that she was to be executed the following morning. Though not prepared for the terrible news, she heard it with great fortitude, telling the reverend messenger that she was ready to die, but refusing his proffered services to spend her few remaining hours in prayers with him. However, Feckenham, anxious like all priests to add a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, insisted on remaining near her, and the weary night passed on in theological discussion. Early in the morning Jane received a message from her husband,

stating that he was to be led to the scaffold before her, and asking for a last interview. This she refused, exhibiting wonderful strength of mind—too much almost for a young girl of seventeen. She calmly looked out of the window when he was taken away by the executioner, and calmly saw his headless corpse return in the dead cart. Immediately after, Sir John Brydges, lieutenant of the Tower, entered her room to lead her to the block. She followed without hesitation, and, addressing the priest, who still clung to her side, cried, "Go now; God grant you all your desires, and accept my own thanks for your attentions to me, although, indeed, those attentions have tried me more than death can now terrify me." A moment after she sprang up the steps of the scaffold, and, entreating all around to bear witness that she died a true Christian woman, advanced towards the dread figure holding the axe. "The hangman," narrates the chronicler, describing the final scene, "kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you despatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' and the hangman answered, 'No, madam.' She tied a kerchief about her eyes; then feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do; where is it?' One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so she ended." There was a rumour among the people that Queen Jane was pregnant when being murdered, and that Queen Mary was aware of the fact.

Before the day which had seen the heads of Jane Grey and her husband roll in the dust had come to an end, scores of gallows were set up in every street of London. All the prisons, and even churches converted into prisons to suit the necessities of the hour, were full to overflowing with poor wretches who had been captured in the eastern and western rebellions, and upon whom the pious queen determined to execute summary justice. The work of hanging went on rapidly, and by Thursday evening, three days after the execution of Jane Grey, a hundred bodies were seen dangling from the tall gibbets in St. Paul's Churchyard, on London Bridge, in Fleet Street, and in all the main thoroughfares of London, from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, and from Southwark to Cripplegate. Batches of other unfortunates were sent down to Kent, and the streets of Rochester and Maidstone were studded even more thickly with gallows than those of the capital. It was the queen's intention not to remove the gibbets, nor even the fleshless corpses therefrom, till her sweet husband had come into her arms. Of him she kept dreaming day and night, and for his sake, to remove any dangers that might threaten his path, she went on killing with diabolical rage. Mary went forth to prove to the world, which stood aghast at the atrocities committed in her father's reign, that lust in a man has not half as much in it of the fury of hell as lust in a woman.

The envoys despatched by Kaiser Charles to negotiate the marriage of his son, had quitted England during the Wyatt insurrection, and to bring them

back and complete the nuptials, Mary moved heaven and earth, promising to place herself entirely under subjection to her husband, so he would but come to her at once. This was more than Prince Philip was inclined to do, being fully impressed with the value of his own life; but to show his good intentions, he promised to go through the marriage ceremony by proxy, and to come to England as soon after as the state of the country would allow. The queen consented to everything, and awaiting the arrival of her beloved one with the most intense eagerness, trembled at every obstacle that might delay his journey. As yet the idol of her heart had not sent her a single letter, nor the slightest verbal message of love, in answer to her many protestations of affection, and all the intercourse on his part had been managed by Simon Renard, the imperial ambassador. This was enough to make the latter the most important person in the realm, far above, in the estimation of Mary, all her ministers and councillors. Renard's policy, faithfully representing that of Charles, had been at the beginning to advise moderation, and he was still inclined to do so to some extent, provided his interests should not suffer under it. These interests were of a twofold nature, namely, to gain England to the imperial house, and, what was more important, to retain it. The infatuation of the queen in regard to Philip, and the increased strength of her rule after the failure of the insurrection, left little doubt as to the accomplishment of the first object, so that the chief aim of the Kaiser got directed towards the second portion of his great scheme. Keeping this steadily in view, Renard could not fail perceiving that the frantic despotism of the queen, the cause of which he knew so well, would have the probable effect to strengthen her hands, but, at the same time, to beget a hatred against her person, from which all not directly implicated with her, and especially her coming husband, would be free. It was clear that the more unpopular Mary made herself, the more easy it was for her successor to the throne to gain popularity—even if the successor should be a Spanish prince. Simon Renard, therefore, thinking it would be best to settle the great question of succession before all other things, said not a word against the crop of gallows which had suddenly sprung up before his eyes, but quietly hinted to the queen that there were other enemies of her betrothed husband besides those who had risen against him in open insurrection, and one in particular whose right to the throne he might affect. To Mary the hint was a command, and she forthwith gave orders for the arrest of her sister, Princess Elizabeth.

While the work of murder was briskly going on in London, crowds of ghastly corpses swinging in the wind at every street corner, some royal commissioners, accompanied by a troop of soldiers, went down to Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, the retreat of Elizabeth. She was lying ill, and unable to move, but her house was broken into at night, and she was told to prepare for her departure to the capital early the next morning, the order of the queen being that she should be brought "quick or dead." Not to kill her at once, she was carried to London in slow stages of seven or eight miles a day, arriving on the 23rd of



EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

February, just while the duke of Suffolk was being led to the scaffold on Tower Hill. Her entrance into the capital as a prisoner created immense excitement among all classes of the population, which caused the queen not to send her at once to the great dungeon in the city, but to accommodate her provisionally in a wing of the royal palace. Simon Renard watched her arrival here from Mary's window, reporting it to his imperial master. "The Lady Elizabeth," he wrote, on the 24th of February, "arrived yesterday, clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own people. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification she felt." In a previous letter, Renard had spoken of the rumour of Elizabeth leading a dissolute life, and being with child, to which he alluded in this remark about her "mortification." Probably, the princess was not aware of the full amount of danger threatening her when entering her sister's palace, otherwise she would have scarcely looked so "superbly disdainful." In the execution of the Kaiser's plans, now coming nearer and nearer to realization, Elizabeth was the greatest obstacle, and her death, therefore, was determined upon. The ambassador of Charles, every inch a diplomatist, went to work with great caution, well aware of the difficulties of his task, but not the less resolved to execute it. Elizabeth had powerful friends at court, among them the lord chancellor himself, it being not unknown to him that the queen's physical health was weak, and her mental state on the brink of insanity, so that the crown might suddenly fall to her half-sister. At heart, neither Gardiner nor any of his colleagues in the privy council liked the Spanish match, and submitted to it only by the overbearing will of their mistress, resistance to which involved destruction. But they disobeyed as far as possible, and when told to take Princess Elizabeth under examination, so as to discover proofs of her complicity in Wyatt's insurrection, which had been the ostensible ground for her arrest, reported as the results of their labours that the charge was unfounded. It was in vain that Mary insisted upon the necessity of fresh inquiries; the result was the same, and at the end of a fortnight the queen was compelled to discharge her sister from confinement, and to allow her to return to Ashridge. Simon Renard saw that he was beaten for the moment, but, nothing daunted, determined upon another course to recover his game.

On the 2nd of March, a new matrimonial embassy arrived in London, headed as before by Count Egmont, but much more numerous, attended, and still more liberally than before supplied with gold. The count brought the pope's dispensation for the marriage—necessary by the law of the Roman Catholic church, on account of too near consanguinity—and brought likewise a mandate from Prince Philip for going through the nuptials by proxy; but he carried also secret instructions from the Kaiser, insisting upon the necessity of establishing an undisputed succession by removing Princess Elizabeth. The matrimonial envoy was presented by Simon Renard to the queen on the

3rd of March, and, according to the report of the latter to the Kaiser, did not hesitate to inform her that it was part of his mission to resort to wholesale bribery for winning over her councillors to his cause. "We held with her majesty," Renard wrote to his master, "a discussion of the entertainment to be given to such as she deemed most worthy, observing that your majesty, to gain them to his highness [Prince Philip], had charged us to use some liberality towards such as she thought best. I took, moreover, her judgment as to those who should be pensioned, and of such as she and the council might select for the household and service of his highness. Mary answered that your majesty did far more for her or her kingdom and her subjects than they deserved; nevertheless, your majesty's proposals, she said, were well judged." It was a great source of satisfaction to the Kaiser's ambassadors to find that nearly all the honourable privy councillors showed extreme eagerness to get their bribes. "On Monday," Simon Renard continued his report, "we visited in turn the chancellor, Arundel, the comptroller, Pembroke, the privy seal, Paget, and the admiral. To each, separately, we showed your majesty's letters, and informed them of your intentions, according to our instructions." All accepted the proffered cash, with many thanks, promising, moreover, to hand in further lists of friends who would not object to receive the high and mighty Kaiser's liberalities. "Paget," the same report continued, "having consulted with his mistress, sent us the enclosed note, with the names of such as should have pensions and claims. Without, however, at once embracing his opinion, we, to give satisfaction to the other councillors, communicated with the chancellor and comptroller, who also furnished us with a list of names, adding to them the proper sums." The Spanish gold went off more rapidly than expected; however, Kaiser Charles, thinking that the kingdom of England would be cheap even at a million of golden ducats, forwarded fresh supplies to his envoys, punctilious of paying in all cases the "proper sums." The effects of this diplomatic activity became visible with astounding rapidity.

A week after the arrival of the embassy, there was a great meeting of the privy council, at which the queen as well as both the imperial ambassadors were present. Simon Renard, now secure of his audience, began by declaring that it was of the utmost importance that all the enemies of the prince of Spain, notably the Lady Elizabeth, ought to be made harmless before the arrival of his highness, as otherwise it would not be safe for him to come to England. Thereupon the queen, getting into a high state of excitement at the idea that her bridegroom might be kept away longer, broke forth, crying, "that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming." To her great relief, the lord chancellor, who had hitherto presumed to take, with more or less warmth, the part of the heir-apparent to the crown, now gave it as his deliberate conviction that, "as long as the Lady Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil." There was no opposition to this remark, the bribes having done their work, and,

seeing this, Gardiner immediately issued a fresh order for the arrest of Elizabeth. The princess was brought, with much less ceremony than before, from Ashridge to Whitehall, the new accusation being that she had received a letter from Wyatt and been in correspondence with the French king; and after rapid examination before the council, the lord chancellor proposed that she should be sent at once to the Tower. It foreboded a grim resolution to finish matters quickly, from which, won over though they were to the Spanish interest, several of Gardiner's colleagues shrunk in fear. But to his ambiguous question, "Will any of you be responsible for the *safe* keeping of her person?" there was no reply, and the warrant for the committal of Elizabeth was made out without further opposition. A detachment of soldiers was stationed immediately around the apartments of the princess at Whitehall, and early the next morning, the 17th of March, two members of the privy council, the earl of Sussex and the marquis of Winchester, informed her that they had orders to take her to the Tower immediately, in a barge ready at the foot of the garden. It sounded like a death-knell in Elizabeth's ears, the terrible command to go to the Tower; and bitterly wailing, she entreated the two privy councillors to take pity upon her, and to allow her at least an hour longer to write a note to her dear sister the queen, who had given her a solemn promise always to listen to her supplication. Winchester hesitated, well aware that the appeal to the "dear sister" would be utterly useless; Lord Sussex, however, touched by infinite pity at sight of the doomed young girl, in whose destruction he was to participate, consented at last that she should write the letter, promising even to carry it to the queen. Then the princess, somewhat relieved, sat down in great fear and trembling, to pen her humble petition, while the lords stood waiting at the door.

"If ever any one," Elizabeth commenced, addressing her sister, "did try this old saying that a king's word was more than another man's oath, I most humbly beseech your majesty to verify it in me, and to remember your last promise, and my last demand, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof, which it seems that now I am, for that without cause proved I am by your council from you commanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor than a true subject; which, though I know that I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm appears that it is proved. But I pray God that I may die the shamefullest death that any died afore I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest, afore God, who shall judge my truth, whatsoever malice shall devise, that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the state by any means. And I therefore humbly beseech your majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors: yea, and that afore I go to the Tower, if it is possible, if not afore I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your highness will give me leave to it afore I go, for that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on, as now I shall be, yea, and without cause. Let conscience move your highness to take some better way with me than to make me be condemned in all

men's sight, afore my desert known. Also, I most humbly beseech your highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which, I trust, will not see me cast away without desert: which what it is I would desire no more of God than that you truly knew; which thing, I think and believe, you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard in my time of many cast away for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my lord of Somerset say, that if his brother had been let to speak with him he would have never suffered; but the persuasions made to him were so great, that he was brought in belief that he could not live safely if the admiral lived, and that made him give his consent to his death. And though these persons are not to be compared to your majesty, yet I pray God, as evil persuasions may persuade one sister against the other, and all for that they have heard false reports and not hearken to the truth known: therefore, once again, kneeling with all humbleness of my heart, because I am not suffered to bend the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your highness, which I would not be so bold to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true. As for the traitor Wyatt, he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him; and for the copy of my letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means; and to this my truth I will stand to my death, your highness's most faithful subject that hath been from the beginning and will be to the end—Elizabeth." With a postscript: "I humbly crave but one word of answer from yourself."

The letter of Princess Elizabeth showed that she was singularly ignorant both of the feeling of the queen towards her, and of the motives dictating her persecution. To get her young husband into her arms, Mary was ready to sacrifice, without the slightest hesitation, a hundred sisters, and everything upon earth. Only a few days before she had said to Renard, as reported by him to the Kaiser, "Whatever happens, I will be the wife of the prince of Spain: crown, rank, life, all shall go before I leave him." The earl of Sussex could not be possibly unaware of this state of things; but he faithfully carried the letter written by Elizabeth to the queen, delivering it into her own hands. For all reply, she stormed at him in great fury, asking how he dared to neglect the order he had received to carry a prisoner to the Tower. "For your life you durst not have acted so in my father's time," she ejaculated, and then commanded Sussex to return to his duty without further delay. But the hours spent in writing and delivering Elizabeth's letter had made her conveyance by water impossible for the day, the tide on the river having turned so as to put a stop to the passing of the rapids under London Bridge. At the same time Gardiner, fearing popular commotion, was opposed to send her through the streets of London, underneath the rows of gallows still crowding all the thoroughfares; and by his advice the queen consented to postpone the shutting up of her sister in the Tower till the next morn-

ing. This was Palm Sunday, the 18th of March—exactly eighteen years, by a day, after the head of Elizabeth's mother had fallen on Tower Hill. At nine o'clock in the morning, she was hurried through Whitehall Garden to the barge, accompanied by Lords Sussex and Winchester, who told her that there was no reply to her letter of the previous day. The boat halted in a storm of rain under the Tower arch known as the Traitor's Gate, an entrance reserved for prisoners doomed to death. Elizabeth knew it well, and knew, too, that her mother had passed this road on her way to the scaffold. Trembling all over, she refused to land; but threatened with force, she suddenly threw herself out of the boat and on the damp ground. Recovering a little, and seeing a great number of soldiers standing around, she exclaimed, "Are all these harnessed men for me?" "No, madam," replied the lieutenant of the Tower. "Oh, yes, I know it is so," she continued, wailing; "it needed not for me, being but a poor woman: I never thought to come in here a prisoner." Then, turning to the soldiers, she cried, as if clutching to a faint hope of gaining friends somewhere, "I pray you all, good fellows and friends, bear me witness that I come in no traitor, but as true a woman to the queen's majesty as any is now living, and thereon will I take my death." The lieutenant of the Tower now tried to raise her from the ground, the rain still pelting down fiercely, but she refused to move. "Better sitting here than in a worse place," she lamented; "I know not whither you will take me." At last she gave way; yet her heart failed again when she saw the long tomb-like vaults before her, and heard the heavy iron doors barred behind. Even Sussex, who, interceding with Gardiner, had been promised that the princess should be placed in honourable confinement, felt startled at the surroundings. "What mean ye, my lords?" he exclaimed, addressing the lieutenant of the Tower and the commander of the guards, who were marching in front of the prisoner, "What mean ye, my lords, and what will you do? She is a king's daughter, and is the queen's sister: go no further than your commission which I know what it is." The words passed unheeded in the clang of iron heels along the dark passages, which in themselves furnished a reply. The guardians of the great state prison knew far better than Sussex the nature of the queen's "commission."

That Mary, in sending her sister to the Tower, meant to take her life, by fair means or foul, there was little doubt. Whatever scruples she might have on the subject vanished before the conviction that she ought to secure, by all possible means, the welfare of her adored prince, whose legal wife she considered herself already. In the week previous to her sister's arrest, on the 6th of March, she had gone through the proxy marriage rite with Count Egmont, in the presence of Simon Renard and the chief members of the privy council. According to Renard's report to the Kaiser, the lord chancellor, as bishop of Winchester, performed the ceremony, and "the words and promises dictated by him were repeated very clearly and distinctly by Count Egmont and the queen." Previous to the performance of the nuptial rite, Renard further stated, Mary "fell on her knees before the blessed host and called God to witness that this marriage was

not in her the result of any carnal affection, that it did not originate in ambition, or any motive except the good of her kingdom and the repose and tranquillity of her subjects." If other instances were wanting, this solemn declaration alone would prove Mary as daring and unblushing a hypocrite as her royal father, whose memory she was constantly calling up. Half-crazed though she was by her yearnings after the handsome prince with whom she hoped to share her bed, she could not be but fully aware that this marriage would be conducive to anything but "the repose and tranquillity of her subjects," who had protested and continued to protest against it, even at the peril of their lives. Simon Renard himself, best bred of ambassadors, felt so startled at the assertion that Prince Philip was to come over for "the good of the kingdom," without any regard to individual "carnal affection," that he interrupted Mary's declamation, asking whether she had any message for the prince. "Give him my affectionate love," the queen burst forth; "tell him that I will be all to him that a wife ought to be. But tell him also to bring his own cook with him, for fear he should be poisoned." The hint about the cook was delightful, coming from a love-sick woman of thirty-eight, more than plain in features, and with the temper of a hyena.

It was settled at the proxy marriage that Philip should come to England in a month, or, at the latest, two months; but there was an implied condition, insisted upon by the imperial ambassador, that Princess Elizabeth should be put out of the way before his arrival, so as to secure the succession. This was not very easy, since the proofs of her complicity in Wyatt's insurrection were absolutely wanting, and all that could be brought forward against her was her having been on terms of considerable intimacy with Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, a young noble of considerable abilities, who, after spending the greater part of his life as a political prisoner in the Tower, had been released at Mary's accession, and suddenly became intoxicated with ambition. Courtenay was found to be indirectly implicated in the Kentish revolt, and, on proof of it, was sent once more to his old home in the Tower; yet even this, and the knowledge that Elizabeth had been friendly to him, added no facts to the charges against her, and left them mere unfounded accusations. In his despair to extort further evidence, and anxious to earn his Spanish pension, the lord chancellor finally addressed himself to Wyatt, who was lying under sentence of death in the Tower. The rebel leader was promised a full pardon if he would come forward as a witness against Elizabeth, and threatened with torture if he refused to do so. Fear of the rack brought from him some vague admissions that, had the rebellion been successful, the princess would have had the crown offered to her; but whether this was with her consent, he would not or could not say. As this last confession did not implicate Elizabeth more than any previous charges or surmises, Wyatt was told that he must prepare for death, not without hopes that he might offer himself as an informer at the last moment. But the Kentish knight was made of better stuff, and so far from saying anything that might be turned in evidence against Elizabeth, resolved upon an act which contributed greatly to save her life. When taken to

the scaffold on Tower Hill to suffer for his revolt, or rather its failure, he addressed the immense crowd which had assembled in an earnest speech, concluding with the solemn assertion that the princess, accused of participation with him, was entirely innocent of this charge. "Whereas it is said," he shouted forth so that all the multitude could hear it, "that I should accuse my Lady Elizabeth's grace, and my Lord Courtenay; it is not so, good people, for I assure you neither they nor any other now yonder [pointing to the Tower] in hold or durance were privy of my rising or commotion before I began." When he had come thus far, Wyatt was interrupted in his speech by one of the minions of the lord chancellor, a priest named Weston, who was standing near the executioner. "Believe him not, good people," the priest screamed, "believe him not, for he confessed otherwise before the council." To which Wyatt replied, solemnly, "That which I said then I said, but that which I say now is true." The words had no sooner escaped his lips when the hangman approached: a bright flash and a heavy stroke, and the head of the great rebel was rolling in the dust.

Wyatt's dying speech made the deepest impression among the thousands who had heard it, the rumour having been industriously spread for weeks before, ever since Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower, that she was deeply implicated in the Kentish insurrection. The whole accusation now fell to the ground at once; and although there were not efforts wanting to alter and qualify Wyatt's declaration, the lord chancellor going so far as to condemn several respectable citizens to the pillory merely for repeating to others the exact words spoken on Tower Hill, it soon became evident that the prosecution against the princess could not be sustained. An extraordinary incident, which occurred about a week after the execution of Wyatt, strikingly showed the effect of his last words. Among the prisoners in the Tower charged with having taken part in the insurrectionary movement was Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a military officer of some note, and a zealous Protestant. He had not gone so far as to take up arms against the government, but had compromised himself sufficiently by correspondence and personal intercourse with the leaders of the rebellion to make his condemnation for treason appear a certainty. Accordingly, on the 17th of April, six days after Wyatt's execution, he was put on his trial before a jury at Guildhall for having been a party to the insurrection. Several witnesses swore to his connection with the rebels; but notwithstanding this, and a strong exhortation of the lord chief justice, Sir Thomas Bromley, against the accused, the jury returned the immediate verdict of "Not Guilty." It was a verdict which, in the actual state of political affairs, amounted almost to rebellion, and audience and lawyers alike stood aghast on hearing it pronounced. Recovering from his surprise, Sir Thomas Bromley thought it his duty to tell the jury to reconsider their verdict. "This business," he cried, "concerns the queen's highness; take good heed what ye do." The foreman of the jury replied, with great dignity, that they had found according to their conscience, such being their sole duty and obligation. Thereupon Sir Nicholas Throgmorton claimed his

release, but the lord chief justice refused to let him go, and, addressing the lieutenant of the Tower, exclaimed, "Master lieutenant, take him back with you, for there are other things to be laid to his charge." Stretching his high-handed despotism still further, Sir Thomas Bromley likewise ordered the jurymen into prison, regardless of their repeated and earnest assurance that they had simply done their duty. But the crowds outside raised shouts of joy when they heard of the verdict, and a vast assemblage of people accompanied Throgmorton back to the Tower, with such demonstrations of gladness as if they had won a victory. It was a victory in many respects, although it cost the poor jurymen six months imprisonment besides heavy fines. The queen got into such a passion on hearing of the verdict that she fell ill. "She has been in bed for three days," Simon Renard informed his master, on the 22nd of April, "and has not yet got the better of it."

It was clearly impossible, after these events, to place Elizabeth on her trial with the slightest chance of success, and without risking a popular commotion, and Gardiner therefore advised the queen to bend before the necessities of the hour and to liberate her sister. But before this was done, a last attempt to fulfil the hopes of the prince of Spain came to be made. Elizabeth had been followed to prison by her own servants, who not only waited upon her, but prepared her food; but suddenly, towards the end of April, the lieutenant of the Tower interfered with this arrangement, insisting that all the attendants of the princess should be discharged, and her meals be sent from his own kitchen. Happily for Elizabeth, before this order could be carried out, she found an influential friend in Lord Howard of Effingham, brother of the duke of Norfolk, and high admiral of the English navy. Although a strict Roman Catholic and firm adherent of the cause of Mary, he was nevertheless greatly opposed to her match with Philip, and the efforts that were made to bring England within the grasp of the despotic rulers of Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands. Having been one of the commissioners ordered to arrest Elizabeth at Ashridge, he had got acquainted with some of the designs against her, and had come to the determination that, whatever might happen, she should not be secretly made away with. His power as lord high admiral was great, and became greater as the time for Philip's arrival in England approached, the fleet which was to bring over the prince being entirely under his command, and all the sailors enthusiastically devoted to him. It was enough, therefore, that he should interpose his influence to save Elizabeth from the last and greatest danger which had yet threatened her, and which, as shown by the remarks of Lord Sussex at her entrance into the Tower, her friends feared most of all. There was no difficulty for the admiral to get the orders withdrawing Elizabeth's servants changed at once, for by his attitude towards Gardiner and his partisans he had already become a dreaded man at court, and Mary herself was all but ready to kneel at his feet as one to whom the life and safety of her idol was to be entrusted. To guard still more against treachery, Howard, with sailor-like energy, went to the Tower accompanied by a naval guard, and abusing the lieutenant for his

attempt to alter the mode of confinement of the princess, told him that his head should be responsible for her safety. The lieutenant fully appreciated the warning, well aware that the lord high admiral had become a power in the state overawing chancellor, queen, and council.

Like all despotisms, that of Mary was internally weak and feeble, and liable to be disturbed by the slightest political movement. Though murdering her subjects in a furious manner, and setting up gallows at every street corner, the queen was in reality possessed of very little power, having no standing army at her command, no trustworthy servants, high or low, and not even a sufficiency of cash to pay for the most necessary expenses of her court. To raise a little money, she had to pawn her jewels immediately after her accession, and the very expenses of her coronation had to be provided by Jews in the city, who, keenly watching the political horizon, thought she might be safely trusted with small sums—at good interest, deducted beforehand. In November, 1553, Lazarus Tucker lent her fifty thousand pounds at fourteen per cent., but would go no further in speculation, even at twenty-five, so that Christians had to be appealed to for a loan at thirty per cent. In January, 1554, just before the breaking out of the Wyatt insurrection, the Jews, scenting the storm in the air, got clamorous to have their cash returned, and the queen was fain to appeal to Thomas Gresham, a rich city merchant, to find her a hundred thousand pounds, “at low interest or high.” Kaiser Charles, who received about the same time five millions in gold from his possessions in the New World, was kind enough soon after, while bribing the councillors, to make her a handsome present; but all this vanished soon among a crowd of harpies, including an army of priests and monks, hanging about the court, and towards the end of the spring of 1554, while anxiously expecting her lord from over the seas, Mary found herself more poor and more helpless from want of cash than ever. Prince Philip was expected to bring large sums, but the necessities in the meanwhile increased, for a fleet had to be fitted out to receive him, and convey him and his cash safely to the English shore. This was the more difficult, as the navy of England had been allowed in the preceding reign to dwindle down to the lowest proportions, while the power of France at sea, in constant struggle with the fleets of Kaiser Charles, had gone on increasing until it had become more than a match for Spain. Count Egmont’s matrimonial embassy had to steal over from Calais to Dover in the dead of night, and even then scarcely escaped the crowd of French men-of-war which kept hovering in the channel, ready to pounce upon any vessel bearing the flag of the Kaiser. All this was done, as the French government declared, out of sheer friendship to England, and paradoxical as it seemed, the assertion was not without truth.

The feeling with which England was looked upon on the continent, during the preparations for the Spanish marriage, was strikingly illustrated by a remarkable conversation which took place between Mary’s ambassador at Paris, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, and the prime minister of Henri II., the great Constable Montmorency. The conversation, as reported by Wotton,

was extremely cordial on the part of Montmorency, exhibiting his friendly feeling towards England no less than his political sagacity. “I have used to talk ever frankly with you,” the constable began, “and I cannot but say unto you as I think, that I do much lament your state of England.” “Why so, sir?” interrupted Wotton. “Why so?” exclaimed the constable; “you are a man that hath travelled abroad, and you know in what state all countries are where Spaniards bear any rule. Sicily, Naples, Lombardy, Sienna when they had it, and all other places where they have had any authority, do you not know how they are oppressed by the Spaniards, and in what bondage and misery they live? Even so you must look to be in England; for at the beginning, as they do everywhere, they will speak fair and genteely unto you, till the time they have made themselves somewhat strong in the realm, and won to them some of the great men of the realm, and then will they begin to get your ships into their hands, and likewise those few forts which you have, yea, and will build new in places meet for their purpose; and so a little and a little usurp still more, till they have all at their commandment.” The reply of Wotton was not bad, for he told the constable he feared that, should the Spaniards “take too much authority upon us in England,” the people would take the law into their own hands and kick them out. “But whatsoever I said therein,” Wotton continued, “the constable still persisted that we should feel his words to be true within a while.”

The fleet which was ordered to bring Prince Philip to England got ready at Plymouth, at the beginning of May, but before starting a mutiny broke out among the sailors. They declared themselves obedient to Lord Howard and his officers, yet refused to obey the orders of the privy council, which, they said, was in league with the foreigners, who were coming into the country. Simon Renard, as soon as he heard of the insubordination of the crews, declared to the queen that it was impossible that Prince Philip should trust himself on board the English fleet, and that his departure from Spain, therefore, would have to be postponed until a sufficient number of his own vessels could be got ready to serve as an escort. Mary stormed and cried, threatened to hang all her sailors, and to die under the weight of her own misery; but was compelled in the end to sign an order to the lord high admiral not to go to Spain, but to remain with his fleet in the English Channel. This was all that Howard wanted, and the mutiny of the sailors, not got up without his knowledge, was instantly suppressed, while a revolt of a different kind, and scarcely less serious, became visible in the queen’s privy council. From the commencement of Mary’s reign, the members of the government had been divided in two factions, a majority, headed by Gardiner, representing absolutism in politics and intoleration in religious matters, and a minority, led by Sir William Paget, advocating more liberal forms of administration both in church and state. Backed by the queen, the majority at first was all-powerful and overbearing; but gradually, with the fear of Spanish despotism, which even ultra-conservative papists did not desire, becoming stronger and

stronger, there was a marked change, until at last Paget got so far as to be listened to with some attention in the council. The liberal party now gained daily in influence, Pembroke, Arundel, Sussex, and other nobles joining it, and finally also Lord Howard. In him was vested for the moment the command of all the material forces of England, and the promise of his assistance emboldened Paget and his friends to attempt a palace revolution. As soon as the order had been issued that the fleet should remain in the channel, a secret meeting was held by the liberal members of the government, and the decision was come to of throwing Gardiner into the Tower, of putting a stop to the Spanish match, and of entering into an intimate alliance with France.

The plot was well laid, and might have succeeded but for the extreme vigilance of the lord chancellor. His spies were everywhere, and he had no sooner received notice of the designs against him, when he hurried to the queen, imploring her aid and assistance. Hearing that her marriage was to be prevented, Mary naturally suggested at once the gallows as the proper remedy, and Gardiner had some difficulty in showing her that this would not do under the circumstances. After a lengthened discussion—carefully reported to his master by the ever-wakeful Renard—it was resolved “for the present to dissemble with Paget, Arundel, and their friends, and to look narrowly into all they do.” It was further decided by Mary and her chancellor, “that no gentleman shall bring to court more than two servants, that the earl of Sussex shall be sent into Sussex, the earl of Huntingdon into his country, the earl of Shrewsbury to the north, the earl of Derby to his country, and all others belonging to the party hither and thither under some pretence of employment.” To prevent a sudden arrest of Gardiner by his enemies, the queen also sent an order to the lieutenant of the Tower not to receive him in case he should be delivered there under warrant of the privy council, and together with this, notice was given him to convey the Princess Elizabeth quietly by water to Richmond, and from thence to Windsor Castle, where she was to be left in safe custody. It was the fear that Elizabeth might be proclaimed queen at a sudden rising in the city and change in the government, which caused this order; nevertheless, Mary had the mortification of seeing that, even as a captive, her sister was far more popular than she. Under the impression that the princess was set at liberty, when she was only transferred from one prison to another, the people broke forth in joyful acclamations on seeing her issue from the Tower; and the German merchants in the Steelyard, all good Lutherans and somewhat of democrats in the bargain, had the boldness to fire salvoes of artillery while her barge was passing up the river. True to the arrangement entered into with Gardiner, “for the present to dissemble,” the queen kept down her rage, reserving it for future explosion. Love and hatred alike kept waiting for the prince of Spain.

As the time when the Prince was to come drew nearer, Mary's brain seemed to turn in a culmination of love-sick frenzy. She set about wandering restlessly day and night, tormenting herself by imagining all the dangers that might befall her adored

bridegroom, and all the perils from which he would have to escape before he could come to her embrace. There were the storm-launched waves of the wild Bay of Biscay, the French ships of war hovering all over the Atlantic, and even her own ships and sailors, commanded by a mutinous lord, all in league against the life and liberty of the beloved one. A thousand deaths appeared to lie in wait for him; a million of enemies seemed to stand around him. To ease the fearful excitement of her mind, Mary sought refuge in prayers. For days she kept lying outstretched before the images of saints, imploring their assistance, and moistening the ground with her tears; and again for days she walked in procession around Westminster Abbey, with files of priests and monks, preceded by flags and banners and bishops in gilt slippers. But it was all in vain; the heated blood refused to be calmed by prayer, and fierce passion remained unsubdued by the solemn chants of monks and priests. Unable to bear the torments of her heart any longer, the queen at last fled the court, and buried herself in the solitudes of Richmond Palace. Yet the demon-spirits would not fly, and new apprehensions, new anxieties, and new terrors continued to lay hold of her enfeebled brain. A thought more overwhelmingly distressing than any other now took possession of her—the thought that the many sufferings she had undergone had made her prematurely old and ugly, so that she would never be able to win the affection of the noble being whom she loved to distraction. She startled her maids of honour in the dead of the night by wild hysterical shrieks, ending in bursts of tears and long wailings of utter misery and despair. The last sparks of reason were fast vanishing, when at length the news arrived that the bridegroom was on his way.

Prince Philip felt scarcely less unhappy than the elderly queen who was dying for love of him. Cold, cruel, and selfish, of measureless pride, yet wanting in ambition, he was most reluctant to give his hand to a bride nearly old enough to be his mother, and for whose royal dowry even he entertained contempt. Philip had nothing of his great father but the outward traits, the grey eyes, yellow beard, and broad Teutonic forehead; in all his mental qualities, in manners, habits, thoughts, and sentiments, he was not a German but a Spaniard, possessed of nearly all the vices but scarcely any of the virtues of that nation. Brought up under the eye of fanatic Jesuits; destitute alike of knowledge and of wisdom; united at an early age to a Portuguese princess as ignorant and bigoted as himself, but who soon left him a widower, Philip had grown, by the time that his father commanded him to marry the queen of England, a low sensual hypocrite, the absolute tool of priests, and the slave of his own disordered passions. As such he was naturally unwilling to enter into matrimony with a very plain elderly person; but to disobey the order of his imperial parent, despot to his son as much as to his subjects, was out of the question, and all he could do was to protract his time of departure to the obnoxious bride, and the hated barbarian country in which he was to be king, as long as possible. Under various pretexts he delayed his journey for several months; all, however, came to

an end in the month of June, when the great Kaiser, laid up in the Netherlands with gout and ill-humour, sent the command that his son should start immediately, in company with six thousand Spanish infantry, urgently required in the war against France. Philip, very miserable at the dreary prospects before him, embarked at Corunna in the beginning of July, his retinue and troops filling one hundred and fifty ships. The voyage did not contribute to cheer the spirits of the handsome bridegroom for whom a queen was waiting night and day, for he got dreadfully sea-sick, and wished himself at the bottom of the Atlantic. The whole of the courtiers, nobles, and six thousand fighting men felt equally disturbed by the motion of the waves, and their sufferings were increased by the terror of French men-of-war, known to be on the look-out for the sea-sick armada. To escape them, the order was issued to fire no guns whatever, and to make no more noise than absolutely indispensable for the working of the ships. Thus in gloom and silence the big fleet crept over the sea, till, on the 19th of July, the stately cliffs of the Isle of Wight refreshed the eyes of the unfortunate prince and his companions. At the Needles the navy of England was drawn up in battle order, to receive Philip with all the respect due to his exalted rank and position. The lord high admiral, grimly looking at the detested visitors, was prepared to honour the the Spanish prince, as ordered; he expected, however, that the first compliments should be paid to his own flag, in accordance with naval usage. But the Spaniards neglected to lower their topsails, whereupon Howard, without further ceremony, gave order to fire into their fleet. A hissing bullet was the first salute greeting the husband of the queen of England.

Philip landed at Southampton on Friday, the 20th of July, and his reception soon showed him that the nobility of England were ready to make amends by crawling humility for any want of deference shown by the lord admiral. When stepping from his barge on to the landing-place in the harbour, the whole assembly of nobles, gentlemen, and courtiers including nearly all the peers of the realm, fell on their knees, while the earl of Arundel, likewise kneeling presented him with the order of the Garter. Notwithstanding this undeniable proof of respect, the prince felt shy and uncomfortable. To be prayed at, after all, seemed but a poor compensation for the chance of being shot at; and to guard against further accidents, Philip had put a shirt of mail, of fine texture, bullet and dagger-proof, under his silken doublet. Behind and around him walked a crowd of Spanish musketeers, disguised as pages, lackeys, and footmen, while in front the way was cleared by other soldiers, personating chaplains, heralds, and trumpeters. Thus prepared for residence in England, the prince with great solemnity bestrode a horse, richly caparisoned, which his bride had sent him as a present, and went to pay his devotions at Holyrood church. The next two days were spent in banquets and festivities, all of a dreary and dismal kind. The excessive pride, reserve, and marvellous complication of etiquette to which Philip was accustomed, prevented any, even of the greatest nobles, to get near him, besides which all conversation was made impossible by his utter ignorance of

both English and French. He could speak a little Latin, but the Spanish pronunciation differing altogether from that taught at Oxford and Cambridge, verbal intercourse proved a failure, too, by this medium; and what little communication of ideas there was, had to be carried on either through interpreters or by means of signs or grimaces. However, the hospitable lords, if they could not talk with the husband of their queen, insisted on feeding him well, and on the Sunday afternoon, the third day of his sojourn at Southampton, Philip had to go through the torture of a grand public dinner, with English waiters, English roast-beef, and English ale. The prince tasted the beef of old England, and, to be polite, emptied a tankard of ale; after which he suddenly retired. That night his imperial highness felt worse than when sailing across the Bay of Biscay.

It rained heavily when Philip arrived at Southampton, and it rained still more heavily when he left it, on the Monday following. He would have gladly stopped a day longer, not being in the least anxious to meet his elderly bride, who was expecting him with passionate longing at Winchester; but his own etiquette was peremptory, allowing no changes on account of the elements. After waiting till nearly noon, he had to set out in a raging storm, the tempest howling from over the sea, the rain pouring down in torrents, and the roads filled with bottomless mud. But there was nothing but to brave it; so he jumped on his grey gelding, wrapped himself tight in his scarlet coat, and spurred on towards the old cathedral city. It took full five hours to get over the twelve miles of mud, and evening approached before Winchester was reached. Never neglecting, under any circumstances, his devotions, Philip at once hurried to the cathedral to kiss the crucifix and say his prayers, and then retired to seek some rest at the deanery. But this was too much for the patience of the excited queen, who had taken up her quarters near the deanery, at the bishop's palace, and banishing all considerations of female modesty, she sent a message to Philip, begging he would come to see her. He was conducted into her presence by torch-light, and gave her the bridal kiss; after which he threw etiquette so far aside as to kiss all the maids of honour, thus liberally interpreting an English custom of which he had heard. The next day there was a grand public reception, when Mary took no trouble to disguise her amorous feelings, careful, however, to keep her maids at a long distance, beyond reach of Philip's politeness. Simon Renard, who had remained close to the heels of the prince from the moment he set foot on English soil, was gratified on seeing him "converse with the queen for nearly two hours," which fact he at once communicated to the Kaiser. What were the strange subjects talked of in this two hours' conversation, Simon Renard neglected to inform his imperial master; but he did not forget to report that the queen, getting more and more excited and overwhelmingly loving, at length "ordered wine to be brought and drank to the prince," which, explained the diplomatist, "is the custom here in England."

Philip led his haggard bride to the altar on the 25th of July, the festival of St. James, patron saint of Spain. Cranmer having been in prison for months previous,

there was no archbishop of Canterbury to perform the ceremony, and Gardiner had to fill his place for the occasion in his own cathedral, representing at the same moment, as he had good cause to do, the highest political and ecclesiastical dignities of the realm. The bridegroom's dress, minutely described by Renard, was superb. "His breeches and doublet," the ambassador informed his master, "were white, the collar of the doublet exceeding rich, and over all a mantle of rich cloth of gold, a present from the queen, who wore one of the same; this robe was ornamented with pearls and precious stones. And thus dressed, wearing the collar of the Garter, and attended by many noblemen in rich apparel, he proceeded to the church, where, on his entry, there struck up a joyous concert of trumpets, clarions, and other sorts of music." The poor old bride, anxious to appear as good-looking as pearls and jewels could make her, lost overmuch time in dressing. "The prince," reported Renard, "waited more than half an hour for the queen, who came splendidly attired, and attended by the nobles and ladies of England, as well as by many of the lords of Spain. They were then betrothed; and, entering farther into the body of the church, surrounded by the nobility and six bishops who were present, the marquis de Figueroa delivered to the prince, on the part of the emperor, a parchment scroll, making at the same time a speech. After reading the document, the prince presented it to the queen, who handed it to the chancellor of England, and he, likewise perusing it, publicly proclaimed that the emperor had made a present to his son, the prince, of the kingdom of Naples. At the same time they sent for a sword of state, there being none there except the queen's sword of state, which having come, it was delivered to the earl of Pembroke, who carried it before the prince, while the earl of Derby bore the queen's sword. Having arrived further up in the body of the church, the bishop of Winchester married them with great ceremony, as the case required, and a solemn mass was sung, which lasted from twelve to three. Coming out of the church, the queen and her husband walked hand-in-hand back to the palace." At the banquet which followed, the earl of Arundel presented the ewer, and the marquis of Winchester the napkin, "none being seated," according to Renard, "except the king and queen,"—a rather startling introduction of Spanish etiquette. From the moment of his marriage Philip assumed an excessive pride and haughtiness, surrounding his august person with a network of absurd ceremonies, which excited the ridicule of nobles as well as the people.

The Spanish fleet and army which had brought the queen's husband did not leave the shore of England at once after his arrival, but remained more than a month in Southampton harbour, for the evident purpose of watching the course of events, and the mode of reception accorded by the people to Philip. As far as he himself was concerned, there was not the slightest show of hostility—impossible, in a manner, as he kept carefully aloof from all society, shutting himself up in the inner recesses of regal pomp and ceremony, like a god in the clouds. It was much easier for his attendants to gauge the public feeling, and they did not find it altogether pleasant. They were shouted after in the streets, and greeted with coarse

abuse by the mob, while in many instances they could only save themselves from bodily ill-treatment by precipitate flight. Under these circumstances, Gardiner and Renard, who had now become virtually invested with supreme power, thought it prudent to postpone the entry of their majesties into London for a while, and they were moved in slow stages from Winchester to Windsor Castle, and from thence, in the second week of August, to Richmond Palace, the queen all lost in bliss, but Philip full of weariness, not hiding from Renard his desire of going back to Spain at the earliest opportunity. It took all the eloquence of the indefatigable envoy to prove to him that his departure before the end of a decent six months was altogether impossible; to amuse the idol of the queen in the meanwhile, a splendid reception in the metropolis was planned and duly carried out. The spectacle took place on the 18th of August, the gallows on which the bones of the Kentish insurgents were rotting in the wind having been removed a day or two previously, to the great joy of the citizens, who now resolved to do their utmost in the display of plaster, paint, and cloth of gold. Mary and Philip had rested the previous night at Southwark, and made their entry over London Bridge, at the corners of which the two London saints, Gog and Magog, were stuck up as warders. An immense crowd had congregated to stare at the royal procession, and though there was no enthusiasm of any kind, the greeting was more cordial than expected, the women in particular, who had fancied to behold some frightful monster in the Spanish prince, exhibiting agreeable surprise in seeing him a very good-looking young man. Among the spectators who stood looking at the gorgeous train as it swept through the city, was one John Elder, surnamed the Redshank, or the Highlander, who furnished his friend, the bishop of Caithness, with a good description of the personal appearance of the queen's husband. "Of visage," wrote Redshank, "he is well favoured, with a broad forehead and grey eyes, straight-nosed, and manly countenance. From the forehead to the point of his chin, his face groweth small; his pace is princely, and his gait so straight and upright as he loseth no inch of height; with a yellow head and a yellow beard. And, to conclude, he is so well-proportioned of body, arm, leg, and every other limb to the same, as nature cannot work a more perfect pattern." The sun shone down his hottest rays while the yellow-bearded Spanish prince and his elderly bride went riding, in all the pomp of royalty, from London Bridge to Whitehall, and nothing disturbed the splendour of the scene but a slight incident in the heart of the city, which upset the equanimity of the most important personage in the procession, Bishop Gardiner. He beheld with horror, on arriving at the great conduit in Gracechurch street, which had been newly painted, the figure of King Henry VIII. presenting a book to his son and successor, on which was written "Verbum Dei." The artist was summoned immediately before Gardiner, and being threatened with prison, humbly apologized for his error of taste, promising that his brush should make amends at once. That same day, the Bible which Henry held in his outstretched hands was painted over, and the king had given to him instead—a pair of kid gloves.

The marriage festivities over, both Gardiner and Renard had to think of forwarding the great objects for which they had been working all along. To reconcile England to the orthodox faith of Rome was the principal aim of the lord chancellor, while the ambassador of Charles was bent solely on establishing the power of his master on a firm basis, and on securing it for the present as well as for future generations. Now that his alliance with England had become an irrevocable fact, the Kaiser showed himself less jealous than before of the interference of Rome, and at the entreaties of Gardiner, who had been gained entirely to his cause, consented to allow Cardinal Pole to continue his journey as papal legate. However, it was necessary before the cardinal could fulfil his mission that a parliament should be called together to revoke the attainder passed against him in the reign of Henry VIII., and the meeting of the legislature being desirable for various other purposes, it was resolved upon by the government. There remained, however, the great difficulty of getting a parliament sufficiently pliable to do all that both the pope and the Kaiser wished to be done, that is, to consent to the religious as well as the political dependency of the kingdom. The House of Commons which had been summoned three months before Philip's arrival, had shown such a spirit of insubordination as to be not only useless but dangerous to the executive, and Gardiner was not without fears that its successor would follow in the same course. After long debates in the privy council, and more important conferences with Renard, the lord chancellor came to evolve a great scheme for procuring a legislative assembly entirely after his liking, and the writs thereupon were issued on the 6th of October. Rather more than a week before, the hearts of the good people of London had been delighted by the view of twenty enormous cars, containing fourscore and seventeen chests of the purest silver, which went rolling through the narrow streets of the city into the Tower, to be coined into lawful money of the realm. It was a loan of the ruler of all the Indies to his beloved daughter-in-law, and the news of it was received with great and general enthusiasm, creating numerous friends to the Spanish alliance. To encourage the loyal feeling which had thus arisen, the lord chancellor issued circulars to the mayors of all towns, to sheriffs, and other influential persons, entreating them to use all their influence in the forthcoming elections for parliament to get members, "such as being eligible by order of the laws, were of a wise, grave, and Catholic sort; such as, indeed, meant the true honour of God and the prosperity of the commonwealth." The effect of these injunctions was all that could be desired, and the city of London having commenced the elections by returning four members "of a wise, grave, and Catholic sort," the example was followed throughout the provinces, and before the month was over, Gardiner knew that he had become possessed of a new lever with which to turn back the course of English history.

Parliament met on the 12th of November, and, after an opening speech by the lord chancellor, in which he stated his intention to bring forward several measures "for the establishment of religion," proceeded at once to repeal the attainder of Cardinal Pole, which

was done without a dissentient voice. Thereupon two members of the privy council, Lord Paget and Sir William Hastings, accompanied by Sir William Cecil, who had read the signs of the times and become a good Catholic, started at once for the continent to bring the papal legate into England with all the honours due to his exalted rank. They were introduced at Brussels by Sir John Mason, the English ambassador, to Kaiser Charles, to whom they tendered their humble request "that it might like his majesty to license Cardinal Pole to depart as shortly as might stand with his pleasure, and to give him also at his departing such good counsel and advice as might seem to his great wisdom fit and convenient." Charles granted the request immediately, receiving the envoys with the greatest affability, and telling them that, "among many great benefits for which he thought himself much bounden unto God this was one of the greatest, that it had pleased him to hold his blessed hand over the realm of England." Quitting the imperial presence, the envoys went straightway to Cardinal Pole, who seemed overcome with joy and gratitude at the prospect of realizing the great dream of his life, and becoming an instrument in bringing his native country back to the fold of the universal church. "His gladness at our coming," Paget reported to the queen and her husband, "we cannot in words describe to your majesties, nor yet what speech he used to set forth how much he was bounden unto your majesties for your gracious disposition towards him, and how much both you and he were bounden to Almighty God for the bending of your hearts this ways." But, enthusiastic as he felt at the great mission before him, Pole was yet unable to drag his feeble body forward as fast as he would have wished. A life of rigid asceticism and constant severe study, had prematurely broken his strength, and though only fifty-four years, he was overcome already with the decrepitude of extreme old age. Under these circumstances, the English envoys, whose train, together with the cardinal's household, amounted to one hundred and twenty horses, had to proceed homeward in slow stages of four or five miles a day, at the pace of a funeral procession. The journey from Brussels to Calais took a whole week, but the cardinal found himself amply repaid for the fatigue of this exertion by the manner in which he was received at his arrival within the English pale. He was met in state at Calais by the governor, Lord Wentworth, and made his entry into the city under the ringing of bells, the firing of salutes, and the joyous acclamations of the multitude. The watchword of the garrison in the night after Pole's arrival was, "God, long lost, is found."

On Tuesday, the 20th of November, the cardinal legate set foot on the shore of England, prepared to tie the kingdom once more to the rock of Rome, from which it had been adrift for twenty years. Moving slowly towards London in regal magnificence, and received everywhere, and particularly at the doors of churches or cathedrals, with the greatest enthusiasm, the cardinal did not doubt for a moment the willingness and even anxiety of the people to return to the spiritual rule of the pontiff. At Canterbury, the archdeacon addressed him in a passionate oration, exclaiming, "Thou art Pole, and thou art our

Polar star, to light us to the kingdom of the heavens. Sky, rivers, earth, these disfigured walls, all things long for thee. While thou wert absent from us, all things were sad, all things were in the power of the adversary. At thy coming all things are smiling, all glad, all tranquil." From Canterbury the cardinal moved slowly onward to Gravesend, where a fleet of vessels was waiting to convey him to Whitehall. In front of all was a splendid barge, distinguished by a large silver cross upon the bow, and entering it, Pole ordered his legatine insignia to be displayed, so as to enter the capital of England openly as representative of the pope. At noon on Saturday, the 24th of November, the barge with the silver cross was carried by the upward tide under London Bridge, the banks of the river filled by excited crowds, and a few minutes after the cardinal landed at the palace stairs of Whitehall, received by Gardiner and all the lords of the privy council. Mary and her husband had sat down to dinner, not expecting the cardinal till the afternoon, but as soon as they heard of his arrival they hurried away from the table to meet him. The queen met Pole at the head of the grand staircase, and in a paroxysm of hysterical joy threw herself into his arms, covering him with kisses, and telling him that his arrival was greater happiness to her than the possession of a kingdom. The cardinal legate, with corresponding exultation, drew himself to his full height, exclaiming, "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus"—"Hail Mary, thou highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." The queen at these words began to feel faint, and retired; but sent a message to the cardinal, informing him that at his salutation she had felt that "the babe leaped in her womb."

Mary had been for some time under the impression that she was pregnant, her disordered brain creating fancies harmonising with the ill-regulated desires of a weak body. There was not the least foundation for her hope of possessing offspring; nevertheless, she persevered in it to the extent of ordering prayers for her safe delivery. On the 27th of November, three days after the pious parody of Holy Writ enacted at Whitehall Palace, the lord mayor and aldermen of London assembled, by command, at St. Paul's Cathedral, to be present at the commencement of a long course of prayers and thanksgivings. There was a thick fog spread all over London, and the fathers of the city felt very chilly and uncomfortable in their scarlet gowns; they were kept, nevertheless, for the greater part of the day at their posts, to listen to strange sermons and more strange proclamations of the queen. There were ten bishops seated in the choir, in whose presence Dr. Chadsey, one of the prebends of St. Paul's, delivered an oration on the text of the first chapter and thirteenth verse of Luke, "And the angel said unto her, 'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God.'" After the sermon, which was of great length, and full of announcements of miracles to come, there was a grand procession around the cathedral, and the service finished by the whole circle of bishops invoking heaven to let the expected offspring of the queen be a male child, well-favoured, healthy, and witty, and with strength and valour sufficient to keep down all the enemies of the

Holy Catholic Church. The devout prelates would have been horrified had heaven answered their prayers by a revelation of the truth, to learn that the queen was not pregnant at all, but only suffering from dropsy.

The arrival of Cardinal Pole was immediately followed by events of extraordinary gravity. On Wednesday, the 28th of November, the two houses of parliament were summoned to appear before the queen and her consort at Whitehall, to meet the papal legate, and to hear a statement from his lips. Few members failed to appear, and all having taken their seats, with a vast circle of lords and courtiers around them, the queen, splendidly dressed, swept into the room accompanied by Philip, and, as noticed by everybody, throwing out her person in such a manner as to justify the prayers of her loyal subjects. As soon as the sovereign and her husband had taken their seats under the cloth of state, with the cardinal legate at their right hand, Gardiner rose, and amidst general attention, commenced addressing the representatives of the nation. "My lords of the upper house," he exclaimed, "and you my masters of the nether house: here is present the right reverend father in God, the Lord Cardinal Pole, come from the Apostolic see of Rome, ambassador to the king's and queen's majesties, upon one of the weightiest causes that ever happened in this realm, and which pertaineth to the glory of God and your universal benefit; the which embassy it is their majesties' pleasure that it be signified unto you all by his own mouth, trusting that you will accept it in as benevolent and thankful wise as their highnesses have done, and that you will give an attent and inclinable ear to him." After this short introduction, the chancellor resumed his seat, and all eyes were fixed upon the old man, with long flowing beard hanging down upon his chest, who sat at the right hand of the queen, and now came forward with faltering steps. The vast assembly was hushed into deep silence when Cardinal Pole, last descendant of the royal race of the Plantagenets, commenced his address.

"My lords all, and you that are the commons of this present parliament," he began, in a voice so feeble that, notwithstanding the stillness of death which prevailed, it scarce was audible; "as the cause of my repair hither hath been wisely and gravely declared by my lord chancellor, so, before I enter into the particulars of my commission, I have to say somewhat touching myself, and to give most humble and hearty thanks to the king's and queen's majesties, and after them to you all, who, of a man exiled and banished from this commonwealth, have restored me to be a member of the same, and of a man having no place either here or elsewhere within this realm, have admitted me to a place where to speak and where to be heard." After dwelling at some length on the history of religion in England since its disseverance from the church of Rome, Cardinal Pole came to the main purport of his speech. "No church can be built," he exclaimed, his voice growing louder in the excitement of the moment, "no church can be built unless universally, in all realms, we adhere to one head, and do acknowledge him to be the vicar of God and to have power from above. For all power is of

God, according to the saying, 'Non est protestas nisi in Deo.' And all power being of God, he hath divided that power into two parts here on earth, which is into the powers imperial and ecclesiastical; and these two powers, as they are several and distinct, so have they two several effects and operations. Secular princes be ministers of God to execute vengeance upon transgressors and evil livers, and to preserve the well-doers and innocents from injury and violence, and this power is represented in these two most excellent persons, the king's and queen's majesties here present. The other power is of ministration, which is the power of keys and orders in the ecclesiastical estate, which is by the authority of God's word and example of the apostles, and of all holy fathers from Christ hitherto, attributed and given to the Apostolic See of Rome by special prerogative: from which See I am here deputed legate and ambassador, having full and ample commission from thence, and have the keys committed to my hands. I confess to you that I have the keys—not as mine own keys, but as the keys of him that sent me; and yet cannot I open, not for want of power in me to give, but for certain impediments in you to receive, which must be taken away before my commission can take effect. But this I protest before you, my commission is not of prejudice to any person. I am not come to destroy, but to build; I come to reconcile, not to condemn; I am not come to compel, but to call again; I am not come to call anything in question already done. My commission is of grace and clemency to such as will receive it; for touching all matters that are past, they shall be as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness."

Pole's address made a powerful impression upon the whole assembly. Its eloquence touched some; but its substantial promises converted many more to the doctrine preached by the legate. There were few either among the lords or commons who cared very deeply whether the new liturgy or the old mass formed part of the church service; whether priests had wives or lived unmarried; whether it was or was not the law of the land to believe in transubstantiation. But what they all took an intense interest in was to retain their estates—estates formerly belonging to the church, but now in the hands of the very class which professed to represent the nation in the two houses of parliament. There was not a single member among the lords, and very few among the commons, not possessed of church property, and all were ready to a man, rather than give it up, to risk their heads, or to make a revolution, and drive queen, bishops, and priests out of the land. But the soft and eloquent speech of the cardinal legate made any opposition unnecessary; and his firm assurance that "all matters that be past" should be "as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness" was received with the greatest applause, giving universal satisfaction. Gardiner spoke the sense of the august assembly, after the queen and Philip, together with Cardinal Pole, had retired, in exclaiming, in a sort of frenzy, "A prophet has the Lord raised up among us from among our brethren, and he shall save us." No time was lost to carry the saving process into execution. The day after the assembly at Whitehall, Thursday, November the 29th, the two houses of parliament met

at Westminster, and the chancellor in the lords and the speaker in the commons both put from the chair at the same time the question whether England should return to obedience to the Holy Apostolic See. An alteration in the duty upon sheep's wool would have provoked a long discussion; but the spiritual independence of the kingdom was too trifling a matter to honourable members to detain them more than a few minutes. The lords voted the return of England to popish servitude without a single dissentient voice; while among the commons, in a full house of three hundred and sixty members, there were just two men possessed of sufficient religious conviction, or sufficiently honest, to give a negative vote. Of these two representatives of the English nation, one, Sir Ralph Bagenall, recanted the next day, so that there remained only a single individual, a nameless being to all the old chroniclers of Mary's reign, unwilling to sacrifice the spiritual gains of a generation for court favours or Spanish gold. Simon Renard scarcely calumniated the governing classes with whom he was in contact by telling his master that riches were all they aimed at, "it being otherwise not only difficult but well nigh impossible to foresee what these English may do, whose natural character is inconstant, fickle, and faithless." Count Micheli, ambassador of the republic of Venice at the court of Mary, a very shrewd diplomatic gentleman, informed his government about the same time, in playful irony, that the English were so loyal as to be ready to turn Jews or Turks if it should please their sovereign to issue the command. The observant Italian could scarcely arrive at any other conclusion, remembering the parliament of 1534, which, with wonderful alacrity, overthrew the supremacy of Rome, and contrasting it with this parliament of 1554, which, with still more marvellous haste, voted popery back into England. The spectacle would have been of the saddest, but for the great fact—great and stupendous, although invisible to diplomatic gentlemen, lord chancellors, ministers, and privy councillors—that the mighty body of the English nation, toiling and thinking, but not voting, was Protestant long before the Yeas of the parliament of King Henry, and remained Protestant in spite of the Noes of the lords and commons of Queen Mary.

The parliamentary vote of the 29th of November was followed, the next day, by a grand and impressive ceremony, in which the return of England to the supremacy of the pope was celebrated with all the pomp of the Roman Catholic church. On the morning of the day, high mass was said at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of Philip, surrounded by six hundred Spanish cavaliers and all the knights of the Garter in their gorgeous costumes, together with the chief representatives of the English nobility. The queen, however, was not at the service, the farce of her supposed pregnancy, kept up with the greatest strictness, forbidding any exercise whatever. High mass being over, Philip and his immense suite returned to Whitehall Palace, in the great chamber of which a throne, covered with cloth of gold, had been erected, with a number of benches in front, sufficiently large to accommodate the members of both houses of parliament. It was late in the afternoon before all the preparations had been finished, and then the doors were thrown

open, and the faithful lords and commons invited to take their seats, the bishops in a circle to the right of the royal chair, the lay peers in an opposite circle to the left, and the commons on diagonal cross benches. Immediately after, Mary and Philip ascended the steps of the throne with the cardinal legate; the queen walking very slowly, indicating her supposed condition with painful exactness. All being seated, Gardiner stepped forward, and, kneeling before the queen, informed her that the two houses of parliament had declared by a simultaneous vote the earnest desire of her subjects to return to the allegiance of the head of the Catholic church, and that the vote of the national representatives had been embodied in the form of a petition. Then, turning round to the lords and commons, Gardiner, speaking slowly, in tones reverberating through the vast hall, exclaimed, "Will you that I proceed in your names to supplicate for our absolution, that we may be received again into the body of the Holy Catholic Church, under the pope, the supreme head thereof?" "Yea!" the assembly cried, as with one voice. Again the chancellor knelt down before the queen, presenting her a parchment scroll, which she handed to Philip, who looked at it for a moment, and returned it to Gardiner, motioning that it might be read. Bowing to the ground, the chancellor proceeded to obey the order.

"We, the lords spiritual and temporal," he read aloud, "and we, the commons of the present parliament assembled, representing the whole body of the realm of England and dominions of the same, in our own names particularly, and also of the said body universally, in this our application directed to your majesties, with most humble suit that it may, by your gracious intercession and means, be exhibited to the most reverend father in God, the Lord Cardinal Pole, legate, sent specially hither from our most holy father Pope Julius the Third, and the See Apostolic of Rome—we do declare ourselves very sorry and repentant for the schism and disobedience committed in this realm against the said See Apostolic, either by making, agreeing, or executing any laws, ordinances, or commandments against the said See, or otherwise doing or speaking what might impugn the same." After further expressions of deep penitence and sorrow, the petition continued: "We most humbly beseech your majesties, as persons undefiled in the offences of this body towards the Holy See, to set forth this our most humble suit that we may obtain from the See Apostolic, as well particularly as universally, absolution, release, and discharge from all danger of such censures and sentences as by the laws of the church we be fallen in; and that we may, as children repentant, be received into the bosom and unity of Christ's church, so that this noble realm, with all the members thereof, may in unity and perfect obedience to the See Apostolic serve God and your majesties, to the furtherance and advancement of his honour and glory."

It was nearly dark before the chancellor had concluded the reading of this document. Faint rays of light only came flickering through the hall, showing the throne, and the pale features of the queen, disturbed by unutterable agony. All on a sudden, she sank on her knees, Philip and the whole assembly following her example. Then, in darkness and in

silence, the low voice of the cardinal legate came floating through the air. "Our Lord Jesus Christ," rang the unseen voice, "who with his most precious blood hath redeemed and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that he might purchase unto himself a glorious spouse without spot or wrinkle, whom the Father hath appointed head over all his church—he by his mercy absolves you. And we, by apostolic authority given unto us by the most holy lord, Pope Julius the Third, his vicegerent on earth, do absolve and deliver you, and every one of you, with this whole realm and the dominions thereof, from all heresy and schism, and from all and every judgment, censure, and pain for that cause incurred: and we do restore you again into the unity of our mother the Holy Church, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "Amen! Amen!" cried the whole assembly. Again there was dead silence, broken only by the sobs of the queen, who continued prostrate, wailing and moaning, burying her face in the golden cushions of the throne.

High masses in all the churches, illuminations, bonfires, and immense processions through the streets of London, with Cardinal Pole riding between the queen and Philip, blessing the people, followed in the wake of the impressive ceremony of Whitehall. This occupied about a week, and then came sterner work. The essential feature of Roman Catholicism, that of suppressing antagonistic opinions by brute force, instead of attempting conversion by arguments, had to be brought into play; and parliament having been found slavish enough to sanction any form and amount of religious despotism, the victorious champions of Rome began their task without delay. Knowing that the only opposition possibly to be expected among the lords and commons would be about the plunder of the church, the lord chancellor and his coadjutors commenced their proceedings by bringing in a bill "for the establishment of all spiritual and ecclesiastical possessions and hereditaments conveyed to the laity," which was passed with the greatest enthusiasm, leaving a disposition on the part of both houses to do all else that was required of them. An act for repealing the whole of the statutes, articles, and provisions made against the supremacy of the "most holy lord" the pontiff of Rome, since the 20th of Henry VIII., was next voted, with scarcely any discussion, while new statutes of treason were passed against all who should preach or speak against the authority or the title of the queen and her husband, as well as of that of their expected issue. It was likewise made high treason "to pray for the death of the queen." Finally, and to crown all, the lords and commons voted a short bill, entitled, "An act for the renewing of three statutes made for the punishment of heresies, and for the eschewing and avoiding of errors and heresies which of late years have risen, grown, and much increased within this realm," by which all the ancient sanguinary laws against Lollards and other dissenters from the church of Rome, which priestly fanaticism and bigotry had brought into the statute book, were renewed and put in force again. "Be it ordained and enacted," the act ran, "by the authority of this present parliament, that the statute made in the fifth year of the reign of King Richard the Second, concerning the

arresting and apprehension of erroneous and heretical preachers, and one other statute made in the second year of the reign of King Henry the Fourth, concerning the repressing of heresies and punishment of heretics, and also one other statute made in the second year of King Henry the Fifth, concerning the suppression of heresy and Lollardy, and every article, branch, and sentence contained in the same three several statutes and every of them, shall, from the 20th day of January next coming, be revived and be in full force, strength, and effect, to all intents, constructions, and purposes, for ever." There was ample power in the act thus worded to murder every creature within the realm differing in religious views from the queen and her advisers; and the inclinations of the clerical prime minister and his coadjutor, the papal legate, coinciding with their true Romish opinions as to the necessity of annihilating their antagonists, they set about at once to inaugurate a reign of terror and fierce persecution of Protestants.

Parliament having fixed the 20th of January, 1555, as the legal commencement of the persecution, Gardiner and his friends began work the very same day. The chancellor associated with himself in the mighty task of murder five other prelates, the most notable of them Bonner, bishop of London, bloodhound by nature as well as education, and Tunstal, bishop of Durham, who owed his life to Protestant toleration, and was unable to forgive his enemies the great glory of not having put to death, in the whole of the preceding reign, a single popish fanatic. To simplify their task, the six bishops established themselves as a court of inquisition in the church of St. Mary Overy, at the Southwark side of London Bridge, conveniently situated for bringing up prisoners by water and silently despatching them the same way. The first victims brought before them were Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, both notable leaders of the reformed church, and distinguished alike for their high scholastic acquirements and the purity of their lives. They were asked to

make their submission to the head of the Roman Catholic church, and on refusing were at once condemned to be burnt. The sentence against Rogers, inaugurating the new reign of popery in England, was carried out on the 4th of February at Smithfield, while Bishop Hooper was burnt five days after at Gloucester, not far from his own cathedral. Both died with heroic fortitude, proclaiming their religious conviction in the midst of the flames, though suffering frightful tortures. The bishop, an old man of sixty, weak and suffering, was treated with hellish cruelty, being fastened to the stake almost naked, with an iron hoop around his waist, and wet faggots piled at his feet. The low smouldering wood, scorching his body and causing horrible pain without inflicting death, made him undergo the most excruciating torments for more than three quarters of an hour. His face was wholly burnt, and his lower limbs charred to ashes, before death released him, the frantic beating of his breast with his half-burnt hands all the while showing his agony, yet his undaunted spirit possessing still strength to cry, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Twice he cried, more and more faint, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" then all was silent, and the flames went circling up into the air.

The six bishops at St. Mary Overy did not sit idle while their first victims were being prepared for death, but continued their work with uninterrupted energy, ordering the faggots to be lighted in all parts of the country. On the 8th of February, a zealous Protestant, named Laurence Sanders, was burnt at Coventry, and on the following day, another heretic, Rowland Taylor, accused of the crime of reading the Bible, was chained to the stake and set fire to at Aldham Common, in Suffolk. Two days later, the inquisition tried and condemned together six London Protestants, four of them working men, the fifth a merchant, and the sixth a preacher, for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation. All behaved with the greatest fortitude, eager to face death rather than deny their religion; the working men in particular exhibiting a courage which astonished even the fanatic priests.

One of them, Tomkins, a weaver, on being sneeringly asked by Bishop Bonner whether he thought he could endure the flames, calmly replied, "I will show you!" and, stretching forth his right hand over a lighted taper, had it burned to the bone without uttering a sound. Such marvellous exhibitions of heroism could not fail to make the greatest impression upon the people, giving to the Protestant faith a halo of glory which it had never before possessed, and encouraging its disciples to persevere more than ever in the assertion of its truth. The persecuting priests, however, got only more enraged at the visible effects of popular sympathy, and continued their task of murder with hideous zeal. The six London heretics were burnt at various places in or near the capital; after which the



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

inquisition laid hold of another man of note, Robert Ferrars, bishop of St. David's. A quiet man, holding no extreme opinions, and of great uprightness of character, Ferrars, after having been tried and sentenced to death by the priestly tribunal at St. Mary Overy's, imagined that he might save his life by an appeal to Cardinal Pole, to whom he addressed a modest although dignified petition for mercy. The only reply was an order to despatch the bishop with all haste, and he was burnt in front of his own palace at Caermarthen, so that his wife and child might see his sufferings. It showed a singular innocence in this poor martyr to hope for a moment that a papal legate, possessed of no more important function than that of extirpating heresy by fire and sword, would interpose to save him from the stake.

Cardinal Pole was not naturally a cruel man, but acted solely upon the guiding principle of his faith in letting loose and encouraging by all means in his power the persecution against English Protestants. A church based entirely on blind belief, acknowledging one irresponsible and infallible chief, and opposed absolutely and in its very essence to the assertion of spiritual independence in its members, could, he was perfectly aware, do nothing else with Protestantism than blot it out from the face of the earth. To try the effects of persuasion on church reformers was to leave the platform of strict faith and go over to that of reasoning, which in itself was a negation of the fundamental truth of Roman Catholicism, involving its earlier or later destruction. These were motives quite sufficient to influence the cardinal legate in setting out upon the crusade against the church reformers; but, besides these, he had two more worldly reasons in encouraging his zeal. The first was his ambition to grasp the papal tiara, only to be won by unflinching orthodoxy; and the second his desire to please the queen, so as to be at least one of the rulers of England until he might become dictator of the Christian world. Mary's brain was too weak to understand the subtle reasons of the Romish church hierarchy for keeping the hangman at work, and treating murder as a high art; but the fierce lust of blood inherent in her animal nature was gratified by the roasting of heretics all through the kingdom, and Cardinal Pole knew as well as Bishop Gardiner, that to keep the faggots burning would be the service most appreciated by her majesty. Those shrewd observers could not fail to see, too, that the love of blood was developing itself more and more in Mary as time went on, and the weight of new sorrows came crushing upon her. Handsome Philip, at whose feet she crawled with dog-like affection, openly showed that he did not care for her and could not reciprocate her passion; and while he was running after other women, she was left the prey of the deadliest jealousy. To aggravate it, Philip expressed a constant desire to quit the kingdom, and the idea that he might leave, and never return to her arms again, was enough to drive her into wild despair. Only one hope was remaining in the expectation that the pride of paternity would retain him at her side, even if his other feelings would be against it. To this hope the queen clung, and maddened by fanaticism, jealousy, and lust, she more and more firmly imagined that she was going to have

a child. Her asseveration after a while became so strong that even Philip began to believe it, and he and all England commenced looking forward to the birth of an heir, probable ruler of some of the fairest realms under the sun.

On the 20th of April, 1555, while preparations were being made to burn a monk in front of Westminster Palace, Mary quitted her town residence and withdrew to Hampton Court for the expected lying-in. She had settled not only the day on which the baby was to be born, but the sex; and in all the pulpits of all the churches of the kingdom it was announced, in the form of solemn prayers, that God intended blessing the queen and her husband with a son. Fervent thanksgivings were offered up everywhere, and long files of bishops and priests went promenading through the streets of London, filling the air with psalms and litanies. Philip himself, heading an immense band of priests, dressed up in cloth of gold and tissue, walked in procession all around Hampton Court Palace, with faithful Gardiner at his side, and Mary watching them from the window, very weak and very pale. A few days later, early in the afternoon of the 30th of April, the queen returned to her room; physicians, nurses, and midwives were sent for instantly, and couriers went flying away to London announcing to the members of the privy council, the lord mayor and aldermen, that the pains of childbirth had commenced, and that, in a couple of hours more, the prince would see the light of day. Thereupon the bells were set ringing from one end of London to the other; the fathers of the city put on their scarlet robes; the vessels in the river commenced firing salutes, and tables were laid out in the streets to feast the whole of the population. When night set in, there was a general illumination; all the inhabitants came out of their houses with torches; and priests, clerks, canons, bishops, and nobles once more formed themselves in procession and went marching up and down the chief thoroughfares singing litanies and prayers. They marched all the evening and all the night long, till after the sun had risen once more over the city, and they were borne down by fatigue, and could march no more. All felt sorely disappointed as well as tired, and when the news at last arrived from Hampton Court that the birth of a prince had been adjourned *sine die*, there were many who exhibited indignation, regarding the non-appearance of the baby as a personal affront. One of these enraged citizens, looking out of the window and seeing a file of priests still marching and chanting, rushed forward with a string of sausages in his hand, and swung it over the neck of the fattest of the lot, to do duty as a rosary. He got no blessing for his mince-meat, but a good thrashing; nevertheless, the chanters took the hint and went to their homes. For a day the sausage-maker was the most popular man in London.

The disgust of Philip with his spouse naturally increased with the failure of her imaginative hopes, which he could not help looking upon otherwise than as absolute insanity; and this, together with the feeling that he had become an object of ridicule by his participation in the imposture, made him more than ever think of leaving England. Kaiser Charles, who had hitherto strongly opposed the departure of his son as upsetting

all his political expectations, now showed himself far less anxious on the subject, rightly judging that want of offspring would be fatal, in any case, to the succession of his race to the English crown. Simon Renard urged this point very strongly with his master. "The entire future," he wrote to Charles, in June, more than a month after the false alarm about the queen's delivery—which had spread even as far as Brussels, and brought the poor Kaiser, still pinched by the gout, out of bed at two o'clock in the morning—"the entire future turns on the accouchement of the queen, of which, however, there are no signs. If she still gives birth to a child, the state of feeling in the country will improve; but if, as I fear, she suffers under a hallucination, I foresee disturbances and convulsions such as no pen can describe. The succession to the crown is so unfortunately limited that it must fall to the Princess Elizabeth, and with her accession there will come a religious revolution. The priests will be put down, the Catholics persecuted, and there will be such revenge for the present proceedings as the world has never seen. I do not know whether King Philip's person is safe, but certainly the scandals and calumnies which the heretics are spreading about the queen are beyond conception. Many assert that she has never been pregnant, while others repeat that there will be a suppositious child, and that the delivery would have taken place long ago if a babe could have been found that would answer the purpose. The looks of men are grown strange and impenetrable, and those in whose loyalty I had most dependence I have now most reason to doubt. Nothing is certain, and I am more bewildered than ever at the things which I see going on around me. There is neither government, nor justice, nor order; nothing but audacity and malice."

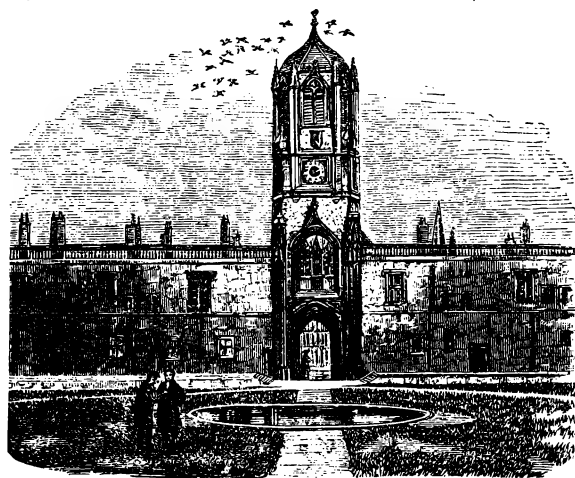
Renard's letter, which hinted more even than it told, had its due effect upon the Kaiser. He not only permitted his son to return to the continent, but declared his intention of making over to Philip at once his splendid heritage, so that he himself might carry out his long-cherished plan of descending from the zenith of earthly power, and spending the remaining years of his life in absolute retirement from the pomp and grandeur of the world. Philip eagerly, though quietly, at once began his preparations for leaving the haggard old wife whom he had begun to loathe; but before quitting Mary, or telling her of his approaching departure, he made her assist in laying the ground-work of a new ambitious scheme. The remark of Renard, that the succession of the crown would have to fall to Princess Elizabeth, contained matter upon which he had well pondered, until the idea had settled in his mind that a marriage with her would be a speculation in every way desirable. A most important point in the matter was that Elizabeth was twenty-two, and generally admitted to be beautiful. With an ugly spouse even the crown of England seemed dear to Philip, but he fancied that with a pretty partner he would like to keep it. The first step in the execution of his scheme was to see Elizabeth, for which purpose nothing more was needed than to bring her to court. After her release from the Tower, and a short stay at Windsor Castle, the princess had been carried to Woodstock, where she was allowed a

moderate amount of liberty, the queen, however, losing no opportunity to express the hatred and jealousy she felt against her sister. This hatred Phillip, too, had to overcome in desiring Elizabeth's attendance at court; but to him it was an easy matter, as the queen was crouching at his feet, entirely unable to withstand the least of his wishes. Towards the end of June, therefore, when Philip felt absolutely sure not only that his wife was not pregnant, but that there were no hopes of her ever becoming pregnant, the order went down to Woodstock to set the princess at liberty, with an intimation to present herself before the queen. Elizabeth obeyed the command, and proceeding to Hampton Court, was received, after some delay, by her sister, who addressed her with great harshness and some degree of malignity. Philip did not show himself at the audience, but silently watched the princess from behind a screen, taking a careful survey of her form and features. The result was so satisfactory that he made the queen give her solemn promise never to hurt Elizabeth; and, not trusting her alone, exacted the same promise from all the leading men of the government, bound to him by golden ties. This having been settled, Philip at last announced to his spouse that his father wished to see him, and that he would have to quit her for a fortnight, or three weeks at the longest. With this lie on his lips, he bid Mary farewell on the 28th of August, leaving her on the steps of the palace in a swoon, more dead than alive.

The departure of Philip had the effect of still increasing the horrors of the religious persecution. Bigoted as he was, the son of Charles always placed his political interest higher than his theological opinions, and clearly foreseeing the unpopularity which a connivance in the murderous fanaticism of the priests would bring upon him, he placed himself steadfastly against it, or, at least, against its excesses. When he had left, therefore, Cardinal Pole was sole master of the field, able to continue unchecked his great task of extirpating heresy. No time was lost, and on the 1st of September, three days after the queen had bid farewell to her husband, the cardinal appointed a new commission, consisting of three rabid papists, Holyman bishop of Bristol, Brookes bishop of Gloucester, and White bishop of Lincoln, for the trial of all individuals denying the authority of the supreme pontiff. To strengthen the hands of the papal legate, the city of Oxford, distinguished for its adherence to Rome, sympathy with ancient forms of belief, and general tendency to worship spiritual authority and discountenance reasoning, was fixed upon as the seat of the new tribunal, and on the 7th of September, the inquisitors met there, before the altar of St. Mary's church. The proceedings commenced with the trial of the three foremost champions of Protestantism in England, Cranmer archbishop of Canterbury, Ridley former bishop of London, and Latimer bishop of Worcester. The archbishop was brought up first, and requested to answer the charge of heresy to his judges, who told him that they were sitting in the name of the pope. "My lord," replied Cranmer to Brookes, president of the tribunal, "I mean no contempt to your person, but I have sworn never to admit the authority of the bishop of Rome in England, and I must keep my oath." Ridley and

Latimer made the same simple reply to all the accusations fulminated against them; the latter, moreover, taking a bold stand on the subject of transubstantiation, which the papal commissioners introduced into their examination. Scorning to fence with words, like some of his brethren, to gain a little favour, Latimer quietly rehearsed his belief that bread was bread and wine was wine; there was a change in the sacrament, he said, but it was not in the nature but the dignity. Corrupt as they were, even the inquisitors shrank from the earnest gaze of the majestic old man, nigh eighty years of age, who stood before them in a threadbare gown of coarse frieze, tied with a leather belt, to which was fastened a Bible. He only smiled when his judges told him that he was to be burnt, looking down upon them, not with contempt but with infinite pity. Cranmer and Ridley, too, heard the same announcement with calmness, long prepared for their doom.

Ridley and Latimer were burnt on the 16th of October, Cranmer's execution being postponed, his vacillating nature allowing a hope that he would turn apostate. It was ordered by the cardinal legate that the two bishops should suffer at the same stake, which was fixed outside the north wall of Oxford, a stone's



GREAT TOM AT OXFORD.

throw from Balliol College, and in sight of Cranmer's prison. The illustrious martyrs were led forth on the morning of the 16th of October, Ridley first, dressed with some elegance, and after him Latimer, in his old frieze gown, with a common handkerchief tied round his venerable head, but looking greater and nobler than ever in these coarse garments. Arrived at the stake, Latimer threw off his gown, and was seen standing bolt upright in a linen shroud, ready for death, his eyes illuminated by heavenly brightness. The executioner now stepped forward, and placing the martyrs back to back, passed a chain round both their bodies; then the faggots were lighted, and the dull flame went creeping round their feet. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried, encircled by fire; "be of good comfort; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," exclaimed Ridley.

"Father of heaven receive my soul!" rejoined Latimer, drawing his last breath, the red flame licking his face. Ridley suffered longer, the thick wood at his feet burning slowly, charring his body under frightful tortures. "Lord have mercy on me! Let the fire come to me! I cannot burn!" the sufferer cried, his contorted limbs expressive of excruciating pain. New faggots were thrown forward, yet still the wood refused to burn, till at last a bystander lifted the pile with a hatchet, when a tongue of flame went leaping up into the air. Then a last fierce writhing of agonised limbs, and Rome's vengeance could go no further.

While the fires of the inquisition were blazing all over England, Queen Mary, first author of the great persecution, was devoured by torments wilder than those of fire and flame. After the departure of Philip she sank into deep melancholy, from which she was roused into fits of frenzy by the report that he was living with mistresses, and that he intended staying away from England for a long time, if not for ever. Overcome by despair, she now broke forth into alternate fits of deepest grief and of fiercest passion. For hours she would sit upon the floor, with her knees drawn up to her shoulders, with haggard face, speechless and motionless, staring into vacant space; then again she would rouse herself into fury, rushing through her gilded apartments, and grasping the air with her withered arms, as if in search of invisible phantoms. She refused to see any human being except Pole, who brought comforting news about the number of heretics burnt already, and the greater number preparing to be burnt for the everlasting glory of the Holy Catholic Church. Generally, after these interviews with the legate, she became more calm, and sat down to write long and passionate love-letters to her husband, entreating him, in the name of God, of religion, of heaven and earth, to return to her embrace. Philip never replied: he had weightier matters to attend to than the amorous wailings of a detested, crack-brained old wife. Having left England behind, and set foot on the shore of the Netherlands, part of the great realm of his father soon to be his own, new dreams of ambition arose in his breast, and all the intoxication of unlimited power took possession of his mind. Little more than a month after his arrival, on the 25th of October, 1555, a grand and gorgeous ceremony took place at Brussels, the whole civilized world looking on with awe and astonishment. In the throne-room of the imperial palace sat Kaiser Charles, the crown on his head and sceptre in hand, and around, in vast circle, stood the nobles, high dignitaries, and representatives of the Low Countries. Speaking to them, the Kaiser said: "From the seventeenth year till now that I am fifty-five, I have devoted all my thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of my time for indulgence or ease, and very little for the enjoyment of domestic happiness. I have visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four, Italy seven, Flanders ten times, England twice, and Africa twice, and I have made eleven voyages by sea. I have never shunned exertion, nor repined under fatigue; but now that my health is broken, and my vigour exhausted by the rage of incurable distemper, my growing infirmities

tell me that it is time to retire from the labours God has imposed upon me. Vain-glory was never my own, and the highest of my aims has ever been to do my work. But I can do it no more, and have resolved, therefore, that my impotent hands shall no longer retain the sceptre." Then, bonding to his son who was kneeling at his side, and offering him some paternal advice, Charles took the crown from his head, placing it on that of Philip. Soon after, in like solemn manner, before a splendid assembly of princes and grandees, the crowns of Spain and the Indies were made over to the husband of Mary. Charles himself embarked for Spain, to close his eventful life as the inmate of a monastery, asking nothing else in return for the vast realms he had given to his son but a very small annual pension. Philip forgot to pay his father's pension, in like manner as he forgot to answer his wife's letters.

Up to the departure of Philip the belief had been general in England that he was the main cause of the Protestant persecution, with Bishop Gardiner acting under his immediate orders. The groundlessness of this suspicion became apparent not only at the accession of Philip to the throne of Spain and the Netherlands, which was followed by the withdrawal of all Spaniards from the English court, but in the death of Gardiner. The latter event took place on the 13th of November, 1555, and, so far from diminishing the fury of the proceedings of the inquisition, seemed to increase them, if possible. Gardiner had shown great inclination to spare the most illustrious of his religious opponents, the archbishop of Canterbury; and it was through his interference that, after due condemnation, the execution had been postponed, efforts being made in the meantime to persuade Cranmer into recantation. These endeavours were crowned with the most complete success, and the unfortunate prelate, gifted with far less strength of mind than Latimer, Ridley, and other of his friends who had passed the fiery ordeal of truth, was brought to sign a degrading submission, in which he prayed the pope to pardon him, prayed the queen to pardon him, and prayed God Almighty to pardon him, calling himself a blasphemer, a sower of pernicious doctrines, and the most wicked wretch that ever lived. He solemnly acknowledged the pope as head of the church, expressed his belief in transubstantiation, the mass, and purgatory, and anathematized the heresies of Luther, Calvin, and all the Protestant reformers. It was on the most elaborate promises that his life should not only be spared, but that he should be reinstated in his honours and dignities, that this base recantation was obtained from Cranmer; but it availed him nothing, after all. Gardiner, who in spite of his bigotry was not without some nobler qualities of heart, and mind would probably have insisted that the main conditions of the bond should be kept; his death, however, left all in the hands of Mary and the cardinal legate, who were both resolved on Cranmer's execution, the queen from sheer love of blood and fanaticism, and Pole from the more sordid motive of obtaining the see of Canterbury, the administration of which he had taken in hand since his arrival in England. To pardon a heretic, and to evacuate Lambeth Palace at the same time, required more greatness of soul than the papal legate possessed, and the arch-

bishop, accordingly, had to prepare for the stake, in spite of his absolute and entire recantation. Cranmer was burnt at the same spot where Latimer and Ridley suffered, on the 21st of March, 1556, bitterly repenting, at the last moment, his weakness in having sacrificed truth, if only for a day, to the false allurements of his enemies. On the faggots being lighted, he stretched forth his right hand into the fire, exclaiming, "This is the hand that wrote my shame, therefore shall it suffer first punishment." The red flame leaped up in an instant, rapidly ending all earthly pain. On the day after Cranmer's execution, Cardinal Pole was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury.

A dreary continuation of foul murder, unrelieved even by the excitement of great passions or distinguished victims, now began to reign from one end of England to the other. The miserable woman entrusted with the supreme power of the realm kept sinking fast into the condition of a blood-thirsty maniac, her sceptre becoming a mere torch to light faggots. Neither old nor young were spared; neither rich nor poor; neither learned nor ignorant. Grey-haired men with one foot in the grave, and boys not escaped from school; venerable matrons, and sprightly girls, and even infants at the breast of the mother, were thrown into the flames. And not only against the living, but against the dead themselves, the furies of persecution were let loose; in several instances the bones of Protestants were dug up from the ground, torn from their coffins, brought to trial for heresy, and publicly burnt. The ludicrous and the horrible came struggling for mastery in these frightful displays of bigotry; but the horrors were too great and towering not to keep the upper hand. There was stillness of death all through the shuddering realm; many suffered; many fled abroad; and many more conformed outwardly to the behest of the murderous despotism swaying the land. Among those who conformed, with more than ordinary zeal, was Princess Elizabeth. She set up a private chapel; had the mass said regularly; went to confession; had an immense crucifix stuck over her bed; and manufactured with her own hands petticoats for male and female saints. Her example was extensively followed by the nobility of the kingdom, and nearly all the leading statesmen, foremost in the number Sir William Cecil, shrewdest of politicians, who not only punctiliously attended to the outward forms of Romanism, but took great pains in gaining the favour of the cardinal legate. The great bulk of the people, meanwhile, with that dumb instinct which distinguishes masses, remained faithful to the dictates of their conscience, instinctively feeling that the storm of persecution would be smothered in its own fury, and that it was far beyond the power of any queen or papal legate to alter the faith of a nation.

The confidence of the people in better times to come was not shared by many of the bolder spirits of the middle and upper classes, who, utterly disgusted with the horrible despotism under which the kingdom was suffering, kept harbouring in their minds ideas of changing the government by revolt. However, the failure of the Wyatt insurrection had furnished clear proof that a rising could not be attempted by the more or less convulsive efforts of a few energetic men unsupported by regular troops; and that it was absolutely

necessary, in order to obtain the latter, to seek some foreign alliance. France naturally suggested itself, as the great power opposed to the queen's husband, and there were not wanting indications that the sovereign of that country would be willing to render the desired aid. Many of those compromised in the Kentish and West of England insurrections, among them Sir Peter Carew himself, the leader of the Devonshire rebels, had fled across the channel, and were received with much friendliness at the court of Henri II., and they, and numbers of religious fugitives which followed, were given to understand that the time would come when a French army would help them to overthrow the throne of the hated queen. The promise was vague; but the chances of its being kept increased greatly on the abdication of Kaiser Charles and the accession of his son. To fight the old lion had been all along tough work for Francis II.; with the accession of Philip, however, his courage rose, and he determined to try one more struggle for supremacy in Italy. A great inducement to it was a new change in the pontificate; Julius III., a rather mild man, submitting willingly to the commands of Spanish generals, had died in 1555, and his successor, Paul IV., or John Peter Caraffa, a fighting priest of wildest ambition, declared himself at once ready to throw the gauntlet to the mighty lord of Italy. The consequence was a secret alliance between France and Rome, for the purpose of humiliating Philip and compel him to loosen his grasp on the fair peninsula. But though neither a general nor a politician, Philip was a good match for both the pope and the king of France, and before they had been well able to agree upon a plan of campaign, he had made preparations for crushing their alliance in the bud. The duke of Alva, greatest of Spanish generals, was sent into Italy as soon as Philip heard of the secret treaty, and, marching an army from Naples towards Rome, at once took the supreme pontiff in his grasp. It now remained only to deal with France, and speculating upon the best mode of annihilating his great antagonist, Philip's thoughts once more reverted to his ancient wife. If she could give him a few stout legions with which to invade the country of his enemy, he fancied he might bear the overwhelming caresses of the haggard old woman for a few weeks, looking upon them as sufferings entailed by war. Roused by these heroic considerations, King Philip set out for the land and the spouse he had hoped never to see again.

Mary was in ecstasy of joy at the news that her beloved husband was coming to her again, and, having gone to meet him, she brought him into London in triumph in March, 1557. His wish to get an English army for the invasion of France was laid at once before the privy council, the queen intimating that she insisted upon war being declared immediately. But the difficulty was to find a cause for war, and there was painful hesitation among Mary's advisers, when an unexpected event cleared all the difficulties. A few of the English refugees in France, more impatient than the rest to deliver their country from the despotism of a mad woman, resolved to attempt an insurrection in the northern counties, and having equipped two small vessels, they sailed from the mouth of the Seine in the middle of April, about three

weeks after the arrival of Philip in London. The leader and soul of the invasion was Sir Thomas Stafford, grandson of the duke of Buckingham, murdered by Henry VIII., who was inspirited to the wild attempt by the notion that his name and illustrious descent would suffice to raise the country in arms. Having induced thirty of his countrymen to follow his fortunes, he landed at Scarborough, surprised the castle, and issued a summons inviting the people to rebellion. But not a soul stirred, and at the end of only two days Stafford and all his companions were seized, carried to London, and duly handed over to the hangman. The affair, unimportant though it was in itself, was sufficient to give Mary the much sought pretext for war, the plea being that it was not so much Sir Thomas Stafford, but King Henri II. who had launched the army of thirty upon the shore of Scarborough. A declaration of hostilities against France was issued immediately, the queen calling her people to arms to punish the perfidy of the foreign invaders. This was all that Philip wanted, and the necessary arrangements for the co-operation of the English troops with his own army having been made, he bid once more farewell to his consort, solemnly promising that he would come back in a very short time. Mary accompanied her husband to Dover, clinging to him with an affection which made him shudder. With burning tears she bid her final adieu on the 6th of July, never to see him again.

The preparations for war with France went on very languidly, notwithstanding the immense exertions made by the queen to raise the greatest possible number of troops. Throughout the country the projected contest was highly unpopular, being looked upon in its true nature, as nothing but a service to a foreign ruler and against the real interest of England. It was evident, moreover, that the kingdom was not in a position for war, all its strength having been and continuing to be wasted in grim internal convulsions, in strife arising from priestly vanity and murder under the guise of religion. After great trouble, Mary got together about five thousand men, who, imperfectly equipped and still more imperfectly trained, were sent to Flanders at the end of July, under the command of the earl of Pembroke. Philip at once incorporated the English soldiers with his own army of fifty thousand—a strange host of adventurers collected from all the corners of Europe, from the straits of Gibraltar to the mouth of the Danube, and from the Alps to the North Sea. Marching straightway from Flanders into Picardy, Philip's troops met with no resistance until they arrived before the fortress of St. Quentin, defended by a small garrison under Admiral Coligny. He could not hope to hold out, but Montmorency, constable of France, was hurrying up to the rescue with twenty thousand men, and on the 10th of August the latter troops, quite unexpectedly, came into contact with the army of Philip. There was a panic on the part of the French, ending in a complete rout, one fourth of them being killed or taken prisoners. The English legion took no part in this battle and victory; nevertheless the queen, at the news of it, ordered a general illumination, and set the priests to walk about the streets with all their flags, banners, and figures. It was a strange proceed-

ing, considering that the pope, whose devout pupil Mary professed herself, was on the side of France, and had openly declared his participation in the struggle against Philip, thereby making it a holy war. To show the queen how deeply she had sinned in thinking more of her husband than of him, Paul IV. at once withdrew the legatine power from Cardinal Pole, thus leaving him to murder only in the name of Canterbury instead of Rome. Mary deeply felt the insult aimed at her dearest friend, and broke forth in indignation. There seemed but little wanting to induce her to give another turn to the wheel by throwing off the supremacy of the pope.

Though not participating in the easy victory against the French, Philip allowed his English allies to do some of the subsequent hard work, and they were ordered to take the fortress of St. Quentin by storm. They accomplished the task, but disgraced themselves by the subsequent sack and plunder of the place, not behind in savage cruelties to the Croats of Philip's army. The loss of St. Quentin greatly alarmed the king of France, and he sent immediate orders to the duke de Guise, who was staying with the bulk of his army in Italy, to return over the Alps, so as to oppose the advance of Philip. The duke obeyed promptly, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the pope to his departure; and striding northward in forced marches arrived at Paris in the beginning of December, ready to stem the advance of the invading Spanish army. It required no great effort for the moment, inasmuch as Philip, notwithstanding the brilliant victory he had obtained before St. Quentin, seemed afraid of moving forward, not trusting either to his own generalship, or to the continued discipline of the crowd of all nations which he was leading into battle. But it was necessary that the valiant army which Guise had brought back with him from Italy should achieve something worth the long march they had undertaken, and at a council of war held at Paris, under the presidency of the king, a new and great enterprise was decided upon. It was nothing less than the conquest of Calais, detached since the year 1347 from the crown of France, and looked upon after the lapse of two centuries and its concomitant changes as part of the realm of England. The rulers of France had never given up entirely the hope of regaining Calais; but its realization seemed vague, for the place was generally held to be impregnable, and being inhabited entirely by an English population, and defended, moreover, by a long line of military strongholds, two of them, Hammes and Guisnes, considered fortresses of the first rank, the mere attempt to take it was looked upon as madness. Nevertheless Henri II. and his able general, after mature deliberation, resolved upon the attempt, fully aware that if ever there was a chance of taking Calais it offered itself at this moment. Never for centuries had England fallen so low as under the priest-ridden government of Mary; never had its noble population been more wretched, its national life been more feeble, its material resources been more neglected, and its very name been more despised among the peoples of Europe. All this was known to the king of France, not only through his political agents, but from the lips of hundreds of brave, intelligent, and chivalric Englishmen who had

fled their country, preferring to eat the bitter bread of exile rather than witness the horrors perpetrated by a mad woman and a team of fanatic priests. Henri saw that now was the time to take Calais—now or never.

The ordinary garrison of Calais consisted of three thousand men, a force not more than sufficient to cover the extended fortifications; but since the accession of Mary it had been gradually reduced, and in December, 1557, when Henri and the duke de Guise were sitting in war council at Paris, the total number of troops was not more than five hundred. Even this handful of men was badly fed and badly paid: the queen's government had no time nor wish to attend to the defenders of the country as long as there were heretics to be burnt. The five hundred troops at Calais were under the command of Lord Wentworth, a brave and efficient commander, who did his best to attend to the wants of his men, and to guard the important place under his charge. From the moment that war had been declared by England against France, his position had become precarious, surrounded as Calais was by French territory and troops infinitely better armed and cared for than his own. He at once applied for reinforcements, for supplies of food and ammunition, but received neither, his urgent letters being scarcely attended to. The queen was too anxious to despatch every soldier she was able to raise to her adored husband, to allow her to think of any other subject; and even when at last Lord Wentworth informed her that positive news had come of an intended attack of the French army upon Calais, her apathy remained the same. The news, however, was but too true. Silently and swiftly the French army under Guise coiled itself around the English territory; its right wing stretched out towards Flanders, to amuse Philip with a simulated attack on some villages in his own dominions, but the left grasping all the more firmly the much-prized jewel on the Straits of Dover. On the morning of the 31st of December, 1557, twenty thousand French troops took up a strong position on the heights between Boulogne and Calais, and on the afternoon of the same day Lord Wentworth despatched one more messenger across the channel with a last piteous cry for help. It was a cry into empty air, and would have been utterly useless, even if not too late. New Year's Day was celebrated by the French in an advance upon Newnham Bridge, the strongest outwork of Calais on the south-west, which they took with little trouble, after which the conquest of the town itself and the inlying fortifications became a question of hours, the small garrison being in the greatest want both of food and ammunition. Guise had made preparations for bringing a number of heavy guns from Boulogne to besiege and bombard the town, but found it quite unnecessary, seeing that bastion after bastion fell into his hands in succession, the stream of his soldiers floating onward almost without opposition. The harbour of Calais and the whole of the sea-side fortifications were taken possession of by the French on the 4th of January, and on the 6th they stormed the castle, barely escaping the tremendous danger of a powder train, laid for their destruction, but which had been made useless by damp. There

now remained nothing for Wentworth and his handful of men but to lay down their arms, the French commander promising to allow all the inhabitants of Calais to retire to England, on condition of leaving their property behind, and to retain only fifty men of the garrison as prisoners of war. The neighbouring fortresses of Guisnes and Hammes, connected with Calais by a line of towers and earthworks, were captured after a short resistance, and with them was lost the last foot of soil which England possessed in France. To gain Calais, the English spent eleven months in the most obstinate siege, under King Edward III.; to lose Calais, only a week was required under Queen Mary.

Mary's subjects looked upon the loss of Calais as a national misfortune. The indignation at the receipt of the news was boundless, extinguishing for the moment even the thoughts of the priestly massacres still going on uninterruptedly. Even the queen was roused from her sullen lethargy, and consented to give orders for the immediate gathering of an army to reconquer Calais. In little more than a week, thirty thousand men rushed to the Kentish ports, and all the merchant vessels on the coast having been forcibly seized, the expedition set sail towards the middle of January. But there was more enthusiasm than seamanship among the excited invaders, and a gale of wind which arose when they were half way across the channel scattered their fleet in all directions, covering the shore with wrecks from Dover to the mouth of the Thames. Mary did not look upon this disaster from a nautical point of view, but considered it as a judgment of God. There were still heretics in her realm, and till every one was burnt she could never hope to propitiate the favour of heaven. Fresh instructions were sent to the inquisitors, now spread over the whole country, to be more energetic in their labours, and the order was obeyed with great zeal. Cardinal Pole took the lead by burning Protestants all around Canterbury Cathedral, and Bishop Bonner displayed greater activity than ever in putting the rack to work and keeping the flames alive in his diocese of London. The murder of single heretics taking up too much valuable time, men and women were driven to the stake in crowds, the bodies of some serving as faggots for the others. Many of the more daring Protestants had come to hold secret prayer-meetings, which furnished a never-failing supply to the flames of the bishop of London. On one occasion Bonner got thirteen men at a swoop, and trying seven of them at once, sent them to Smithfield the day after. There arose a tumult, however, when the burning took place, and the bishop, to prevent the recurrence of similar scenes, and fearing somewhat for his own valuable life, left London in all haste, dragging his six remaining prisoners after him. At his country residence at Fulham the prelate drew breath, and at once proceeded to go through the forms of condemnation, surrounded by all the comforts of his private home. The ceremony having been accomplished, the six heretics were led to Brentford, and there burnt in the darkness of the night.

Soon after the fall of Calais rumours of a French invasion spread all over England, and a parliament was called together to advise on the defences of the

country. The lords made fine speeches, and the commons voted large sums of money to raise an army; but the people looked on sullenly, as if doubtful whether the rule of the French king would not be preferable to that of Romish priests. General musters of the population were ordered to take place throughout the kingdom, yet they only served to show the utter dislike, amounting to abhorrence, felt for the government. In Devonshire, Lincoln, and other counties, the musters ended in mutinies, and though the ring-leaders were hanged immediately, the disaffection was visibly spreading in wider and wider circles. The feeling of the people was expressed by Sir Thomas Smith, a good Catholic and former friend of Gardiner, who exclaimed, "Here is nothing but firing, heading, hanging, quartering, and burning, taxing, and levying: a few priests in white rochets rule all." There was some show now as if priestly rule was driving the nation into final revolutionary exasperation; but before the symptoms got far developed, a widespread report subdued all into sudden quietness and resignation. When the leaves were falling from the trees, in the autumn of 1558, every man, woman, and child in England knew that the queen was dying. She was murdering still, but the work was getting weaker and weaker, her priestly hangmen seemingly pausing, in consideration of the setting and the rising sun. Up to the preceding spring Mary had continued impressing herself with the belief that she was going to be a mother—a mother destined, like the Virgin, to bring forth a miraculous child, endowed with supernatural wisdom, strength, and beauty. All these heavenly hopes vanished finally in the conviction that she was dying of dropsy. On the 6th of October her state had become alarming, and the members of the privy council were called together "for great and urgent affairs;" they resolved to despatch an envoy to Philip to inform him that the days of his consort were numbered. Towards the end of October the report was rife through London that the queen had expired, but that her death was kept secret; and to show her subjects that she was still alive, a number of heretics were sent to the stake. Cardinal Pole, though seized by mortal malady like the queen, delivered with his own hands five persons over to the flames at the beginning of November. The five Protestants, three men and two women, were burnt alive in sight of Canterbury Cathedral—the last martyrs killed on English soil by Romish priests. A fortnight later both queen and cardinal had gone to account to God for all the murders they had committed in the name of religion.

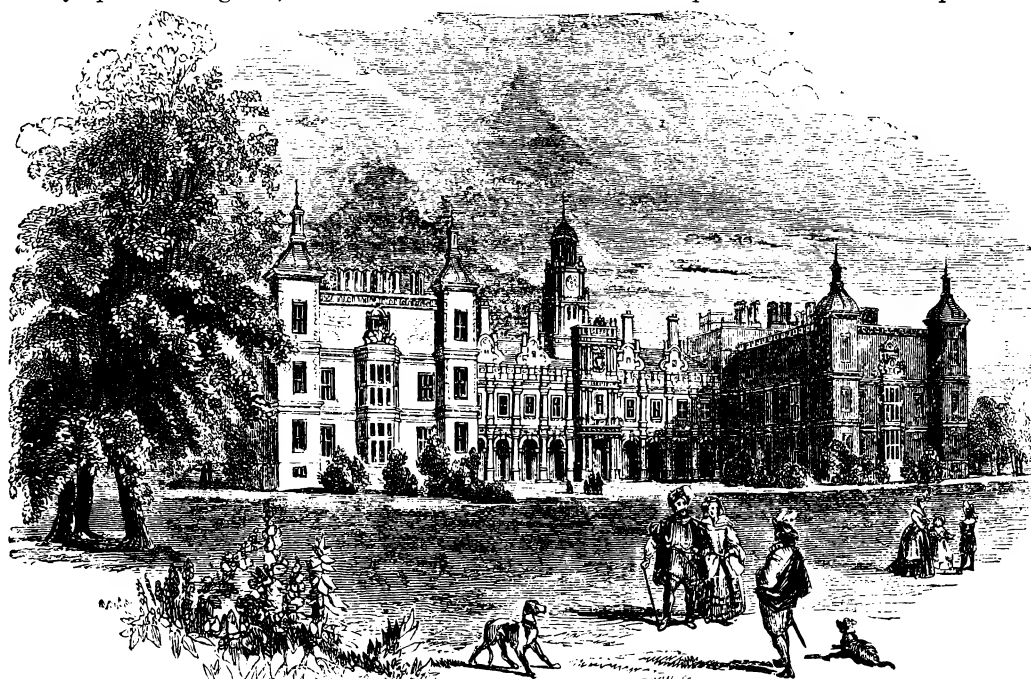
Mary expired on the morning of the 17th of November, and Cardinal Pole in the evening of the same day. A week before her death a special ambassador from Philip, count de Feria, arrived, and was at once ushered into the presence of the queen. It was no useless sentimentality which brought the envoy over from the Netherlands, but a simple matter of business. Philip was once more thinking of his old scheme of marrying Princess Elizabeth: the English soldiers in his service had proved splendid fighting animals, and it seemed good policy to retain such a fine lot of fellows for storming fortresses, at no higher sacrifice than that of taking a rather good-looking young woman for

wife. Count de Feria's business, therefore, was to desire the queen to appoint Elizabeth as her successor, which she did without a murmur. All the love of her life had been concentrated upon the one man, her husband, and even in her dying hour she kept crouching at his feet in mute submission. With faltering lips she whispered that she was "well content" to see her sister upon the throne—hated sister, secret heretic, certain to undo the great work of her reign in a day. The important declaration having been obtained before witnesses, the gallant count troubled himself no more about Mary, but set out at once to greet Princess Elizabeth. Philip had left a splendid casket of jewels behind him at Hampton Court which Elizabeth had once admired, and taking this with him, he hastened to the residence of the princess, at Hatfield, near St. Albans, and offering it on his knees, informed her that it was through the exertions of his master that her accession to the throne had been secured. Elizabeth smiled graciously upon Philip's envoy, and her smile brightened on seeing the whole court of the queen following him to her humble dwelling. Nobles, ministers, privy councillors, chamberlains, and ladies of honour, came hurrying up, in one long stream, from St. James's Palace to Hatfield House to worship the rising star. Mary was left alone in the chamber of death, with only a few priests at her pillow, half inclined to run to Hatfield likewise. Thus the queen kept lying from the 10th to the 16th of November, abandoned by all earthly grandeur, with no sound but that of plaintive prayers ringing in her ear. Soon after midnight, mass was celebrated at her couch, and she received extreme unction; at the lifting up of the host, her head fell back upon the pillow. For a moment the priests gazed at the cold clay of Mary, queen of England, and then fled.

SECTION V.

ELIZABETH.

THE quiet manor-house of Bishop's Hatfield, an ancient demesne of the abbots of Ely, was a scene of wild excitement on Wednesday, the 16th of November, 1558. An immense crowd of glittering nobles and courtiers kept swarming about the dingy brick building, anxious to obtain a glance from the young woman of twenty-five, recently a prisoner in the Tower, who had taken up her residence here. Late in the day the excitement grew to its height, the news having arrived that Queen Mary had breathed her last in the lonely death-room at St. James's Palace, and that the supreme power of the realm had fallen to the young mistress of Hatfield manor-house. "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" shouted the first who heard the report; and all the crowd of courtiers repeated as with one voice, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" But Elizabeth did not respond to the cry. There was a very old head on the shoulders of the young lady of twenty-five, and its wisdom had not been impaired by the lessons of the Tower school. Before acknowledging in any way the loud acclamations which greeted her as queen, she cautiously tried to discover her legal right to the title, and for this purpose held a long and anxious conference with her private friends. The chief of these, and most trusted of her advisers, Sir William Cecil, had gone to London a week before to look after her interests there, and had sent no report as yet of the death of Mary; so that it was necessary to look upon the rumour of the latter event with great suspicion. Burning though she was with impatience to reach the pinnacle of all her hopes and desires,



HATFIELD HOUSE.

Elizabeth affected outward indifference ; however, on the proposition of her friends, she consented that one of them, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, should proceed with speed to St. James's Palace, to find out whether Queen Mary was yet breathing. Mary had her spies upon Elizabeth, but Elizabeth also had her spies upon Mary ; and Sir Nicholas was instructed to place himself in communication with one of the ladies of the royal bedchamber, and to tell her to give him a black enamelled ring, a present of Philip's, which never left the finger of the queen, as soon as she was dead, and as a token of it. Night had fallen in before this had been arranged ; but Throckmorton lost not a moment's time ; and, saddling his horse before the rising dawn, rode off in full speed to London. When bestriding his horse, Queen Mary was still breathing, her heavy eyes fixed upon the cross at the foot of her couch, and her hand grasping, in death agony, the black enamelled ring.

When Sir Nicholas galloped into London it was full daylight, and the bells of all the churches were ringing, and all the streets were crowded with groups of people, talking, and giving vent to their feelings in joyous exclamations. Quick as Sir Nicholas had been in the service of his mistress, Sir William Cecil had been quicker. Cecil had priests as well as bedchamber ladies in his service, and being well paid, the holy men served him well. Within five minutes after the queen's death he knew of it ; and within an hour after he had issued a proclamation to the people, had changed the guards of the Tower, had given orders to close the ports of the kingdom, had charged the Wardens of the Marches to watch the northern border, had formed a new privy council, and had assumed the supreme government of the realm in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Before Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had time to get his ring, a deputation of the privy council, despatched by Cecil, was on its way to Hatfield House, to inform Elizabeth of all the measures that had been taken for the security of her throne, and to entreat her to remain quiet for a few days longer, leaving the direction of affairs in the hands of her trusted friends. The queen at once consented, seeing the wisdom of the council, and confiding in the councillors. Of all the high qualities of the daughter of Anne Boleyn, her highest as a ruler, the capacity of selecting fit servants, now showed itself for the first time. The young queen of twenty-five saw, what her predecessors in power had failed to see, that Sir William Cecil was the first of living statesmen ; and strong with this knowledge, she determined to employ him, and to trust him, although his past career scarcely invited such trust. Having served in turn Somerset and Northumberland, and offered to serve Gardiner and Pole ; having exhibited himself as a staunch Protestant under the protector's rule, and professed Roman Catholicism during the sway of the papal legate, whose favour he tried hard to win, it required some courage to have confidence in Cecil. Elizabeth had this courage, not only because she had faith in his high abilities as a statesman, but because she understood the bent of his outwardly-wavering and inwardly-steadfast career. Her mind was cast in the same mould as that of the man she trusted. Ambition was the ruling power in both, before which

all else had to disappear ; and here were two ambitions which strictly supplemented each other. Cecil was as necessary to Elizabeth as Elizabeth was to Cecil, and both he and she were fully aware of the fact—a fact constituting the basis and substance of the reign of the greatest of English queens.

Cecil's first care, after he had seen to the security of the throne of his young mistress, and become convinced that her succession would be undisputed, was to look to the mainspring of all good government, finance. He found the public accounts in the most frightful confusion, the crown deeply indebted to Flemish Jews and Lombard Street usurers, and not a coin in the royal exchequer. To raise money for her immediate expenditure, Mary had been signing bonds even on her death-bed ; the two last "bills of hand" her trembling fingers had left uncompleted, and being found on the table near the dead queen's couch, the attendants had made use of them for "curing the corpse." It was with an involuntary shudder that Cecil observed these ghastly parchments, the sight of which was enough to beget the resolution of breaking the ties which bound the crown of England to foreign Jews. Investigating the subject, he discovered that more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, bearing interest and compound interest at fourteen and fifteen per cent., were due immediately to Hebrew usurers of Antwerp and Amsterdam, and to pay off this dishonourable debt was clearly the most urgent measure which the new government had to take in hand. Cecil put himself at once in communication with Thomas Gresham, to take the advice of the great city merchant on the financial position of the government ; and the result of their discussion was the determination to submit the whole matter at once to the young queen. Accordingly, on Friday, the 18th, the day after Mary's death, Cecil took the city merchant to Hatfield House, and the two had a long conference with Elizabeth, at the end of which Gresham, with business-like speed, at once departed for Antwerp—great centre of capital and capitalists. Cecil also returned to London, but went again to Hatfield the next day, the flow of courtiers and aspiring politicians towards the old manor-house having become so overwhelming as to make the continued private life of the queen an utter impossibility. It was arranged, therefore, by Cecil, that she should forthwith assume the reins of government, and take the oaths of allegiance of the new members of the privy council.

On Sunday, the 20th of November, the quaint old hall of Hatfield manor-house was thronged by a more brilliant assembly than was ever seen within its walls. Ranged on the rush-strewn floor in one dense mass stood the flower of the English nobility and deputies from all the great towns in the kingdom, the gaze of all riveted on the young lady, who, with flowing red locks and brilliant blue eyes, affable in demeanour, yet proudly conscious of her high position, was filling an arm-chair at the upper end of the hall. Cecil first approached the improvised throne, and bending his knee, took the oaths as secretary of state. Then, amidst dead silence, Elizabeth addressed the counsellor and friend whom she had chosen as chief guide on the perilous heights of absolute, uncontrolled power



ELIZABETH'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

"I give you this charge," she exclaimed, graciously inclining her head to Cecil, "that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best: and if you shall know anything necessary to be declared unto me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and may assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein." After Cecil had taken the oaths of allegiance, the members of the privy council whom he had appointed were sworn in. Their functions, as Elizabeth's speech clearly told them, were subordinate; however, she softened the hardships of crushed ambition by gracious compliments and still more gracious smiles. Even for those not destined to enjoy the sweets of office she had many kind and hopeful words. "I shall accept for my council," she exclaimed, addressing the crowd of courtiers and nobles, who had shown their anxiety for preferment by hurrying to Hatfield while St. James's Palace was still tenanted by a living queen, "I shall accept for my council you of my nobility, and such others of you the rest as in consultation I shall think meet, and shortly appoint; to the which also I will join to their aid, and for ease of their burden, others meet for my service: and they which I shall not appoint, let them not think the same for any disability in them, but for that I consider a multitude doth make rather discord and confusion than good counsel. And of good will you shall not doubt, using yourselves as appertaineth to good and loving subjects." Words like these, from the lips of an amiable and good-looking young lady, could scarcely fail their effect, so that even the disappointed courtiers to whom the pilgrimage to Bishop's Hatfield had brought no fruit, kept crying as heartily as ever, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!"

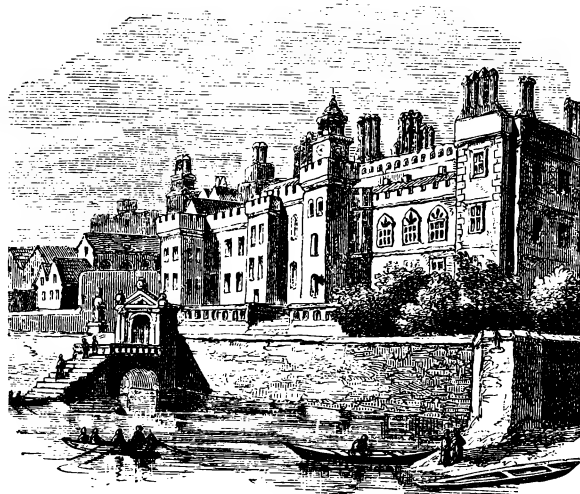
Three days after her reception in the old manor-hall, on Wednesday, the 23rd of November, Elizabeth set out on her progress to London. Her train consisted of more than a thousand persons, and kept growing as she went along, until it reached the dimensions of a vast army. The acclamations of the multitudes lining the road from Hatfield to the metropolis were genuine expressions of joy, the people feeling instinctively that the black nightmare of priestly government was being dissolved at the advent of this young queen, whose radiant looks alone proclaimed the rule of peace upon earth. All were yearning for the reign of peace, except the handful of mad fanatics who had kept up the work of murder within the past five years, and most of whom now shrank back into that obscurity from which they had arisen on the invasion of popery. There were some, however, bold enough to show their face even now that the dark shadow had fled from the land; among them the bishop of London, chief of the priestly bloodhounds. On the approach of Elizabeth, Bonner, with a number of other prelates, set out to greet her, and they fell in with the royal cavalcade at the top of Highgate, nigh to the spot where the London bishops had their toll-gate for fleecing the commerce flowing along the great north road. The queen greeted all the ecclesiastical

dignitaries in the most friendly manner, permitting them to kiss her hand; but, to exhibit her sentiments against Bonner the more strongly, would not even let him approach. As yet Elizabeth had not declared by a single word or public act whether she meant to conform to the Protestant faith in which she had been educated, or to the Roman Catholic creed which she had professed of late. But her reception of the loathed prelate who held the see of London at once showed, and was intended to show, that the faggots should cease to burn, and priestly hangmen should cease to flourish within the dominions over which she had come to rule. The mute declaration was fully understood by the people; and at her entry into the city the first present offered to Elizabeth was a Bible, with the open text of the Epistle to the Corinthians, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The solemn entry of the queen into her capital did not take place till Monday, the 28th of November, after she had spent nearly a week at the Charter-house, the town residence of Cecil's friend, Lord North. One quality at least Elizabeth had inherited from her royal father, the love of pomp and of fine dresses, and she absolutely refused exhibiting herself before her faithful subjects until the proper trappings for the show had been prepared. But the time occupied by tailors and upholsterers was not lost, for there were daily meetings of the privy council at the Charter-house, presided over invariably by Elizabeth, who did not fail thereby to convince her ministers that, fond as she was of pleasure, she did not mean to forget amidst the vanities of the world the hard labours of government. These were only suspended for the day of her entry into the city, when the good people of London had the satisfaction of gazing upon an accumulation of splendours such as their eyes had not beheld for very many years. Elizabeth left the Charter-house on the eventful Monday morning in a magnificent chariot, gilded from top to bottom, and drawn by prancing steeds behung all over with silks, pearls, and cloth of gold. Thus she proceeded slowly by the outer walls of the city, along the Barbican, until arrived at Cripplegate, where the lord mayor and aldermen in their glaring scarlet mantles were waiting, with ever-ready loyalty, to receive their new sovereign. Elizabeth here mounted a prancing horse, and dressed in a splendid robe of purple velvet, with the blue ribbon of the Garter across her shoulder, rode forward to the royal residence in the Tower. Right in front of the queen was the earl of Pembroke—bearer of the title once worn by Elizabeth's mother—carrying the sword of state, and close at her side rode Lord Robert Dudley, stared at by many curious eyes, it being whispered that he was something more to his royal mistress than his position as master of the horse would indicate. But whatever remarks were made by slanderous tongues, they were drowned by the volleys of enthusiastic shouts with which the queen was greeted all along the road from Cripplegate to the Tower. The exultation of the multitude was repaid by smiles and curtsies without end, which served to heighten loyal feelings to such an extent as almost to put a stop to the progress of the fair bearer of the crown. Slowly and

more slowly the procession pushed its way onward, up Leadenhall and Gracechurch Streets, till the entrance of Mark Lane, where popular enthusiasm had risen into frenzy, forming itself into an effectual barricade. But after a short delay the glittering train began to move on anew, the booming guns of the Tower accompanying in deep bass the treble of bursting loyalty. In Mark Lane and Tower Street, Elizabeth had to listen to long speeches, not at all in proportion to the hours of a short November day; however, she smiled at her faithful lieges more lovingly than ever, giving undeniable proof of having studied the business of royalty to perfection. At length the immense procession reached the Tower, strangest of royal palaces, and more strange and momentous to Elizabeth than to any sovereign that ever entered its gates. But the queen did not seem particularly affected on riding, in all the pomp and glory of majesty, within the dark walls on which the blood of her mother had trickled, and which had been very near becoming her own tomb. Like most women of great intellect, Elizabeth had but shallow feelings and a barren imagination. The sight of the glittering sword of state, carried before her by the earl of Pembroke, extinguished all dreams of the glittering axe which severed the head of Anne Boleyn, marchioness of Pembroke.

Elizabeth remained a week at the Tower, and on the 5th of December removed to the splendid palace which the Protector had built for himself in the



SOMERSET HOUSE.

Strand, called after him Somerset House. Both here and at the Tower there were daily meetings of the privy council, presided over by the queen, at which questions of the gravest import had to be decided. The depth of misery and anarchy into which the kingdom had fallen under the rule of the priests was so great that immediate efforts were required to relieve it; and Cecil, fully aware of the state of affairs, did not fail to inspire his royal mistress, as well as his colleagues in the council, with all the energy required for the occasion. One of the most burning questions of the moment, absolutely admitting of no

delay, was the foreign policy of England. Mary and Philip had embarked the country in a war with France, which was not only opposed to its best interests, but had led to the loss of Calais, looked upon by all as a public disgrace; and the immense difficulty before Cecil now was to re-establish peace, and at the same time to satisfy the national honour. France had become so strong and England so weak, that to regain Calais by force of arms was an absolute impossibility; and all that remained, therefore, was to obtain in the diplomatic field what could not be got in the field of battle. Cecil lost not a day in opening negotiations with the king of France as well as with Philip, both of whom had been trying to settle matters between them previous to the death of Mary, and the result was the meeting of peace commissioners at Cateau Cambresis, a small town in the north of France, close to the Flemish frontier. It was quite clear that all the eloquence in the world which the English ambassadors might bring into the proceedings here would be utterly lost as long as Philip and Henri II. should combine to oppose them, and Cecil's policy consequently was to divide the interest of these two sovereigns by holding out separate proposals of alliance to each. However, as there was nothing in substance to offer to the French king, not even money, the secret negotiations with him soon fell to the ground, and all efforts for obtaining a honourable peace, and, if possible, get back Calais, had to be concentrated in fostering the goodwill of Philip towards England, or rather the fair sovereign of England. Philip was not at all unwilling to become protector of both the queen and her realm, but he assumed a haughty air, wishing to be wooed rather than to become a wooer. This exactly suited the purposes of Cecil, who did not cease to ply Philip's ambassador with fair speeches about the affection of the queen for his master, and the gratitude which she felt for his past services. Elizabeth herself did not hesitate to assist actively in befooling the noble envoy of the king of Spain, although the immediate consequence was a vast amount of arrogance and even insolence on his part. But the queen's smiles and fair words took full effect upon the negotiations at Cateau Cambresis, and it was too late the son of Kaiser Charles discovered that he was no match either in the arts of diplomacy or of love-making for the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

After a week's sojourn at Somerset House, the queen interrupted the even tenour of her life of hard work by another little show. She buried her sister. A gorgeous funeral procession passed into Westminster Abbey on the 13th of December, and the body of Mary having been deposited in the chapel of Henry VII. with all the rites and solemnities of the Roman Catholic church, the queen, who figured as chief mourner, sat down to listen to a Latin sermon delivered by Dr. White, successor of Gardiner in the see of Winchester. The sermon, nominally a eulogy of the deceased sovereign of England, contained in reality the manifesto of the papal party, and, having been prepared in great secrecy by the Romish prelates, fell startling upon the ear of Elizabeth. Dr. White, after lavishing the greatest praises on the late queen for having established the supremacy of the church of

Rome, addressed himself directly to her successor, lecturing her upon the well-known text, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience." Though not given to quote the Scriptures, the bishop of Winchester, like most of his Roman Catholic brethren, made use of them when it suited his purpose, and the text of St. Paul was too good for Dr. White to leave him to hesitate extracting nourishment from it. He added to the zest by informing the queen that though he had loved her predecessor much better, he had a certain regard for her; "for," exclaimed the worthy prelate, "*melior est canis vivus leone mortuo*"—better is a living dog than a dead lion. This was too much of a joke for Elizabeth, and her patience not standing the trial of being called a dog, even in Latin, she gave orders for the arrest of the bishop, as soon as he had descended from the pulpit. The prelate, a thorough fanatic, and thoroughly in earnest, hurled defiance at the queen, threatening her with excommunication, which had the effect of softening her anger by making her inclined to laugh. Though not a very earnest Protestant, Elizabeth felt terribly sceptic about priestly thunders.

Although both Cecil and the queen felt visible hesitation to declare themselves in regard to the great question of religion sooner than absolutely necessary, and before the civil administration of the kingdom had been established on a new and powerful basis, it soon became evident that the subject allowed no long postponement, uppermost as it was in all men's minds. The ultra Protestant party, taking it for granted that the sympathies of the queen were with them, which was not by any means the case, began the agitation by turning some of the most fanatic of the Roman Catholic priests from their churches, destroying the images, and prohibiting mass; and the movement, once commenced, gradually spread in larger and larger circles, fanned chiefly by the ardour of a number of Protestant refugees, who had sought an asylum on the continent during the reign of Mary, and had come back imbued with strongly Calvinistic doctrines and all the zeal of martyrs. Elizabeth, whose religious convictions, weak on the whole, were inclined rather to Catholicism than to Calvinism, made mien to punish the disturbers of peace, but was retained by Cecil, who more clearly understood the current of events. Fully appreciating the great fact that the overwhelming majority of the nation was Protestant at heart, and had become still more so by the lasting effects of Romish persecution, Cecil, looking upon the subject entirely from a political point of view, saw the necessity of leaving some freedom to the religious movement, and even encouraging it as conducive to the welfare of the state. The queen, who believed in majorities quite as much as her prime minister, had nothing to oppose to the arguments of Cecil; and after the injudicious attack upon her by the bishop of Winchester, which deeply hurt her vanity, she showed herself quite prepared to throw the gauntlet to the priesthood. An incident following immediately after, of not much importance in itself, though grave in its consequences, served further to exasperate the queen, whereupon she hesitated no longer, and finally and for ever threw off the bonds of Rome.

Among the envoys sent abroad by Cecil to notify Elizabeth's accession to the throne, was Sir Edward Carne, who had been instructed to convey the news to Pope Paul IV., as one of the sovereigns with whom the court of England was in diplomatic relations. The embassy was a simple matter of princely etiquette, and the sovereign of the Roman states, temporal as well as spiritual ruler, might have taken it as such under ordinary circumstances: and ought to have taken it as such, if consulting his own true interests. But Paul IV. was altogether a strange and wayward being, peevish and petulant like a child, although past eighty, and full of fancies about the almightiness of the church, while he himself was in the clutches of a Spanish army, and his eyes were looking every day at the ruins left by the sack of Rome. When Sir Edward Carne called upon him, Paul was in one of his exalted moods, and to the polite notification that Queen Elizabeth had ascended the throne of England and of Ireland, he replied that England and Ireland were fiefs of the papal see, that no sovereign could assume the crown without his consent, and that his order was that Elizabeth should lay down the sceptre immediately, and await his further decision. There was more bluster to the same effect, and senseless as it was, coming from a tottering old man verging towards second childhood, and whose power was not sufficient to drive a Spanish grenadier from his own door step, the careful diplomatist despatched by Cecil reported home every word of it, not forgetting to state the reiterated assertion of the pontiff of Elizabeth being a bastard. This was more than the queen could be expected to forgive, and, ordering Cecil to recall his envoy immediately from the papal court, she at once resolved upon her own course of retaliation. Up to this time Elizabeth had regularly attended mass in her private chapel, observing all the ceremonies of the church of Rome; she now proclaimed her secession from it, in a manner which, if not queen-like, was extremely woman-like. On Christmas Day she went to her closet in great state, magnificently attired, and surrounded by her whole court, prepared, to all appearances, to attend the high festival of the church in the usual manner. But suddenly, when the Gospel was concluded, and the bishop of Carlisle was preparing to celebrate high mass, the queen arose and grandly swept out of the chapel, and the whole court following her example, as in duty bound, the poor prelate was left with uplifted hands in front of the altar, stunned by surprise, wondering whether the ceiling would fall down upon him, or the earth open to swallow him alive. It was thus Elizabeth seceded from the church of Rome.

The secession of the people of England, after the same simple and highly dramatic fashion, was clearly not possible, and Cecil, therefore, had to summon a parliament to undertake the work. The faithful commons of England were so well accustomed to begin a new reign by repealing all the statutes passed in the preceding one, that not the slightest difficulty was apprehended in once more reversing the wheels of state policy; and the due preparations having been made, writs for the elections were issued in the first days of 1559. But preceding the opening of parliament, Elizabeth resolved to go through the ceremony

of coronation, so as to add to her own popularity by a renewed employ of those little artifices of royalty which she had so well mastered, and of the skilful use of which she was thoroughly conscious. The grand ceremony was fixed to take place on the 15th of January, a Sunday; and the day before, the queen, according to ancient custom, went in state from the Tower to Westminster to show herself to her loving subjects. Having spent the early hours of the day in making several new lords, among them Sir Henry Carey, nephew of Anne Boleyn, elevated to the peerage as Lord Hunsdon, she set out from the Tower at two in the afternoon, in a chariot covered with crimson velvet, over which was borne a gold-embroidered canopy held by knights and barons. The streets were crowded with people throughout the whole course of the procession, and Elizabeth distributed her smiles and loving words in such profusion as to surpass herself as a royal actress. The good citizens of London went mad with joy on witnessing the grace and condescension of their royal mistress. As reported by the old chronicler, Holinshed, who was an eye witness of the splendid show of which the queen was the centre and soul, "When the people made the air ring with praying to God for her prosperity, she thanked them with exceeding liveliness both of countenance and voice, and wished neither prosperity nor safety to herself which might not be for their common good. As she passed by the companies of the city, standing in their homes, she took particular knowledge of them, and graced them with many witty formalities of speech. She diligently both observed and commended such devices as were presented to her, and to that end sometimes caused her coach to stand still, sometimes to be removed to places of best advantage for hearing and for sight, and in the mean time fairly entreated the people to be silent. And when she understood not the meaning of any representation, or could not perfectly hear some speeches that were made, she caused the same to be declared unto her. When the recorder of the city presented to her a purse of crimson satin, very richly and curiously wrought, and therein a thousand marks in gold, with request that she would continue a gracious mistress to the city, she answered that she was bound in natural obligation so to do, not for their gold but for their good wills, and that, as they had been at great expense of treasure that day to honour her passage, so all the days of her life she would be ready to expend not only her treasure, but the dearest drops of her blood to maintain and increase their flourishing state." It was clearly impossible to carry the high art of queenship to greater perfection.

There was a curious difficulty in proceeding to the coronation of Elizabeth. No prelate could be found to perform that sacred function, save the queen's chaplain, the bishop of Carlisle, and he had no proper garments. Cardinal Pole had left—for various reasons, chiefly for not being able to find a sufficient number of zealots—more than one half of the bishoprics untenanted, and the ultra-fanatics in office had shown themselves so hostile to the queen, that their services could not well be asked. Of all the bishops, Dr. Oglethorpe, the tenant of the see of Carlisle, was alone willing to undertake the coronation business; but he,

too, justly offended with the queen for having disturbed his service on Christmas Day, would only do it under the condition of the coronation taking place with all the rites of the Roman Catholic church. This was consented to by Elizabeth, with the little compromise that he should read the Gospel and Epistle in English as well as in Latin. However, the arrangement left the greater difficulty untouched. Poor Dr. Oglethorpe had got no clothes, and the queen had got no money wherewith to buy them. Gresham's financial embassy was proving rather resultless at the beginning, both the Jews and Christians of Antwerp being unwilling to part with their cash on the mere security of fair words, and there being no chance of a rise in English credit abroad as long as the twenty per cent. loans remained unpaid, and the queen's government was not established on a much firmer footing than that of her predecessor. In this emergency, nothing remained but to borrow the proper episcopal costume for the coronation, and Dr. Bonner of London was prevailed upon to cede his robes for a day to the bishop of Carlisle. The foul murders of the great priestly hangman had stained his soul only, and not his vestments, else might they have been unfit to figure at a queen's coronation.

The great ceremony was gone through with all the pomp and glitter usual on the occasion. Elizabeth, clad in a mantle of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, walked majestically from Westminster Hall into the abbey, taking her seat on a chair of state at the high altar. Having said the Lord's Prayer and taken the coronation oath, the bishop of Carlisle proceeded to anoint her, while she was kneeling upon cushions, with a cloth spread over her costly velvet mantle to prevent its being stained. The latter precaution was necessary, for poor Dr. Oglethorpe had bought cheap oil, which, as her majesty told her attendants immediately after, "was like grease, and smelled ill." However, cheap or dear, the oil did its duty, and Elizabeth having, like a true woman, examined her crimson velvet, and seen that it had not suffered under the process, she went behind a screen near the altar, and had her dress changed for the final part of the ceremony. Reappearing before the vast multitude assembled in the abbey, she stood forth in a mantle of cloth of gold, ermine-lined, with a belt across her shoulder, and a long sword dangling at her side. The bishop next placed the regal crown on her head and the sceptre into her hand, and the remaining formalities having been accomplished, Elizabeth returned to Westminster Hall, to sit down to a joyous banquet, in the midst of her nobles and courtiers. When all were feasting, the champion of England, Sir Edward Dymock, came riding into the hall in full armour, and, throwing down his iron gauntlet, challenged all the world to fight him in defence of the right of "the most high and mighty princess, our dread sovereign, Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith; most worthy empress from the Orcaide Isles to the mountains Pyreneae." There was nobody to reply to the challenge; and having vainly waited for some minutes, Sir Edward Dymock swung down from his prancing steed, put his gauntlet into his pocket, and sat down

at the table among the other guests, fulfilling, to the best of his power, his duties as champion of England.

It was intended to open parliament on the 23rd of January, but the queen having caught a bad cold at her coronation, the opening had to be postponed for two days. On Wednesday, the 25th, Elizabeth went to parliament in person, received with more enthusiasm than ever by the crowds which met her on the road. The queen having taken her seat on the throne, the royal speech was read by Sir Nicholas Bacon, a friend of Cecil, and appointed by him lord chancellor in place of Dr. Heath, archbishop of York, who had held the seals under Mary. Parliament was informed, in the opening address, that the queen was firmly determined to carry on the government of the realm for the good of the people, without the least regard to her own private interests, nothing being so dear to her as the love and affection of her subjects. After dwelling for some length upon this point, as pleasant to the ears of the parliamentary representatives of the nation as to the mob of London, the speech went to discuss the important question of finance. The queen communicated to her faithful commons the fact that enormous debts were owing abroad, with "biting interest," and that money was greatly wanting both to pay off these debts and to place the country in a proper position for defence against internal as well as external foes. There was an outspoken conviction as to England having sunk very low among the nations of the world, having become, in fact, a mere "ragged state torn by misgovernment;" nevertheless, the queen expressed the strongest hopes that with the assistance of the estates of the realm, she would soon be able to restore it to its former high place. "Her highness," the lord chancellor concluded, more and more fervent upon the great subject of the royal speech, the call for money, "her highness has commanded me to say, that were it not for the preservation of your own selves and the surety of the state, she would rather have adventured her own life than troubled you. And albeit you yourselves see that this is no matter of will, no matter of displeasure, no private cause of her own, but for the defence of our country, and the preservation of every private man's home and family, her majesty's pleasure is that nothing shall be demanded of her loving subjects but that which they, of their own free liberality, be contented frankly and freely to offer: so great is the trust and confidence that she reposeth in them, and the love and affection that she bears towards them." The address was greeted with all the applause it deserved, for scarcely ever before had the lords and commons of England listened to such a coaxing speech from the throne.

The queen's confidence in the "free liberality" of her loving subjects was fully realised in the grant of the most bountiful supplies. Without hesitation, and almost without discussion, the commons voted forthwith two fifteenths and tenths, half-a-crown in the pound on all personal property, and four shillings in the pound on the rents of land. On the demand of Cecil, the act was made to include all persons in the realm, spiritual as well as temporal, whereby a most significant change was introduced, the clergy having hitherto undertaken to tax themselves in convocation.

The passing of this clause proved at once that the representatives of the people would not show the least hesitation to sweep overboard the whole of the statutes bearing upon religion which had been passed in the last reign, if but the executive asked them to do so. Accordingly, a number of bills, placing the ecclesiastical government of the kingdom upon very nearly the same footing on which it had been in the reign of Edward VI., were brought in by Cecil, and passed without other opposition than that of the bishops and a few zealous Roman Catholic lords. The first and most important of these statutes, called "an act restoring to the crown the ancient jurisdiction over the state ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all foreign power repugnant to the same," swept away, in a few words, the whole structure of papal power which Mary and Cardinal Pole had built up in the fires of persecution, to last, they vainly fancied, to the end of time. It was enacted by one of the clauses of the new statute that all bishops and archbishops, judges, doctors of law, ministers, and officers under government should make a statement upon oath, declaring "that the queen's highness is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other her highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal." The punishment set upon the non-obedience of this law was comparatively mild, consisting only in fines and imprisonment for short periods; and it was ordered, moreover, that the commissioners who might be appointed by the crown to watch over the carrying out of the statute, and to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the place of refractory bishops and priests, should adjudge no other matters to be heresy but such as were declared to be so by Holy Scripture. The same spirit of moderation prevailed all the other laws passed for the change of the national religion; and though many of the members of the lower house showed themselves much inclined to go further, they were not allowed to do so, care being taken throughout to check the rushing tide of anti-papal reaction. Elizabeth, no more than her great minister, forgot arithmetic over religion. They knew that the vast majority of the people of England were Protestants, but they did not become oblivious, therefore, of the fact that a strong and active minority remained Roman Catholics. Undeniably, there was wisdom in arithmetic.

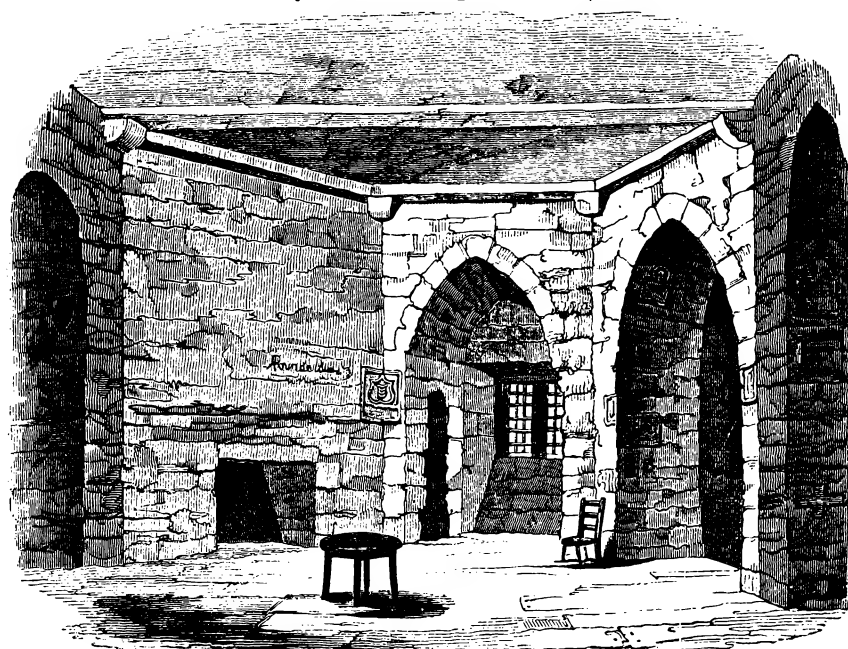
The extreme anxiety of the representatives of the people to please the queen in everything, was not without its object. Having been most liberal in money matters, and obedient in all other respects, the members of the House of Commons approached her majesty on Monday, the 6th of February, to submit a petition. It was nothing less than an earnest request, in the name of the nation, that Elizabeth would take unto herself a husband, so as to end, under God's blessing, all fears of an extinction of the noble Tudor race. The petition was handed to the queen by a deputation of the House of Commons, including the speaker and most distinguished members: she sitting in state, in the great gallery of Whitehall Palace, looking very serious and more than usually proud. Glancing over the parchment placed in her hands, Elizabeth stated, in a few words, that she would

devote her whole attention to the subject, so as to be prepared to give her reply before the end of the week. The promise was kept, and on Friday, the 10th of February, the members of the House of Commons were summoned again into the presence of her majesty. She addressed them in a long and very curious speech, passing in review the whole course of her past life. If ever a woman, Elizabeth said, was pressed by outward circumstances to seek a protector in a husband, she was and always had been in that state. Dangers innumerable had threatened her from her earliest "years of understanding," and for a time she had lain under "peril of death." After alluding, in a somewhat mysterious way, to attempts of murder to which she had been exposed when a prisoner in

but faint; probably the listeners thought that, even from an oratorical point of view, there was too much stress laid upon the word virgin.

Elizabeth's reply to the address of the House of Commons was deemed altogether unsatisfactory by the majority of the members. The horrors of the last reign were still too vividly in their memory that they should not shrink back in affright from a repetition: which yet was not only possible but probable as long as the succession to the throne remained unsettled. As matters stood, the next heir to the crown, taking the lineal descent from Henry VII., and disregarding the despotic will of his son and successor, was the young queen of Scotland; and as she had been educated in strict conformity with the creed of Rome, and was

believed to be entirely under the influence of priestly zealots, there was but too much reason to fear that her accession would bring back the dark nightmare of popery into England. The fear was much increased by recent proceedings in France, which distinctly revealed the intentions of the government of that country to uphold the succession of the Scottish queen to the throne of England, if necessary by force of arms. Mary Stuart, having been brought up at the French court since the age of six, and lost, in almost all respects, her own nationality, was married to the dauphin, eldest son of King Henri II., on the 24th of April, 1558, when little more than fifteen years old. Five days before the nuptials, an impor-



STATE PRISON, TOWER.

the Tower, she continued: "Could all have drawn or dissuaded me, I had not now remained in this virgin estate wherein you see me; but so constant have I always continued in this my determination that, though my words and youth seem hardly to agree together, yet is it true that, to this day, I stand free from any other meaning." In this tone, Elizabeth continued for some time longer, not stating, however, any clear reason for not marrying, except that her issue, or, as she expressed it, "such offspring as may come of me," might "grow out of kind and become ungracious." The speech concluded with a little burst of stilted oratory, which, coming from the lips of a young woman of twenty-five, with not unsullied reputation, sounded altogether odd. "When I received this ring," Elizabeth exclaimed, holding up her coronation ring, "I solemnly bound myself in marriage to the realm, and for the memorial of my name and of my glory, it will be quite sufficient that the inscription on my marble tomb shall state 'Here lieth Elizabeth, who reigned a virgin and died a virgin.'" The applause which greeted this piece of eloquence was

tant treaty, taking the form of a marriage-contract, was signed by the archbishop of Glasgow and eight other commissioners, deputed by the Scottish parliament to represent the nation, by the terms of which Scotland was connected in intimate personal union with France. The treaty settled that should there be any male issue from the union of the dauphin and Mary Stuart, the eldest son should be king of Scotland as well as of France, but if, on the other hand, daughters only were born, unable to inherit the crown of France, the eldest of them should be queen of Scotland, yet remain likewise a French princess, receiving as such an annuity of four hundred thousand crowns, and forbidden to marry without the consent of the French king. In the meanwhile the dauphin was to assume the title and arms of king of Scotland, and in the event of his death, the queen, his widow, was to receive a jointure of six hundred thousand livres. This settlement, to a great extent, destroyed the independence of Scotland, and what remained of it was annihilated by a secret treaty which Mary was induced to sign, without the knowledge of the Scottish

commissioners, on the 4th of April, 1558, three weeks before her marriage. The secret treaty, consisting of two acts, was of the most extraordinary nature. By the first of these acts the queen made a full and free donation of the realm of Scotland to the kings of France, in consideration, as was stated, of the services which they had at all times rendered to Scotland by defending her against the English, her "ancient and inveterate enemies," and, in particular, for the assistance which King Henri II. had rendered to herself by protecting the country during her minority. By the second act of the treaty Mary Stuart conveyed to Henri II. her claims upon England and Ireland, he promising to sustain them by force of arms, both as king of France and as prospective ruler of Scotland. In thus giving away what she had no right to give, Mary Stuart committed a political crime which was to weigh heavily upon her all her life; nevertheless, in the beginning it served to raise her importance in the French court, while greatly arousing the fears of English politicians. Secret as was the treaty of the 4th of April, its main contents soon spread among the public, chiefly through the vanity of the young husband of Mary, only a year older than herself. On the instigation of the priestly party, he pretended, after the accession of Elizabeth, to have become legitimate king of England, by right of his consort; and speaking of the maiden queen as a bastard and usurper, he openly called himself, with the seeming approbation of his father, king of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was an offence which Elizabeth did never forget nor forgive in all her transactions with Mary Stuart.

In the weakened state of the government, and the bankruptcy of the national exchequer, the hostile attitude of France was not without its dangers; nevertheless, it brought the one advantage to Elizabeth of making King Philip her steadfast political friend. The son of Kaiser Charles had become aware by this time that the royal virgin of England was trifling with him, not having the least intention to accept his proffered hand, and replying to all his love-letters by mere empty compliments; yet he continued not the less to uphold her cause at the congress of Cateau Cambresis, where the commissioners of Spain, France, and England kept negotiating terms of peace between the three countries. Little pleased as Philip was with the general course of affairs in England and with the refusal of his hand by the proud daughter of Anne Boleyn, he yet infinitely preferred to see her on the throne, and the country prosper under her rule, than to let it fall under the dominion of the royal house of France. Philip was no great politician, but the fact of France being the chief foe and rival of his own family in the race for continental dominion was one which he could never forget, and it remained his prime duty, therefore, to prevent the aggrandisement of that country. Thus, when the dauphin, Mary Stuart's husband, began to assume the titles of king of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Philip at once drew nearer to Elizabeth, promising his earnest support in the event of any struggle with France, and engaging, in the meanwhile, to procure for her the most honourable terms of peace that could be obtained. He kept his word in the latter respect. The great difficulty

at the congress of Cateau Cambresis, the proceedings of which threatened to run into interminable length, was about Calais. Elizabeth, through the mouth of her ambassadors, declared that Calais was an English town, and that she would never make peace without its being given up; while Henri II., imitating her tone, firmly insisted that Calais was a French town, the ancient patrimony of his predecessors, and should never fall into foreign hands again, as long as he had a ducat in his pocket and an arquebusier in the field. At this point, therefore, all negotiations came to a standstill, till at length Philip cut the Gordian knot. He proposed that the king of France should bind himself to restore Calais to England at the end of eight years, in the condition in which it had been lost, giving not only his word of honour to fulfil the contract, but delivering proper hostages into the hands of Elizabeth. The French commissioners demurring to this, Philip assumed a determined attitude, declaring that if his conditions were not complied with at once, he would re-enter upon war, marching one half of his army upon Paris, and the other half towards Calais. The prospect seemed unpleasant to Henri II., and after a few more vain attempts to get better terms, his ambassadors declared themselves ready to subscribe to the proposed treaty. It was signed on the 2nd of April, 1559, the stipulation being not only that Calais should be restored at the end of eight years, but that the French should raze the fortresses which they had built on the Scotch border, and that the dauphin and his royal consort should confirm the settlement thus made, and directly recognise Elizabeth's title to the crown of England. These conditions were, apparently, extremely favourable to Elizabeth, and such as she could have never hoped to obtain without the aid of Philip. However, in reality, the treaty was utterly valueless, for before many weeks were passed it became clear that the king of France had not the slightest intention to fulfil the stipulation extorted from him about the restoration of Calais, and the dauphin had no more inclination to be faithful to his own engagements. Henri II. and his son solemnly ratified the Cateau Cambresis document, and immediately after they had done so, orders were despatched to strengthen Calais, while the young husband of Mary Stuart made no scruple in continuing to sign his name as, "Francis, by the grace of God, king of England, Scotland, and Ireland." There was more than one symptom to show that this was not meant to be an empty phrase.

The pretensions of the French court seriously alarmed Elizabeth, so much so as almost to induce her to change her opinions about marriage. In June, 1559, the Spanish ambassador, Alvarez de Quadra, bishop of Aquila, despatched an anxious message to Philip, informing him that the queen was inclined, after all, to take a husband. "An envoy," De Quadra wrote, "has come in haste from France to say that the dauphin, after having publicly assumed the royal arms of England, is about to be proclaimed king of Scotland, England, and Ireland. The queen, when she heard it, said that she would 'take a husband who should make the king of France's head ache, and that he little knew what a buffet she could give him.'" To Philip this was no pleasant news, since he himself,

after vainly striving for Elizabeth's hand, had become affianced to the daughter of Henri II., and as the refusal of all his ardent matrimonial offers was based on the plea that the queen was determined never to marry, it naturally inflicted a deep wound on his vanity. However, Elizabeth's momentary ebullition of feeling did not last long. There came scores of princely suitors from foreign parts, all willing to "make the king of France's head ache," but the queen, evidently fearing they might make her own head ache too, sent them or their ambassadors home with compliments. Among the most notable of the matrimonial candidates were two archdukes of Austria, Ferdinand and Charles, a son of the elector of Saxony, and Eric, heir to the kingdom of Sweden. Elizabeth was sufficiently well stored with female conceit to be delighted by the wooing of so many illustrious princes; however, her general behaviour soon showed that she had not the slightest intention to sacrifice her liberty in favour of any one man. While publicly she expressed herself in the most complimentary terms in respect to her high-born suitors, she sneered at them in private. Of the Archduke Ferdinand she said that she had no doubt he was a fine Catholic, and she felt quite sure he knew well how to tell his beads, and pray for the souls in purgatory; while of Charles she remarked that he seemed a very good man, but rather too fond of sitting by the fireside all day long. If ever she took a husband, she exclaimed, it should be some one who could ride, and hunt, and fight. Eric of Sweden would have been the man after this pattern, for he rode much, hunted more, and fought always, being altogether one of the greatest ruffians in the august circle of European princedom. But against him Elizabeth had other objections. She thought he was not religious enough, and undeclared as to his Protestantism; while, on the other hand, she fancied that the prince of Saxony was rather too Protestant, inclining towards the doctrines of Calvin. It was evident that the queen was very difficult to please, the cause of which the Spanish ambassador tried to explain to his master in a little private note. "They tell me," he wrote, "that she is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side. He is in such favour that people say she visits him in his chamber, day and night." The connection was not complimentary to the good taste, no more than the good morals of Queen Elizabeth. Public opinion was unanimous in holding that Lord Robert Dudley, her majesty's intimate friend and master of the horse, was the greatest fool, if not also the greatest knave in all England, his only recommendation being a smooth face, and a glib tongue fluent in prattling soft nonsense. The fact that Dudley was united to a fair and innocent young wife, from whose society he was withdrawn by her being forbidden to appear at court, made the intercourse, if possible, still more disgraceful to Elizabeth. On more than one occasion Cecil exhibited a noble courage, by reminding his mistress of her false position. When the news that the duchess of Suffolk had married her equerry, a man named Adrian Stokes, reached court, the queen exclaimed, "What! has she married her horsekeeper?" "Yea, madam," replied Cecil, "and she says you would like to do the same with yours."

One of the first consequences of Elizabeth's unwillingness, or want of opportunity, to enter the matrimonial state, was the hostile attitude which it became necessary to assume against both France and Scotland. Mary Stuart possessed, without doubt, the best claim to the crown of England on the demise of Elizabeth without legitimate offspring; but it was, likewise, without any doubt, entirely opposed to the true policy of the new government to allow the claim of Mary Stuart, or even to permit her name to be brought forward as heir apparent. It was in her that the fanatic members of the Roman Catholic party centred their hopes of restoring England to the pope; and the religious reform, brought about so easily by Elizabeth's first parliament, was not complete as long as there remained a pretender to the throne whose advent might be expected to throw everything again into confusion, if not to introduce another reign of priestly murder. That the great bulk of the English people had become Protestant was sufficiently proved by the fact, not only that the parliamentary statutes, repealing the enactments of the reign of Mary, were received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, but that the clergy themselves, though mostly appointed by the papal legate, and selected chiefly for bigotry, made no scruples to proclaim their adherence to the new state of things. The royal commissioners appointed to see to the execution of the statutes had a very easy task, for out of 9,400 persons holding cures of souls, less than 200 made any opposition to take the demanded oath, or wished to resign their livings. The bishops alone stood out in resistance, buoyed up by the hope that another Mary would soon come to restore the use of the fine old means for bringing back stray sheep to the fold of the good shepherd of Rome. Owing to Cardinal Pole's neglect in filling vacant sees, there were only fourteen bishops in existence, and the whole of these, with the exception of one, refused to acknowledge Elizabeth as supreme head, or, as she preferred to be called, governor of the church. The exception was Dr. Kitchen, a worthy prelate, not devoid of the spirit of human mutability, but ever and always faithful to the see of Llandaff, to which he had been appointed early in the reign of Henry VIII. Under his majesty, of blessed memory, Dr. Kitchen, originally a Benedictine monk, became first a Protestant, and subsequently again a Catholic; but as soon as Edward VI. ascended the throne, he professed himself once more a fervent adherent of the doctrines of Luther. This he remained steadfastly till the accession of Queen Mary, when he made a solemn declaration of his unflinching adherence to the church of Rome and to the authority of the holy father the pope. When Elizabeth assumed the sceptre, Dr. Kitchen was wavering, getting rather old, and was not able to see with accustomed clearness in which direction the tide was running; however, as soon as he found it out, he showed himself more loyal than ever to the sovereign of the realm, and more faithful than ever to the see of Llandaff. The commissioners had no difficulty whatever to get the oath of the right reverend Dr. Kitchen, acknowledging the royal supremacy; but his thirteen brother prelates absolutely refused it, and had to be dealt with otherwise. Neither Elizabeth nor Cecil were inclined to

be severe, and all that was done was to discharge the contumacious bishops with a pension, and to appoint others, chiefly Protestant divines who had fled into Germany and Switzerland during the late reign of terror, in their stead. Most of the pensioned bishops remained quiet; but a few talked treason, so that it became necessary to place them in confinement. But they were tolerably well treated, Cecil looking upon them not as actual enemies of the government, but as persons dangerous only in the case of the principal foe of the queen becoming victorious. To oppose this foe, embodying a political as well as religious principle, was the principal aim of Elizabeth's great minister. He hated not, nor even vehemently disliked, but he feared the party of Mary Stuart; and he feared it the more when a sudden extraordinary event placed it on the top of political power.

On the 29th of June, 1559, a splendid tournament was held at Paris in honour of the marriage of the eldest daughter of Henri II., to Philip, ruler of Spain, of Burgundy, and the Netherlands. The king of France, always fond of pomp and show, and proud of the reputation of his court as being the most brilliant, as well as the most dissolute in Europe, had summoned around him the whole of the nobility, male and female, of the country, to do honour to the great event which was to bind the two chief royal families of Europe in close amity and relationship. The scene of the tournament was at the end of the road of St. Antoine, close to the walls of the Bastille, crowded for the moment with heretic Huguenots, shut up previous to being burnt for the glory of the holy apostolic church of Rome. Near to the northern entrance of the gloomy prison, a magnificent throne had been erected, overhung with the richest velvet, on which the royal arms of England were embroidered in lines of gold. On all the galleries around, as well as on the breasts and sleeves of the heralds, were likewise glittering the arms of England, in token that the legitimate heir of the crown would grace the festival with her presence. The time for the joust having arrived, two gorgeous heralds came marching up, crying, "Place pour la Keyne d'Angleterre," when in swept a long and magnificent procession, headed by Mary Stuart and her young husband. Then the tournament began, the principal knights in the lists being the duke de Guise, conqueror of Calais and uncle of Mary Stuart, with the duke de Nemours, of the blood royal of France, on the one side, and Alphonso d'Este, prince of Ferrara, with King Henri II., on the other. The tilting lasted for above an hour, the king, heated with wine, insisting to break lances not only with his regular opponents, but with several officers of his guard. They all were courtiers enough and experienced enough in tilting to submit to his strokes, and not to hurt him in return; but when at last he called upon a Scotch nobleman, Count Montgomery de Lorge, to break a lance with him, there seemed peril in the play. Count Montgomery, captain in the Scotch life-guards, though a good courtier, was not known as a good joustier; and fearing danger, Catherine de Medici, wife of Henri, called upon her lord not to expose himself any longer. But the king would not listen, and getting more and more excited, sharply ordered Montgomery, who showed

himself most unwilling, to enter the lists against him. A few minutes after, and the festive aspect of the illustrious assembly had changed into a look of petrified horror. The king and Montgomery ran heavily against each other, both breaking their lances; but the Scottish knight, instead of immediately throwing away the stump remaining in his hand, as customary in tournaments, kept clutching it tightly, and the horses continuing their course, the ragged piece of wood pierced the king's armour at the lower part of the face, pierced his helmet, and went right into his eye, the splinters coming out at the top of the head. Henri at once fell upon the neck of his horse, the blood gushing forward in streams, and the brain protruding from his head. Horror and amazement for a moment stayed every hand from lending assistance to the king, whose horse kept galloping on till nearly exhausted, when the bleeding body was dragged away from it, and carried into the palace of Tournelles, in the St. Antoine road. The unhappy monarch was unconscious, and there was not the slightest hope of his ever opening his gory eyes again; nevertheless, his iron frame refused to give way at once, and, speechless and sightless, he lingered on for ten days longer, under more atrocious tortures of body than even his hangmen had been able to inflict on the Huguenots in the Bastille. On the 10th of July, Henri II. drew his last breath, and early on the morning of the 11th, the news arrived in London that Mary Stuart had been proclaimed queen of France.

The event was overwhelming in its importance. King Henri II., though in alliance with the pope, and not disinclined to allow his young daughter-in-law the pleasure of calling herself queen of England, had always been, more or less, a friend of Elizabeth, before as well as after her accession, warmly advocating her cause when she was lying a prisoner in the Tower, and showing somewhat of his old good-will even in the favourable terms of the treaty of Cateau Cambresis. His death, on a sudden, reversed this policy, throwing the whole power of one of the mightiest and most despotic governments in the world into the hands of a young woman, the declared enemy of Queen Elizabeth. Mary Stuart in reality became by the death of Henri II. as absolute sovereign of France as Elizabeth was of England, her husband, eldest son of Henri, who ascended the throne as Francis II., being but a weakly and sickly boy, not more than sixteen years old, without physical or mental strength, passionately attached to her, and entirely under her control. The power which had fallen into her hands, Mary exercised at once, by appointing her uncles, the Guises, to all the high positions in the state, so as virtually to make the government of the kingdom over to them. France had been for some time past the prey of two contending parties, conservatives and reformers, each representing religious as well as political views, and fighting with such mutual animosity that even Henri II., with all his energy, had scarce been able to keep them down. The conservatives, headed by the five brothers Guise, uncles of Mary Stuart, represented the most powerful of these parties, both in numbers and in the talent of their leaders. Three at least out of the five brothers of the Guise family, the cardinal de Lorraine, the marquis d'Elbœuf, and the duke de

Guise, were men of high talent and of extraordinary energy, and the fact that they were not less talented than unprincipled, the cardinal, among others, being known as one of the greatest libertines of the witty and vicious court of France, in some measure added to their strength, in an age and a country absolutely corrupted and ruled by priestly cunning and physical force. Opposed to the conservative and ultra-Catholic faction of the Guises, was the reform and Protestant party, headed by the Prince de Condé and his brother, the king of Navarre, and supported for a while, though not with sincerity, by the able and unscrupulous Catherine de Medici, consort of Henri II. After the tragic death of her husband, Catherine seemed for a moment doubtful whether she should attach herself to the conservatives or to the reformers; but as soon as she saw that the Guises were getting the upper hand, she unhesitatingly threw her influence into the scale with them. The immediate ascendancy of the uncles of Mary Stuart was owing partly to the popularity of the duke de Guise, the conqueror of Calais, and partly, and still more, to the adroit manner in which the young queen placed herself at the helm of the government, quietly pushing her boy-husband aside, and reigning in his name. In less than a month after Henri's death, Mary and her uncles felt themselves so securely established in power as to deem it safe to declare the main objects of their policy. They were, an intimate alliance with the pope, the violent extirpation of heresy in France, the reduction of Scotland, and the conquest of England. The projects of conquest were no empty boast, but extremely serious, the duke de Guise, eager to gather fresh laurels, making immediate preparations for assembling an army for shipment to Scotland. His plan was to subdue, in the first instance, the northern kingdom, heirloom of his niece, and from thence to march into England, and strengthened by the adherence of all good Roman Catholics, to push the illegitimate usurper from the throne and restore the ancient faith of the realm. France, the warlike uncle of Mary Stuart loudly declared, was ready to stake a hundred thousand men on the glory of uniting three kingdoms under one sceptre, one church, and one code of laws—*un roi, une foi, une loi*. The dream was not unworthy the chief of the Guises.

To meet the threatening invasion, Elizabeth had neither troops, nor arms, nor ships, nor money. An official investigation, made in the spring of 1559, showed that the whole naval force in commission consisted of exactly seven coast-guard vessels, the largest of one hundred and twenty tons burthen, besides eight small merchant brigs, carrying a couple of guns each, which were purchased in the last days of Queen Mary, with the noble intention of recovering Calais. This was the naval force of England actually afloat; but in the harbours of the kingdom the official investigators found nine other small vessels, all more or less rotten, and into which sailors could not be expected to trust their lives. However, there were no sailors whose lives could be risked; nor was there any properly disciplined force fit to be called an army. The greater number of fighting men collected together were stationed at Portsmouth, but the commander despatched by Cecil to bring them into something like

discipline, reported that the whole lot were "grown to disorder and mischief, and to the greatest ill than man's head can imagine." Two things at least were required to raise fresh bodies of troops, arms and money, and Elizabeth was ill provided with either. The larger part of the grant of her first parliament was spent at once in paying off the most greedy of the twenty-per-cent. Jews, into whose meshes the late government had fallen, and the rest went in shows and festivities which, the queen persuaded herself, were necessary to uphold the dignity of the crown, and to add to her personal popularity. The want of money was scarcely compensated by a small stock of artillery, which the royal commissioners, to their own great surprise, discovered in the dockyards. There were piled up, covered with dust and cobwebs, about thirty cannon and "demi-cannon," all supposed to be sound, besides some two hundred "culverins," "minions," and "falconets." These were the only things to oppose to the threatened French invasion—these, and the loyal hearts of the queen's subjects. Elizabeth had full confidence in the latter, yet had studied history too well not to know that victory was apt to march in the train of big guns rather than loyal hearts.

There was one way open of saving England from the army of one hundred thousand which the Guises threatened to hurl upon its shores, and that was an intimate alliance with the Protestant party in Scotland, who had risen in rebellion against Mary Stuart and the regent, her mother. Ever since the French troops had taken possession of the country in the name of the young queen, the cause of the Reformation had been spreading in the northern kingdom, until its adherents had become strong enough to stand forth openly against the established rule, breaking its power by setting up a counter-government. Under the name of the "Lords of the Congregation," a number of the most influential nobles of Scotland, including the earls of Glencairn, Argyle, and Morton, lord James Stuart, bastard of James V., and many other great barons who had imbibed the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, had banded themselves together in close union, and assuming political as well as religious sway over their followers and adherents, had set up an insurrectionary rule—a state within a state. The movement commenced with the signing of a solemn "covenant," on the 3rd of December, 1557, which set the laws of the country regarding religion at open defiance, by proclaiming the right of all not only to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience, but to denounce the faith and ceremonies of the church of Rome. Although strongly incited by the priests to crush the "Covenanters" at the outset, the princess-regent did not dare to provoke a collision with them, uncertain as she was of aid from France, and of the extent to which her brothers, the Guises, as well as her daughter, would be able to help her. Thus matters stood till the accession of Elizabeth, neither the French and papal party feeling sufficiently strong to suppress the ever-growing activity of the Lords of the Congregation, nor the latter to hazard a great stroke towards driving priests and foreigners out of the country. The victory of Protestantism in England necessarily influenced the state of affairs in

Scotland, and Cecil, perceiving at once the extreme importance of an alliance with the reformers in the north, at once made preparations for effecting the object. Elizabeth, neither as bold nor as far-seeing as her great minister, at first withheld her consent to the proposed union, feeling a strong antipathy to rebels, a stronger one to rebels professing Calvinism, and the strongest of all to the person of the Calvinist rebel leader. John Knox, heart, head, and soul of the reformers, had published, while in exile at Geneva, a book fulminating against the two Marys, Queen Mary of England, and regent Mary of Scotland, who were burning heretics under priestly dictation, to which work, written with extraordinary power, he gave the title of "Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous regiment of women." Elizabeth, with all her male energy of character, had too much of female arrogance in her nature to pardon the bold trumpeter denouncing the vanities of her sex; she, therefore, expressed cordial hatred of Knox, declaring that she would have nothing to do with him and his friends. It was a fine theme for another chapter about "the monstrous regiment of women."

The narrow conceit of Elizabeth might have cost her a crown, had it not been for her able minister. Cecil, seeing that the alliance with the Scotch Protestants was a question of life and death for England, unhesitatingly insisted upon it, till he carried his point, and received the permission of the queen to treat with the Lords of the Congregation. The negotiations were carried on in great secrecy till the death of Henri II., when, on the danger of French invasion suddenly presenting itself, Cecil threw off his concealment, and the queen herself entered with some ardour into the undertaking. Towards the end of August, while Mary Stuart was basking in the first full sunshine of power, her throne surmounted by the arms of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, Elizabeth despatched an experienced diplomatic gentleman, Sir Ralph Sadler, into Scotland, to enter into direct communication with the Protestant leaders. Though husbanding her own resources with the greatest parsimony, the queen did not shrink from spending money to get friends; and Sir Ralph was entrusted with the sum of three thousand pounds sterling for distribution among such of the pious Covenanters as might be in want of cash. His written instructions directed the envoy to approach "the rebels" softly, and, having put somewhat into the pockets of their great men, to stir them up to fight, "so as the French might be the better occupied with them, and the less with England." The diplomatic game did not answer entirely well; three thousand pounds was a small sum to be distributed among a whole host of hungry men; and every rebel worth bribing, and willing to be bribed, was fully aware that for each single gold piece dropping from the hands of thrifty Queen Elizabeth, ten at least might be obtained from brilliant Queen Mary. To arrive at terms more worthy of them and of England, the Lords of the Congregation came forward with a grand project. It was that the young earl of Arran, nearest heir to the crown of Scotland, should marry Elizabeth, and that, allegiance having been withdrawn from Mary Stuart, as ruler of a foreign country, the realms of England

and Scotland should be united for ever under the descendants of the new dynasty. Hopeful as was the scheme, and apparently simple in execution, it came to nothing. Elizabeth consented to meet Arran at a secret interview, and left it firmly determined not to marry him. The Scottish earl was plain in features and embarrassed in speech, and as he stood side by side with Lord Robert Dudley, the queen drew a deep sigh, and abruptly left the room.

The intimacy of the queen with her handsome master of the horse had given rise to all sorts of rumours ever since her accession, and when one royal suitor after the other was dismissed by her, the belief became general that she intended to raise Dudley from the position of favoured lover to that of husband. But Dudley had a wife living, and it was necessary to get rid of her before he could think of giving his hand before the altar to his royal mistress. In the summer of 1559, there was much talk among all classes of the people of attempts he had made to poison her, and the speeches about it grew so loud that the foreign ambassadors discussed the subject in their official despatches. Under date of the 11th of September, Alvarez de Quadra, envoy of Philip, forwarded to his court a most extraordinary report of a conversation he had held with Cecil a few days before, which placed the whole of the rumours about the queen and her lover in a fearful light. "Secretary Cecil," the Spanish envoy wrote, "after many protestations and entreaties that I would keep secret what he was about to tell me, said that the queen was going on so strangely that he was about to withdraw from her service. It was a bad sailor, he said, who did not make for port when he saw a storm coming, and for himself he perceived the most manifest ruin impending over the queen through her intimacy with Lord Robert. The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the state and of the person of the queen, to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her; and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace, to the peril of her health and life. . . . He implored me, for the love of God, to remonstrate with the queen; to persuade her not utterly to throw herself away as she was doing, and to remember what she owed to herself and to her subjects." After further details of his conversation with Cecil, the ambassador concluded: "Last of all he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all, but was very well, and was taking great care not to be poisoned. God, he trusted, would never permit such a crime to be accomplished, or allow so wicked a conspiracy to prosper."

Twenty-four hours after this conversation, the wife of Lord Robert Dudley was found dead at the foot of the staircase in her lonely dwelling of Cumnor Hall, near Oxford. That she was murdered there was no doubt, nor that she was sacrificed to the ambition of her handsome lord; but whose hands committed the foul deed no human judge, or jury, ever discovered. The bewitching master of the horse of Queen Elizabeth had been married to Amy Robsart eleven years, he being a lad of nineteen, and she a fair sweet girl of seventeen, at the time of the nuptials. It was a love-match,

so-called—"nuptiæ carnales a lætitiâ incipiunt in luctu terminantur," as Cecil remarked of it—and, like all such unions, beset with misery. Having got tired of the charms of his pretty little wife, Lord Robert left her, and the sunshine of royal favour coming to distinguish him above all other courtiers and horse-masters, he shut her up at Cumnor Hall, out of the reach of friends and relations. Here Amy Dudley was "found dead" on the 8th of September; and on an inquest being held, the few servants attending in the house swore that they knew nothing whatever as to the way in which she had perished. Lord Robert stayed with the queen at Windsor when receiving the report that the body of his wife was lying stiff and stark and covered with gore at the foot of the staircase in the gloomy old hall in Berkshire, a few hours' journey from the royal palace. The master of the horse affected no sorrow for the frightful death of his consort, but concerned himself at once about the inquest on her body. Despatching a courier to his cousin, Sir Thomas Blount, he gave minute orders that "the discreetest and most substantial men should be chosen for the jury." The matter was managed faultlessly, and the twelve men selected to investigate the mysterious event were so entirely discreet as to bring in without hesitation a verdict of "Accidental death." It satisfied the queen, but did not satisfy the people of England, and loud cries that an atrocious murder had been committed and was being hushed up, broke out everywhere. The subject was discussed in highways and byways to such an extent that one of the most celebrated of Protestant preachers thought it his duty to inform Cecil that "the country was full of dangerous suspicion and muttering," to be allayed only by an "earnest searching and trying of the truth, with punishment if any were found guilty," so as to avoid "the displeasure of God, the dishonour of the queen, and the danger of the whole realm." Cecil duly reported this and other communications to the queen, but she only laughed at them, as pieces of absurdity. "She laughs too much for a honest woman," De Quadra wrote to his master.

The stories and scandals about the queen seemed to affect for a while as her reputation so her popularity. But the feeling lasted only for a very short time. Gradually, the people began to perceive that their sovereign was both more and less than a woman, and that, whatever her shortcomings and frailties in private life, she was by far the best ruler placed at the helm of the English government since the days of Henry VII. Before Elizabeth had been a year on the throne, the effects of her administration became visible both in the revived state of trade and industry, and in the respect with which England was looked upon by foreign countries, testified by numerous embassies. The first great effort of the government was to create an armed force for the defence of the kingdom, which was accomplished in the course of the year 1559. By Cecil's advice, the queen appropriated the whole of the revenues of the vacant bishoprics, and likewise confiscated for the public benefit the large grants of land and other property which her predecessor had made over to convents and abbeys, and the vast sums thus obtained served for building ships and purchasing arms. Thomas Gresham, who continued to be Eliza-

beth's financial and commercial envoy in the Netherlands, received orders to purchase at Antwerp and Liege as much war material as could be obtained, and he executed his task by sending shiploads of guns, swords, corslets, sulphur and saltpetre over to England. Meanwhile, carpenters and shipwrights were busy at home swinging axe and chisel. At Gillingham, on the mouth of the Medway, the archbishops of Canterbury had built themselves a magnificent palace, and near it stood the miraculous image of the holy Virgin, attracting thousands of pilgrims. Elizabeth converted the magnificent archiepiscopal mansion into a splendid carpenter's workshop, and the miraculous image of "Our Lady of Gillingham" having been removed to a lumber room, the pilgrims were asked to lend a hand in building ships and making anchors, ropes, and sails, which they did with so much good will as to convert in a few months the old haunt of monks into the first naval yard of the kingdom. By the end of the year 1559, there were twenty ships lying in Gillingham harbour, complete with guns, sails, and tackle, well stored with ammunition, manned for sea, and ready to sail at a moment's notice. Public rumour destined the twenty pilgrim men-of-war to reconquer Calais. Elizabeth, indeed, thought much of Calais; but Cecil told her, and she believed it, that her Calais for the time had to be sought in Scotland.

The plans of Cecil were vast and comprehensive, and were submitted to the queen in a paper drawn up by himself, headed "Memorial of certain points meet for the restoring of the realm of Scotland to the ancient weale." The "points" were nearly the same previously advocated by the Protector Somerset, in whose footsteps Elizabeth's minister tried to follow. "It is to be noted," Cecil wrote, in his memorial, "that the best worldly felicity that Scotland can have, is either to continue in a perpetual peace with the kingdom of England, or to be one monarchy with England. If the first be sought, then must it necessarily be provided that Scotland be not so subject as it is presently to the appointments of France, the ancient enemy of England. As long as Scotland is at the command of the French, there is no hope to have accord long betwixt these two realms." To attain this great object, Elizabeth was advised to send immediately a body of troops, together with some ships and money, to the Scotch reformers, so as to enable them to drive the French from the country. "And then," Cecil concluded, "may the realm of Scotland consider, being once made free, what means may be devised, through God's goodness, to accord the two realms to live united for time to come, at the pleasure of Almighty God." Elizabeth had neither the boldness, nor the far-seeing wisdom of her great minister; but though, perhaps, she was not able to perceive with him that both the political and religious independence of the kingdom depended upon the closest alliance with the reform party in Scotland, she was sufficiently shrewd to appreciate the advantage that would accrue to her own interests and the security of her throne by a union with the northern Protestants. Gradually, and led more than leading, she allowed herself to be drawn into the execution of Cecil's policy. At the commencement of December, 1559, Sir William Winter, a newly-made young admiral, was commissioned to take fourteen out of the

twenty ships lying in Gillingham harbour, and to sail into the Frith of Forth, to intercept a French squadron which, it was known, was preparing to carry reinforcements to the foreign garrisons in Scotland. This clearly meant war against France; but Elizabeth, still timid, attempted to prevent the movement being looked upon as such, by issuing dubious instructions to Sir William Winter. He was told in his commission, "to understand that the principal point of his service was to impeach the access of any more succour from France into Scotland, and to facilitate any departure thence toward France." He was further instructed that, "if he found himself strong enough, and if there was a convenient opportunity, war or no war, attacked or not attacked, he might destroy any armed vessels that he might fall in with." But there was an ugly condition attached to this lofty commission of her majesty. Sir William was enjoined to profess under no circumstances whatever that he was acting under orders from the queen and her government, but, when challenged, "to say that he was acting on his own responsibility." The French would have been perfectly justified, under these circumstances, to treat the Queen's admiral, should they defeat him, as a pirate, and tie him to the mast-head of the nearest vessel.

Sir William Winter, fortunately, was not defeated, but made his way into the Frith of Forth, the dangerous road before him having been swept clear, and the enemy scattered, by a tremendous gale, which arose at the critical moment in favour of England. Five days before Elizabeth's commander quitted the Medway, the marquis d'Elbœuf, lord high admiral of France, and brother of the duke de Guise, left Dieppe with a large fleet, consisting partly of transports, carrying foot soldiers and cavalry for service in Scotland, and partly of war ships, well manned and armed, and far superior in strength to the whole newly-built navy of England. The weather was fair when the French fleet sailed from Dieppe, so that, had it continued so, d'Elbœuf would have reached Leith before Sir William Winter with his fourteen ships had cleared the mouth of the Thames, and the landing of a new army in Scotland might have changed the course of history, as far as human calculations went. But human calculations were not to prevail for the moment. The French fleet had scarcely reached the entrance of the North Sea, when the wind, which had been south-east before, veered round to the opposite quarter, blowing fiercely, and increasing in vehemence until it acquired the force of a hurricane. For a whole week, the heavily-laden transports were tossed about furiously by the gale; some went to the bottom at once, and others were dashed against each other, the thick oaken spars flying about like chaff in the wind, and the wild cries of the drowning men perishing in the wilder uproar of the elements. Many of the French ships were driven against the flat coast of Holland, inaccessible amidst the gigantic tumult of the waves, the white-crested breakers rolling up into mountains. Not a living soul was saved of the whole proud fleet which had set out for the conquest of Scotland, except the crew of two vessels, one the flag-ship of the French admiral. The latter, after beating about for more than ten days in the channel, regained

Dieppe; while the second ship, commanded by captain de Martigues, one of the most expert sailors of the French navy, found a temporary refuge behind the string of islands guarding the entrance into the Zuyder Zee, and ultimately reached Leith. One hundred men, landed from this vessel, were the whole succour derived by the French in Scotland from an enterprise upon which Mary Stuart and her mother, the regent, had staked all their hopes.

Elizabeth's young fleet had but a narrow escape from the same storm which annihilated the French navy. Sir William Winter, with his fourteen Gillingham vessels, was overtaken by the storm a day after he had left the mouth of the Thames, but, sailing near the shore, was enabled to take shelter in Yarmouth roadstead, where he remained a fortnight. At the end of this time, being still ignorant of the terrible fate that had overtaken the enemy, he ventured forth, anxious to execute his commission, but was stopped by a fresh gale off Flamborough Head, and had to fall back into the Humber, with the loss of many of the ships' boats. It was not till the morning of the 24th of January, nearly a month after leaving the Medway, that he went sailing up the Frith of Forth, slowly drifting with the tide. The French looked on with astonishment at the fourteen strange ships, bristling with cannon, but with scarcely any men visible on board, and not denoting their nationality by name, flag, or colour. Silently and slowly, like phantoms of the sea, the unknown ships came drifting towards Burntisland, a small town on the northern shore of the Forth, which, together with the opposite isle of Inchkeith, had been strongly fortified by the French troops. The commander of the latter, General D'Oysel, seeing the strange men-of-war in the offing, at first imagined them to be the long-expected vessels of d'Elbœuf; but as they came nearer, without saluting the French flag at Inchkeith, and without showing any colours, or giving any signs of life whatever, he got suspicious, and ordered a blank shot to be fired across the bows of the nearest vessel. Still there was no answer; onward as before, silently and slowly, came the phantom ships. D'Oysel's patience now was exhausted, and springing to a gun, he fired right into the foremost of the strange men-of-war. The shot produced a startling effect. In an instant, the dead arose into life; armed men sprang forth from every nook and corner of the silent ships, and the flag of England came whirling up to the mast-heads. The young English admiral had waited to be attacked, and thought his queen would forgive him if he attacked the French in turn—even forgive him if he should beat them.

The beating was soon done. Two broadsides proved amply sufficient to stop the guns at Burntisland and along the shore, whereupon the admiral took possession of all the French vessels within reach, and despatched a detachment of sailors to cut off General D'Oysel's communication on the land side with Stirling, Edinburgh, and Leith. These had come to be the only places of importance held by the French, in the name of the queen of Scotland, the rest having fallen gradually under the authority of the reform party, headed by the Lords of the Congregation, As soon as the thunder of the English guns was

heard at Burntisland, the Protestants rose through all the county of Fife, to help in cutting off the retreat of the French force under D'Oysel, which had become absolutely necessary by the blockade from the sea, involving a total loss of provisions. D'Oysel commenced his retreat the day after he had been attacked, determined to fight his way through difficulties apparently insurmountable. He set out from Burntisland, now a heap of ruins, in the middle of the night, the rain pouring down in streams, and no man having a morsel of food in his knapsack. All night long they marched, and all the next day, and all the next night, till, having made a long turn northward, to escape both the sailors of the English fleet and the forces of the reformers, they reached the bridge of Alloa, on the road to Stirling. Although having tasted no food for forty-eight hours, and marched in incessant rain, the fugitives had yet kept up their spirits by the hope of soon reaching the secure stronghold of their countrymen; but they were ready to sink down in despair when they found that Alloa Bridge, the only pass to Stirling, as well as to Edinburgh, had been broken, and the flooded river was rushing impetuously through the open arches. All despaired, save the general, who had no sooner glanced at the fatal bridge, when he conceived a plan to repair it. An order was issued to the astounded soldiers to lay down their arms, and set to unroof a large old church, standing close to the river-side. The work was soon accomplished, and the stout beams of the church roof having been laid upon the piers of the broken bridge, D'Oysel's troops marched across, and, at the end of a few hours, found themselves safe at Stirling, the first to tell the tale of the English attack and their own retreat.

At Edinburgh and Leith, the ignorance was naturally not the same as at Stirling, and the day after the arrival of the English fleet, the regent sent a herald to Sir William Winter, requesting to know by whose order he was levying war against the queen of Scotland. The admiral was ready with an answer, determined to fight a little and to lie a great deal for his gracious sovereign. He told the herald, with most serious countenance, that he had been sent "to conduct divers ships, loaded with ordnance and cannon, to Berwick," and that, "finding no sure anchorage there," he had, entirely on his own account, "resolved to seek the Forth, knowing no other but good peace between my sovereign and all other princes." In this peaceable mood, the young admiral complained, he had been most mischievously attacked. "As I was running into Leith roads," said he, "the French forts at Inchkeith and Burntisland shot at me, and I being therewith moved, and hearing the great cruelty which the French used against the Congregation of Scotland, I determined with myself to give all the aid I might to the Congregation, and to let the French from their wicked practices as far as I might—but hereof the Queen's highness, my mistress, was nothing privy." It was but a poor story, and that the admiral should ask the shrewd regent of Scotland to believe it, was really adding insult to injury. However, the tale was greatly approved of by Elizabeth, and the English envoys abroad were instructed to repeat it at the courts at which they were accredited and to

add such expressions of regret at the "accident" in the Leith roads as might befit the situation. The terrible destruction of the fleet in the North Sea had cast the French government too much down to say a word in remonstrance to this explanation; but the regent of Scotland refused to receive it quietly, and sent a spirited letter to Count Noailles, her daughter's ambassador at London, to protest against the proceedings of Queen Elizabeth. "Such a mask," she wrote to Noailles, "is too easy to strip off. As if it were likely, or credible, that an officer and a subject should have the will, far less the power, of making war, not only without the consent, but without the orders of his sovereign. Speak openly to the queen. Bid her remember how God avenges unjust dealings." Count Noailles spoke as openly as was possible for a man grown grey in diplomacy, but failed to make the least impression upon Elizabeth. "This woman," the Spanish ambassador wrote to his master, commenting upon the events of the time, and particularly Elizabeth's warlike policy in Scotland—"this woman is possessed with a hundred thousand devils, and yet she pretends to me that she would like to be a nun, and live in a cell, and tell her beads from morning till night." The old bishop, King Philip's envoy, was evidently jealous of the maiden queen, being made aware daily of her infinite superiority in diplomatic craft. Able as he was to circumnavigate facts, he instinctively felt that he could never hope to arrive at such glorious heights of dissimulation as this young queen who wanted to be a nun.

Elizabeth had some excuses for the diplomatic trickery in which she showed herself so early a master. If she dissembled, her great antagonist, the queen of France and Scotland, dissembled still more, and there were serious fears that the intrigues from this quarter would bring about, sooner or later, a revolution. Hundreds of French emissaries, chiefly priests, were spread all over England, openly exciting the people to revolt by asserting that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and that the crown of right belonged to the Scottish queen, as nearest legitimate heir. Mary Stuart, too, continued to call herself queen of England, and to all the remonstrances of the English ambassador at Paris on the subject, there was no other answer but the very unsatisfactory one that it was a mere titular distinction, without any meaning attached to it. When pressed hard, Mary Stuart offered to put the question to arbitration whether she had a right to assume the title of queen of England, which naturally made matters infinitely worse, as it involved a claim, the very existence of which Elizabeth could not concede in honour to herself. The French ambassador was met by a burst of anger when submitting the proposition, and, in reply, the queen told him that "she would not suffer her estate to be thus neglected in the open sight of the world." Soon after, a meeting of the privy council was called together, and after a long and earnest debate, it was decided to send an army into Scotland. It was the unanimous opinion of the council that "the queen of Scots, her husband, and the house of Guise, were the mortal enemies of the queen's person," and that, "as long as her majesty and the queen of Scots were alive, they would never permit her majesty to live in assured peace." The

members of the council further gave their advice that, unless the French were wholly driven out of Scotland, "her majesty, and all those who defended her title, would be in continual danger." Unwilling as Elizabeth was to declare war, and to enter into an alliance with the Calvinist reformers in the north, she felt she could hesitate no longer. Thus, much against her own desire, the queen drifted into a policy and towards a course of events which was to shape her whole reign and affect the history of England for centuries to come.

Cecil having signified to the Lords of the Congregation the willingness of her majesty to enter into an open alliance with them, a conference was arranged to take place at Berwick, and on the 25th of February, 1560, the duke of Norfolk was met here by five Scotch commissioners, the chief of whom were Lord Maxwell and Lord James Stuart, illegitimate son of King James V. Two days' discussion sufficed to bring about a formal treaty, securing an offensive and defensive alliance between Scotland and England. By the terms of this treaty, duly signed on the 27th of February by all parties, the queen of England, "in consideration of the attempt to annex Scotland to the French crown, and for the preservation of its ancient liberties," bound herself to furnish an army to assist the Scottish people to expel the foreign invaders, and, in return, the Scots engaged to provide an army at their own expense to assist England, in case the French should retaliate by invading it. The 25th of March was fixed as the time on which the English army should enter Scotland; but a slight delay ensued, retarding the important event for three days. On Thursday, the 28th of March, all was ready, and six thousand foot soldiers, together with two thousand horse, crossed the Tweed, at Berwick, under the command of Lord Grey, who was treading familiar ground, having marched eleven years before with the Protector towards the capital of Scotland. He now kept to the old road near the sea, but pushing forward slowly, until joined at Prestonpans, on the 4th of April, by the troops of the reformers. The meeting was hearty; however, Lord Grey could not suppress his feeling of deep mortification on finding that the allies for whom he was going to fight had only engaged for twenty days, the term commencing with the 25th of March, on which hostilities were to begin, so that under this arrangement the army of Scotland would dissolve in air in the course of about a week. To turn this week to the best account now became the chief object of the English commander, and he forthwith directed his own and the Scotch troops upon Leith, which had been fortified by the French, and supplied with a garrison of four thousand men, thus becoming their principal stronghold in the kingdom. But, by some unaccountable neglect, the siege guns, which were to be sent by sea from Berwick, had not arrived when Lord Grey's army sat down before Leith, nor, still more unaccountably, had Sir William Winter, whose fleet was lying in glorious inactivity in the Frith of Forth, received any orders to co-operate with the troops on shore. Thus the week passed, and the Scotch army disbanded itself, without taking Leith, or effecting the slightest advantage against the enemy. All that the English com-

mander could do under the circumstances was to send a messenger to London, urging the immediate despatch of fresh troops, guns, and ammunition. The messenger presented himself before the queen in the second week of April—most important week in the history of the two kingdoms.

Even after the despatch of her army into Scotland, Elizabeth showed extreme unwillingness to make the cause of the Scottish reformers her own. It was owing to her distinctly expressed wish, that the English admiral was left without orders for co-operating with the army, and that even the cannon of Lord Grey's troops was retained at Berwick. All the persuasions of Cecil to proceed in the course once commenced proved fruitless, and the queen seemed on the point of utterly ruining her cause by her wavering mood and indecision, when a somewhat unexpected event suddenly changed the aspect of affairs. While the envoy from the camp before Leith was on the way to the queen, there arrived in London a new ambassador of King Philip, a Flemish nobleman, Seigneur de Glascon, the bearer of a special message to Elizabeth. He was instructed to tell her that the king of Spain, having heard of the assistance she had given to the heretics of Scotland, in arms against their lawful sovereign, thought it necessary to warn her not to continue the same course of policy, but to recall the ships and any troops she might have despatched, under pain of incurring the intense displeasure of his majesty, if not his open hostility. The message, faithfully delivered by Philip's envoy, stung Elizabeth to the quick. Her pride revolted at the cool insolence with which the Spanish king presumed to order her how to behave; and, though not forgetting for a moment the fact of his representing the first power of Europe, she at once, with true feminine impetuosity, resolved to set him at defiance. Immediate orders to send reinforcements, guns, and ammunition to the English troops in Scotland, were despatched to Leith, and Sir William Winter received instructions to co-operate, to the best of his power, with the commander of the army. The queen now loudly declared that she would never rest till the last Frenchman had been driven out of Scotland; and, to exhibit the warlike emotion which had suddenly sprung up in her breast, she summoned the London train bands together for exercise, and day after day kept galloping at their head in St. James's Park. The movement was slightly ludicrous; however, it had its effect upon the patriotism of the masses. Volunteers, ready to fight the French at the shortest notice, went flowing in streams to Berwick, and before the end of April a second English army was ready to march upon the Scottish capital.

The whole of the French troops in Scotland were now shut up in Leith, holding of Edinburgh only the castle. The approach from the sea-side having been stopped by the blockade of the English ships, the regent had no choice but to surrender Leith at once, or to defend it till the arrival of another French fleet, not expected before the middle of June. There was barely food enough within the walls of Leith to last till the middle of May; nevertheless, General D'Oysel, who had taken upon himself the command in chief, resolved to hold out to the last, trusting to

the stout walls of the fortress as much as to the stout hearts of his soldiers, most of them old veterans, seasoned in many an Italian campaign. Lord Grey was by no means so well off in regard to troops as his antagonist, his men being mostly young, under loose discipline, unaccustomed to siege-work, and disheartened, to some extent, by a striking want of sympathy on the part of the Scotch people for whose sake they were staking their lives. Except a few noblemen and their servants, there were no Scotch troops in the English camp, and none could be induced to enlist, even under the offer of high pay. There remained nothing to Lord Grey but to fight the battle for the Scotch without the Scotch, and, as soon as his cannon had been landed from the ships, he set to work in the task before him. The big guns, as in many a previous contest of arms, again proved the best English weapon. Day and night the heavy ordnance kept battering the walls of Leith, and on the last day of April the havoc made was so great, that it seemed the town could no longer resist. On the evening of the day, the quarter nearest the harbour was perceived to be in flames, and, fanned by a strong northerly breeze, the fiery tongues went licking round the fortifications, till they had overlapped the whole place, and rose high up into the sky, illuminating with glare of day the English camp and fleet. Lord Grey expected momentarily the surrender of the garrison; but when hour after hour passed and the French came not, he determined to remind them of his presence the next day, by marching into the town. The next day came, the 1st of May, and no sooner had the first dawn announced itself in the golden tinge of the clouds, when the English troops got ready for the storm, expecting to have easy work by striding over open breaches. But when it was full daylight, Lord Grey, to his immense surprise, saw no open breaches before him, nor ruins blackened by fire, but walls as thick and as clean as ever, and soldiers marching upon the walls in holiday dress. The French had got it into their heads to imitate a native custom by celebrating May Day, and festooned garlands were hanging from fort to fort, with flowery May-poles on every bastion. The English troops, who had not yet forgotten the tremendous conflagration of the previous night, looked on in blank astonishment at all the flowers and garlands, somewhat doubtful whether the thing was a dream or reality. Then the French commenced dancing on the walls, around their May-poles, and Grey thought best to order his men back to their tents. Cannon and gunpowder were clearly lost upon an enemy who insisted on dancing.

On May Day, the guns ceased thundering against the walls of Leith, but the work of destruction commenced afresh with the dawn of the next morning. There arrived couriers in the English camp with despatches from Cecil and the queen, urging the energetic prosecution of the siege, and, if possible, an immediate assault. Another threatening letter from the monarch of Spain had raised the military ardour of Elizabeth to the highest pitch; and, forgetting all her former hesitation, by which the whole of the preparations for the war had been hampered and left incomplete, she now insisted that the French should be at once attacked and driven from their stronghold. Lord Grey, though fully aware of the danger and

difficulty of the task, had not the courage to withstand the injunctions of the vehement royal lady, now suddenly thirsting for warlike fame. His character as a skilful general stood not very high; he had commanded at Guisnes, strongest of all the Calais outworks, when it was taken by the French, and to wipe out this defeat had become the great ambition of his life. He now resolved to take Leith at all hazards, and at all risks. After battering the walls for five days longer, from the morning of the 2nd till the evening of the 6th of May, he thought the breaches made sufficient to warrant a general storm, to take place early the next day. Late in the evening of the 6th, some of the chief officers inspected the fortifications, and strongly reported against the assault, as utterly impracticable for the moment; however, the commander-in-chief, goaded by ever-renewed taunts from the court, insisted that it should take place. Accordingly, the troops were got ready for the storm a little after midnight; and as soon as the first rays of day came creeping from over the eastern hills, there was a rush forward into the enemy's trenches. The outer works were soon taken, but when the storming-parties, with increased impetuosity, had jumped down into the second and deepest moat surrounding the fortifications, they found, to their utter dismay, that the scaling-ladders which they had brought with them were too short by more than a man's length. In vain the excited soldiers tried to climb up against the hard granite walls by lifting each other from the top of their ladders; there was no footing anywhere, and no sooner was a head raised above the battlements when it got knocked down by the bullets or butt-ends of the French. And not only Frenchmen, but Scotchwomen of the lowest classes came forward to bar the passage of the assaulting host. All along the ramparts stood swarms of "the Frenchmen's harlots," busy, with immense zeal, in loading guns, rolling tar-barrels, and pouring boiling pitch upon the heads of the English soldiers. For these, there was no possibility of fighting, and all they could do was to allow themselves to be killed. The work of slaughter went on for more than two hours, to the intense gratification of the regent, who, though seriously ill, and feeling life fast ebbing away, ordered herself to be carried on her couch to the summit of the castle, to enjoy the terrific spectacle. Never before did the eyes of the queen-mother behold such a sight. With fierce stubbornness, heedless of death, the English regiments kept dashing against the granite walls, surging upwards like storm-driven waves, and devoured like waves in their own element. Grim death fell down in showers from the ramparts of Leith, and the dark moat below became a yawning grave.

The carnage went on till the grave was choked, and the dying stopped the road of the living. But it was not before half the officers of his army had perished that Lord Grey ordered the bugles to sound a recall. Slowly the shattered remnant of the English host crept back to the tents, followed by a long train of wounded, of cripples, and of corpses. The spirit of the army was utterly broken, and it was feared every moment that the French would burst from their fortifications to mow down those that were left to kill. However, this was a groundless fear, for the French,

although they had suffered little or nothing from the assault, were in no mood whatever to take the offensive. General D'Oysel's troops had plenty of courage, and plenty of guns and gunpowder, but they were short of food, having come to the end of dried fish and salt pork, and nearly eaten all their horses. Of immediate relief there was not the slightest hope, and even the prospect that French ships would break the blockade in the middle of June had become dim with the report that the Huguenots had risen, and that France was in the throes of civil war. Thus situated, General D'Oysel was as much inclined to bargain for oatmeal and fresh mutton as to fight for glory and the Roman Catholic religion; and having expressed his wishes to this effect to Lord Grey, who received them cordially, peace negotiations were opened at once. They promised to be the more successful as the queen-regent was daily getting weaker in health, and entirely unable to defend the interests of her daughter, so that free action was left to the wishes of the French general and his officers, all of whom were far more anxious to return to their native country than to continue in a land offering few charms, and most unattractive in regard to victuals. To Elizabeth the offer of peace was as welcome as to the commander in Scotland; for although the defeat sustained from the French was galling to her pride, she could not help seeing that a prolongation of the struggle would lead to nothing but useless waste of life, and, what was nearly as important to her, waste of money. She, therefore, fully acquiesced in the negotiations, and, to bring them to a safe end, desired Cecil to proceed to Scotland.

The preparations which Cecil had to make to leave his power in safe hands, somewhat delayed his departure, so that he did not reach Edinburgh till the 16th of June, nearly seven weeks after the commencement of the negotiations. An important event had occurred in the meanwhile, in the death of the queen-regent. Marie of Lorraine, widow of James V., once the brightest ornament of the most brilliant court in the world, with half a dozen kings basking in the sunshine of her beauty, but now, and for years past, a grim heretic-hunting termagant, closed her eyes for the final rest at midnight on the 11th of June. Around her couch stood many of the Scotch nobility, together with D'Oysel and the chief officers of the French army, to all of whom she bid a solemn farewell, exhorting them to be loving, peaceful, and tolerant towards each other as well as towards their enemies. It was that kind of advice which the dying are so fond to give, little as they may have practised it, and which the living accept with so much reverence, yet follow so seldom. But the audience surrounding the deathbed of Marie of Lorraine was really anxious to give weight to her dying exhortation, the great interest of the hour to all parties being that of peace. The French, on their part, made no secret as to the reason why they desired peace above all things. Four days after the death of the regent, the officers of D'Oysel's army invited those in the English camp to a friendly entertainment on Leith sands, the condition being that each side should "bring with them such victuals as they had in store," as a contribution to the general feast. The invitation having been accepted,

Lord Grey and his officers appeared on the ground like well-bred English gentlemen, loaded with roast fowl, hams, beef, capons, fine white bread, and all sorts of delicious wines. The French came late, after the table had been spread, and they excused themselves for their dilatoriness with the long time it had taken to procure and duly prepare their viands. They then opened their provision baskets, and the gentlemen of England beheld, on napkins white as snow, two onions, a piece of baked horse, and four dozen rats, beautifully roasted, with a laurel leaf at the tail of each.

The arrival of Elizabeth's great minister saved the remnant of the rats of Leith from being roasted, and the gallant Frenchmen from the trouble of roasting them. Although at first the peace negotiations went on in a very unsatisfactory manner, being hampered by the intervention of Monseigneur de Montluc, bishop of Valence, ambassador despatched by Mary Stuart and her husband, Cecil managed to settle all difficulties in threatening to resume siege operations by a new and powerful army which the duke of Norfolk was collecting at the border. The worthy ecclesiastic who represented the interests of the Scottish queen dimly felt that this would involve him in partaking with his countrymen of all the delicacies of Leith cookery, and the prospect growing less and less agreeable every day, Monseigneur de Montluc finally resolved to submit to the conditions laid down by the head of the English government. On the 6th of July, Cecil and Lord Grey, on the part of Elizabeth, and General D'Oysel and Montluc, on the part of Mary Stuart and Francis II., set their names to a definite peace agreement, known as the treaty of Edinburgh. The principal clauses of the treaty were that the French troops should quit Scotland for ever; that the fortifications of Leith should be demolished; that the queen of France and Scotland, as well as the king, her husband, should cease to claim or assume the style and title of the sovereign of England; that no foreigners should be allowed to serve either as civil or military officers in Scotland; and, finally, that the government of the Scottish realm, during the absence of the queen, should be confided to a council of twelve members, seven of them to be appointed by the queen, and five by the representatives of the people assembled in parliament. By a further stipulation of the treaty, the next parliament, fixed to take place in the month of August, was also empowered to settle all matters pertaining to religion. As the last clause was a vast concession to the Scotch reformers, granting everything they could possibly desire, so was the whole treaty a signal victory of English policy. When the ships which bore away the French army set sail in Leith harbour, Elizabeth could feel that her throne had come to stand on a new foundation.

The treaty of Edinburgh, important as it was as a victory of the English, was still more so as a defeat of the French government. Mary Stuart and her uncles, the Guises, bitterly felt it so, but they were absolutely powerless to do more than give vent to their grief. France, since the death of Henri II., had fallen into a state of complete anarchy through the misgovernment of its rulers, and was standing on the brink of

destruction through the strife of internal foes. The boy-king, Mary Stuart's husband, suffering from leprous disease, was a convenient tool for the execution of the plans of the Guises, which tended to nothing less than the extirpation of heresy, and the establishment of a strong absolutist rule, upheld by priestly fanaticism and backed by the stake and the gallows. The Guises themselves, all of them able men, with large brains and small conscience, were fully aware of the difficulty of the task, but still they overrated the power of their allies, the priests, for crushing the seeds of heresy. There were above a million of Protestants, or Huguenots, in France, representing the flower of the middle classes, and to crush them it did not suffice, as the Guises calculated, to fulminate excommunications in chapels and churches, to prohibit Bibles and prayer meetings, and to send a score of hangmen through the land as teachers of true religion. Unlike the Protestant subjects of King Philip in the Netherlands, who, with Flemish endurance, allowed themselves to be killed in the name of God, the French heretics assumed an aggressive attitude, declaring their readiness to defend their faith, not only with their lips but with stout arms wielding stout swords. On the first signs of religious persecution becoming evident, the chief leaders of the Huguenots met in secret assembly at the city of Nantes to prepare measures for resisting the storm. After mature deliberation, it was decided to form an army, and to march in small bands towards Blois, where the king and the Guises were staying; to take the latter prisoners, to bring them to trial, and to appoint fresh guides and advisers to his majesty. There seemed great chances at first that this conspiracy would be successful, several thousands of Huguenots, many of them old soldiers, taking their oath to overthrow the hated tyranny of the Guises or to perish in the attempt. But the number itself made secrecy almost impossible, and the whole plan having been betrayed to the uncles of Mary Stuart, they lost not a moment to crush their enemies. Removing with the king from Blois to the fortified city of Amboise, they gathered as many defenders around them as the priests were able to raise, and all the roads being strongly guarded, the Huguenots were taken prisoners in groups as they approached, and at once thrown into subterranean dungeons prepared for their reception. When all had been thus secured, the work of vengeance commenced. Long lines of gallows were erected in the streets of the city, and on these the prisoners were hung in scores, without trial, without examination, and without the least form of judgment. All through the month of March, while Elizabeth's army was making preparations to march into Scotland, the work of murder went on within Amboise, in sight of Mary Stuart and her young husband. When the hangmen had broken down under the fatigue of their terrible work, Mary's uncles ordered rows of scaffolds to be built, to cut off heads by the wholesale. To save trouble, the dead bodies of the heretics were cast together in heaps, till all the streets of the city ran red with blood, and long purple streaks were seen floating down the river Loire. But even this was weary work, and when it had lasted nearly a month, the cardinal de Lorraine conceived the idea of finishing

the business while providing entertainment for the ladies. It was arranged that the remaining heretics should be drowned like dogs, for the glory of God, and the amusement of the royal family. Accordingly, in the last days of March, the Huguenots not yet slaughtered were chained to long poles, eight, ten, and a dozen at a time, and thrown into the river, with the queen and her maidens looking on from the high balcony of the castle. Each group of martyrs kept floating for a while, till dragged down by their irons, and the spectacle so amused the court as to give rise to loud exclamations of delight. Even king Francis forgot that he was a leper in the pleasing excitement of seeing his subjects drowned.

Like all martyrdom, that of the French Protestants bore its immediate fruit. So far from feeling cowed or subdued, the Huguenots, after the massacres of Amboise, showed themselves more bold and courageous than ever in defence of their religion. They organised secret associations throughout the country, procured large supplies of arms and ammunition, and even sent ambassadors to England to seek aid and protection from the queen. Elizabeth thought intervention in French affairs too bold a game, although the recovery of Calais was looming at the end of it; Cecil, on his part, received the Huguenot messengers with openly-expressed satisfaction, holding out hopes of assistance after a time, if not at once. Already Cecil saw clearly the absolute necessity of England taking the lead in the new religious movement in Europe, and of soaring to greatness by assisting other nations to throw off the bondage to Rome. But Elizabeth's political sagacity could not rise to this height all at once, and even the success of Cecil's labours in Scotland, so far from giving her faith in his policy, made her only distrust it. While the Huguenot envoys were yet lingering near the English court, the estates of Scotland assembled, in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty of Edinburgh, to settle the future administration of the realm, civil as well as religious. At the very first meeting of the Scotch parliament its overwhelmingly Protestant character became evident. The ecclesiastical benches were almost entirely deserted, and while the leading Lords of the Congregation and their friends filled every seat, the state of ancient government was singularly illustrated by the empty throne which was standing at one end of the hall, with a dusty crown, mace, and sword lying on the top. The proceedings of parliament amounted to a complete revolution. By a series of acts, rapidly and almost unanimously passed, Roman Catholicism and the jurisdiction of the pope were abolished for ever, and terrible penalties were enacted against all who should continue to attend or celebrate mass, the first offence involving confiscation of property, and the last, punishment of death. These acts were preceded by a Confession of Faith, based on the doctrines of Calvin, which were thereby solemnly acknowledged by the representatives of the nation. The confession ended in the warlike prayer, "Arise, O Lord, and let thy enemies be confoundit; let theme flee fra thy presence that hait thy godly name; give thy servandis strenth to speik thy worde in baldness, and lat all natiounis cleif to thy trew knowledge. Amen."

Queen Elizabeth did not like the Confession of

Faith, nor any of the proceedings of the Scottish parliament. To Knox, the soul and leader of the reformation in the north, she had a strong dislike, which the great reformer tried in vain to overcome by friendly and even submissive letters, offered as an atonement for his unhappy book on "the monstrous regiment of women." But besides this personal grievance, which might have vanished in time, the queen had another and far more serious objection to the doings of her northern allies. She felt instinctively, and she felt truly, that the doctrines propagated among them were directed against irresponsible crown-bearers as much as against irresponsible priests, and that they would lead in the end to a republican instead of a monarchical form of government. Luther, in his revolt against established authority, stopped short at the throne; Calvin, bolder in spirit, and living in democratic surroundings, went one step further in censuring kings who deserved censure; but Knox, greatest and most fearless of apostles of the truth, went far beyond these leaders, advocating not merely reform but revolution. Scotland's apostle, like another Elijah, felt "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," and, following the doctrines of Luther and Calvin to their logical sequel, was nobly steadfast in his determination not to allow kings, any more than popes, to stand between high heaven and his own soul. He loudly proclaimed the right of subjects to punish bad rulers like other malefactors, and to resist princes whenever they should transgress the law of God—dogmas and maxims naturally very displeasing to the ears of the daughter of Henry VIII. That they were not meant to be mere maxims, but good to be converted into strong substantial facts, the estates of Scotland went to prove to Elizabeth. In the new constitution which they elaborated very little was said about the privileges of kings, but a great deal about the privileges of men. The system of future ecclesiastical and, to some extent, civil government, was laid down in a Book of Discipline, in the drawing up of which Knox took a leading part. This charter, among others, established the startling innovation that the religious sovereignty should reside in the people, as the source of all authority. The people alone, the Book of Discipline ordered, should possess the right to appoint preachers and ministers of religion, whose sacred function was declared to originate, not in the imposition of hands, or any other ceremony denoting ecclesiastical authority, but in the conscientious election of the faithful members of the church. In the eyes of the representatives of Scotland the episcopal government of England was as much an abomination as the hierarchy of Rome, and they did not hesitate to hold it up to contumely as a remnant of foul superstition, offensive to all godly men. Instead of into bishoprics, the Scottish parliament divided the kingdom into religious districts, ten in number, over which were placed as many ministers, bearing the title of superintendents. But their duty was not only to superintend the religious worship, but the manners and morals of the people; to teach, as well as to preach; to give alms to the poor, and instruction to the ignorant, and, in general, to show the ways upon earth as well as the road to heaven. It was a gigantic revolution in all respects, such as no

nation ever went through in so short a space of time. In little more than a month, while the estates were sitting at Edinburgh, Scotland became, from a feudal monarchy, the most democratic republic upon earth.

But though actually and virtually a republic, the disciples of Knox were wise enough not to proclaim Scotland as such, well aware that as yet the physical strength of the nation was not equal to the assertion of its independence. On the other hand, it seemed impossible that, after the French troops had been cast out, and the new constitution been framed, Scotland should continue under the sovereignty of the queen of France, even though her authority might be only a shadow. There was clearly no security for what Scotchmen held dearer than their lives, their religion, as long as the sceptre was in the hands of a princess, foreign in all but birth, ultra-papist in all her views, surrounded by Jesuits, and openly exhibiting the bent of her inclination by looking on with satisfaction, if not directly ordering, the cold murder of Protestants. The massacre of the Huguenots at Amboise had made it impossible that the queen of France should continue to be queen of Scotland, and the only question now was as to who should take her place. The old plan, warmly approved of by Cecil, of marrying the earl of Arran, next heir to the Scottish crown, to Elizabeth, and to unite the two realms, appeared in all respects the best solution of the difficulty, and, after mature deliberation, the estates resolved to take the important step of directly offering a crown and a kingdom to the maiden queen. The resolution was passed in the month of September, 1560, and a special embassy set out immediately for London with an address to Elizabeth's council—a most remarkable document. "Other devices," said the representatives of Scotland, commenting upon the position of their country, "may seem probable for a time; but, we fear, not for long. We wish the best, though many incidents may fall out to change the course; but if this [the marriage] shall take place, then are all doubts removed for ever. We have no king to offer you—the more sorry we; but we present unto you him who, being in place next unto a king, shall bring with him the friendship and force of a kingdom. We assure you with him of the hearts and good-will of a whole nation, which you may never by riches obtain. We present no stranger, but in manner your own countryman, seeing this isle is a common country to us both; one that speaketh your own language, one of the same religion. You need not fear that by marriage of a king of Scotland unto a queen of England, the pre-eminence of England might be defaced, for that should always remain still the worthiness thereof; neither need you fear any alteration of the laws, seeing the laws of Scotland were taken out of England, and, therefore, both these realms are ruled by one fashion. By these means Ireland might be reformed, and thus the queen of England become the strongest princess upon the seas, and establish a certain monarchy by itself in the ocean, divided from the rest of the world."

The noble language of Scotland's deputies made no impression upon Elizabeth. Once more all her greatness as a queen disappeared in her littleness as a woman. Whatever affection there was in her heart was given to that vain, frivolous, and empty-headed scoun-

drel whom all the nation accused of the murder of his own wife, and it was for his sake that she declined becoming monarch of Scotland as of England, and the "strongest princess upon the seas." It was in vain that Cecil, backed by the whole privy council, pressed her to accept the Scottish offer, and, by a slight personal sacrifice on her part, to gain the blessings of two nations. Elizabeth would not listen, and kept dallying with Dudley, who, false and treacherous as ever, had in the meanwhile got into secret communication with the Spanish ambassador, offering to bring the kingdom back to the allegiance of Rome, if his master would give his consent and assistance to his marriage with the queen. This was an offer as foolish as unnecessary, for had Elizabeth willed to make a husband of her master of the horse, the consent of the king of Spain was certainly not required. When she had positively refused the earl of Arran, and with him the crown of Scotland, the great anxiety of the privy council was that she should marry somebody, even though it might be the detested Dudley. Lord Sussex strongly expressed this feeling in a letter to Cecil, discussing the marriage question: "I wish not," wrote Sussex, "that her majesty should linger over a matter of so great importance, but choose speedily, and thereupon follow so much of her own affection as by the looking upon him whom she should choose, *omnes ejus sensus titillarentur*, which shall be the readiest way, with the help of God, to bring us a blessed prince. If I knew that England had other rightful inheritors, I would then advise otherwise, and seek to serve the time by a husband's choice. But, seeing she is *ultimum refugium*, and that no riches, friendship, foreign alliance, or any other present commodity that might come by a husband, can serve our turn without issue of her body, if the queen will love anybody, let her love where and whom she list, so much thirst I to see her love." Lord Sussex did not understand his royal mistress quite well enough to know that, ready as she was to love her master of the horse, she was not at all ready to marry him. Perhaps at moments she stood at the brink of crushing her pride to the extent of contemplating the union; but those moments of passion quickly vanished, and with them Dudley's hopes. They had never been raised higher than at the time when Lord Sussex's letter was written, in the beginning of November, just after the failure of the Scotch negotiations. Already the courtiers came crouching at the feet of the queen's favourite, for she had dropped hints of marriage, and gone so far as to give orders to create him a peer. The patent was drawn out accordingly, and duly laid before the queen for signature. She looked at it, carefully read it, and carefully cut it to pieces with a penknife.

The penknife operation was not a mere changing whim on the part of Elizabeth; but caused by a piece of rather important news which she had just received. The news came from France, where various strange events had taken place subsequent to the massacres of Amboise. When all the Huguenots within reach of the uncles of Mary Stuart had been killed, the Guises bethought themselves of seizing and destroying the chief leader, the prince de Condé, brother of King Anthony of Navarre prospective heir to the throne. It was a dangerous undertaking, but, carried out

with great boldness, succeeded remarkably well. Both Condé and the king of Navarre were invited to be present at a meeting of the estates of France, to be held at Orleans; and, arriving in the city, the former was thrown at once into prison, and the latter had his guards taken from him and was forbidden to leave his residence. Condé was immediately put upon his trial, accused of having conspired with the Huguenots to overturn the government and to seize the person of the sovereign. In the meanwhile, to get rid of King Anthony, who could not be tried, the Guises devised a notable scheme. They persuaded their young monarch to invite his illustrious relative to an interview within the castle of Orleans, to get up a quarrel with him, and, when at its height, to draw his dagger and cry for help, on which soldiers were to rush into the room and despatch the king of Navarre. All the details of the plan were carefully arranged, and it might have succeeded but for the unexpected interference of Catherine de Medici, mother of Francis. She was ostensibly a friend of the Guises, yet profoundly mistrustful of them, as well as jealous of Mary Stuart; and as the destruction of the king of Navarre and his brother was evidently serving no other end but that of increasing their power, she resolved to prevent it by all the means at her command. While whispering to her royal son not to lend himself too readily to the work of assassination, she furnished secret information to King Anthony of the intended scheme, and the effect was that it proved abortive. Meeting Francis face to face, the king fixed his eyes with a keen searching gaze upon him, as if trying to read in his very soul. The crowned youth, trained as he was in the school of murder, shrank under the stern gaze, trembled and faltered, and, after a few minutes thus passed, the meeting came to an end, the cardinal de Lorraine, who was watching with his assassins in an adjoining room, listening in vain for the signal to begin the butchery. Great was the disappointment, and to remedy it Lorraine and his brothers settled that a brilliant hunting party should take place in the environs of Chambord and Chenonceaux, that the king of Navarre should be invited to it, and that he should be placed under the special charge and guidance of some of the huntsmen who had been waiting for him in the royal antechamber. Anthony of Navarre tried to excuse himself, but the young king insisted that he should go, and the great sport was fixed to take place on the 16th of November. But late in the evening of Sunday, the 15th of November, when Francis was kneeling devoutly in his chapel before the image of the Virgin, turning his rosary, he was suddenly seen to fall to the ground in a swoon. Carried to his couch and recovering consciousness, he complained of pains in the back of the head, and had medicines administered to him. They seemed to take effect, and he was visibly better the next day, though not able to leave his bed, so that the great hunt had to be postponed. At the end of a week, his majesty was sufficiently recovered to append his signature to several death-warrants, among others that of the prince de Condé, condemned by a special tribunal appointed by the duke de Guise. The execution was fixed to take place at Orleans on the 10th of December, the day of the opening of the

estates of France, on which it was designed to produce effect, many known Protestants having been chosen representatives of the people. Preparations for the meeting of parliament, the great hunt, and the great execution, now filled up the whole time of the Guises, when all at once, more suddenly than ever, Francis II. fell again to the ground in a swoon. It was on the evening of the 4th of December, at the moment when the young monarch was sitting down to a grand banquet, given in honour of the arrival at Orleans of a new pontifical legate. Doctors were soon on the spot, but this time they and their medicines were useless. After lingering for a few hours in semi-unconsciousness, Francis II. expired on the morning of the 5th of December, not quite seventeen years old. Mary Stuart, after a reign of less than a year and a half, had ceased to be queen of France.

The death of the poor leper who had worn the crown of France was followed by the most momentous consequences. Francis II. had scarcely drawn his last breath when all the courtiers and great officers of state, including the Guises, sank on their knees before the king of Navarre, whose murder they had been planning but an hour before. By the laws of succession, the crown devolved upon prince Charles, brother of the defunct, ten years old, while the king of Navarre, his nearest male relative, became regent. His first act was to open the prison door of his brother, lying for execution; and his second to ally himself with Catherine de Medici, and to expel the Guises from all the positions of trust and power which they had engrossed to themselves. The revolution did not take many hours to accomplish, and those who had been rulers of a kingdom on the morning of the 5th of December, found themselves suspected traitors in the evening, while the two brothers condemned to be killed had seized the helm of the government. The Guises might have attempted to dispute possession with the king of Navarre and his brother, both of them brave, but not wise or even adroit men, had not all their other enemies come forward at the same time. The co-operation of shrewd Catherine de Medici was in itself a tower of strength to the new ruler, and it was greatly increased by the report that the constable de Montmorency was marching from Paris upon Orleans with a large body of retainers, to take possession of the command-in-chief of the army from which he had been driven by the Guises. The latter now saw the hopelessness of any further attempts to regain power, and quitted the court precipitately, the cardinal de Lorraine making Mary Stuart the companion of his flight. When, on the 10th of December, the new boy-king opened the estates of the kingdom with great pomp, the tall figure of Anthony of Navarre at his side, the streets of Orleans offered an extraordinary sight. While the adherents of the Guises went rushing out of the southern gates of the city, the troops of Montmorency came marching in at the north, and between the two streams of soldiers and armed men a small funeral procession, issuing from the cathedral, seemed in imminent danger of being crushed. It was a singular procession, the centre being composed of a mean-looking funeral car, with a royal crown on the top, but with no other followers but one bishop, stone-blind, led by two old chamberlains. The blind pre-

late was Guillard, bishop of Senlis, and the coffin which he was accompanying to its last resting-place contained the mortal remains of Francis II., king of France.

The news of the death of the king was anything but welcome to Elizabeth, greatly as it raised the hopes of the French Protestants with whom she professed to sympathize. In refusing the offer of the Scotch parliament to marry the earl of Arran and unite the two kingdoms, the queen had committed a great political blunder, and she now dimly perceived that she might possibly reap the fruits of it before long. Among the people of Scotland, the rejection of the proposed union had caused considerable excitement, amounting to indignation. "What motive the queen of England had in this refusal we omit," said Knox, in a letter to a friend; while Randolph, Cecil's envoy at Edinburgh, informed the privy council, "there is such resentment of the rejection of the offer of marriage, that the Scots hold themselves almost absolved from all their obligations." Right in the midst of this excitement came the report of the death of Francis II. and the widowhood of Mary Stuart. The natural effect of it was to bring the thoughts of the people once more back to their hereditary ruler, whom they had been on the point of dethroning, but who now seemed almost preferable as a queen to Elizabeth. With the death of her husband, and the fall of her uncles from power, ended all fears of French interference, there remaining absolutely no tie to bind the queen to France, except the pension stipulated for in her marriage-contract, the receipt of which was not unwelcome even to the most patriotic of Scotchmen. The only strong objection against her that could be urged was her Romish bigotry; but even this did not seem formidable when coupled with the reflection that Mary Stuart was scarcely nineteen, and that years, new surroundings, and, possibly, a Protestant husband, might do much to bring about a wholesome change. Impelled by all these considerations, the estates of Scotland determined to send an embassy to the queen, entreating her to return to the country. The embassy was headed by Lord James Murray, illegitimate brother of Mary, warmly attached to her, yet more warmly attached to Protestantism. He set out with secret misgivings, knowing the character of his sister, and knowing, also, the plotting of the papal party in Scotland, whose spirit had been subdued, but not broken, and who were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to take revenge upon their opponents. Murray's fears were but too well founded. Before even he had left Scotland, some of the principal of the old Roman Catholic leaders, among them the bishops of Aberdeen, Moray, and Ross, together with the archbishop of St. Andrew's, went to meet in secret conclave, at which it was determined that they, too, would send an embassy to Mary Stuart. Thus two currents came setting in against the widowed queen from her native country, carrying councils of peace and of war, of new love and of ancient hatred. To choose at the outset the true stream was no easy task for a young woman of nineteen, spoiled by flatterers, and corrupted by Jesuits, with more temper than good sense, more beauty than intellect, and more passion than wisdom.

During the first few months of her widowhood, Mary Stuart acted with a skill quite unexpected to Elizabeth, who was keenly watching her from a distance. At the outset, Mary appeared to be almost unconscious of the sudden turn of public feeling in her favour which had taken place in Scotland; but as soon as she became aware of it, she at once quitted the somewhat disreputable society of the cardinal de Lorraine, and retired into the convent of St. Pierre-les-Dames, presided over by her aunt. Flights of young gallants, among them the earl of Bothwell, soon came over from Scotland to throw themselves at her feet; but she kept in prudent retirement, liberal in smiles, but parsimonious in words, raising hopes in many and favouring none. There was no room at St. Pierre-les-Dames for Bothwell and his friends, and Mary advised them to return at once to Scotland, entrusting them with letters to the leading men in the kingdom. The despatches, more than three hundred in number, were duly delivered, with the effect of creating a storm of affection for the young queen. "All men are going after her," Randolph informed Cecil, expressing his conviction that if Mary Stuart returned "it would be a mad world." Elizabeth now began to feel alarmed, and thinking it best to settle matters at once, instructed the earl of Bedford, who was setting out on an embassy to the new French government, to seek the widowed queen in her retirement, and to offer the usual expressions of condolence. The earl executed this part of his mission well, and was told by Mary that the dearest wish of her heart was to be in peace and friendship with her royal sister Elizabeth. "We are," she exclaimed, "both living in one isle, are both of one language, are the nearest kinswomen to each other, and both queens." The compliments over, Bedford opened himself on the chief subject of his mission, which was that the Scottish queen should sign the treaty of Edinburgh, concluded more than a year ago, but which had never yet been ratified. Mary cleverly evaded the unwelcome subject by telling the earl of Bedford that much as she liked to oblige her sister Elizabeth, she could not possibly give her signature without consulting her subjects; hitherto, she had obeyed the king of France, her lord, in refusing the ratification of the treaty, but for the future she had to look upon the people of Scotland as masters, and do nothing without their consent. The earl was mute; he thought the reply very fine, but very unsatisfactory. A few days after the interview with the English ambassador, Mary left the convent, and took up her residence at Vitry, in Champagne, formally assuming the dignity and state of queen of Scotland.

The first official envoy from her kingdom whom Mary consented to receive was the one despatched by the papist faction. The archbishop of St. Andrew's, with his friends and co-conspirators, had chosen a shrewd and energetic priest, John Lesly, of Aberdeen—subsequently bishop of Ross—as private ambassador; and making haste, he managed to arrive at Vitry at the same time with Lord James Stuart, representative of the parliament and people of Scotland. Mary preferred to receive the priest first, and to let the national ambassador, her brother, wait; and on the 14th of April, 1561, John Lesly was ushered into

the presence of the queen. He came with a strange message. By the mouth of their envoy, the chiefs of the Roman Catholic party quietly proposed to the queen to kindle the flame of civil war in her own country, and to set the people to murder each other. It was not a mere wild dream of revenge, but a carefully elaborated plan, worked out in all its details with the most business-like precision. Mary was advised to arrest her brother in the first instance, without listening to his message from the nation, and then to sail for Aberdeen in a French or Spanish man-of-war, accompanied by as many foreign soldiers as could be purchased. Her landing at Aberdeen, the archbishop and bishops promised, should be awaited by twenty thousand men, all good Catholics, raised in the north of Scotland, at whose head she could march upon Edinburgh, disperse the parliament, and restore the old religion. This accomplished, the horizon of her ambition might be made to widen: a march southward, across the border, offered no great difficulties, with thousands of loyal hearts, in priestly robes, for secret allies; and the deposition of a bastard queen and elevation of a second Mary to the throne of England, followed as a matter of course. Mary listened with rapt attention, though not without secret misgivings, to John Lesly's propositions. The work of slaughtering heretics was familiar enough to the widow of Francis II.—seemed pleasant enough, from Amboise experience—and in itself appeared unobjectionable; but there remained the doubtful question as to whether the noble prelates of Scotland would be able to do all that they promised in the way of murder. They had been unsuccessful in outrooting false doctrines, even with the assistance of a large French army, and it seemed almost impossible that they should be able to effect the work now that rank heresy had overgrown the land. Carefully weighing probabilities, Mary thought it would be best to temporize; she therefore sent her thanks to the zealous prelates, but informed Lesly that for the moment she was not in the position to accept the proffered advice, not even as far as regarded the arrest of her brother. The day after the interview with the priestly envoy, April the 15th, the queen received Lord James Stuart with the greatest demonstrations of affection.

In James Stuart the estates of Scotland had chosen an ambassador singularly well fitted to effect a reconciliation between queen and people. A man of vast energy, undoubted honour, and sincerely Protestant, the nation was able to look upon him as a noble representative of their best interests, while at the same time the queen, widely separated as she was from him in religious views, was fully cognizant of his personal attachment to her, and could not possibly doubt the honesty of his advice. Nevertheless, Mary, so far from lending a willing ear to the message of peace which her brother carried, and the personal counsel with which he accompanied it, had no other thought in receiving him than to bring him over by corruption to what she conceived to be her true interest. Well as he knew the character of her whom he was addressing, Lord James Stuart was astounded when, after having exhausted all his eloquence to describe to her the real state of Scotland,

and the firm root which Protestantism had taken in the nation, she asked him to help her to restore Roman Catholicism, offering him, as price of his apostacy, a cardinal's hat and several rich benefices in France. Lord James refused with indignation, after which the queen tried her softer blandishments, promising to listen to his counsel, to do nothing against his wishes, and, if it should meet with the approbation of all her subjects, to appoint him regent of the kingdom during her absence. In return, Mary requested her brother not to go back to Edinburgh by way of England, as he had come, and not to reveal anything she had said to the government of Elizabeth. Lord James refused both, more than ever convinced, after what had taken place, of the necessity of maintaining an intimate alliance with the power which had enabled Scotland to secure both political and religious independence. Failing to corrupt the loyalty of her brother, the queen now made an attempt to bring the leaders in the Scotch parliament over to her views, despatching for the purpose Gilles de Noailles, a French nobleman possessed of great talent for intrigue. The mission of Noailles consisted in persuading, either by weight of words or of gold, a certain number of persons on his list to exert their influence to break off the English alliance, as a preliminary to the restoration of the old religion and ancient form of government. But the efforts of Noailles, though carried on with great energy, entirely failed. The adroit nobleman soon found that the men he might buy were not worth buying, and that the gift of his verbal eloquence was entirely lost in the midst of an intensely practical people. The parliamentary leaders to whom he addressed himself told him that they were fully aware of all the defects and drawbacks of the English alliance; but that they were still more painfully conscious of the consequences of a restoration of popery in Scotland. They had seen what it meant very recently in England, and they were daily informed of its meaning in Spain, in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands, among nations far richer than Scotland, held in death grasp by priests revelling in blood. Monsieur de Noailles could not see it that way; he had been at Amboise and other places, and thought the drowning of Huguenots and splitting of heretic heads rather amusing than otherwise. But despairing to gain any converts to his view of the case, he quitted Edinburgh after a two months' sojourn, informing his royal mistress that her subjects were little else but unimaginative barbarians.

After the failure of all her negotiations, there remained nothing to Mary but to return to her kingdom, submitting to be guided in the first instance by her political opponents, and to wait for an opportunity to break their power. A longer sojourn in France could clearly serve to no other purpose but that of strengthening the English alliance; besides which it was becoming dangerous by the smouldering flame of civil war. The death of Francis II. and the fall of the Guises, though it interrupted the Protestant persecution for a while, did not stay it altogether, and not being minded to submit tamely to being killed and hunted like wolves by priestly bloodhounds, the Huguenots, at the end of another six months, sprang again to their feet, the Bible in the left and the trusty

sword in their right hand. To the uncles of Mary Stuart, the aspect of things was altogether threatening, and they advised her to stay no longer in France, but to return at once to her own country. The queen consented, and the departure was fixed for the middle of the summer, to await communications from Scotland. The next step of Mary was to despatch General D'Oysel, the hero of Leith, to Elizabeth, with the request that the queen might allow her to pass through England into her own dominions, so as to avoid a long and tedious sea voyage. Elizabeth refused, with some show of indignation, telling the general that as long as Mary declined to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, solemnly negotiated between England and Scotland, and signed by the representatives of the two governments, she must look upon her, not as an ally but as an enemy, and therefore could not possibly allow her to pass through her own realm. There was perfect fairness in this declaration, almost dictated by political necessity; however, the reply of D'Oysel had the effect of driving Mary Stuart into a great passion, she looking at the matter, not from the political but the sentimental point of view. Representing herself as a helpless widow, friendless and almost homeless, she burst forth, in an interview with Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, English ambassador at the French court, in loud complaints against the cruelty of her royal sister for having "impeached her passage." Sir Nicholas, dispassionate diplomatist, with some insight into the nature of tearful woman, quietly listened to the long oration, and, the torrent of words having subsided at last, calmly laid a parchment before the fair orator. "Will your majesty ratify the treaty?" he inquired. The suggestion was not acceptable to her distressed majesty. Rather than sign the treaty of Edinburgh, Mary was determined to risk everything—even the *mal de mer*.

Being forbidden to travel over land, nothing remained for Mary Stuart but return by sea to her dominions. Having passed some time at St. Germain with the royal family, and entered into careful arrangements for having the pension of 60,000 livres a year, to which she was entitled as queen-dowager of France, settled upon her in due form, Mary embarked at Calais on the 14th of August, accompanied by two of her uncles, the duke d'Aumale and the duke d'Elbœuf, together with a train of above one hundred French noblemen and priests, among the latter Peter de Bourdeilles, abbot of Brantome, upon whom devolved the task of general chronicler of events. It was with extreme reluctance Mary quitted France for her native country, being fervently attached to the pomp, pleasures, and dissipation of the luxurious court in which she had spent her last dozen years. Abbot Peter was deeply touched by this attachment. "The galley," he wrote in his chronicle, "having left port, and a slight breeze having sprung up, we began to set sail. The queen, with both arms resting on the poop of the vessel near the helm, began to shed a flood of tears, continually casting her beautiful eyes towards the port and the country she had left, and uttering the mournful words, 'Farewell, France,' until night began to fall. She desired to go to bed without taking any food, and would not go down into her cabin; so her bed was prepared on the deck.

She commanded the steersman that he should awake her early in the morn, if he could still discern the coast of France. Fortune favoured her; for the wind having ceased, and recourse being had to the oars, very little progress was made during the night, so that when day appeared the coast of France was still visible; whereupon, being called, the queen sat upright in her bed, and began again to look towards the land as long as she could, breaking forth in dolorous lamentations, 'Farewell, France! Farewell, France!' All this was overwhelmingly touching and romantic, and abbot Peter and his friends shed tears at seeing the exceeding pretty young woman, their mistress, sigh for the pleasures she was leaving behind at the most brilliant court in the world; the fine dresses, the magnificent entertainments, the glorious licentiousness—a very whirlwind of joys, beautifully diversified, now and then, by the hanging, shooting, and drowning of a few thousand Huguenots. Looking back, Mary Stuart beheld nothing but a tumult of enjoyment; looking forward, she saw little else but stern, disagreeable duty, oppressive to her delicate sentiments. "Often during the voyage," recorded the abbot of Brantome in his chronicle, "have I seen her dread her arrival in Scotland as if it were death, and have heard her say that she would prefer a hundred times to remain a simple queen-dowager in France than to go and reign in her wild country."

Elizabeth had some intention of kidnapping her dear sister and rival in the straits of Dover or the North Sea, but failed courage. An English fleet was sent to cruise in the track of the queen of Scotland, with vague instructions to the commander to look out for enemies, which, however, were wisely disregarded. Had the admiral sent the galley which carried Mary Stuart and her fortune to the bottom, Elizabeth would certainly have rejoiced at the deed secretly, but as certainly hung the man who did it, and gone into mourning openly. As this was a chance not likely to tempt the bravest captain on the seas, Mary Stuart and her hundred cavaliers and chaplains got to Scotland safely, though not comfortably, having been tossed about for four days and four nights on the foam-capped billows of the German Ocean. A thick black fog lay heavy on the shore of Scotland when the queen's galley ran, on the morning of the 19th of August, into the harbour of Leith, where not a soul was visible to greet the sovereign of the realm. As soon as her arrival got known, the magistrates came down to the shore, with a palfrey for Mary, and a select lot of shaggy mountain-ponies for her magnificent suite. The fine gentlemen of France, accustomed to prancing coursers behung with pearls and cloth of gold, stood aghast at the sight of the terrible ponies, looking less like horses than wolves: "lamentable to behold," according to Peter Bourdeilles, "and harnessed to match." At sight of the shaggy cavalcade, the abbot further records, "the queen began to weep, and to say that this was not like the pomp, the splendour, the trappings, or the superb horses of France." The fine French gentlemen were ready to sit down and weep with the queen; but the choice lying between a pony-ride and a walk through bottomless mud, they resigned themselves to the lesser evil, and set out in procession to Holyrood Palace, the

citizens looking on in grim silence. The sight of the royal residence, hidden, tomb-like, under the black precipices of Salisbury Crags, was not made to raise the drooping spirits of the queen; nor the dark rooms, covered with rushes, and almost destitute of furniture, into which she was ushered. "Et qui pis est," Abbot Peter entered in his chronicle, "and what was worse, in the evening, when she wanted to go to rest, some five or six hundred rascals from town—cinq ou six cents marauts de la ville—came under the queen's window to serenade her, screeching psalm tunes and scraping on three-stringed fiddles, horribly out of tune." The picture of these gaunt, solemn men, singing psalm tunes, was the most frightful sight yet beheld in the "wild country" by a gay abbot and a beautiful-eyed queen, accustomed to no other psalms but the amorous ditties of sweetly wicked knights, and the tender warblings of love-sick troubadours.

The signs of welcome on the arrival of Mary Stuart were by no means of the kind to inspire high hopes of the prosperity of her future career, yet they were more than enough to beget great uneasiness in Queen Elizabeth. Up to the last moment, the queen had buoyed herself with the expectation that either Mary would not dare to start at all; or that, as expressed in a letter from Sir Thomas Randolph to Cecil, "she might be met withal somewhere in the North Sea," and be sent to the bottom, the thing "being done unknown;" or that, finally, her landing on the Scottish shore would be opposed by the more zealous of the reformers. None of these anticipations being realized, Elizabeth for the first time began to feel a serious dread of her antagonist, as one who might possibly be a source of trouble, if not danger, to her. That, if Mary succeeded in gaining popularity in Scotland, she would be the rallying point of all the enemies of the English government, seemed absolutely certain; but more than this even Elizabeth dreaded the prospect of having to acknowledge the rival queen as her successor during her own lifetime. Owing, probably, to the scenes she had herself witnessed at Hatfield House while her sister was lying on her deathbed, Elizabeth had a morbid fear of naming, or even knowing, the inheritor of her crown; and the fear of getting in Mary an enemy as successor, instead of at least a nominal friend or dependant, was the greater, as her way to the throne had been cleared, previous to her arrival in Scotland, by an act of gross injustice. By blood, Mary Stuart was undoubtedly the nearest heir to the English throne; but by the will of Henry VIII., which excluded the descendants of his sister Margaret, consort of James IV. of Scotland, the crown devolved upon Lady Catherine Grey, younger sister of Jane Grey, unfortunate queen of ten days. To acknowledge Catherine, a quiet and inoffensive girl of eighteen, sincerely Protestant, as her successor, would have been no unwise policy on the part of Elizabeth; instead of it, however, she persecuted her young relative with a malignity entirely unpardonable. Being left very much unguarded, Catherine got intimately acquainted with, and warmly attached to, the young earl of Hertford, son of the Protector Somerset, and fearing that the course of their true love might not run smoothly if proclaimed to the world, the juvenile pair resolved to marry secretly. The ceremony was gone through

accordingly; but when the queen heard of it she got into a towering rage, and ordered both Catherine and her young husband to be thrown into the Tower, under the pretence that they were not legally married. It was an act, not only of the most wanton cruelty and despotism, but one absolutely antagonistic to Elizabeth's own interests. The poor injured girl, prospective heir to the English crown, sank under the burden of her shame and sufferings, and with her perished all that stood between Mary Stuart and the throne of Elizabeth.

Mary's first actions after her arrival in Scotland were not unwise. She made Lord James Stuart, her brother, prime-minister, and appointed the earls of Huntly, Argyle, Errol, Montrose, and other Lords of the Congregation, members of her privy council, so that altogether the Protestants had reason to be satisfied with the new government. But there was one thing in which she was never able to satisfy them, the exercise of her own religion. Mary insisted on retaining her priests and all the forms of Roman Catholic worship for herself and her court, and though this had been granted to her by the estates among the conditions of her return, the exercise of the liberty at once gave rise to expressions of anger and resentment. When, on the Sunday following the queen's arrival, mass was said in her private chapel, the more violent of the reformers were moved almost to insurrection. Gathering around him a troop of exasperated men, the master of Lindsay, leader of an extreme party among the Calvinists, rushed, in iron armour, into the courtyard of Holyrood Palace, prepared to put a stop to the service, crying out that "the priests should die the death of idolaters according to God's law." At the door of the royal chapel, Lord James Stuart, who had expected the attack, opposed the further progress of the enraged band, and by the weight of his personal influence succeeded in driving them back; nevertheless the anger of the masses at the reintroduction of popery kept growing, threatening constant rebellion. What was most dangerous to Mary was that Knox himself, now by far the most influential man in the kingdom, was opposed to her private worship. A few days after the attack upon Holyrood chapel, the great reformer wrote a remarkable letter on the subject to his friend Calvin. "The arrival of the queen," Knox informed the famous apostle of Geneva, "has disturbed the tranquillity of our affairs. She had scarcely been back three days before the idol of the mass was again set up. Some prudent men of great authority endeavoured to prevent it, saying that their conscience would not suffer that the land should be again contaminated, which the Lord, by the efficacy of his Word, had purged from idolatry. But as the majority of those who adhere to our faith thought differently, impiety gained the victory, and is now acquiring fresh strength. Those who favoured it give as a reason for their indulgence that all the ministers of the Lord are of opinion, and that you yourself declare, that it is not lawful for us to prevent the queen from practising her religion. Although I contradict this rumour, which appears to me most false, it has taken such deep root in men's hearts that it will be impossible for me to dislodge it, unless I learn from you

whether the question has been actually submitted to your church, and what was the answer of the brethren. I am always troubling you with such inquiries; but I have no one else into whose bosom I can pour my cares. I confess to you, my father, that I have never until now felt how painful and difficult it is to combat the secret foes' hypocrisy when concealed under the mask of piety. I have never feared open enemies so greatly, but that, in the midst of my tribulations, I continued to hope for victory."

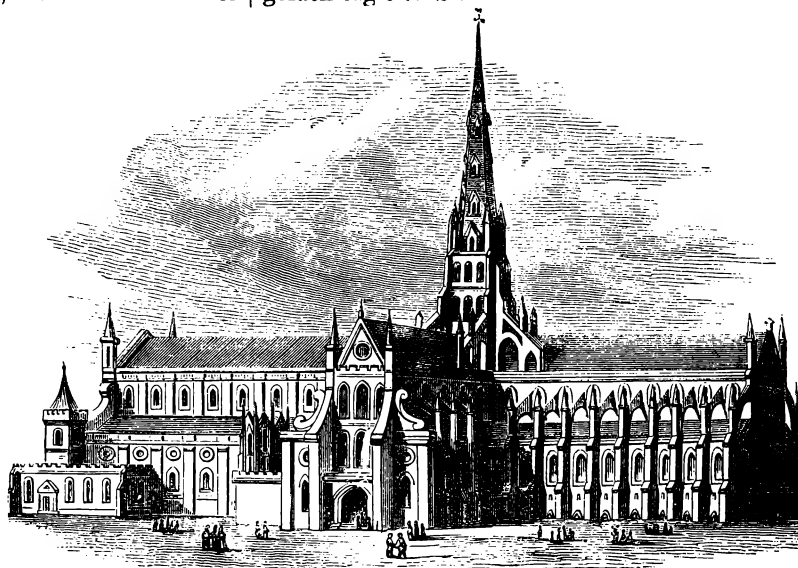
Before Calvin's reply arrived, Mary made a great effort to gain over Knox. Trusting to the fire of her beautiful eyes, and all those blandishments of manner and speech of which she knew herself the master, she invited the greatest of her subjects to a private interview at Holyrood Palace, pretending that she felt an earnest desire to hear the truths of religion from his lips. Nobody was allowed to be present at the interview but the queen's brother, Lord James, and he remained as a respectful listener in the background. Mary, after some gentle remarks about their differing views on religious subjects, at once came to ask him how it was that the reformers wished to place their creed above the laws of the state, so as to drive subjects into rebellion against their rulers. To which Knox replied, "Madam, if to rebuke idolatry and to persuade people to worship God according to His Word is to raise subjects against their princes, I cannot stand excused, for so I have acted; but if the true knowledge of God and His right worship lead all good subjects, as it must do, to obey the prince from their heart, then who can reprehend me?" Knox then went on to maintain, with great earnestness, the doctrine of the reformed faith, placing the laws of heaven above the laws of earth. "If all men in the days of the apostles," he exclaimed, "had been compelled to follow the creed of the Roman emperors, where would have been the Christian religion?" To this striking argument, the queen attempted to reply. "But the early Christians did not resist their rulers," she said. "Those who do not obey commands virtually resist," answered Knox. "But," rejoined Mary, "they did not resist with the sword." "That," exclaimed Knox, "was simply because they had not the power." At this declaration, as candid as true, the queen took fire. "Then you do maintain," she cried, "that subjects, having power, may resist their princes." "Most assuredly, madam," Knox calmly replied, "whenever princes exceed their bounds." And, seeing the fair royal lady before him dumb with surprise, the reformer went on to explain to her that he looked upon sovereigns persecuting their subjects as upon parents attempting to destroy their own children, which perfectly justified the latter to employ resistance and restraint. "Therefore," continued Knox, "to take the sword from princes, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison till they are brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience to them, but obedience to a higher law, laid down in the Word of God." The queen was lost in amazement—such language, uttered in bold, manly accents, had never before reached her ears. It was not till Lord James Stuart, who had been listening with deep interest, his whole soul hanging upon the lips of the preacher, came hurrying forward to discover the cause of his sister's silence,

that she found words to reply to her great subject, who stood before her like one of the prophets of old. "Well, then," the queen cried, recovering herself, in a tone faintly ironical, "I perceive that my subjects have to obey you and not me; that they must do what they like, and not what I command; while I must learn to be subject unto them and not they to me." To which burst of petty irritation, Knox replied, with great earnestness, "Heaven forbid, madam, that it should ever be so. Far be it from me to command any one, or to absolve subjects from their lawful obedience. All that I, and all that the people desire is, that princes as well as subjects should obey God." To which Mary replied, excitedly, "But I will defend the church of Rome, for I hold it to be the true church." John Knox had nothing more to say. The die was cast: Scotland had decided to go with the church of God, and the queen to go with the church of Rome.

Doubtful as was the position of the Scottish queen, Elizabeth did not the less cease to fear her. She knew that Mary Stuart was, and always would be, far more dangerous to England than to Scotland, the latter country having become overwhelmingly Protestant, while in England the Roman Catholics were still numerous represented both among the highest and the lowest classes. Looking upon Mary as not only the heir apparent to the throne, but the lawful ruler of the realm usurped by her illegitimate sister, these partizans of Rome raised their heads immediately after the arrival of the queen of Scotland in her capital, and rumours of conspiracies and insurrections came to be rife on all sides. Well-authenticated letters informed Cecil of the existence of a vast plot, emanating from Spain or Italy, the object of which was to poison Elizabeth, to elevate Mary to the throne, and to restore the union with the Holy Father of Rome. The queen herself was made daily aware that she was surrounded in her own household by spies and enemies, who kept watching every one of her movements, and, in spite of all precautions, got access even to her closet. The strictest vigilance had to be exercised to prevent the scheme of murder being realized. Every dish had to be partaken of by the cook who made it, and every drop of wine that came to the royal table to be tasted by the butler who kept it in charge. Even the gloves, handkerchiefs, and other articles used by the queen were minutely scrutinized after passing through the hands of not absolutely trustworthy persons; and, to prevent all possible mischief, her physicians induced her to take large doses of various nauseous compounds, supposed to be antidotes against poisons. There was, probably, much

exaggeration of the amount of danger threatening the life of Elizabeth; but that there was danger but little doubt existed. Unknown priests of swarthy aspect, under the protection of the Spanish ambassador, were met with hovering in the queen's palace, and the shadow of dark figures was seen more than once retreating from the royal bedchamber, on the approach of the guards. A dagger might do its work swiftly, but the greatest fear was that of poison. Rome, it was well known, was rather partial to poison.

The rumour of plots and conspiracies against the queen and the Protestant government was greatly intensified by an event of a startling nature, the burning of St. Paul's Cathedral. St. Paul's was the pride and glory of London, being considered not only one of the largest, but one of the finest churches in the Christian world, its spire, five hundred feet high, tipping the clouds, and the gilded eagle upon its summit towering grandly over the city, visible to the approaching traveller for thirty miles down the river. But a few hours sufficed to throw this pride of London into the dust. One hot summer afternoon in the year 1561, a heavy thunder-cloud came sweeping over the city, and all on a sudden the winds were hushed, and it got still and dark as night. Then there came a flash from the black mass of vapour above, and a fiery arrow piercing the darkness was seen to fall upon the golden eagle of St. Paul's. The citizens trembled in



OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

their hearts; but the fright soon passed away when they saw their noble spire towering as proudly aloft as ever, unharmed by thunder and lighting. Gradually the storm-clouds passed on eastward; yet no sooner had the sky got blue again, when the people in St. Paul's churchyard saw a pale tongue of fire licking upward from under the steeple of the cathedral. A few moments later, and the golden eagle came down with a crash upon the roof of the south transept, while a stream of molten lead kept creeping down the walls, setting all the beams and rafters ablaze. Another quarter of an hour, and the magnificent steeple was transformed into one vast pyramid of fire, illumin-

ating in the setting darkness the whole city and the country for miles around. The pile of flame called up plenty of willing hands, and long files of citizens ranged themselves from the churchyard to the river, passing water buckets up and down. However, all efforts to save the main part of the cathedral were fruitless, and it was not before the spire had been entirely destroyed and the nave become a charred and roofless ruin that the devouring element ceased its work. Then the cry arose on all sides that the fire was due to the Roman Catholic priests. The lighting itself, as witnessed by thousands of eyes, had done no harm to the edifice; but there were those who pretended to have seen, in the darkness of the tempest, dim spectral forms in priestly garments creep up the tower carrying torches in their hands. The account was generally credited, and for more than a month there was extreme danger to all persons passing through the streets of London dressed as a Roman Catholic priest.

The suspicion against priests for the moment was not confined to the mob of London, but shared by some of the shrewdest men in the kingdom, Cecil among them. That the Roman Catholics were hatching plots, he was firmly persuaded, and he kept watching with keen anxiety the doings of the leaders, particularly of the Spanish ambassador, known to be the centre of all intrigues. King Philip's envoy had his residence at Durham House, in the Strand, and from the water-gate of this dwelling there were seen issuing nightly all sorts of strange and fantastic forms, people in silks and people in rags, Italian monks closely muffled, French soldiers with spurs and steel-caps, Flemish merchants in fine-spun broadcloth, and Irish chieftains nobly ignorant of cloth and clothing. Neither Elizabeth nor her minister much admired this odd collection of mankind which in the darkness of the night kept gliding into Durham House, and, issuing again hours after, disappeared on the river; yet they felt that they had no right to interfere with the movements of the guests of Alvarez de Quadra, intimate friend as well as ambassador of the greatest monarch of Europe. However, there could be no doubt that mischief of some kind or other was brewing within the precincts of Durham House, and having taken council with his royal mistress, Cecil determined to find out something about it. One morning, the private secretary of De Quadra, Senor Borghese, called at the queen's palace, and Cecil, drawing him aside, held a long and intimate conversation with him. The effect of it was that Borghese reappeared the next day at the private residence of the minister, carrying a large bundle of letters, some in Spanish, others in Latin, and many more written in cipher. It took nearly a week to examine the bundle, and when the task was accomplished, it seemed as if a vast curtain had unrolled before Cecil's eyes, opening an entirely new landscape. For the first time he was able to spy into roofless Durham House, and behold the mysteries taking place there. He saw the envoy of King Philip, professed warm friend of Elizabeth, holding intercourse with all the enemies of the queen, aiding them in their complots, and encouraging them by word and deed to hatred of the government. He saw him despatch English priests into Flanders and Spain, carrying

lists of all the disaffected nobles within the realm, with full description of their grievances and a detailed account of their resources. He saw him indite letters to his master, informing him that the country was rife for insurrection, and rampant heresy rife for destruction, and that nothing was wanted but a small Spanish force to dethrone Elizabeth, and to inaugurate the reign of a second Mary. When Cecil had seen all this in the bundle of letters brought by Senor Borghese, and ciphered by his aid, he thought it was time to act. Issuing immediate orders for the arrest of a number of nobles and priests frequenting the Spanish embassy, he at the same time set a secret watch upon Durham House, with instructions to look for the next foreign courier leaving the place. The individual waited for appeared soon after, well-armed, booted, and spurred, and being followed on the road to Dover as far as Gad's Hill—favourite spot for highwaymen—was there seized by two of the queen's guards, disguised as robbers, and stripped of his despatches. A glance into them revealed to Cecil a gigantic hornet's nest of intrigue and conspiracy.

The seizure of the papers of the Spanish ambassador, both those furnished by his secretary and those taken from his courier, clearly proved the existence of a vast plot among the Catholic rulers of Europe to deprive Elizabeth of her crown and bring England back to the pope. To Cecil, who had long suspected such a plot, the absolute proofs of it, now in his hands, caused less surprise than gratification, as enabling him to bring the queen over to his views. Elizabeth latterly had been a good deal coquetting both with her royal sister of Scotland and the envoy of King Philip, the object in both cases being the gratification of personal feelings. Her amorous intercourse with Dudley kept her in the nets of the cunning Spanish ambassador, who did everything in his power to encourage it, and, if possible, to let it culminate in a marriage, well aware that nothing could possibly degrade the queen so much in the eyes of her own subjects than her nuptials with the brainless and treacherous favourite, generally regarded as the murderer of his wife. The intercepted despatches fully proved the intrigues of De Quadra in this respect; and the contemptuous manner in which he was found to speak of Elizabeth's affection for her master of the horse was not without effect in curing her, at least momentarily, of her infatuation. But the effect of the revealed mysteries of Durham House was still more important as regarding Elizabeth's position towards her sister of Scotland. Utterly unlike and unsympathetic in all other respects, Elizabeth had yet one feeling in common with Mary Stuart, that of thorough hatred of the extreme form of Protestantism represented by John Knox and his disciples, and it was this which, worked upon to its utmost extent by Mary's agents, gradually produced the effect of drawing the two queens towards each other. The reports of the attitude assumed by Knox towards his sovereign deeply wounded the royal pride of Elizabeth, and having begun to listen to Mary's complaints, she finished by getting into an animated correspondence with her, and after a while went so far as to assent to the proposition of a personal interview, to take place at Nottingham. Cecil naturally was greatly alarmed at the prospect of this meeting, which, it seemed cer-

tain, could end in nothing else but the acknowledgment of Mary's claims of succession. It was in vain that he and all the members of the privy council reasoned with the queen on the subject, representing to her the extreme danger of encouraging, in any manner whatever, the hopes of the Roman Catholic faction, and of opening the realm to another reign of priestly anarchy and murder. Elizabeth listened to the arguments of her advisers, but nevertheless insisted upon the fulfilment of her engagement to meet Mary at Nottingham, the day of which, with all particulars, had been fixed, when Senor Borghese and the Gad's Hill highwaymen upset the scheme. It was high time, for already the giant struggle between Protestantism and its priestly enemies had burst out on the continent, and had Elizabeth, coaxed by the smiles of a fair and false young queen, and spurred by the hatred of a great and valiant apostle of truth, thrown in her sword with Rome, it might have changed the history of the world.

The mighty contest between the adherents of the new faith and the followers of ancient dogmas, long threatening in France, found its outbreak in the spring of 1562, precipitated by almost accidental causes. Although immediately after the death of Mary Stuart's husband the chiefs of the Protestant party got the upper hand, and commenced their rule by the promulgation of a new code of laws, securing freedom of worship, the victory did not last long, treachery undoing all that had been gained. After their fall, the Guises, uncles of Mary Stuart, retired for a while, but having gathered fresh power in a reorganization of their priestly forces, they came into the field stronger than ever. They succeeded in gaining over once more Marie de Medici to their cause, and, after that, converted by bribes and threats, the weak and vacillating king of Navarre, regent of the kingdom. The apostasy of the latter was an immense loss to the Protestants, for, although they had never considered him, but his brother, the prince de Condé, their real leader, his partisanship, after his accession to the regency, had been of the highest value to them, establishing in fact their own security and guaranteeing religious peace. To disturb this peace now became the immediate object of the Roman Catholic leaders. Being reinstalled in office, the duke de Guise and his brothers went travelling up and down the country, haranguing priests, and exciting the fanatic multitude to attacks upon the unbelievers in the pope. In the course of his progress, the duke, one morning—on the 1st of March, 1562, a Sunday—arrived at the small town of Vassy, in Champagne, at the moment when the Protestants of the place commenced public worship at their chapel. The singing of psalms, lawful as it was for the time being, sounded unpleasant in the ears of the conqueror of Calais, and he sent a message to the heretics desiring them to suspend their service till he himself had returned from mass. The insolent order was not attended to, whereupon the great duke, sword in hand, strode forward towards the Huguenot chapel, at the head of his armed retainers, who at once fell like tigers upon the inoffensive worshippers. There was no resistance shown, nor attempted, and a crowd of helpless men, women, and children, several hundred in number, were sabred down while saying

their prayers at the foot of the altar. The atrocity was too great to remain unavenged, and at the report of the massacre of Vassy all Huguenot France sprang to arms.

As in England, so in France, Protestantism had the greater number of its adherents in the towns, chiefly those inhabited by the more intelligent classes of the manufacturing population, while the Catholics found their strength among the agricultural hinds, and in the lowest mob of some of the great cities. The knell of the horrors of Vassy was responded to at once by all the manufacturing towns in the kingdom, and in less than a week after Guise's butchery, the whole of them, including Lyons, Havre, Dieppe, Rouen, Bourges, Poitiers, Tours, and Orleans, with other centres of industry, had shut their gates, garrisoned themselves, and expressed their determination to overthrow a government sanctioning such foul murders. The attitude of these intelligent masses, suddenly rising in the defence of law and religion, was so impressive, that it seemed for a moment as if they might gain the upper hand by mere moral force. Marie de Medici, ever aiming to be at the side of success, allowed herself, together with the young king, to be taken to Fontainebleau, beyond the reach of the priest-ridden Paris mob, and the prince de Condé was on the point of taking both to Orleans, to the head-quarters of Protestantism, when a message from the duke de Guise frustrated the plan. The duke had established himself at the capital, seizing the reins of government; and he hesitated not a moment to inform the king's mother that the Huguenots had not the slightest chance of success, as his troops marched upon them from all sides. At the receipt of this message, Marie de Medici refused to accompany Condé any further, insisting to be allowed to return to Paris with her son. Condé hesitated, much inclined to carry both the king and his mother off by force; but his intentions were resisted by his own friends, chief among them Admiral Coligny, high authority among the Huguenots, and who had taken the place vacated by the apostate king of Navarre. Coligny's strong opposition to a plan which might have saved France from the horrors of civil war, and led to the triumph of Protestantism, entirely altered the state of affairs, and the king being permitted to be taken back by his intriguing mother to Paris, the central power of the kingdom once more was in the hands of the Guises. They lost not a minute to show their power. Large bodies of troops, partly composed of hirelings from the Alps and the Pyrenees, were hurled at once against the Huguenot towns, most of which, imperfectly provided with food, arms, and ammunition, were entirely unable to defend themselves. Bourges, Angers, Tours, and Poitiers, had their gates battered down after but a short resistance, the capture being followed in every case by indiscriminate slaughter of the rebels. In the wake of every battalion of the royal armies there followed bands of fanatic priests, carrying the symbol of Christ high in the air, and hoarsely shouting for murder. The soldiers of Guise willingly obeyed the priestly orders, marking their path by long streaks of blood.

The ill success of the Huguenots, far from subduing them, drove them to despair. The towns not cap-

tured at the first onset, secured themselves by the most frantic efforts, women and children working at the defences, and every man taking the solemn resolution to sacrifice life and limb and all earthly goods in the cause of religion. In a short time the effect of this new exaltation was felt by the troops of Guise. The duke d'Aumale failed in a great effort to take the important city of Rouen, held by Condé in person, and Dieppe and Havre at the same time succeeded in beating back large bodies of troops sent against them. To punish the Huguenots for this failure, the priests directed detachments of their army of extermination against a number of small and unprotected places in the south of France, where heresy was known to have taken root. The ancient town of Orange was the first selected for attack. Without warning and without resistance, the place was captured by a body of hirelings, half French and half Italian, commanded by Fabrizio Serbelloni, a relative of the pope, who at once entered upon the work of massacre. At Orange there were not sufficient Huguenots to make simple killing a gratification, and, to allow the ministers of religion their full joy, all the heretics taken were put to death under atrocious tortures. The men were either burnt at smouldering fires, or slowly hacked to pieces, so as to linger for days; while the women, after suffering torments and ignominy worse than death, were hung out stark naked from the windows of their houses to form targets for the soldiers to shoot at. Nor did the children escape the priestly demons. Babies torn from the breasts of their mothers were mutilated in their sight, and the dripping wounds of the innocent little creatures pasted over, in infernal mockery, with leaves torn from the Bible. For a whole week the priests kept up their work, till hell itself seemed to be exhausted in cruelties. At the end of the week, every heretic within the town having perished under frightful tortures, the murderers fled before the approach of a small Huguenot force under a warlike leader, Captain Des Adretz. The latter had heard of the doings of the pope's relative at Orange, and had sworn a great oath that the priests and their hangmen should suffer for it. And Captain Des Adretz was true to his oath.

The Huguenots were more than a hundred miles away from Orange when the report of the massacre reached them, but driven by their impetuous leader, they hurried towards it in furious exultation, taking neither rest nor food, running more than marching. At Montelimart, they fell upon the rear of Serbelloni's priestly bandits, who, cowardly like all murderers, were flying up the valley of the Rhone. Though vastly inferior in number, Des Adretz at once attacked them, scattering them to right and left, and driving a portion into the castle for refuge. Still the Huguenots followed, sword in hand and fury in their eyes, and pushing the priestly bloodhounds before them to the edge of the tower of Narbonne, they hurled them over the steep battlements, each seizing an enemy by the neck as an eagle would seize a cat. All having been thus despatched, Des Adretz set out in pursuit of the remainder of Serbelloni's soldiers, flying northward for their lives. They ran fast, but he hurried faster, and after a chase of more than seventy miles, the murderers were overtaken at the fortified town of

Montbrison, within which they barricaded themselves in all haste. But no fortifications could withstand the fury of the Huguenots. In a few hours they had stormed the earthworks, climbed the walls bristling with cannon, and driven the priestly troops into the ancient castle, deemed impregnable, overhanging a rocky chasm, with the torrent of the Vizezy running deep at the bottom. When all had been shut up here, Des Adretz, lion-like, battered in the gates of the castle, stalked up to the summit, and pushing a plank forward from the giddy height, ordered his prisoners to jump down from it, one by one. The fiendish cowards offered no resistance to the handful of infuriated men around them, and obeying the command of the Huguenot captain, they crept along the fatal plank, one man after the other, to dash their brains on the granite rocks deep below. Orange was revenged; but the task of the Huguenots, defending their lives and their religion against overwhelming numbers, remained as difficult as ever. While Des Adretz was chasing the enemy in one direction, continuing his race from Montbrison to Bourg, and from Bourg to Grenoble, sweeping down like a hawk upon priests and priestly assassins, fresh bodies of troops under the command of the Guises came pouring in from all sides against the towns still occupied by the Protestants. One by one, they were stormed and given up to carnage, till by the beginning of August, five months after the massacre of Vassy and the commencement of the civil war, the whole force of the Huguenots was concentrated within Orleans, Rouen, Havre, Dieppe, and a few places in the south. Condé and his friends doubted no longer that Protestantism was doomed to perish in France, unless help could be obtained from abroad.

There was only one country from which help could be reasonably expected—England. Early in the summer Condé had despatched envoys to Elizabeth, imploring her to lend her aid to the martyrs of Protestantism, helping them to overthrow her own and their enemies. Cecil eagerly supported the alliance with the Huguenots, but the queen was very cold. Although fully aware that there were no greater foes of her throne than the Guises, and that as long as they were in power no means would be spared to foment disaffection in her own realm, she yet showed a strong dislike to declare openly against them, feeling abhorrence both of the Calvinistic creed of her proposed allies and of the dangers and uncertainties of war. However, as the peril of the Huguenots increased, so did their eagerness to obtain England's assistance. Condé's envoys at first spoke only of the eternal gratitude of all French Protestants, at which Elizabeth smiled; but their bids gradually rose, and by the middle of August, when the army of the Guises was advancing to a new siege of Rouen, they offered, in return for English assistance, to place the town and port of Havre into possession of the queen, and to redeem it at the final peace by the unconditional restoration of Calais. Elizabeth hesitated to accept even this tempting offer, and the Huguenot ambassadors, sad and dismayed, were on the point of returning to France, when Cecil broke in upon his mistress with a last argument. He laid before her a letter from Thomas Gresham, much trusted financial

minister, still residing at Antwerp, containing some strong remarks about the effect of the queen's political timidity upon her monetary affairs. Gresham had been empowered to raise a loan for Elizabeth, but could not get it because, as he said, "the moneyed men were afraid to deal further with her." The reasoning of the "moneyed men" was very simple. "There was no other communication," Gresham wrote, "but that if M. de Guise had the upper hand of the Protestants, the French king, the king of Spain, the pope, and all those of that religion would set upon the queen's majesty for religion's sake," and that, therefore, "great doubt was cast upon her estate and credit." The argument had a wonderful effect upon Elizabeth. Very dispassionate about Protestantism, but terribly anxious about the cash nexus, the whole truth of her position towards the French Calvinists seemed to burst upon her in Gresham's few lines. Once more Condé's envoys were summoned to Hampton Court, and told that the queen was ready to sign the proposed treaty of alliance. Their manifest eagerness was not overlooked by Elizabeth, inducing her to turn the scales of an already sharp bargain a little more to her side. Prince de Condé, in return for giving up Havre, had stipulated for three hundred thousand crowns of gold and four thousand soldiers, but the queen now told his envoys that she would prefer to give fewer crowns and more soldiers, and they could do nothing but accept, pressingly though they wanted the money for the pay of Flemish and Swiss soldiers engaged to serve in their cause. After some further debates, needlessly protracted, to the despair of the Huguenot ambassadors, Elizabeth signed the treaty of Hampton Court, September 20, 1562, engaging that England should send three thousand soldiers to take possession of Havre, and three thousand more to succour Dieppe and Rouen, and pay likewise one hundred thousand crowns towards the payment of Condé's foreign allies. To secure herself against all emergencies, Elizabeth professed, in the preamble of the treaty, to make war, not against, but in favour of the king of France, to "deliver him from the tyrannical house of Guise." It was a lame pretence, expressive only of timidity, and little fitted to stem the tide of priestly hatred and popish malediction certain to be expected after England's alliance with the Huguenots.

There was no delay in the execution of the Hampton Court treaty. In less than a fortnight after its ratification, the first half of the English army sailed from Portsmouth, and on the 4th of October, three thousand men, commanded by Sir Adrian Poynings, took possession of Havre. In the meanwhile, however, the city of Rouen, looked upon as the headquarters of the Huguenots, had been closely invested by an army of twenty thousand, commanded by the duke de Guise in person, accompanied by the constable Montmorency and the king of Navarre. Rouen, surrounded by no other fortifications than a line of ancient walls, strengthened by earthworks thrown up in a hurry, could not possibly withstand the Catholic army for any length of time, and to raise the siege and protect the fifty thousand Protestants of the city from the massacre awaiting them on capture, Condé, as soon as he heard of the landing of the English allies, sent courier after

courier entreating assistance. Sir Adrian Poynings, a staunch Protestant, felt the deepest sympathy with the Huguenot cause, yet nevertheless dared not stir from his post. His positive orders were to take possession of and remain at Havre, while the task of assisting in the defence of Rouen was left to the rest of the expedition, under the command of the earl of Warwick, elder brother of Lord Robert Dudley. But Warwick did not arrive, and the cry of distress from Rouen became so great that Poynings at last consented to the urgent entreaties of a number of volunteers under his command, brave, warm-hearted youths chiefly from northern counties, to let them slip away secretly from his lines and fight the battle of Protestantism. The little force, five hundred in number, led by Killigrew of Pendennis, and a bold adventurer known as "Strangways the Rover," set out from Havre in the second week of October, to hew their road through the whole Catholic army into Rouen. They went in boats up the river Seine, but had not got further than Caudebec, half way between Havre and Rouen, when they were fired upon by a detachment of Guise's soldiers. The attack, coming unawares, and mortally wounding "Strangways the Rover," created confusion among the five hundred; but they pushed onward with undaunted courage, and cutting their path through overwhelming numbers, found their way into the besieged city, not, however, without leaving one half of their comrades, all more or less disabled, among the enemy. The duke de Guise had the wounded men carried before him, and with a coarse oath, ordered them to be strung up on trees in front of his tent. They were hung accordingly, the brave English volunteers, each with a paper on his breast stating their crime as having come into France "au service des Huguenotz." The act would have justified Elizabeth in setting a price upon the head of the duke de Guise, as a common malefactor and assassin. However, the English government bore the outrage without remonstrance, evidently unable to see that the men whom the Huguenots were struggling against were not really soldiers, fighting in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare, but fiendish maniacs, driven mad by the wildest of superstitions—that of pleasing God by murdering their fellow-men.

The arrival of the handful of English volunteers, cheering as it was to the defenders of Rouen, was unable to protract the capture of the city for any length of time. To the twenty thousand troops under Guise, the citizens had to oppose not more than five thousand fighting-men, about one thousand of them regular soldiers and the rest armed Huguenots. In spite of these overwhelming odds, and the utter uselessness of the fortifications for withstanding the raging fire of Guise's artillery, the city held out for nearly a month, by dint of all but unparalleled heroism. Day and night the defenders remained at their post, neglecting rest and food, and repairing their battered walls under the fire of the enemy's guns, while the women themselves kept working in the trenches, casting bullets, and loading the muskets of their husbands, sons, and fathers. But it was all in vain. The priestly army, which had commenced to invest the city on all sides on the 29th of September, succeeded in carrying the fortified convent of

St. Catherine, by which Rouen was commanded from the Paris road, on the 9th of October, and posting masses of cannon here, poured down a hailstorm of iron upon the defenders below. Whole quarters of the city having been battered down, and large breaches made in the walls, the besieging army attempted a storm in the night from the 13th to the 14th of October, but was repulsed with great loss, the Huguenot women as well as the men engaging in the hand-to-hand struggle, fighting like enraged lions. The apostate king of Navarre was wounded in the left shoulder in the attack upon the city, and this and the unexampled courage shown by the besieged, which even Guise could not help respecting, induced the commander to suspend the siege for a few days, to enter upon negotiations. The Huguenots were offered complete amnesty and the free exercise of their religion, on condition of annulling the treaty with England, and of assisting to drive the English from Havre. The terms were rejected with indignation, although it was well known to the brave defenders of the city that the English alliance for which they sacrificed so much, would be of no earthly use to them. Elizabeth, with unpardonable greed, insisted upon clutching, above all things, her own prize, the town of Havre, not allowing a man to assist Rouen till the arrival of the second detachment of her forces, under Warwick. But Warwick, indolent and incapable like his handsome brother the favourite, did not come, so that there was abundant time for Guise to convert all Rouen into a heap of ruins. This was accomplished by the 26th of October, on which day the Catholic host poured into the burning city from all sides, murdering, as usual, every soul, violating women in the streets, and hacking little children to pieces. Of the English volunteers, thirty succeeded in hewing their road once more through the priestly army, to carry back the sad tale of Rouen's loss.

The report, heart-stirring as it was, created not much excitement in England all eyes being bent for the moment on an issue of even greater importance than the cause of the French Protestants. The very same night when Rouen was attempted to be stormed, Queen Elizabeth fell ill, and the alarming symptoms increased so rapidly that for some time her life was despaired of. It was an attack of the small-pox, made dangerous by incautious exposure to wind and rain, while the queen was walking with Dudley in the gardens of Hampton Court. The eruption having been thus checked, Elizabeth suddenly fell prostrate, and on the 16th of October the attendant physicians sent for Cecil, informing him that unless there was a rapid change for the better, the life of the queen was numbered by hours. There was an immediate meeting of the privy council and the most anxious consultation. Never before in the history of England had the welfare of the realm depended so much upon one life as at this moment. Religion, liberty, national independence, all was hanging on the breath of the pale woman, now resting unconsciously on her couch in the adjoining room. Cecil shuddered when contemplating the future that might arise should that faint breath cease; but while intensely alarmed, neither he nor his colleagues broke through the calm of their deliberations. The question of succession to the

throne, all agreed, was beset with a thousand difficulties, but yet not absolutely insoluble, once the point settled that the claim of catholic Mary Stuart should not be allowed. Barely a voice was raised in her favour, and it was finally arranged, on the proposition of the aged earl of Winchester, that the matter should be submitted to the crown lawyers and judges of the realm. While this earnest discussion was taking place, the privy council deliberating in a small chamber of the royal residence, and the queen lying prostrate in the next, the crisis had come and was past. All on a sudden, the fever ceased, the skin of the sufferer grew moist, red spots began to appear on her face, and the physicians cried, "She is saved!" After having been unconscious for five hours, Elizabeth awoke, and saw all the members of the council standing round her bed. Her first feeling was that she was dying, and before her reasoning faculties seemed clear she began to talk of Dudley, expressing her wish that he might be made protector of the realm after her decease. "I love him dearly," she exclaimed, "and have always loved him." Cecil shook his head in sadness: it was perplexing to think, indeed, that so great a queen, so noble a woman in many respects, should yet be so utterly vulgar as a woman. Whatever happened, Cecil and his colleagues were quite decided not to appoint the pretty horse-master protector of the realm.

Elizabeth recovered as rapidly as she had sunk, and in the course of a week was sufficiently well to attend again to the affairs of government. Cecil at first feared the effect which the news of the fall of Rouen and the loss of the brave men who had left Havre against her orders would have upon the queen; but, to his great surprise, she bore it calmly, only expressing regret of not having "dealt more frankly" with the Huguenots. To make up for the past, she commanded Warwick, still loitering about lazily, to start without an hour's delay, and gave orders to Cecil to "stuff Newhaven with men" to be thrown over into Dieppe. Eight ships of war were sent to cruise in the Channel, keeping up communication between France and England, and carrying troops to and fro, which was done with so much activity that by the beginning of December the army collected within the lines of Havre, under the earl of Warwick, was more than seven thousand strong. The seven thousand might have saved Protestantism in France had they arrived a couple of months earlier; as it was they came too late to be of any use, either to the Huguenot cause, or to the personal interests which induced Elizabeth to take a share in it. By the time the earl of Warwick arrived, the affairs of the French Protestants had become desperate. The fall of Rouen brought with it that of Dieppe, and in a few weeks the whole of Normandy was overrun by the troops of Guise, so as to force the prince de Condé to concentrate all his strength within the walls of Orleans, now the only city of importance remaining in possession of his party. Thus, from a military point of view, the cause of the Huguenots was lost, and their chance of holding out against the Catholic army was to be measured by weeks, if not days. However, on the other hand, they gained an immense political advantage a few weeks after the capture of Rouen. Anthony of Navarre

wounded in the attempt to storm that city, expired on the 17th of November, at the age of forty-two, and according to the law of France, was succeeded in the regency of the kingdom by his brother, the prince de Condé. The death of the king of Navarre greatly heightened the confidence of the Protestants, not only because it raised their chief leader to a position from which it was not easy to thrust him, but as a supposed sign of heaven in favour of their cause. It was said that Anthony of Navarre had been wounded by a shot fired from a breach in the walls by a little child, and that though at first only a seeming scratch, the wound had become venomous in a mysterious manner, inducing mortification, and, finally, the death of the apostate king. This was true, in so far as the wound of the regent was not considered dangerous at first, but was made so by his subsequent mode of living. Anthony of Navarre was an inveterate libertine, and instead of keeping quiet, as ordered by the camp surgeons, he summoned his beautiful mistress, Mademoiselle de Rouet, to his tent, making merry till gangrene had seized his body and he felt the shades of death approaching. Repentance, real or feigned, came over the dying king in his last hours. Summoning his friends around his couch, he declared to them that he expired, as he had lived, in the faith of the Bible, disowning the Church of Rome. The confession of Anthony of Navarre was listened to by his only son, Henry, aged nine, destined to be the greatest king that ever ruled in France.

The death of his brother encouraged the prince de Condé to hazard a bold stroke. Being entitled to the place of regent, and seeing no hope of continuing the resistance to the Guises within walled towers, he resolved to leave Orleans, and gathering all the remaining forces of the Huguenots, to throw himself upon Paris, to assume the reins of government, and to declare the boy-king a prisoner, retained forcibly by his enemies. In pursuance of this plan, Condé quitted Orleans at the beginning of November, accompanied by eight thousand infantry and five thousand horse, the latter under the command of Admiral Coligny, most trusted of Huguenot leaders. The movement of Condé being entirely unexpected by his opponents, he found the road to Paris open, and after a ten days' march was enabled to establish himself at Montrouge, a suburb of the capital. There was a strong body of Protestants in Paris, and although the Catholic mob terrorised over them, Condé might have made himself, with their assistance, master of the city, had he battered down the gates, and marched into it at once. He did not do so, however, but kept hanging about the environs for more than a week, in the vain hope that the priestly rulers of the capital, who kept him at bay with negotiations, would end by acknowledging him regent of the kingdom. Discovering at last that he was being deceived by his adversaries, and hearing at the same time of the approach of the Catholic army, coming up in rapid strides from Normandy, Condé turned away from the capital, in the hope of either gaining ground in a successful battle, or of reaching Havre and effecting a junction with the main body of the English allies, whose arrival had just been reported to him. Marching along the valley of the Seine, the Catholics upwards and the Huguenots

downwards, the two armies met on the 19th of December, near the town of Dreux, on the left bank of the river. The shock of the opposing factions was terrible. From early dawn till late at night, eighteen thousand Catholics, commanded by Montmorency and Guise, kept fighting, hand to hand and face to face, with eleven thousand Huguenots, led by Condé and Coligny, the carnage not coming to an end till the cold wintry earth was strewn by the bodies of nearly one half the opposing forces, and the very river was running red with blood. The corpses of eight thousand men were lying stiff and stark on the battle-field, and as many more crept about wounded in the damp grass, rending the air with their cries, seeking help and finding none, utterly alone among pyramids of the dead. Neither the Protestants nor the Catholics could claim victory; the frightful contest was simply a drawn battle. Like two gladiators, dashing forward at the same moment, each thrusting his sword into the body of his opponent, and both sinking down mortally wounded, so the two armies stood, and so they fell on the field of Dreux. The Huguenots made Montmorency, commander-in-chief of the Catholics, their prisoner; and the Catholics made Condé, commander-in-chief of the Huguenots, their prisoner; so that the laurels here were as equally divided as the bloodshed. But though a drawn battle, the field of Dreux was fatal to the Huguenot cause: the huge frame of ancient popery was able to bear many such wounds, but the young body of Protestantism spent its best strength here, receiving a stroke from which it never recovered.

The all but complete annihilation of Protestantism in France, and the frightful cruelties committed by the Catholic bands engaged in the work of extermination, had a strong effect upon public opinion in England. Even those who were advocating reunion with the church of Rome, dazzled by its external splendour, and reverencing its age, were horrified at the fiendish conduct of the priestly leaders in the Huguenot war—conduct justified by them on principle, and openly approved by the head of the church; while the adherents of the reformed doctrine, constituting the great majority of the English people, were more than ever loud in their denunciations of Rome, and the principle of persecution inherent in its faith. The first consequence of this universal feeling became visible in the constitution of a new parliament, the writs for which were issued in the latter part of 1562, and which met for the first time at Westminster, on the 12th of January, 1563. The spirit of the assembly was shown at once in the choice of a speaker, which fell upon an ardent church reformer, Sir Thomas Williams, who entered upon office by addressing a quaint oration to Elizabeth. "We now assembled," the speaker exclaimed, "as diligent in our calling, have thought good to move your majesty to build a fort for the surety of the realm, to the repulsing of your enemies abroad; which must be set upon firm grounds and steadfast, having two gates—one commonly open, the other as a postern, with two watchmen at either of them—one governor, one lieutenant, and no good thing there wanting. The fort to be named the Feat of God; the governor thereof to be God; your majesty the lieutenant; the stones the hearts of your faithful

people; the two watchmen at the open gate to be called Knowledge and Virtue, and the two at the postern gate to be called Mercy and Truth." The address of the speaker was followed by discourses of the leading members of the house, all expressing, with great energy, the necessity to uphold and strengthen the reformed religion, and to break the power of its enemies within the realm. This naturally brought on the question of succession, uppermost in all men's minds. The late serious illness of the queen had created universal alarm among the Protestants, and the representatives of the nation had not been a week together before they showed their intention to make this the most important matter of the session. It was well known that the queen, whose chief object in assembling the faithful commons was that of getting supplies, was greatly averse to the discussion of the important points involved in the succession, but this did not for a moment stay the zeal of the new parliament. The matter having been opened by various violent attacks upon Mary Stuart, whose accession to the throne of England was declared on all hands to be impossible, the House of Commons, at the end of a fortnight, resolved by a large majority to present an address to the queen. Cecil in vain tried to moderate the zeal of the commons by telling them that all their efforts would be defeated by "the unwillingness of her majesty to have a successor known." The reply was a curt remark of the speaker that the voting of the address to the queen would have to take precedence of the voting of the supplies. Sir Thomas Williams understood the queen, and the queen understood the hint.

The delivery of the address, looked upon by all as an event of great importance, took place on the 28th of January, in the throne-room of Hampton Court Palace. Nearly the whole of the four hundred members of the House of Commons stood around the speaker when he read, in deep and sonorous voice, the collective speech, outpouring of their common feelings, to Elizabeth. After the usual flatteries, and congratulations to the queen on her recovery from severe illness, Sir Thomas Williams dwelt upon the machinations of the Catholics, as revealed in the plots hatched at the residence of the Spanish ambassador. There were, the address stated, a faction of people in the realm, "contentious and malicious Papists," who, "most unnaturally against their country, most madly against their own safety, and most treacherously against her highness, not only hoped for the woful day of her death, but also lay in wait to advance some title under which they might revive their late unspeakable cruelties." The commons, further remarked the speaker, "saw nothing to withstand the desires of the Catholics but her only life," and fearing to what attempt the hope of her death might drive the enemies of the realm, they thought it was "entirely necessary that there should be more set and known between her majesty's life and the unkindness and cruelty the papists intended to revive." In consequence, the commons desired two things, the first being that the queen would choose a husband, and the second that she would use the opportunity of the session to allow her successor, in default of heirs of her own body, "to be determined by act of parliament." In return for it, the address promised, parliament

would devise "the most penal, sharp, and terrible statutes against all who should practise against her majesty's safety." Elizabeth made a short and angry reply to the petition of her faithful commons. Informing the speaker that it was impossible for her to give an answer to the grave questions submitted to her without careful consideration, she darted a lofty glance at the representatives of the nation, after which she abruptly turned her back upon them, and swept out of the room. The members of the House of Lords, who presented themselves before the queen the day after, with an address similar to that of the House of Commons, were not treated with more consideration. The petition of the peers stating that it was "possible" she might have children, Elizabeth told them, with ill-concealed bitterness and anger, that "the lines which they saw in her face were not wrinkles, but marks of the small-pox;" further, that "God had given children to St. Elizabeth; and, old as she was, He might give children to her." The reference to the saint of her name, insane fanatic and patroness of the Inquisition, was deemed not very happy by either the lords or the commons of Elizabeth's parliament.

The evasive replies of the queen to the demands made in respect to the succession gave rise to great dissatisfaction. It was generally believed that the reasons which determined Elizabeth not to comply with the wishes of the nation were to be sought in her affection for Dudley, and her secret dislike for the tenets of the more advanced forms of Protestantism, which made her prefer even the Catholic queen of the Scots to any candidate brought forward by parliament. Though interrupted for a moment, after the discovery of de Quadra's intrigues, the queen had never given up her correspondence with Mary Stuart, and there were many who feared that this intercourse might become year after year more intimate, so as to drift finally into recognition, tacit if not otherwise, of her claims to the throne. To prevent this, as far as possible, the commons enacted a number of severe laws against Roman Catholics. Under the title of an "act for the assurance of the queen's royal power over all estates and subjects within her dominions," a statute was passed which provided that all persons who had been in holy orders, or taken a degree in the universities, or practised as lawyers, or held office in the execution of the law, should "take the oath of supremacy when tendered to them, under the penalties of præmunire, in the first instance, and, after refusing for three months, under pain of high treason." The law was specially aimed at the Catholic bishops of the late reign, who, though nearly all in prison, were still acknowledged the leaders of the priestly party, and kept working hard to secure the succession of Mary Stuart, as the one great means for the restoration of the Romish faith. Under the new act, the whole of these bishops were doomed to death, as it was certain they would refuse the oath of supremacy when tendered to them. The execution of the hated prelates, originators and instruments of the frightful persecution of the preceding reign, was ardently desired by many of the Calvinist preachers; and sermons were preached at St. Paul's on the absolute necessity of "killing the caged wolves." But the wolves escaped

after all, through a singular little loop-hole. As soon as the new statute had received the royal assent, Horne, bishop of Winchester, most zealous of Protestant leaders, had Edmund Bonner, the late tenant of the see of London, fetched from his rather easy confinement in the Marshalsea, to administer the oath to him, or on refusal to send him to the block. The great priestly bloodhound felt no desire to incur the martyrdom which he had prepared for scores of innocent beings; and laying hold of a legal quibble as of a straw to save himself, he declared, not that he would not take the oath, but that his interlocutor was not the right person to administer it. It was enacted in the statute that only bishops, or archbishops, should tender the oath, and Horne having been nominated while his predecessor was still alive, his appointment was void by the canons of the church. The judges of the court of Queen's Bench, when appealed to in the matter, decided in favour of the objection, and thus Bonner's life was saved, all the other Protestant bishops and archbishops, and, most of all, Matthew Parker, Cardinal Pole's successor in the see of Canterbury, showing themselves strongly opposed to inaugurate a new reign of religious persecution. It was a noble victory of the church of England over the church of Rome.

Having shown its ultra-Protestant character in the passing of the "act for the assurance of the queen's royal power," parliament hesitated no longer to vote the supplies so much desired by Elizabeth. To put her majesty in the best possible good humour, and as a last inducement to incline her ear to the wishes of her faithful commons, the grants of money were on a scale of profuse liberality, amounting to two fifteenths and tenths of personal property, and an income-tax of ten per cent. for two years. The queen declared herself extremely satisfied with this munificent contribution to her exchequer; but remained as vague as ever in her replies to the reiterated hints and demands of both the lords and commons to take unto herself a husband, and to appoint a successor. When very hard pressed, at last, she announced her intention to prorogue parliament, and to respond, fully, freely, and most candidly, to the addresses presented by both houses, in the form of a speech from the throne. Anxiety as to the contents of this speech now grew extreme; and there was breathless silence when, on the 10th of April, the queen rose in the chamber of the lords, and, in a clear, ringing voice, opened her mind on the subject uppermost in the thoughts of all.

"Since there can be no duer debt," Elizabeth exclaimed, "than prince's word, to keep that unspotted, for my part, as one that would be loth that the self thing which keeps the merchant's credit from craze, should be the cause that prince's speech should merit blame, and so their honour quail: an answer therefore I will make, and this it is. The two petitions that you presented me, in many words expressed, contained these two things in sum, as of your cares the greatest—my marriage and my successor. Of these two, the last I think is best to be touched; of the other a silent thought may serve, for I hold it hath been so desired that no other tree's blossoms should have been minded ere hope of my fruit be denied to you. Yet to the last, think not that you had needed this desire, if I

had seen a time so fit, and it so ripe to be denounced. The greatness of the cause, therefore, and need of your returns doth make me say that which I think the wise may easily guess: that as a short time for so long a continuance ought not to pass by rote, as many telleth tales, even so as cause by conference with the learned shall show me matter worthy utterance for your behoof, so shall I the more gladly pursue your good after my days, than with my prayers be a means to linger a living thread. And this much more will I add for your comfort, I have good record in this place that other means have been thought of than you mentioned, perchance for your good as much, and for my surety not less, which if presently could have been executed had not been deferred. But I hope I shall quit with *Nunc dimittis*, which cannot be without I see some glimpses of following after my graved bones. And, by the way, if any doubt that I am as it were by vow or determination bent never to trade that life, put out that heresy: your belief is awry. For as I think it best for a private woman, so do I strive with myself to think it most meet for a prince; and if I can bend my will to your need, I will not resist such a mind."

Such was the speech, textually—preserved in the manuscript version at Hatfield House—delivered by Elizabeth, on the 10th of April, 1563, before the lords and commons of the realm. Lords and commons listened as if their lives depended on getting at the meaning of all the information conveyed to them, with so clear a voice, and in words undeniably English. Yet there was not a man who could affirm that he had caught a single idea from out the flow of words, beyond the one that her majesty meant to say something for the general "comfort," but did not say it. Reflection and intercommunication of thought leading to no enlightenment on the matter dwelt upon by her majesty, and the all-important question as to whether she meant to take a husband or not, the parliamentary representatives went back to their homes with a heavy heart, more than ever dreading the dangers of the dark future. There was some cause for taking a gloomy view of the political state of the country. The miseries and the ruin sown by five years of priestly terrorism were not so far forgotten in a few years of liberal government as to leave a fear of their return behind; and the fear increased with the consideration that the dark power from which the realm had but just escaped was spreading everywhere on the continent of Europe, and in actual conflict with English arms. The alliance with the French Protestants, necessitated as it was by the true policy of England, created great and serious alarm when once it was seen that it was not likely to stop in the sending of a few shipfuls of soldiers and the loan of a few thousand crowns, but had all the chances of leading either to a war of conquest, or to a disgraceful defeat. This alternative, indeed, presented itself soon after the terrible encounter of Catholics and Huguenots on the field of Dreux. Though not vanquished, the martial strength of Condé's followers received its death-blow at this battle; and the shattered forces which, after the capture of the leader, admiral Coligny led back to Orleans, were scarce sufficient to man the walls of their last stronghold. Swiftly in their rear followed Guise, with fresh troops from Spain and Italy, raised by his

ever zealous Catholic allies, prepared to crush the last breath of gaunt heresy in Orleans, and then to throw himself, with full force, upon the hated foreign invaders at the mouth of the Seine. By the middle of January, 1563, a month after the battle of Dreux, the city of Orleans was completely invested, and the feeble band of defenders within knew that all chances of resistance were gone, and that they must prepare for death. The only hope left in every Huguenot heart was that of falling in the fight, struck down by a sword or a bullet; for woe to man, woman, or child who should survive the battle, to fall a prey to the nameless atrocities of the conquerors. With flashing eyes and beating hearts, all through the besieged city men and women repeated to each other the rumoured declaration of the duke de Guise that the massacre of Vassy and the carnage of Orange should sink into nothingness before the horrors of Orleans. The duke intended, it was said, to make an example of Orleans, by killing every living soul after unheard-of tortures, destroy every vestige of wall and building, and to sow grass upon the ruins of the city.

The duke de Guise, whether he intended or not, was not enabled to make an example of Orleans. Towards the end of January, a week or two after he had sat down to the siege of the city, there was introduced into his tent a young nobleman from the Angoumois, Poltrot de Méré, handsome of figure and well-spoken, who offered his services. He told the duke that he had been fighting with the Huguenots, but had been ill-treated, and from a love of their faith had come to hate it. Guise, fond of apostates, was pleased with the speech and the man, and, after complimenting Poltrot de Méré on his discrimination in selecting the right cause for which to fight, attached him to his immediate suite. Weeks passed on, and with them the siege of Orleans. Towards the middle of February, the thick walls of the city had been battered sufficiently to allow an assault, and Guise fixed it for the night from the 18th to the 19th. Towards sunset on the evening of the 18th of February the duke set out from the camp towards the castle of Cornei, to examine all the preparations made for the storm. He was followed by Poltrot de Méré and two other gentlemen; and the little group of four horsemen had just arrived at the outskirts of the camp, when, quick as lightning, Poltrot drew a pistol from his saddle, fired it at the duke, gave the spurs to his steed, and galloped away across the fields. The shot was well aimed; there was a short, sharp cry, a spurt of blood, and Guise fell upon the neck of his horse. When the two attendant gentlemen, paralyzed by surprise and fear, came hurrying up, they found their chief unconscious; they took him in their arms, and carried him to Cornei castle. Here the duke lingered for six days, with two balls in his breast which no surgeon dared touch without giving instant death. But there was not the faintest hope of life being saved; and Guise, being made aware that his end was approaching, resolved to spend his last hours in prayers. Calling his friends and the generals of the army around his couch, he exhorted them to be mild and forgiving to all, even to Protestant heretics, and to make every attempt in their power to restore peace to France. Then his confessor gave him abso-

lution; and, with prayers on his lips, and preaching, fainter and fainter, those lessons of love and peace which he had so little done to exemplify, the duke de Guise closed his eyes for ever, on the morn of Ash Wednesday, the 24th of February. Thus expired, in the bloom of manhood, at the age of forty-four, the conqueror of Calais, greatest general of the age.

The death of Guise saved Orleans, but it could not save the Huguenot cause. There was utter stupefaction in the Catholic camp at the news of the great leader having fallen under the stroke of an assassin; and the only man able to succeed him, the constable Montmorency, continuing a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, an immediate cessation of hostilities was the consequence. Catherine de Medici—not lamenting very deeply the loss of Guise, dangerous to her ambition as an enemy, and almost more dangerous as a friend—made use of this suspension of arms by entering into negotiations with the Huguenots, which promised to be the more successful as supported by the full influence of the prince de Condé, kept in honourable confinement at the royal court. It was a great opportunity for the disciples of Calvin to regain in the cabinet what they had lost in the field; but they were not in the position to make use of it. Immense as had been the relief caused by the death of the man who had shown himself the mightiest of their enemies, and the very soul of the tremendous power arrayed against them, even this gain was not without corresponding loss. The popularity of Guise had been vast among the majority of the French people, and his murder brought forth such a burst of hatred against the Huguenots as had never before been manifested. There was a cry that they were traitors to their country as well as assassins, Guise having conquered Calais from the English, and they his murderers having made over Havre to the foreigner. Many of the Huguenots winced under this accusation, their national feelings being nearly as strong as their religious convictions; but there were others who boldly fronted the charges brought against their party, defending their right, if not to hand over a slice of France to the foreigner, at least to commit assassination. Maddened by the fiendish persecution they had undergone, they believed, and loudly asserted their belief, in the lawfulness of tyrannicide, quoting the Bible to prove it. Even Admiral Coligny, noblest of Huguenot leaders, seemed to lean to this view. The assassin of Guise having given himself up to the Catholics, and accused Coligny of inciting him to the deed, the admiral frankly stated that Poltrot had spoken to him of his intention to commit the deed; and that though he had not incited him to it, he also had not dissuaded him from it. "I confess, moreover," Coligny added, in a communication to Catherine de Medici, "that, so far from regretting the death of monsieur de Guise, I hold it to be the greatest benefit that could have happened to this kingdom and to the church of God,"—*le plus grand bien qui pouvait advenir à ce royaume et à l'église de Dieu*.

There were many among the Huguenots who did not share Coligny's views respecting tyrannicide, and still more who were opposed to Condé's policy of

making over a portion of French soil to a foreign power, in order to gain freedom of conscience. Divergences of opinion such as these, while greatly weakening the Protestant party, made the peace negotiations of Catherine de Medici comparatively easy, allowing her to fix her own terms. These were that a general amnesty should be proclaimed, and that all nobles professing the reformed faith should have the free exercise of their creed, with permission to let as many persons as they liked assist at the religious service; but that all other Protestant subjects of the king should not be free to assemble in public worship, except the inhabitants of the towns still held by the Huguenots. Orleans, and a few other places being the only towns of this description, the propositions of Catherine de Medici amounted to little less than the suppression of Protestant worship; nevertheless, the terms were adopted by the prince de Condé and a large party of his adherents, and a formal treaty of peace to the effect was signed between them and the government on the 19th of March, at the city of Amboise. Admiral Coligny refused to give his adherence to the treaty. "To restrict us," he cried, with indignation, "to worship God anywhere else but in the mansions of nobles is to destroy more churches with one stroke of the pen than war could have destroyed in many years." The admiral insisted, besides, that his party ought not in honour to enter into any treaty without consulting their English allies; but in this as in his other arguments, he was outvoted by a majority of his adherents. To drive the troops of Queen Elizabeth from French soil was the chief object of Catherine de Medici in making peace with the Huguenots; and by working zealously on the patriotic feelings of Condé and other leaders, she succeeded in getting their promise to assist in the work. Soon after the signing of the treaty of Amboise, an attack upon the English army was decided on; and, with the exception of Coligny, all the military chieftains of the Huguenots gave their assent. Towards the end of April, after the slayer of the duke de Guise had been put to death under monstrous cruelties—tortured for weeks, nailed to a plank with red-hot pikes, and then torn to pieces by horses—the royal army received the command to leave the camp of Orleans, and to put itself in movement towards Havre.

If the French were determined to take Havre, the English were as determined to hold it at all risks. Hitherto Elizabeth's zeal in the assistance of her Huguenot allies had been very feeble; no sooner, however, had these allies turned against her, when she roused herself into high passion, swearing a great oath that she would be revenged. It was in vain that the young king of France, instigated by Condé, who went very unwillingly with Catherine de Medici, despatched a special ambassador to England to enter upon peace negotiations for the restoration of Havre, making large pecuniary offers, and holding Calais as final bait in the background. Elizabeth at first refused to see the envoy; and when she received him at last, it was only to upbraid him, and to launch forth against "the false prince de Condé," as "a treacherous, inconstant, perjured villain." Meanwhile the French forces drew nearer and nearer to Havre; and to meet the coming attack, the garrison

worked day and night at the fortifications, and established a constant communication with England by daily packets, crossing the channel between Spithead and the mouth of the Seine. Reinforcements, too, kept pouring in quickly, in obedience to the commands of the queen, who ordered the despatch of seven thousand men to Havre, and finding that volunteers were slow in coming forward, opened the great prisons of the metropolis, the Fleet and Newgate, and drafted the whole lot of thieves, burglars, cut-throats, and other gallows-birds whom good luck had made "tall fellows" into the army. By these and other means, the English garrison had been strengthened by the end of May to the extent of numbering nearly ten thousand, of which, however, only a few were veteran soldiers, a great proportion being young recruits, and another, still less reliable, Newgate-men. These last were a dangerous addition, in more than one sense, to the troops at Havre; they carried to them, not merely vice and immorality, but pale death itself, in the shape of the typhus, or gaol-fever.

The French troops had completely enclosed Havre at the beginning of June; but the negotiations still continuing, there was no open declaration of hostilities till the 6th of July, on which day a herald from the camp of Constable Montmorency, who had taken the command-in-chief, formally summoned the earl of Warwick to surrender the place to its lawful owner, the king of France. A haughty defiance was the reply, whereupon the French sat down to the work of siege in good earnest. Montmorency was not by any means sanguine as to the rapidity of the undertaking, fully aware that his enemies had all the advantages of brave men, high ramparts, and, what was as important as all else, a constant communication with England, on their side. The ships of Elizabeth had chased every vessel, great or small, manned by Frenchmen, from the seas; and the road from Portsmouth to Havre had become, for the time being, as absolutely English as the road from Portsmouth to London. From the heights of Ingouville, where his camp was pitched, Montmorency saw with alarm the crowd of sail hovering at the mouth of the Seine, disembarking men, guns, and ammunition; and his alarm was shared by Catherine de Medici and the young king and court, who had taken up their residence at the port of Fécamp, to watch the success of the important operations upon which, for the moment, the safety of the crown depended. But Montmorency's fears were soon allayed by the result of his first proceedings, which were so eminently and against all expectation successful, as to create absolute surprise in the French camp. The constable perceived with astonishment that the English troops, of whose undaunted valour he had personal experience, replied but feebly to the attacks from without; and it was not long before his eye, keenly watching the doings in the besieged town, became aware of a strange kind of restless movement there, which had nothing in common with the ordinary clock-work march of disciplined masses. Groups of soldiers, without arms, carrying mysterious burdens, went tramping up and down the narrow streets of Havre; dim crowds of men in black went fluttering from the ships in the harbour to the citadel in the centre of the town; and,

over and between the thunder of the guns from the walls, there was heard the solemn tinkling of bells from the ancient chapel of Notre Dame. All at once the truth burst upon Montmorency—the plague, grim and ghastly, was stalking abroad in Havre town.

The plague, indeed, had clutched with fierce grip the English garrison. On the 7th of June, Earl Warwick wrote to Cecil that a strange disease had made its appearance among the troops under his command, and seemed to be spreading; and a fortnight after he reported that the pestilence, to which he could give no name, was becoming more and more fatal, that “those who fell ill rarely recovered,” and that the men were dying at the rate of sixty a day. Another week, and the deaths had risen to a hundred a day; and the grave-diggers flagged in their work, and corpses were found lying in the streets, and floated rotting about the harbour. Now Montmorency’s cannon set to work in full earnest, battering the walls, castles, and turrets, with bullets flying as far as Notre Dame chapel, the mournful bell of which kept tinkling day and night. Pale, like shadows, the soldiers mounted the ramparts day after day, courting almost the fire of the French guns; there was death in front, and there was death behind, and the death in front seemed much the easier. On the 1st of July but three thousand men were left at Havre fit for duty; and though fresh troops kept pouring in unceasingly, they did not fill the dreadful gap made more unceasingly by the fell destroyer who was striking death right and left. Shipload after shipload of troops, stout Cornishmen, raw-boned peasants from Gloucestershire, and quick-eyed lads of London city, were landed at the fatal harbour-side, arrived healthy, fresh, and rosy in the morning, and were lying outstretched, stiff, and stark in the streets in the evening, food for the dogs and Montmorency’s guns. On the 10th of July but fifteen hundred Englishmen were left at Havre. Their case now had become utterly hopeless, and they had made their reckoning with the dead; but they stood out stubborn as ever against all appeals of the French commander to surrender the town, and depart home unmolested. They stood out although famine as well as pestilence was raging in the doomed place. There was plenty of corn, but no mills to grind it into flour nor bakers to make it into bread; the mills had been burned by the French, and the bakers had been killed by the plague; and, helpless as always in the divine art of cookery, the English soldiers knew not what to do with their corn, and went starving in the midst of plenty. On the 11th of July Warwick despatched an express to the queen, informing her that in another week there would not be a hundred Englishmen left to defend Havre against the enemy, and that the only chance of keeping the place would be to send a fresh garrison without an hour’s delay. “Haste! post haste, for thy life! Haste, haste, haste!” was the endorsement of Warwick’s despatch.

Warwick’s messenger hastened fast enough; but the grim messenger of death who had taken up his quarters at Havre hastened much faster than he. By the time that twenty men-of-war, the flower of the English navy, came hurrying across the Channel from Portsmouth, all sails set, with three thousand

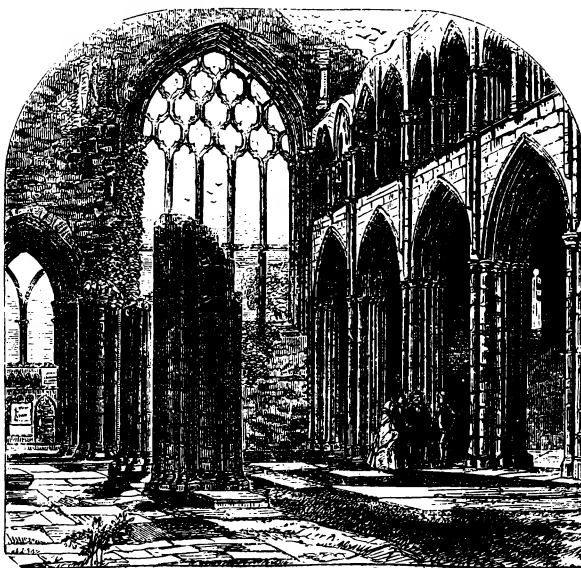
men on board to throw into Havre, Warwick felt himself reduced to extremities. Had the constable been aware of the utter weakness of the handful of tottering men who kept up a show of resistance on the ramparts, he would have marched into the town at once; but the awe of English valour kept him in his camp, timid to attempt anything else than to take Havre according to all the rules of military art. But the fire from the ramparts grew fainter and fainter; and on the 25th of July, the report of Montmorency’s officers was that enormous breaches had been made in the walls, and that a storm might take place with the greatest possible chance of success. The attack was ordered for the early morn of the 27th; and, a few hours before, the constable sent a last summons to his gallant adversary to surrender. The offer was for the English garrison to leave Havre with arms and baggage, at their leisure, and with all the honours of war; which offer was accepted by Warwick, not without some surprise on the part of the French commander, who was prepared for a desperate resistance. But Montmorency was surprised no more when he marched into the town on the 29th of July, and found scarce any living men within the walls; found the streets strewn with corpses, and the houses full of corpses, and the silence of death all around. Tears came into the eyes of the stanch old warrior at sight of this boundless misery, more frightful than the carnage of the battle-field; and, hastening to the English commander, he warmly expressed his commiseration for all the sufferings he had undergone. Warwick was in no mood, however, to accept and be grateful for expressions of condolence. At the very moment when the French troops marched into Havre, the English fleet, which had been beating about for some days in the Channel, under stress of weather, appeared in sight; and the booming of a hundred guns announced that England’s queen had resolved to try another sharp tussle before giving up the last foot of soil in France. It took some time to inform Admiral Clinton, commander of the fleet, of the great change of events, and to reconcile him to it. The young king and queen-mother, who had entered Havre with their army, sent a courteous message to him to dine at the royal table—honour seldom accorded to others but princes of the blood. The admiral, however, refused the invitation, telling monsieur de Lignerolles, the courtly messenger, in very uncourtly manner, that if English soldiers had been beaten for once, it was a consolation to know that it had not been done by French troops, but by no less a power than the plague.

But a few hundred men out of the many thousands who had been poured into Havre escaped the plague-stricken shore of France; and the return even of these few hundred was fraught with endless misery. Huddled together with the three thousand troops which Admiral Clinton was carrying, in the hulls of narrow vessels, under a burning hot July sun, the infection spread rapidly; and before Portsmouth harbour was reached the whole fleet was one mass of sweltering disease. The men were disbanded as soon as the ships cast anchor; but this only aggravated the evil. Returning to the wretched homesteads of their friends and relations, they carried with them the fatal pesti-

lence, the seeds of which were lying ever ready in ill-drained houses, ill-swept lanes, and ill-fed bodies. London was the first place to feel the effects of the French disaster. In the last days of July, while Montmorency's soldiers were taking possession of Havre, the deaths in London had been at the rate of two hundred a week, or little above the average; but in the first week of August, with a few Havre soldiers scattered among the population, the deaths rose to six hundred, in the second week to eight hundred, in the third to one thousand, and in the fourth week to the appalling number of two thousand. Thus it went on increasing, till the stoutest hearts grew faint at the fluttering of the wings of the pale angel of death. The daily work of the great city got suspended for the time; and those who did not fly sought relief in prayer, fasts, and meditation, the clergy and bishops being foremost in proclaiming that the fatal disease was sent as a punishment by the Almighty for the sins of the people, particularly the great sin of visiting theatres and other places of amusement. It was fortunate that Cecil, when called upon by the bishops to prohibit all plays and pastimes, attempted to put a stop to the whining and despair by treating the matter from a statesmanlike point of view. Fasting and praying, he said, were very good things in themselves, but, under the circumstances, the work of sweeping dwelling-houses and cleaning gutters was the most pressing, and one which he strongly advised to undertake before appealing to Providence. The high-church prelates set up a great howl at the irreverence of the head of the government; but Cecil went on his way undisturbed, issuing proclamations against uncleanness and the overcrowding of dwellings, and taking other sanitary measures to stem the progress of the disease, which, in fact, was nothing but a bad form of the typhus fever. So effectual were these measures, that with the help of some heavy November rains, which washed the kennels and sewers of London better than the good citizens had done for half a century, the pestilence was got under before the end of the year. Before its final disappearance an outbreak occurred in the Tower, which furnished Cecil with a convenient opportunity for releasing the Roman bishops confined there for disobedience of parliamentary statutes. Cecil shrewdly judged that the best way to make these gentlemen harmless would be to set them free, and the worst way to make them martyrs.

The typhus plague—last memorial of English conquest on French soil—confined its ravages in London almost solely to the poor; and among its victims there was only one man of high standing and fame, the ambassador of King Philip. Alvarez de Quadra, bishop of Aquila, died in the last week of August, and his disappearance from the political scene was an event affecting not a little the relations both between England and Spain, and England and Scotland. Representing at the court of England the most powerful monarch of the world, and being, in his own person, one of the shrewdest and most accomplished diplomatists of the age, de Quadra, in spite of his advocacy of a fallen cause, was possessed of vast influence; and Elizabeth herself not unfrequently stood

in awe of the man whose will was able to direct the legions of Spain and of Rome, and whose keen dark eyes, as he stood erect and proud before the maiden queen, seemed to search the very depths of her soul. Elizabeth had reason to fear the bishop of Aquila as by far the most powerful enemy of her throne within her own realm, and not the less powerful because fighting with no other weapons but those of intrigue. The heart and centre of every conspiracy against the government, he made it his business to study intimately the weak part of all the measures of Cecil and the other advisers of the queen, to thwart their policy whenever possible, and to look upon failures in no other light than sources of fresh experience. The assistance given by Elizabeth to the Huguenots naturally roused, as his whole anger, so all his energy; and, to aim a final stroke at her, he devised a scheme far-reaching in every respect, and the greatest he had yet prepared. It was nothing less than to marry Don Carlos, eldest son of King Philip, and heir of his vast dominions, to Mary Stuart, and thus to give the influence of the latter, and of the Roman Catholic party in England, a preponderance which might lead to the destruction of Elizabeth's throne and Cecil's power at the first favourable opportunity. The scheme was not greatly either to the interest or to the liking of King Philip, who had not only higher interests in view than the gain of a poor, half-barbarous country in the north, but felt little desirous to encumber himself with more Protestant subjects, while the rebellion of the Netherlands kept all his inquisitors, soldiers, and hangmen at work. But in spite of his master's expressed reluctance, de Quadra succeeded in bringing him over to his own views; and in a letter dated June 15, 1563, King Philip consented to the opening of secret negotiations with Mary Stuart, in hopes, as he distinctly informed the ambassador, that "it might be the beginning of a better state of things in England." The bishop of Aquila did not lose a moment, and instantly despatched his private secretary, Luiz de Paz, to Holyrood, to confer with



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

the queen of Scots. Mary Stuart was overjoyed at receipt of the message; even the dreams of her wildest ambition faded before the almost reality held out before her by de Quadra's envoy, of holding on her brow the quintuple diadem of a queen of Spain, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, and the boundless realm of America. It did not take long to settle particulars. Don Carlos, to whom the young queen was to give her hand, was known, by common repute, to be a gloomy, ferocious savage, a half-wolf, if not a madman, possessed of no other passion but lust, and of no other desire than that of gorging himself to repletion. It little mattered to Mary Stuart; she felt that she had strength enough, and cunning enough, to tame a man-wolf, and once tamed, or killed, or driven into helpless idiocy, her life might run on in endless tumult of joy in the golden land of Spain, with crowds of admirers at her feet, and crowds of priests at her last bedside to forgive all her sins. The pact was soon made, and in the second week of August Luiz de Paz left Holyrood, to report to his employer that the queen of the Scots was ready to give her hand to Don Carlos, and to submit to all the conditions imposed upon her in a secret treaty of agreement. Travelling in disguise, the private secretary arrived in London on the 26th of August, and, hastening at once to de Quadra's residence, was struck by the air of consternation prevailing there. The servants went hurrying about wildly, some trembling under visible fear, and others in a state of excitement. Wending his way to the chamber of his master, the secretary found him lying on his bed—his deathbed, as the new-comer saw at a glance. The plague, the fatal plague which Newgate prisoners had carried from England to France, and which the soldiers of Protestantism had brought back from France to England, had laid hold of the great Spanish ambassador, friend of King Philip, at the very moment when he hoped to set the keystone to the edifice at which he had been labouring for years. Already the death-rattle was in the throat of Alvarez de Quadra when his secretary entered the room; but his arrival made life flicker up once more. "He recognized me, and answered bravely when I spoke to him," Luiz de Paz wrote to his government, describing the last moments of the proud bishop of Aquila. "But," the private secretary added, "he was grieved to end his services at a moment when he hoped to be of use; his last words were, 'I can do no more'—no puedo mas!" It was the death-knell of all the high hopes of Mary Stuart—no puedo mas!

The existence of the plague, the miseries of which were aggravated by a frightful dearth of food, did not affect the spirits of Queen Elizabeth, who exhibited more than usual merriment, and made her court one round of fetes and entertainments, while the death-rate in London was at two thousand per week, and the people were perishing of hunger in the streets. Elizabeth had several causes for merriment, besides the death of the Spanish ambassador, which could not be but welcome to her. Although she professed to be greatly concerned about the defeat at Havre, the loss of the town in reality furnished grounds for real satisfaction, as bringing to an end a war the complications of which threatened to involve her whole reign,

and might lead to disturb the security of her throne. Elizabeth instinctively felt, and the feeling was greatly encouraged by Cecil, that the less England had to do with continental politics the better it would be for the welfare of the realm. There could be no doubt, indeed, that however small or great the strip of French soil which English sovereigns might succeed in occupying by force of arms, its secure holding would always prove extraordinarily costly, would involve the two nations in constant broil, and would, after all, be of no appreciable benefit to the English people, except that of satisfying a vain sentiment of glory, detrimental to all the nobler objects of human progress. Seeing this clearly, and being, in this respect, far ahead of the mass of her subjects and the old instinctive hatred of the two races, the queen hurried to come to a definite peace with France as soon as the last of her soldiers had left the plague-stricken town at the mouth of the Seine. Catherine de Medici, nearly as anxious for peace as Elizabeth, was quite willing to come to terms; and it was arranged accordingly that plenipotentiaries of the two countries should meet at Troyes, in Champagne, to settle the particulars of the treaty. There were no great difficulties in the matter, except the delicate point of the restoration of Calais to England, as settled in the peace of Cambray, concluded in the spring of 1559. Although by the terms of this agreement the French government was bound to give up Calais at the end of eight years, and had given hostages for the fulfilment of the bond, there was from the commencement no real intention to fulfil the stipulation, nor was there any serious expectation on the part of the English government that the bargain would be carried out. But to make peace secure between France and England, it was clearly necessary that the Cambray agreement should be openly repealed, and it was this which became the chief work of the new commissioners at Troyes. The matter finally resolved itself into a money bargain. Elizabeth instructed her two envoys, Sir Thomas Smith and Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, to consent to the waiving of all English claims upon Calais, and the restoration of the French hostages, on payment of a sum of six hundred thousand crowns, payable at once; and Catherine de Medici, on her part, authorized her plenipotentiaries, M. de Bourdin, her private secretary, and the cardinal of Lorraine, to offer one hundred thousand crowns, payable in instalments. It was not very easy to reconcile these greatly varying estimates as to the value of a town and so many human beings; and both the royal ladies being equally fond of money, they set to huckstering about the cash like two fish-wives. At last Catherine, who was thoroughly aware that her antagonist wanted peace even more than herself, made an ultimatum of a hundred and twenty thousand crowns, declaring that if this sum was not accepted the negotiations should cease at once. To parry off the stroke, Elizabeth set her two faithful envoys at loggerheads, instructing the one to refuse with energy the proffered cash, and, if this decided action should have no effect, empowering the other to accept the money, and give receipt in full. The consequence of this pretty little diplomatic game was that Sir Thomas Smith very nearly cut the throat of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and that,

after drawing their daggers, and exchanging very ugly compliments, such as "liar," "knave," and worse terms, they shook hands with the French plenipotentiaries, became rosy with smiles, took out their pens, and signed the treaty of Troyes, establishing everlasting peace and friendship between the two realms of England and France, on payment by the latter of a hundred and twenty thousand crowns—cash down.

The peace of Troyes, and the money it brought, put Elizabeth in exceeding good-humour; but still more delightful to her was the simultaneous appearance of one old and two new wooers for her hand. This was a movement entirely due to Cecil, who had become acquainted with the secret negotiations that had taken place between the court of Spain and Mary Stuart, and, dreading the effects of it, felt more than ever anxious to get a husband for Elizabeth, as the sole means of stemming the perils of succession, and the possible advent of a new reign of despotism and bigotry. The matrimonial candidates whom he succeeded in bringing into the field, were, in the first place, the Archduke Charles of Austria, "the prince with the big head," old wooer of the majesty of England, with whom came forward now, as rivals, Duke Casimir of Bavaria, son of the Elector Palatine, and the young king of France, Charles IX. The candidacy of the last-named was scarcely serious, although brought forward with great zeal, he being not yet fourteen years of age, while Elizabeth was twenty-nine; but there was little to be said against the other two matrimonial aspirants, both of princely rank and suitable age. Duke Casimir, whose family had adopted Protestantism, was nominally the best of the candidates; nevertheless, Cecil would have preferred the Austrian archduke, a good quiet man, fond of smoking his pipe and of leaving things to go their own way, to the son of the Elector Palatine, who was known to be more ambitious than wise, and likely enough to attempt to drag England into the bottomless pit of German politics. As to Elizabeth herself, the chance was nearly alike for all aspirants to her hand, being very slight for either, lord Robert Dudley, the handsome scoundrel, still holding supreme possession of the royal heart—standing, as all could see who had eyes, very much above the position of a mere Platonic lover and master of the horse. At the same moment, when both the Bavarian duke and the Austrian archduke entered the field as matrimonial candidates, Elizabeth, to give a distinguished mark of her favour to Dudley, resolved to raise him to the earldom of Leicester, accompanying the gift with the grant of the castle of Kenilworth and other large estates. The ceremony of investiture took place on the 29th of September, 1563, with all befitting pomp and splendour, the solemnity of the spectacle being scarcely marred by a slight playfulness on the part of the maiden queen. Her master of the horse having kneeled down in front of the throne, the whole of the courtiers, ministers, and foreign ambassadors, standing around in a circle, the queen in her own person condescended to hang the mantle on his shoulders, and to add to the kindness by tickling him just a little on the neck and back. Then, turning round to the French ambassador, baron de Foix, who—accomplished diplomatist—looked as grave as if staring at

a funeral, Elizabeth asked, "How do you like my earl of Leicester in his new robes?" "Madam," replied the baron, "happy is the land which has a princess who can discern and reward good service."

The new earl of Leicester, envied by hundreds, and hated by thousands as supposed murderer of his wife, was doomed not to feel altogether easy in his position, his royal mistress having prepared for him a trial at the same time with lifting him to a more exalted rank. The opening of a great game of deceit between the fair sovereigns of England and Scotland had just commenced, and in this game the handsome earl was made to take a prominent part, in utter ignorance of the meaning of the plot. While negotiating through the Spanish ambassador the proposed marriage with Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, the more effectually to blind her dear sister of England, despatched a special envoy to London, offering to accept any husband recommended to her by Elizabeth, in return for being recognized as successor, in default of direct heirs. To this offer Elizabeth responded by designating her own favourite as the most suitable husband for her beloved sister of Scotland, which recommendation was strongly backed by Cecil, who, either ignorant of the real designs of the queen, or in the secret hope that it might lead to the ultimate ruin of the detested master of the horse, did everything that was in his power to make the proposal appear as serious to Mary Stuart. The latter, on hearing the subject mentioned for the first time, broke out in a burst of anger. "What," she addressed the envoy of Elizabeth, "think you it will be honourable in me to imbase my state, and marry one of your mistress's subjects?" But deceit soon got the upper hand in Mary Stuart. Profoundly dissembling as ever, she selected a new ambassador to proceed to her dear sister, with instructions to treat about her marriage, to take secret counsel with the chiefs of the Roman Catholic party, to watch the doings and behaviour of the queen and earl of Leicester, and to keep his eye open with regard to Cecil. The delicate task of carrying out all these operations was intrusted to Sir James Melvil, a skilful diplomatist and high-bred courtier, still under thirty years of age, but with vast experience, gathered in the surroundings of great and petty thrones in Germany and France. To his other accomplishments, Sir James Melvil added that of taking notes of his daily doings, which, left to an inquisitive posterity, have served to illuminate the outer and inner aspect of the court of Queen Elizabeth.

The queen received Mary Stuart's envoy in a most friendly and almost affectionate manner, and the conversation at once went upon the great marriage question. Her majesty told Sir James Melvil, with a confidential air, and looking wonderfully serious, that she "esteemed the Lord Robert as her brother and best friend, whom she would have herself married had she ever minded to have a husband. But, being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished the queen, her sister, might marry him, as meetest of all others with whom she could find in her heart to declare her person; for, being matched with him, it would remove out of her mind all fears and suspicions to be offended by any usurpation before her death, being assured that he was so loving and trusty that

he would never suffer any such thing to be attempted during her time." To this fine speech, the insincerity of which was obvious, Sir James replied by a few well-set compliments, keeping his countenance quite as well as the royal virgin before him. Thereupon Elizabeth grew still more confidential in her communications. "She took me," Sir James noted down, "to her own bedchamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapped in paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see the picture so named; she appeared loth to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof, and I found it to be the earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said, your majesty hath here the original—for I perceived *him* at the farthest end of the chamber." *He* was evidently the only fool in the comedy, unable to see the drift of the play that was going on, and the trial of his affections which his loving mistress had prepared. However, brainless as he was, the handsome earl bore himself like a courtier, and, looking warily at the trap set before him, took care not to compromise himself by the slightest word or hint of being willing to wed the beauteous queen of the Scots. Elizabeth's keen eyes probably could detect no change in his countenance while showing her "little cabinet" to Mary Stuart's ambassador; so the portraits were once more carefully wrapped in paper by the hand of the maiden queen, with "My lord's picture" at the top of all.

Sir James Melvil remained for many months at the court of Elizabeth; and being polished to perfection, full of pleasant talk, a good intriguer, and with keen insight into the character of the wonderful woman before whom he was playing his part, he soon became a great favourite, and had occasion to see a number of curious things. On one occasion the queen insisted upon getting his opinion on the delicate subject of her personal appearance. "She had," Sir James registered in his pocket-book, "many clothes of every sort, which every day she changed, wearing one day the English, another the French, and another the Italian weed, and so forth." The happy abundance of things in which ladies delight brought on a question. "She asked me which of the dresses became her best. I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy." Here Sir James marked in parenthesis, "Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, and curled, in appearance, naturally." But now came a more ticklish question. "She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and which of them two was the fairest," that is, whether she, Queen Elizabeth of England, or her dear sister, Queen Mary of Scotland. The accomplished courtier felt the ground slipping under his feet, and replied, evasively, that the fairness of both was very remarkable. However, Sir James was not to escape thus easily. "She was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest." The courtier

went off again at a tangent. "I said she was the fairest lady in England, and Queen Mary the fairest in Scotland." This was anything but satisfactory. Sir James found himself in good grasp; "she appeared earnest," he remarked to himself. The maiden queen making a fresh onset, "I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries, that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. Then she inquired which of them was of highest stature; I said my queen. Then, saith she, she is too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what exercises she used. I answered, that when I received my last despatch, the queen was come from the Highlands hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; and that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said, reasonably, for a queen." The remark was not complimentary, and quite unworthy of clever Sir James; in consequence of which, with much tact, her majesty dropped the conversation.

Curiously enough, regarded in the light of an accident, "that same day, after dinner" Sir James goes on to report, "my lord of Hunsdon [cousin of Elizabeth] drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and, seeing her back was before the door, I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty pace, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me; she appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward as if to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there. I answered, that as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdon, when we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, and declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for we were alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I was obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spoke to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history, or love matters. I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my despatch, to which she said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. And [after this audience upon cushions on the ground]

I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her majesty dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best. I answered, the lady Mary danced not so high or composedly as she did." Charming Sir James, pink of courtiers, was summing up, perhaps unconsciously, the character of the maiden queen, in saying she danced high and composedly. Queen Mary Stuart, whose dancing throughout life was of the wildish kind, sometimes very high, and at others very low, and never composedly, was sure to be pushed aside, in the end, by such an antagonist.

Queen Mary, however, for once, beat Elizabeth when sending her Sir James Melvil. The clever diplomatist, secured to the interests of the Scottish queen by an annual pension of a thousand marks, or twice the income of the richest nobleman in the northern kingdom, fairly outwitted not only Elizabeth, but Cecil, and, returning to his mistress, was able to tell her that he had negotiated an alliance which would greatly raise her prospects of succession to the English crown. Until the arrival of her ambassador in London, Mary Stuart's hopes of becoming the consort of Don Carlos had remained unabated; but Sir James discovered at once that the whole edifice of her ambitious dreams had fallen to the ground with the death of de Quadra, all ties between King Philip and Scotland having been broken by his final "no puedo mas." But Mary felt, and her sincerest friends repeated it to her daily, that she would have to take a husband to secure her position in Scotland, as well as her prospects in England; and the shadow of Don Carlos having vanished from the scene, the selection of the husband became the great question of the moment. For some time before negotiating the Spanish alliance, and almost since her arrival in Scotland, Mary had kept her eyes, among other admirers, upon a near relative, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, whose descent brought with it claims upon the crowns of the two kingdoms, and whose personal character seemed singularly fitted to reconcile the conflicting interests which opposed the relations of the two queens. Henry Stuart, born 1546, and consequently about four years younger than Mary Stuart, was the son of the earl of Lennox by the lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of King Henry VIII.'s sister Margaret, from her second marriage with the earl of Angus, so that his relationship was that of first cousin to Queen Mary, and second cousin to Queen Elizabeth. Setting aside the will of Henry VIII., which excluded the descendants of Margaret Tudor from the succession, his claim to the English crown, on failure of direct heirs, stood next to that of Mary Stuart, and was even preferred by many who objected to female government, especially as represented by a lady with the antecedents of the Scottish queen. To give her hand to Lord Darnley was consequently good policy on the part of Mary Stuart, as long as her great aim was the English succession, and it became still more so through the connections of his mother, who, a good Roman Catholic, counted numerous friends among this small and powerful party, all willing, more or less, to run high stakes for reintroducing the old religion.

On the other hand, this very position of the young

descendant of both Tudors and Stuarts made Elizabeth very distrustful of Darnley, and still more so of his mother, Lady Margaret Lennox, well known as a bold and scheming woman, who made no secret of her intense desire to see her offspring married to the queen of Scots, and, with this object in view, had entered into a correspondence with the latter. The contemplated marriage was strongly opposed by Cecil, and not by any means approved of by Elizabeth; however, Sir James Melvil had no sooner made his appearance at the English court, when a visible change began to take place, if not on the part of the minister, at least on that of the queen. Sir James lost no opportunity, while kneeling on low cushions before her majesty, or walking at her side and admiring her golden hair, her Italian dress, her elegant diction, and the godlike proportions of her form, to sneer at the young Lord Darnley, whom he described as the "long lad," which was pictorially correct, and the brainless fool, which was likewise a close approach to truth. Influenced by these sneers and comments, the ground for which was but too apparent, the maiden queen at last came to consider that perhaps the "long lad" might make a capital husband for her dear sister of Scotland, and that, so far from opposing the match, she ought to encourage it. The inward struggle was not long revealing itself to a man of the experience of Sir James Melvil, who thereupon lost no time in putting himself in secret communication with the Lady Margaret, exhorting her to renewed efforts in bringing about the marriage of her son with the queen of Scotland. She required little incitement, and freely and eagerly offered the whole of her jewels and all the money in her possession to aid in the great object. Intimately acquainted with the usefulness of diamonds, the diplomatist quickly arrived at an agreement with Lady Lennox, promising to get permission, first for her husband the earl, and, subsequently, also for her son Lord Darnley, to go to Edinburgh, and put themselves in personal communication with the queen of the Scots. Lady Lennox was almost despairing of success, for the permission for the much-desired journey to the north had often been asked, and as often been refused; however, Sir James managed matters better than they had ever before been managed, and in the summer of 1564, when Queen Mary's envoy took his farewell audience of Elizabeth, the earl of Lennox received the royal licence, expressed in the kindest terms, to visit the land of his ancestors. To all acquainted with the secret courses of politics and diplomacy, the permission foreshadowed the union of Lord Darnley with Queen Mary Stuart.

The earl of Lennox arrived at Edinburgh on the 23rd of September, 1564, and was received with the greatest marks of affection by the queen. The ostensible object of his journey was to demand the restoration of his family estates, confiscated for treason, which took place at once, to the intense displeasure of the Hamiltons, who had got possession of the greater part of the property. There were many other of the great Scotch nobles who looked with undisguised hatred upon the earl and the portending exaltation of his family; but they had to subdue their feeling, strongly conscious that the vast majority of

the nation was intently bent upon seeing the queen married, and that the union with Lord Darnley was more popular than any other that might have been proposed, he being, though Scotch by descent, not personally involved in the bitter political and religious strife of the times, and being reported, moreover, of handsome person, chivalrous character, and, to crown all, extremely liberal in money matters. Among the best friends of Mary, and leading men of the government, the desire that she should take a husband was quite as great, if not greater, than in the ranks of the people. These friends, at the head of whom was James Stuart, the queen's half-brother, now invested with the title of earl of Murray, had strong moral as well as political reasons for looking upon the marriage as an act of necessity, and one that could not possibly be postponed much longer. In the first days of 1563, some twenty months before the arrival of the earl of Lennox, there had come to Edinburgh, in the suite of the count de Moretto, ambassador of the duke of Savoy, a native of Piedmont, David Riccio by name, twenty-eight years of age, of handsome face, very fine figure, and with a splendid bass voice. Though possessed of all these distinguished qualities, David Riccio filled no better position than that of valet in the household of the Italian count; but being a man of ambition, he attempted and succeeded in getting into the queen's service, not, indeed, with a higher rank, but with better pay. The now royal valet soon attracted the attention of Mary Stuart by his external advantages, as well as his fine bass voice, and before long she made him her music-master, and, after that, her private secretary. "He succeeded so well in this employment," the Tuscan ambassador reported to his sovereign, Duke Cosmo I., "that the greater part of the affairs of the kingdom passed through his hands. He managed them with so much prudence, and behaved so exceedingly well, that he was very greatly beloved by her majesty." It was the opinion of the earl of Murray and other members of the government, that if the queen could be made to love her Italian private secretary a little less, it would be to the advantage of her Scottish subjects; and they accordingly did all in their power to advance the marriage with Lord Darnley. The necessary preliminaries having been arranged by his father, and some opposition overcome by a liberal distribution of money and other favours, the young candidate for the queen's hand was invited to come to Scotland, and, having received the permission of the English government, he left the court of Elizabeth in January, 1565, and, on the 16th of February following, presented himself before Mary Stuart at Wemyss Castle, in Fifeshire.

Mary received her cousin with the greatest demonstrations of tenderness, leaving no doubt that the "long lad" found immediate favour in her eyes. Well schooled by his shrewd mother, Darnley at once proceeded to worm himself into the affections of all who might have power to advance his marriage with the queen. To please both Protestants and Roman Catholics, he alternately attended at Knox's sermons and at the half secret mass in the queen's private chapel; and, going a step further, he sought an intimacy with David Riccio, to gain through him, who was generally considered in the pay of the pope and

the king of Spain, the favour of the great Catholic powers. In the latter object Darnley was successful, inasmuch as King Philip, who had shown considerable displeasure at the news of the projected marriage, declared himself strongly in favour of it as soon as he heard of the "good dispositions" of the matrimonial candidate. But this very success, highly as it was valued by the scheming young suitor, was most unfavourable to his general popularity. The bulk of the Protestants, that is, of the people of Scotland, seemed him as their future king, the report being that though his father and mother were Roman Catholics, he himself was attached to the reformed religion and had never exhibited the least inclination to follow the old faith. That this was false, and the suitor to the queen's hand either a disguised Romanist, or a hypocrite with no religion at all, became apparent very soon. His constant intercourse with the leaders of the Papal party, and his growing intimacy with the detested David Riccio, which went so far that the two frequently slept together in one bed, brought on an absolute revulsion of feelings, and from being fairly popular, Darnley became strongly detested before he had been two months in Scotland. John Knox, with accustomed boldness, was the first to give expression to the public voice from the pulpit; and he was followed by the queen's half-brother, chief representative of the political form of Protestantism, who united his voice with the great religious leader in declaring against the marriage of the queen with her cousin. Darnley was both too vain and too weak to appreciate the magnitude of the rising storm. Deeming himself strong in the passion which he had infused in Mary Stuart's fickle and sensitive heart, and which she freely showed in nursing him, during a temporary illness, as if she was already his wife, he soon threw off all restraints, and, in absurd boastfulness, declared himself the open enemy not only of Knox, Murray, and the Scotch Protestant leaders, but of the English government itself. He talked of invading the southern kingdom, and of re-establishing the old religion as of a mere play, repeating to all who would hear it that his adherents in England were far more numerous than those of Queen Elizabeth, and that the king of Spain was going to send an army to his assistance. As in duty bound, the English ambassador at Mary's court, Sir Thomas Randolph, reported the matter to his government, giving his opinion that the "long lad" was a brainless idiot; likewise, however, a dangerous idiot.

Elizabeth trembled at receipt of the news. In allowing Darnley and his father to go to Scotland she had been playing a game, and there were all appearances that the play was going against her. That Mary Stuart should marry a fool was well enough; but that the fool, in his mad career, should stir up the dormant volcano of religious passions, and attempt to sow the seeds of civil strife in her own and the neighbouring kingdom, was more than she had reckoned upon, and far more than she was prepared for. Yet every week the reports from the north became more threatening. In May, Sir Thomas Randolph informed Cecil that the Roman Catholics of Scotland were holding their heads higher every day,

and that great efforts were being made by them to stir up the north of England, which news was confirmed by despatches from Berwick and other parts of Northumberland, descriptive of general agitation. "The Papists in these parts do rouse themselves," the governor of Berwick wrote to Cecil; "look to yourselves and her majesty's safety." To prepare for defence was the only thing remaining in this emergency, and Cecil lost not a moment's time. His first step was to place Lady Margaret Lennox, who had not gone with her husband and son to Scotland, but remained behind, the centre of all intrigues against the government, in close confinement; his second, to assemble troops in the northern shires, sufficient to stay any sudden raid across the border. But before proceeding to extreme measures in the way of defence, Cecil made a great effort to arrest the queen of Scots in the career of destruction into which she was being led by her senseless passion for a foolish youth, and the horde of priests who had taken possession of him. Thinking that the voice of reason might yet have influence over her, he despatched, at the beginning of May, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a warm friend of Mary, and well known to her by his long sojourn in France, to the court of Edinburgh, with instructions to use all possible efforts to prevent the marriage with Lord Darnley, and to represent to her the immeasurable evils that must flow therefrom. The ambassador, intensely anxious to render the queen a service greater than he could ever hope to do her again, hurried off to the north, resting not an hour on the road. There was no time to be lost, for, to get the object of her desires without further hindrance, Mary had appointed the 15th of May as the day on which Darnley, preparatory to the marriage, should be created earl of Ross and Albany at Stirling Castle, thus becoming her own subject, and shaking off the English allegiance without the permission of Queen Elizabeth. The ceremony was tantamount to throwing the gauntlet down to the English government, and to put a stop to it, if possible, Throgmorton hastened on to Stirling, although Mary Stuart sent him an express message to remain at Edinburgh till her return. He reached the castle on the morning of the eventful day, but only to see the gates shut in his face. Late in the evening, Elizabeth's special ambassador was admitted to audience, and found the queen bold and triumphant, leaning on the arm of Darnley, and surrounded by a circle of Highland lairds, each with a priest at his back. Mary Stuart had cast the die.

Mary's boldness, unexpected as it was, for the moment threw confusion into the ranks of Elizabeth's advisers. There was a hurried meeting of the privy council on the receipt of Throgmorton's despatches, and the result of many hours' deliberation was an even division. One half the members were in favour of immediate action, insisting that the queen ought to demand the formal extradition of Lennox and Darnley, and declare war if it was refused; while the other half wished to temporize, to substitute diplomacy for action, and to keep on the defensive, awaiting the natural course of events. The latter recommendation was too much after Elizabeth's own inclinations not to be accepted by her; and the fresh instructions to Throgmorton, accordingly, were that he

should hold his head high, but measure his words, and, above all, keep in communication with and encourage the Scotch opponents of Mary Stuart's marriage. The latter task was easy enough, inasmuch as the great and powerful religious party in Scotland opposing Mary's union with Darnley was infinitely more earnest in the matter, and more resolved not to succumb, than the English privy council. As soon as the queen's determination to ally herself to the man now standing forward as the open champion of Roman Catholicism became known throughout the country, the general assembly of the church of Scotland met at Edinburgh, and in a series of resolutions proclaimed the strong adherence of the people to the reformed faith, at the same time throwing a challenge to Mary, by requesting her to abstain from celebrating the mass in her private chapel. Against all expectation, Mary replied to this demand, conveyed to her, while staying at Perth, by the earl of Glencairn and five commissioners, in a highly conciliatory manner, protesting solemnly that she had not the least thought of interfering with the religion of her subjects; and, to give a proof of her good will, she publicly attended the next Sunday's sermon in the Presbyterian kirk. This, however, had not the desired effect, it being looked upon as mere hypocrisy, and, instead of conciliating the Protestant leaders, it only put them the more upon their guard. Murray, when summoned to appear at court, absolutely refused, asserting that his life was in danger through the machinations of Darnley and Lennox, who had formed a plot for his assassination. The queen retorted by accusing her half-brother of scheming against her and her intended husband, and of having attempted to kidnap the latter and deliver him up to the English government. Accusations and counter-accusations followed each other, ending by an appeal to arms on both sides, Murray calling upon the Protestants to prepare for defence, and Mary summoning the vassals of the crown to meet her without delay at Edinburgh, ready for a campaign. There seemed no longer a doubt of Scotland being on the eve of civil war. Randolph described the situation, and the working behind the scenes, in a letter to Cecil. "David Riccio," the ambassador wrote, "is he that now worketh all, as chief secretary to the queen and only governor to her good man. The bruits here are wonderful; men's talk very strange; the hatred towards Lord Darnley and his house marvellous great; his pride intolerable; his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also, in token of his manhood, to let blows fly where he knows they will be taken. When men have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short end, or themselves a miserable life."

Mary boldly faced the growling storm around her, the new passion in her breast impelling her to brave all, and, if needed, to risk all. Her call to arms was obeyed by many of the northern lords, adherents of the old religion; and having filled Edinburgh with them and their retainers, having summoned Murray once more to appear before her on pain of being declared a traitor, and having sent a message to the king of Spain imploring his aid against her rebellious subjects, she entered upon the preparation of her

nuptials with Darnley. On the evening of Saturday the 28th of July, 1565, a glittering cavalcade issued forth from Holyrood Palace, and parading the streets of the capital by sound of trumpet, three heralds proclaimed to the citizens, who stood in their doors with bated breath, that the queen had decided to take Henry earl of Ross and Albany for her husband, and that it was ordered that thenceforth the said Henry should be called king of Scotland, and his name be associated with her own in all public acts and deeds. The deep tones of the heralds re-echoed in the silent streets, all listeners being taken by surprise that the queen should dare to infringe the first prerogative of the representatives of the nation, and give away a crown without the consent of parliament. Silence, deep and uninterrupted, was the only protest against Mary's proclamation, and the cavalcade was returning to the palace when its passage was greeted by the first living voice. "God save his grace the king!" came forth from the lips of an elderly gentleman. All looked at him with astonishment; it was the earl of Lennox, father of "his grace."

A scene more striking still, and far more important than the heralds' proclamation in the streets of Edinburgh, took place the day after, Sunday the 29th of July, in the royal chapel of Holyrood. Soon after sunrise, as early as five o'clock in the morning, the queen, dressed in a black velvet robe—the same she had worn in mourning for the death of her first husband—presented herself at the altar of the chapel to become the wife of Lord Darnley. The "long lad" looked morose and fitful; Mary Stuart pale, anxious, and careworn; while David Riccio was standing in the background, a sarcastic smile overspreading his handsome features. The marriage ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, with the usual rites of the church of Rome; but Darnley did not stay out the whole, and, after the nuptial knot had been tied, left his wife at the foot of the altar to hear the mass. Perhaps it was fear of wounding too deeply the feelings of the reformers, or, more likely, anger at the doleful appearance of his newly-wedded bride, which made Darnley leave the chapel thus abruptly and unceremoniously. Mary Stuart had ceased to be the gay beautiful creature who once, at the French court, in the heyday of her charms, delighted all hearts, and turned grey-beards into fervent lovers. According to Randolph, who had known her almost from her childhood, she had greatly changed within the last few years, so as scarcely to be recognized by those who had seen her as young queen of France. Her fair form had become thick and swollen, her brilliant eyes heavy and lustreless, and her delicate features coarse and vulgar, expressive of little else but the storm of low passions. Thus, as she stood at the side of her young husband, in a dress of deep mourning, he probably felt a slight pang of disgust, and went away, leaving her to say her prayers, with floods of tears gushing from her eyes. David Riccio kept standing in the background, his bitter smile turned into a look of wrath.

Mary Stuart's nature was not of the kind to be long a prey to melancholy, real or imagined. The nuptial ceremony over, she threw off her black garments and assumed a gay costume, as if determined

to give herself up to pleasure and enjoyment. The wedding-Sunday was spent in great feasting at Holyrood, the earls Athol, Crawford, and Morton serving the queen as carvers and cupbearers, and three other noble earls, Cassillis, Eglinton, and Glencairn performing the same office for Mary's consort; and while the golden cup went round at the royal table, money in abundance was scattered among the mob at the palace-gates, eliciting cheers grateful to the ears of the sovereign, who had not heard such sounds for a long time. During the next few weeks, the queen seemed filled with gaiety and happiness, and to all appearance deeply enamoured of her young husband. The English ambassador, whose lynx-eyes were keenly fixed on all the movements of the royal pair, wrote home to his maiden mistress, not without a shade of malice, that the queen of Scots seemed absolutely lost in the intoxication of love for her youthful partner. "All honour that may be attributed to any man," he reported, a week after the wedding, "he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him, he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can endue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him, and she hath given unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh." The intensity of love on the one side was productive, according to the ambassador, of intensity of pride or vanity on the other. "His words," Randolph wrote of the king consort, "be so proud that he seems a monarch of the world, and yet it is not so long we have seen and known him here as the Lord Darnley."

The effect upon Elizabeth of the determined proceeding of Mary Stuart was singular. While the English privy council, influenced by reports from the northern counties, plainly foreshadowing rebellion on the part of the Roman Catholics, was leaning more and more to open declaration of war against the queen of Scotland, and Cecil himself, though valuing the blessings of peace as much as any statesman living, seemed in favour of aggressive measures, Elizabeth showed herself strongly disinclined to adopt any hostile proceedings whatsoever. Instead of breaking all diplomatic relations with the court of Edinburgh, as she had threatened a hundred times by the mouth of her ambassadors, she had no sooner received the news of the actual marriage when she despatched another special envoy to Mary, in the person of Tamworth, a gentleman of the bedchamber, charged with a most friendly message. The Scottish queen not unreasonably attributed this movement to fear, and, instead of responding in the soft and amiable style, assumed a haughty tone, using, as the poor envoy reported to his mistress, "words that bit to the quick." As if actually believing in the silly boast of her husband that he had more adherents in England than Elizabeth, and that he needed but to show himself to upset her throne, Mary went so far as to prescribe conditions of peace to the English government. At his final audience, the gentleman of the bedchamber—sufficiently "bit" at former interviews to be reduced to the valet condition—was informed by Mary that the terms on which alone she was willing to acknowledge the existence of a queen of England, would be her

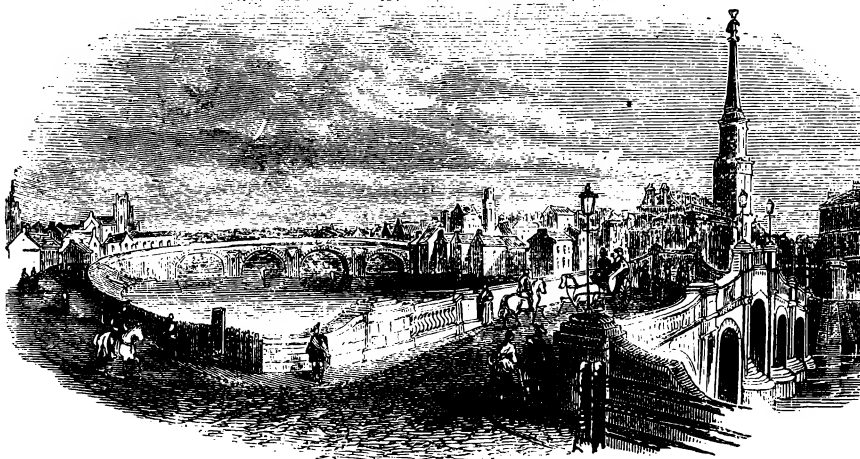
own immediate recognition, by act of parliament, as successor to the throne, and the entail of the English crown, failing direct issue, on Lady Margaret Lennox and her children, "as the persons by the law of God and nature next inheritable." The audacity of the language, warranted scarcely had Mary Stuart been a conqueror at the gates of London, was followed by an open act of defiance. Having received his final message to take back to England, Tamworth made haste to get away, and had a passport delivered to him signed by Darnley as king of Scotland. To this signature he objected, pleading that as yet neither the English government nor the parliament of Scotland had recognized the Lord Darnley as king, and that his instructions went no further than to acknowledge him as the husband of the queen. But the plea remained unnoticed, and, setting out for England without a passport, Tamworth was arrested and carried as prisoner to Hume Castle. It was impossible for Mary Stuart to fling more directly the gauntlet into Elizabeth's face.

But even this insult did not rouse the queen of England, although it roused the Scotch reformers. The chiefs of the latter party, under Murray, had assumed an aggressive attitude from the moment of Darnley's proclamation as king, and assembling as many armed followers as could be gathered around them, declared their intention to uphold the liberties of the people of Scotland with all means in their power, even with the sword. In a manifesto, signed by Murray, the earl of Morton, and others of the Protestant leaders, the nation was called upon to rise in rebellion, as the queen was violating the constitution by imposing upon the realm a king without the consent of parliament. Murray at the same time wrote to the English government for assistance in the coming struggle, and also addressed a letter to the earl of Bedford, Elizabeth's commander in the Border counties, to "crave his comfort, as of one to whom God had granted to know the subtle devices of Satan against the innocent professors of the Gospel, to stir

up the powers of the world against the same." Bedford warmly advocated the cause of the Scottish Protestants, and Randolph was equally zealous in recommending that armed assistance should be given to Murray and his confederates; but though Elizabeth lent a willing ear to both, expressing her entire sympathy with the northern reformers, she did nothing but send them a very little money and a great many promises. Trusting to the latter to some extent, Murray issued a circular to the Lords of the Congregation to assemble at Ayr on the 24th of August, to take council on the situation of the country. But before the day of meeting arrived, the news came that the special envoy of Queen Elizabeth had been forcibly seized and carried off to prison. It seemed impossible to Murray and his friends that, after this event, the English government should any longer hesitate to send an army into Scotland, and full of this belief, they precipitated measures by gathering in haste a force of about a thousand men, and marching with them upon Edinburgh. But Queen Elizabeth had far less, and Queen Mary far more of warlike energy than the reformers calculated upon. Immediately upon hearing of the movement of the Protestant leaders, Mary ordered the bugle to be sounded, declaring her determination to meet her enemies in the open field, to let the God of battles decide between them and her. Five thousand men, all good Catholics, forthwith mustered in front of Holyrood Palace, and on Saturday the 25th of August, four weeks after her wedding-day, Mary assumed their personal command. Before quitting the capital, on the morning of her departure, the queen had a tempestuous interview with Randolph, who demanded the release of Tamworth, which was refused under threats. Then she issued forth at the head of the five thousand, pistols at her saddlebow, and pistols in her hand. At Mary's left hand rode King Darnley, fitted out in magnificent gilt armour, but looking rather uncomfortable, as if greatly inclined to stop at home. He had begun to discover, the poor "long lad," that he was destined to

be the wife and Mary the husband—a dangerous husband, with far too many pistols.

The grand expedition did not come to anything after all, lapsing into what the people called a "Round-about-raid." The queen out-manœuvred the Protestants, and the Protestants out-manœuvred the queen; and at the end of a week, Mary found herself at the head-quarters of Murray, near the mouth of the Clyde, while Murray and his friends marched into Edinburgh. The change of position seemed favourable at first sight to the reformers, but was not so in reality. While the cannon from Holyrood's battlements



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fired down upon their heads, the citizens of the capital, protestant to a man, but more inclined to think of their chattels than their religion, refused to make common cause with them, and it became clear in a few days, the piteous wailings of the owners of shop property getting stronger and stronger, that Edinburgh could not be held. With a heavy heart, the Lords of the Congregation resolved to retreat to Berwick, hoping to the last that assistance might come across the Border. Mary in the meanwhile swept onward in furious mood, utterly exasperated to have missed her enemies. It was not only political but personal revenge which was to be gratified in this campaign, the queen having conceived a mortal hatred against Murray, and making no secret of her intention to kill her half-brother whenever and wherever she could meet him. The causes of this fierce animosity of Mary Stuart against a man on whom she had hung for years with the deepest affection were somewhat mysterious, and were even in Randolph's despatches to the English government—usually very clear and concise—more alluded to than explained. "The hatred conceived against my lord of Murray," the ambassador reported to Cecil, "is neither for his religion, nor yet for that she now speaketh—that he would take the crown from her, as she said lately to myself—but that he knoweth some secret fact, not to be named for reverence sake, that standeth not with her honour, which he so much detesteth, being her brother, that neither can he show himself as he hath done, nor she think of him but as one whom she mortally hateth. Here is the mischief, this is the grief; and how this may be solved and repaired passeth man's wit to consider. This affection, for all that, he hath to his sovereign, that I am sure there are very few that know his grief; and to have this obloquy and reproach of her removed, I believe he would quit his country for all the days of his life." The allusions of Randolph pointed to the intimacy of Mary Stuart with Riccio, of which Murray probably knew too much. It was publicly asserted that the queen's brother on one occasion had threatend to hang the man with the fine bass voice—a fact which a woman of Mary's temper was not likely either to forget or forgive, and which went far to explain the mighty array of pistols with which she issued from Holyrood Palace.

However, she returned to Holyrood from the "Round-about-raid" without having shot anybody. In the midst of all her frenzied courage, Mary could not help feeling that her power was standing on very insecure basis, that the hearts of the vast majority of her subjects were alienated from her, and that she herself was surrounded by persons whom she was barely able to trust. Her husband she could not help despising, as soon as the first gush of passion had evaporated, and of the other friends around her, David Riccio was the only one she absolutely confided in. It was he who now directed all her counsels, and gradually assumed the government of the realm in her name. But with the inborn genius of his race, Riccio trusted more to intrigue and diplomacy than fighting and warfare, and his constant advice to his mistress was to connect herself more and more intimately with the pope and the king of Spain,

and to obtain from them that assistance which she could never hope to find in her own country. Acting upon this counsel, Mary, returned from her fruitless expedition to the banks of the Clyde, placed herself in fresh communication with her great continental protectors, by despatching envoys to Rome and Madrid. At the latter important post she accredited as plenipotentiary an Englishman named Yaxlee, a vain and boastful adventurer, formerly in the service of Lady Lennox, and the consequence of this choice was that Queen Elizabeth got her secret despatches many days earlier than King Philip, to whom they were addressed. With another adversary than Elizabeth, this kind of diplomacy might have ended fatally; but as it was it turned rather to the advantage of the reckless Scottish queen. Reading the notes to the Spanish court, which left no doubt of the existence of a secret pact between Philip and Mary, and of the fact that Philip had at least promised an army for invading England and restoring the ancient faith, Elizabeth became more irresolute than ever, and more than ever opposed to commence the dangerous game of arms. Either ignorant of, or overlooking the circumstance that King Philip was fully as liberal in making promises, and fully as niggardly in carrying them out as she herself, Elizabeth began to think that the only way of successfully opposing her sister of Scotland would be to enter publicly the lists with her in the battle for King Philip's love. This great feminine scheme the queen proceeded to carry out at once, Cecil's opposition notwithstanding, to the intense surprise of her subjects.

After the death of de Quadra, Philip had felt half inclined not to appoint another ambassador at the English court, seeing the growing hostility of Cecil's policy; however, the peace of Troyes, and the improved relations between Elizabeth and Catherine de Medici, changed his views, and in the summer of 1564 he despatched a fresh representative in the person of Don Diego Guzman de Silva, a Castilian gentleman of good birth, less experienced than de Quadra in the arts of intrigue, but of more outward polish than his predecessor. Elizabeth received Don Diego with marked distinction, giving balls and other entertainments in his honour, and telling him with emphasis, and in the most elegant Latin, that her court would be desolate without the presence of an ambassador of his Spanish majesty. However, after this very cordial reception, Don Diego was somewhat neglected, owing to his palpable want of skill in spinning diplomatic webs. Conspiring with Dudley to overthrow Cecil, the latter made him feel that he was not clever enough for the task, by giving out sarcastic hints at the contents of his own despatches, and those received in reply from the court of Spain. This proved somewhat humiliating, for Philip's letters were written in a style far more blunt and straightforward than was becoming to so great a king. "So long as Cecil remains in power," his majesty wrote under date of the 6th of August, 1564, "you must be careful what you do; but if means should offer themselves to overthrow him, every consideration should move you not to neglect the opportunity." And further on, "I avail myself of the occasion to tell you my opinion of that Cecil. I am in the

highest degree dissatisfied with him. He is a confirmed heretic; and if with Lord Robert's assistance you can so inflame the queen's mind as to crush him down, and deprive him of all further share in the government, I shall be delighted. But if you try and fail, be careful that your hand is not seen in the matter." This was too direct, and Elizabeth liked it no more than Cecil. With all her womanly weaknesses, her suspicious character, her absurd personal vanity, and her constant inclination to act upon impulse rather than reason, Elizabeth felt that Cecil was indispensable to her, and that without him she could never hope to steer the vessel of state through all the shoals and quicksands that beset its course. Philip's intrigues, therefore, were anything but pleasing to the queen, and the sharp eye of Don Diego could not fail to mark the royal displeasure.

Mary Stuart's union with Darnley, and subsequent intrigues to get foreign help, entirely altered the position of Philip's ambassador. Having once resolved upon pleasing the king of Spain, Elizabeth did not stop half way, but at once offered her own person in exchange for the good-will of his majesty. Six years before, in the summer of 1559, when marriage negotiations were very brisk, Philip had expressed great approbation of her contemplated union with the Archduke Charles of Austria, his cousin, and Elizabeth now sent for Don Diego, and pointedly asked him, in presence of the whole court, whether he thought the king was still wishing to see her the wife of his near relative. The honest Castilian gentleman needed no special instructions to inform the queen that his master would look with the greatest pleasure upon such an alliance with a member of his family; to which Elizabeth replied, in her turn, that although she could not bind herself to marry a man whom she had never seen, yet that if the archduke would come to England, and they both liked each other, she should not refuse her hand. All this seemed very precise and beyond cavil, and the Spanish envoy was deceived to the extent of actually believing what the royal lips had told him. "The queen," Don Diego forthwith reported to Philip, "has taken alarm at the divisions among her subjects. A great many of them, she is well aware, are in favour of Lord Darnley and Mary Stuart, and several of the most powerful noblemen in England have long withdrawn from the court, and are looking to this alliance for the union of the two crowns. The queen has now come to a resolution about the Archduke Charles. She understands fully that a marriage with him is the sole means left to her of preserving her alliance with your majesty, of resisting her enemies, and of preventing a rebellion." Too grave a Spaniard to see the joke of the maiden queen, with the earl of Leicester at her side, Don Diego heartily recommended the scheme of the marriage, and his counsels had so much weight with Philip that negotiations in due form were entered upon. Fortunately for Elizabeth, as preventing the bubble to burst too soon, Archduke Charles felt disinclined to undertake the long journey to London, including the detested passage across the Channel. Hard as King Philip tried, he was unable to inspire the "man with the big head" with sufficient enthusiasm for the union with a great queen to induce him

to give up, or even interrupt, his peaceable life at Vienna, where he was smoking his pipe in peace. The thought that the great queen, when once she had him in her grasp, might stop his tobacco, was quite enough to keep the archduke at home.

Elizabeth felt somewhat nettled at the indifference of Philip's big-headed cousin. She had not the least idea to marry him under any circumstances, but she would have liked to receive his homage and admiration, and to add him in permanence to the train of illustrious suitors. To dress to perfection, to sing well, to talk seven languages, and to "dance high," for the mere gratification of courtiers and stray ambassadors, was naturally unsatisfactory, leaving a void not to be filled by imagination. As a royal maiden now waxing upon thirty-three, Elizabeth keenly felt the necessity of royal suitors, and to stir up the heartless apathy of the Austrian archduke, she threw herself with zeal into another game of flirting. The queen-mother of France had offered her, soon after the conclusion of the peace of Troyes, the hand of her son, King Charles, aged fourteen, which made her laugh at the time, but now brought on serious reflections. Considering that a little courtship with the French boy could do no harm, and might be of good political and moral effect upon King Philip, Elizabeth hinted to the French ambassador that a renewal of former offers would not be unwelcome, and soon after had the gratification of receiving another message from the queen-mother, couched in the most affectionate terms, expressing the intense desire of Catherine that the marriage already proposed should take place. When the ambassador, Paul de Foix, read the despatch to her, Elizabeth professed to be deeply affected. No greater honour, she said, could have been presented to her than the proposal of such an alliance, and the only obstacle in her own mind to it was that she was not sufficiently worthy of it, and, perhaps, also a little too old. She wished, the queen remarked—and here her words bore the accent of truth—that she was ten years younger. Baron de Foix, as in duty bound, made opposition to the complaints about age; and, breaking forth in a charming dissertation about the exceeding youthfulness of her majesty, wound up by stating his firm belief that it would be impossible to think of a more suitable marriage than that of the young king of France with the young queen of England. Elizabeth blushed with delight, and told Paul de Foix that every fibre of her heart had been touched by his eloquence. Then, dismissing the ambassador in the most gracious manner, her majesty informed him that she would take the advice of her privy council. The baron, an old courtier, and who played his parts exceedingly well, thought the queen an inimitable actress.

The negotiations about the French marriage were carried on for more than a year, with imperturbable gravity on both sides. Messengers kept flying to and fro the Channel with despatches and love-letters, and the whole time of half-a-dozen ordinary and special envoys was taken up with discussing matrimony. The part of the royal maiden of England was to make objections, and that of the queen-mother of France to answer them. The latter was done very beautifully, and the descriptions of it by her Paris ambassador,

Sir Thomas Smith, furnished no slight gratification to Elizabeth. One report, given with graphic minuteness, of a long interview with Catherine de Medici and her royal son, was particularly interesting. "The queen-mother," Sir Thomas Smith wrote, in a letter directly addressed to Elizabeth, "told me that she was married when King Henry had but fifteen years and she fourteen; and that Mr. Secretary Cecil had a child at fourteen years of age, as her ambassador had written to her. Then, said she, 'You see my son, he is not small nor little of growth.' With that the king stood upright. 'Why,' said she, 'you would show yourself bigger than you be,' and laughed. 'But what, think you, will be the end, Mr. ambassador,' said she; 'I pray you tell me your opinion frankly.' 'By my troth, madame,' quoth I, 'to say what I think, I believe rather it will take effect than not; and yet in my letters I see nothing but deliberation and irresolution, and request of delay to consult. But methinks it groweth fast together and cometh on hotlier than I did imagine it would have done; and that maketh me judge rather that at the last it will take effect than otherwise. But methinks on your part and the king's you make too much haste. If the king had three or four more years, and had seen the queen's majesty, and was taken in love with her, then I would not marvel at his taste.' 'Why,' said the king, 'I do love her indeed.' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'your age doth not yet bear that you should perfectly know what love meaneth, but you shall shortly understand it, for there is no young man, prince nor other, but he doth pass by it.' With that the king blushed." All this trifling and gossip was after Elizabeth's own heart, not the less so on account of the spice of scandal about "Mr. Secretary Cecil" and others with which it was interwoven. It mattered little that in some of his more intimate communications Sir Thomas Smith described the royal youngster now courting the stately queen of England as a pale, sickly, and plain-featured boy, slightly bow-legged, and of ungainly manners, and with scarcely any education whatever. Discouraging as was the portrait of the royal hero, the heroine of the diplomatic romance nevertheless enjoyed her flirtation.

The play in which Elizabeth was engaged, amusing as it was to her and some of the other actors, was strongly disliked by Cecil. He had great fears that all this double-dealing would end in grief, and either increase the animosity of England's foes, or else draw the queen more within their influence. The latter happened before long. In the development of the affectionate intercourse that had sprung up between Elizabeth and the French and Spanish ambassadors, the latter did not lose sight altogether of political affairs; and the opportunity of Murray, with other Lords of the Congregation, having crossed the Border and sought an asylum in England, was seized by them to offer a sharp remonstrance against the aid which the queen was giving to rebels. Anxiously desirous to set herself right with her new friends, Elizabeth had the effrontery to deny that she had ever aided, in word or deed, the Scotch reformers, or even encouraged them indirectly to oppose Mary Stuart and her husband; and to strengthen this assertion, which the ambassadors could not but entirely disbelieve, as they had clear

proofs to the contrary, the queen arranged a comedy which was utterly disgraceful to her honour as a sovereign. The earl of Murray, having come to London to take counsel with Cecil and other well-wishers of his party on the affairs of Scotland, Elizabeth summoned him to a private interview, and, under promises and threats, induced him to give a public denial of the fact that she had furnished assistance to him or his friends. Sadly against his own will, the earl was forced to accept the humiliation imposed upon him, which the queen proceeded to execute the following day, with such excitement of words and gesture as greatly added to its bitterness. The comedy, with much of the tragic element in it, was enacted on the morning of the 22nd of October, 1565, in the presence of the chief members of the privy council and the foreign ambassadors, for whom the performance was specially intended. Entering the room, the noble earl, accompanied by the abbot of Kilwinning, one of the Hamilton family, went up to the queen and, sinking on one knee, commenced the address concerted beforehand. The address, naturally, was English; but Elizabeth, interrupting the earl, demanded that he should speak French. Murray objected, saying he was "out of practice," on which the queen began a long harangue in French, finishing with, "Are you not branded as rebels to your sovereign? Have you not spurned her summons, and taken up arms against her authority? I command you, on the faith of a gentleman, to declare the truth." The earl, utterly confused by this speech, delivered with great violence, tried to defend himself against the charge of treason, but said he would allow that her majesty had not encouraged him to take up arms. Thereupon Elizabeth, afraid that he might speak too much, interrupted him again, crying, "It is well that you have told the truth. Neither did I, nor any one else in my name, ever encourage you in your unnatural rebellion against your sovereign; nor, to be mistress of the world, would I maintain any subject in disobedience to his prince: it might move God to punish me by like trouble in my own realm." After several strong invectives, the queen finally commanded Murray to leave her presence, calling him a traitor, and indicating that he must consider himself a prisoner. The ambassadors could scarcely suppress a smile at this transparent farce, wondering only how a noble earl, with royal blood in his veins, could bear such degradation—as wilful as it was useless for the purpose for which it was intended. As a piece of diplomacy, the painful scene had no effect whatever; and all it did was to stamp Elizabeth's character as a shameless hypocrite.

Had Mary Stuart but possessed a grain of wisdom, or but the slightest perception of her own real duty, she might have profited by the monstrous hypocrisy of Elizabeth to the extent of erasing the errors of the past, and laying the foundation of a new reign of peace. But the queen of Scots showed herself never more blind than at this moment, the turning-point of her whole career. Ignominiously driven from the presence of the English sovereign, the noble leader of the Protestants of Scotland returned to the Border, to brood in shame and indignation over the treatment which he had received, reflecting not only upon his personal honour, but that of the great cause he

represented. His indignation was fully shared by the Lords of the Congregation, and all declared themselves anxious to return to their country, preferring to bear despotism at home rather than perfidiousness abroad. Mary was fully informed of the revulsion of feeling in her favour that was taking place, for from over the Border, and from all parts of Scotland there came humble petitions asking her to extend the hand of mercy, and by pardoning the Protestant leaders, to gain the love and attachment of all her Protestant subjects. The grant of a general pardon was strongly advocated by Sir James Melville, high in Mary's favour, as well as by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who, though Elizabeth's envoy, was well known to her as a real friend. But Mary would not listen to the counsel of her friends, dictated though it was by every consideration of good policy. Against it stood the advice of David Riccio, furnished from Rome; and against it, still more, stood the feelings of intense hatred which Mary had conceived against the Lords of the Congregation, and especially towards her brother. To strengthen this insane hatred, and fortify the queen in her resolution to do battle against her subjects rather than give them peace, there came, on Riccio's instigation, a hurried embassy from France, bringing Darnley the order of St. Michael, and informing Mary that a solemn pact had been concluded between the pope and the kings of Spain and of France for the extermination of the Protestant faith. Into this "Holy League" Mary was asked to enter. Her eyes glistened on hearing that the queen-mother of France, while amusing the queen of England with matrimonial offers, had been deeply engaged in conferences with the duke of Alva, representative of the king of Spain, the result of which was the secret pact to outroot heresy from the face of the earth, by any means best suited to accomplish the great object in the shortest possible time. It was to the working of the newly-founded society of the Jesuits that the origin of the pact was due, as well as the essence of its contents, resolving itself in the clear formula that means were sanctified by the end. The duke of Alva, soul of the league, in his conferences with Catherine de Medici, expressed his decided opinion that, for the time being, cunning would lead to greater results than mere force left by itself. In his attempt to suppress Protestantism in the Netherlands he had found the latter unavailing, and he therefore proposed to the queen-mother to assemble the chief leaders of Protestantism in France and Flanders at a conference, under pretence of treating with them, and, when fairly together, to assassinate every one. Catherine de Medici was easily persuaded to fall in with Alva's views, and in the autumn of 1565 set her name to the pact of murder at Bayonne. Mary Stuart followed her example without hesitation, on the demand of the French envoys, declaring herself proud to become a member of the "Holy League."

The rashness of the queen in engaging to steep her hands in murder, and subscribing her name to a great act of villany, which could not fail creating abhorrence among all her subjects, whether Protestants or Catholics, was due partly to her mental condition, which seemed verging towards madness. The short honeymoon of bliss after marriage was followed by a

season of unmitigated wretchedness, the mist of love having fallen from her eyes, leaving nothing but disgust behind. Strutting at her side, drinking hard, and swearing hard, assuming kingly airs and giving himself up to the lowest vices, the youth Mary had clung to with such sudden passion soon became hateful to her eyes, and her intercourse with him was marked by daily growing bitterness. Neither the queen's temper nor her education had fitted her to suffer in silence, and to take the consequences of things brought on by herself; but as soon as she got tired of her husband, her passion took a fresh turn, in renewed intimacy, less disguised than ever, with David Riccio. Her dislike, rising to detestation, of Darnley, before long broke out with a sort of fury which the vain youth could not help feeling, obtuse as was his brain. He had been called king before; but, by Mary's express orders, was addressed by her servants only as "my lord;" coins had been struck with "Henricus et Maria" on the face, which were called in, and others issued in their place, his name and portrait left out; and, as a culmination of the insults purposely directed against his vanity, when the French embassy arrived to present him with the order of St. Michael, the queen coolly ordered his name to be enrolled, not as king, nor even as her husband, but as earl of Ross. Soon after, Mary withdrew her company entirely from Darnley, sleeping in a separate room, and spending the greater part of the day, and often part of the night, with David Riccio. It was but natural that rumours of the strangest kind should grow out of this intimacy, which many asserted to be criminal, and which seemed the more extraordinary as the queen was generally known to be pregnant. Darnley was visibly affected by the behaviour of his consort; his entire manner changed; he spoke little, and only with intimate friends; and his former boisterousness got converted into dull gloom. Mary was warned on all sides that a conspiracy was being formed against her, but paid no heed to it, as if entirely lost to the sense of her own position. In February, 1556, a month after the arrival of the French embassy, the rumoured plot was the talk of the capital; and while the queen was full of thoughts of revenge against heretics, as a new devout member of the Holy League, another sort of revenge was openly prepared, almost in her sight—so openly that the English ambassador sent the report of it to his government. "I know now for certain," Randolph wrote on the 13th of February, "that this queen repenteth her marriage, that she hateth the king and all his kin; I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partaker in play and game with him; I know that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the crown against her will; I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things and grievous, and worse are brought to my ears, yea of things intended against the queen's own person."

The event thus predicted took place three weeks after the date of Randolph's letter, in the evening of Saturday, the 9th of March. Mary Stuart this evening had ordered a rich supper to be prepared in a little chamber adjoining her bedroom, intending to

spend a few hours in joy and merriment with her favourite. The queen was in high spirits; that very day a meeting of the estates of Scotland, carefully chosen under Riccio's directions, had taken place, to prepare laws for the restoration of the old faith; and that same day Mary herself had gone down to the Edinburgh Tolbooth, and in an eloquent speech had persuaded the peers of the realm to vote an act of attainder against Murray and his associates. Good news, too, had come from Rome, the pontiff promising his active assistance in establishing her on the throne of two kingdoms; to which she replied, in the gushing gratitude of her heart, that "with the help of God and his holiness she would leap over the wall." The future seemed all golden to Mary: already, in imagination, she saw herself at the head of an immense army, entering the gates of the English capital; already she saw the whole host of her enemies in the dust around her; already she saw the greatest of her foes, her brother, whom she hated with the hatred of hell, brought before her in chains, midway between the dungeon, the scaffold, and the grip of the hangman. The queen of Scotland felt intensely happy at her little supper in her little room. She was sitting on a sofa; opposite her, in a soft arm-chair, was David Riccio, and, a little aside, sat the countess of Argyre, a lady reputed to be of easy morals, and a great admirer of the handsome Italian. Merrily went the talk, and merrily ran the wine, when on a sudden heavy steps were heard on the outside, coming from the queen's bedroom. A moment more, and the curtain at the door was uplifted, revealing the form of Darnley. The queen looked at him with surprise, making a gesture as if to order him away; but he walked forward unconcerned, and sat down at her side on the sofa. Mary had not yet recovered from her astonishment when another figure appeared under the crimson curtain at the door. It was the earl of Ruthven, Darnley's uncle, a gaunt, grim figure, in steel armour and helmet, with cheeks pale from recent illness, and eyes glaring like fire. At sight of the terrible apparition, the queen stood bolt upright, and in trembling tone asked the meaning of the intrusion. "Let yon man come forth," the earl replied, slowly, pointing to Riccio; "he has been here over long." "What has he done?" Mary cried, terrified: "What has he done? He is here by my will." "Madame," said the earl, slowly as before, and in deep sepulchral voice, "he has offended your honour; he has offended your husband's honour; he has caused your majesty to banish a great part of the nobility that he might be made a lord, and he has been the destroyer of the commonwealth." Then, striding forward, and addressing Darnley with "Take the queen your wife to you," the gaunt earl stretched forth his arm to seize Riccio. Mary shrieked aloud, and started forward to save her lover, who went on his knees behind her, clinging to the fold of her garments, and crying like a child. The shrieks of the queen brought forth a number of servants; but a look from the earl sufficed to keep them at bay. "Lay no hands on me," Ruthven cried, drawing his dagger, "I will not be handled." Then he stamped with his foot, and the crimson curtains opened once more, to let in a throng of armed men, headed by two nobles, Ker of Falconside, and George

Douglas, brother of Ruthven. While the latter thrust the queen into the arms of her husband, Falconside laid hold of Riccio, gripping him by the neck till he shrieked with pain, and let go his hold on Mary's dress. "Do not hurt him! Oh, do not hurt him!" the queen shrieked, faintly; but her words were lost in the tramp of armed men pouring in at the door. "This shall justify him," Falconside cried, drawing a cord from his pocket, and throwing it around the Italian. Again Mary shrieked, and, rushing forward with the strength of despair, upset the table before her and the lamp on it, leaving the chamber in utter darkness. Louder still grew the tramp of heavy feet, and the ringing of armour; but high above it sounded Riccio's voice, as he was dragged away from his mistress and into her bedroom. "Madame, madame, save me! save me! Spare my life!" he cried, fainter and fainter. Then, on a sudden, all was still.

Mary Stuart did not faint away on seeing the man dear to her as her own life murdered before her eyes. Hers was a soul above fainting—a soul in which the mighty passions of love and of hate were struggling together in one everlasting battle. Riccio gone, and she thought of nothing but revenge—of revenge deep as hell, and frightful as the gloom of despair in her own heart. Darnley kept beside her, as well as Ruthven, and with gigantic power of dissimulation she mastered her feelings so far as to appear calm and collected. At a glance she perceived how things stood; how her imbecile husband was pushed forward by others; and how the dark deed accomplished before her eyes could be nothing but the prelude to further and greater deeds. That she would not be allowed her liberty to punish the murderers was clear without reflection, and the only doubt was what they meant to do with her. To discover this, and escape, if possible, from the meshes of her foes, was the one great immediate object, and to accomplish it Mary determined to flatter the knave to whom she was wedded, although feeling as if she could tear him to pieces. She begged Ruthven to leave her alone with her husband; but the earl, who saw through her object, and who fully knew the craven nature of Darnley, refused to do so. All that she could obtain at last was to be allowed to go to rest; and midnight drawing near, the gaunt earl locked the queen's bedroom, leaving her alone with her boundless grief. Early next morning, Darnley, overcoming the scruples of his uncle, was allowed to visit Mary, and was received by her with the most affectionate caresses. Flattering his inordinate vanity, and exhausting herself in promises of honours to come, she was not long in gaining entire control over the weak-minded youth. He then revealed to her the whole plot in which he and his friends were engaged, telling no more lies than sufficient to redeem his own character. Mary Stuart learnt with astonishment and horror that the murder of Riccio was but the prelude of more important events, tending to nothing less than the restoration of Murray to power, and the reascendancy of the great Protestant party. She learnt that the conspiracy of which her lover had been the first victim had been slowly formed, almost before her own eyes; that a solemn agreement had been signed and sworn to by the earls of Murray, Morton, Argyre, and other Lords

of the Congregation, as well as by her husband and the members of his family, "to establish religion as it was at the queen's home-coming;" and that while Murray and the other banished lords had been gained over by the stipulation of being secured in all their possessions, and reinstalled in their former offices, Darnley had been placed at the head of the plot by one of the fundamental conditions of the bargain, by which all undertook "to be liege subjects to Prince Henry, to take part with him in all his lawful actions, causes, and quarrels, to be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies." Mary's caresses redoubled when she found how easily she might uncoil the formidable plot. The puppet-king, "Prince Henry," was lying in her arms simpering his woes, telling lies, and accusing his friends. It was with wild exultation she felt how she might use this puppet-king; how she might put him forward, and fondle and caress him—and then crush him under her feet.

Leaving the chamber of his wife, Darnley sought his co-conspirators. He told them the queen had fallen very ill, and it was absolutely necessary that she should have the company of some of her ladies, and also that a midwife should be called, a miscarriage having become likely in consequence of the excitement of the previous night. Ruthven looked with suspicion upon these proposals, knowing the wonderful power of dissimulation of the august lady whom he had caged, and having not much confidence in her husband, his nephew. However, he as well as Douglas and the other conspirators did not wish to be harsh; and considering that the palace and castle of Holyrood was occupied by their retainers, and that the overwhelming majority of the citizens of the capital was in their favour, they resolved to conform to Mary's wishes, and allow the ladies of the court access to her. They had no sooner made their bow in the royal chamber, when they received instructions to act as spies and secret messengers, to put themselves in communication with the queen's friends, and to report on the condition of her enemies. The dusk of evening—Sunday evening the 10th of March—had set in by this time, and the queen was still busy with her ladies, when there was a loud knocking at the outer palace-gates, and a long file of horsemen were seen galloping forward in furious speed from the Dunbar road. Mary's heart beat high; it seemed as if the hour of deliverance was nearer than expected, the faithful county of Haddington being the first to show its zeal for royalty and religion. Louder grew the knocking; great crowds came hastening from all sides to meet the dusty horsemen on the road, and the queen, leaning out of the window, doubted no longer that they were friends. But, all on a sudden, the gate flew open, and in rode the earl of Murray. The brother whom she hated more than any living man, whom she would have gladly killed under thousand tortures, stood before Mary Stuart. There he stood, in the courtyard of Holyrood, proud and erect, with the mien of a conqueror: he a conqueror, and she a prisoner.

Mary gasped for breath, leaning heavily against the window. One other look, fierce, snake-like, she darted at Murray, and then recovered self-possession. Turning round, she ordered a servant to invite the

earl, her dear brother, to visit her in her solitude and cheer her with his counsel. In another minute Murray was in the queen's chamber, Ruthven and the other conspirators trying vainly to keep him back. "Oh, my beloved brother," Mary cried, throwing herself on Murray's neck, a flood of tears streaming down her pale face, and her lips trembling convulsively; "Oh my beloved brother, if you had been here I should not have undergone the sufferings I went through, not have had the humiliation I met with." The earl felt deeply touched; he knew that but the day before the sister now appealing to his love had shown her hatred by enforcing, through personal demand, his attainder, wildly anxious to send him to the block; he knew that she had planned his destruction a hundred times before: but he forgot and forgave it all in the spectacle of grief now before his eyes. Murray really believed that suffering had chastened, if only momentarily, the heart of the queen; and in the fulness of his generosity he promised to become her friend and protector once more. The earl was as good as his word. The next day a long conference was held among the allied nobles to decide on what should be done next; a few, most intimate with the character of Mary Stuart, insisted that she should be kept in perpetual imprisonment; others that she should be tried before a committee of the estates of the realm; others again, that she should be held in honourable confinement in Stirling Castle until she had approved the new government, and given secure guarantees never more to interfere with the constitutional liberties of the realm and the free exercise of the reformed religion. While the debate was going on, Darnley entered the room, fresh from the embraces of his wife. He told his friends that the queen had consented, on his entreaty, to issue a full and complete amnesty, to establish a new government, with the earl of Murray at the head, and to submit for the future entirely to the counsel of his party. The majority of the conspirators looked dubious at this sudden conversion; but though they did not trust Darnley, they were far from deeming him an absolute traitor and villain. Murray warmly pleaded the part of his sister; and after some further conversation, in which the earl reminded his friends that Darnley was compelled, by his oath and signature of the common bond, to stand and fall with them, it was resolved to accept the queen's offer, given in writing. The agreement was to be drawn up at another conference the same day, and Darnley solemnly promised to get it signed by his royal consort early the next morning. In the meanwhile he pleaded that the guards be withdrawn from her door, to spare the queen the ignominy of being any longer considered a prisoner. Even this was consented to, with some opposition, Ruthven keeping his eyes fixed upon Mary's husband, as if to read his soul. Quitting the room, the voice of the grim earl rang in his ears: "Whatever bloodshed follows be on your head."

Darnley trembled at the voice, and hurried away as if driven by furies. Instead of returning to the queen's room, in accordance with a promise given to Mary, he fled in another direction, and privately sent a message to her that all was going on well. Late at night, he mustered courage to tread the small stair-

case leading from his own bedroom on the basement of the palace, to the queen's chamber on the first floor. Softly he crept, followed by three gentlemen, very young, but devoted friends of the royal cause, Sir Arthur Erskine, Anthony Standon, and Stuart of Traquair. To stir the blood of the youths coming before her in the dead of night, by a passionate appeal to their loyalty, was easy work for Mary; and they all promised on their knees to save her, or to perish in the attempt. Then they went back as quietly as they had come, to make preparations for the flight. At the sound of the midnight bell, when all was silent, Darnley having visited his friends, still sitting in conclave, a last time to lull suspicion, the queen wrapped herself in a large mantle, and cautiously made her way down the narrow staircase to her husband's room, where he was waiting for her. So far escape was easy, but now began the difficulty. The guards set by the conspirators had been withdrawn from all entrances to the royal apartments; but the outer gates of the palace were watched more narrowly than ever, Ruthven having given strict orders to let not a soul pass in or out without a passport, and the closest personal examination. But the queen knew one outlet not dreamt of by the most watchful of her enemies. Close to the palace stood the half-ruined abbey of Holyrood, place of sepulture of many monarchs; and an old servant had told Mary that there was a secret passage connecting the residence of Scotland's living sovereigns with the tomb of the dead kings. The passage was discovered after some search: it was narrow, damp, and with a stream of foul, mephitic air issuing from it. But Mary hesitated not a moment. A servant leading the way, and Darnley following, she crawled along the horrible vault, amidst broken coffins, bones, and skulls, with skeletons rustling close to her ear in the thick midnight air. The road through the grave seemed never ending, and Mary began to feel faint when emerging at last from the charnel-house into the old abbey, lightened up by the full moon. At the gate stood Erskine, Standon, and Stuart of Traquair, with neighing horses stamping the ground. In a second Mary was in the saddle, taking her seat behind Sir Arthur Erskine, on the same steed. Away they went, with the swiftness of the wind, the feet of the noble coursers scarcely touching the ground. Past Arthur's Seat, spectral-looking in the yellow light of the moon; across the Esk, and the battle-field of Musselburgh; past Seton and Prestonpans, with the shining sea to the left: onward the riders spurred, faster and faster, till, at the end of two hours, the foaming horses drew breath under the castle-walls of Dunbar. "Who is there?" the warder shouted from the tower. "The queen," Sir Arthur's voice sounded through the night. Down came the heavy drawbridge; the chains clanked; the iron gate swung on its hinges, and Mary Stuart and her five companions rode into Dunbar Castle.

The night-ride from Holyrood to Dunbar restored the shattered fortunes of Scotland's queen. Even the greatest enemies of the sovereign could not help admiring the invincible courage of the woman. Mary, on her part, lost no time to heighten this feeling in her favour. She sent out proclamations in all directions,

complaining of the treatment she had received, accusing her enemies, dwelling upon the bright future arising from her maternal prospects, and summoning all her faithful subjects to arms, to protect her and the unborn hope of two kingdoms in her womb. The call was obeyed with enthusiasm. In less than five days, a hundred nobles and their retainers, Protestants as well as Catholics, had hurried up to Dunbar, and before a week was over Mary found herself at the head of an army of eight thousand men. Without losing further time, she at once unfurled the royal standard to lead her troops to Edinburgh. There was no danger on the route, for dismay had seized the confederate earls as soon as they discovered that they had been betrayed by their nominal chief; and, finding the current of popularity suddenly turn against them, nothing remained but flight across the Border, or humble submission to the queen. Ruthven, Morton, Falconside, and two or three others, chose the former course, aware that their active participation in the murder of Riccio would for ever make reconciliation impossible; the rest, including Glencairn, Rothes, and Argyle, sent in their submission, having previously ascertained that a pardon would be granted to them on giving security for future good behaviour. The earl of Murray alone refused either to fly or to crave pardon, although implored by Ruthven and Morton, as the rest had fallen off, not to endanger himself on their account, but to make his peace if possible. Great was Mary's temptation to satisfy at last her burning hatred, when riding into Edinburgh at the head of her troops, and finding Murray where she had left him a few days before, alone, and abandoned by all his friends. Revenge, gratitude, and calculations of policy, kept struggling in her breast for a moment, till both the queen's and the woman's weakness united in pointing to the right path. To kill a brother, a powerful noble, a week after having called him her deliverer, and smothering him under kisses, was above what Mary Stuart was yet prepared for; she therefore ran up to the earl, kissed him once more, and once more called him her dear brother. Towards her husband, Mary showed less ceremony; and before even they returned to Edinburgh Darnley had to find that she hated him more heartily than ever, although to save her he had become a traitor to his party. The vain, contemptible youth, despised and shunned by all, had to drain the cup of dishonour to the dregs. He was compelled to take his oath, by special order of the queen, who held in her hands the incontestable proofs, under his own signature, of having planned and organized the great conspiracy, that he had never "counselled, commanded, consented to, assisted or approved" the death of Riccio, which confession was published at the market-cross of every town of Scotland. After accomplishing this piece of revenge, and sending to the gallows a dozen miserable wretches, who, in the shape of servants and gatekeepers, had taken part in the Holyrood events, the queen ordered a magnificent burial for her murdered lover. The ceremony was gorgeous; but its very splendour destroyed the halo of romance hanging round the shadow of the poor Italian valet. The finest funeral sermon becoming his memory had been preached already by one of the porters of the royal palace. When Riccio's body—mutilated, pierced, and

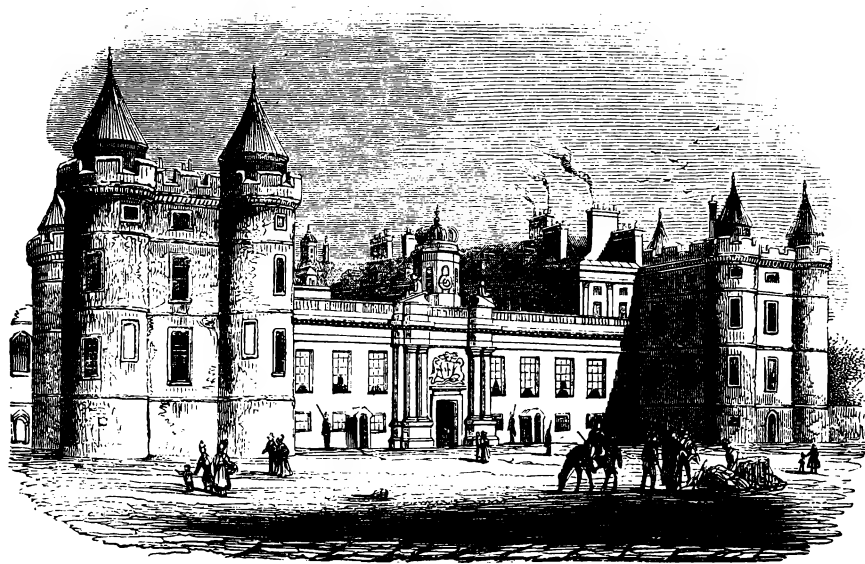
torn, with Darnley's own dagger, taken from its sheath by Douglas, left sticking in the mangled corpse as justification of the deed—had been carried downstairs from the queen's bedchamber, and thrown into a lumber-room, like a dog's carcase, the porter at the door came in to have a last look at her majesty's favourite. Then, having stuffed Riccio's corpse into an old box, the man fell moralizing: "Here is his destiny! On this chest was his first bed when he came to the place, and there now he lieth, a very niggard and misknown knave."

The physical courage displayed by Mary Stuart after the Holyrood tragedy, greatly increased the number of her English friends; and her prospects of a heir seemed to add immensely to the chances of the queen becoming the successor of Elizabeth. It was getting beyond doubt that the latter never meant to marry, and kept dallying and toying with the many aspirants to her hand merely as a kind of amusement, with not the least regard for the often-expressed wishes of parliament. Thus it became the gradually-narrowing choice of all looking to the future of the country, either to admit Mary and her heirs to the succession, under such constitutional limits as to insure civil and religious liberty, or to leave everything unsettled and risk a probable war of succession. The inclination to choose the lesser of the two evils, in acknowledging the rights of Mary to the throne of England, was gradually becoming more general, to such an extent as to make itself felt in the actions of Elizabeth. Afraid of facing parliament and of raising another storm of discussion about her marriage and the succession, she postponed its meeting from month to month, until all her supplies were utterly exhausted, while at the same time she strove hard to keep on friendly terms with Mary, submitting even to indignities. These were not wanting from the beginning of the Darnley marriage, and went on increasing when Mary perceived that every successive affront brought on nothing but increased tenderness on the part of her sister of England. The arrest and imprisonment of Tamworth,

Elizabeth's special envoy, not leading to anything else but protestations on the part of the English government, Mary tried a bolder step, by expelling Randolph, the regular ambassador, from the court, and sending him over the Border like a felon, under pretence of being in relation with her enemies. This took place a few days before the murder of Riccio, and appeared for a moment to rouse the ire of Elizabeth almost to the war point. But, true to old habits—not altogether unwise in her position—she waited awhile, and kept watching events before committing herself; and, seeing the quick turn of Mary's fortunes after the flight from Holyrood, she once more presented herself in the guise of affectionate friend. No sooner was the Scottish queen reinstalled in her capital, at the head of a goodly army, when love-notes from the throne of England came pouring in streams. The dim shadow of past troubles was still sufficiently before Mary's eyes to subdue her passions, so as to give a soft reply to the flattering letters, and to express her thankfulness, moreover, by the despatch of a special ambassador to London. For this office the queen selected a person named Thornton, who had long filled the post of her confidential agent at Rome. Thornton took his road by way of Berwick, where he had a long interview with the earl of Bedford. The latter, in a note to Cecil, written the same day, introduced the new ambassador as "a very evil and naughty person, whom I pray you not to believe."

In the interchange of compliments between Elizabeth and Mary, the latter was not long to see her own advantage. Having made the warmest offers of aid and assistance, Elizabeth was asked, in an innocent way, to oblige her sister by surrendering to justice the murderers of Riccio, notably the earls Ruthven and Morton, who had taken refuge in England. The demand came startling upon Elizabeth, putting her for the moment in the greatest perplexity. To help to send Ruthven and Morton to the block was nothing less than to break for ever and hopelessly with the

reformers of Scotland, as well as to give deadly offence to their sympathisers in England; while, on the other hand, to refuse the surrender of the earls, clearly criminals in the eyes of the law, was to make all previous expressions of friendship for the queen of Scots appear hollow and treacherous. In order to get out of the difficulty, Elizabeth once more practised double deceit. She promised Mary to have the murderers arrested, while at the same time she sent messengers to the fugitive earls, ordering them to keep out of the way, with a hint that they would find plenty of room in England to live in, but



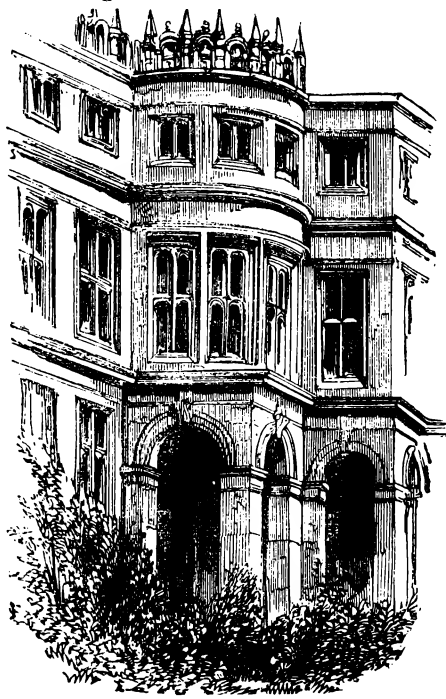
HOLYROOD

that they must not stay near the Border. The message was useless in the case of Ruthven, who, when Elizabeth despatched her summons, had gone to a land beyond the reach of queens, judges, and hangmen. The grim earl, smitten with incurable disease, had risen from his deathbed to be the arm of the great conspiracy, and, by a supreme effort, compelled the body for a brief hour to obey the mind; but no sooner was the work over, when, like a lion mortally wounded, he sank down to rise no more. His companions-in-arms and his son William made him a lowly grave, near Newcastle, and, praying God to have mercy upon his soul, rode off, not knowing whither. The queen of England was able now to assert, with some show of truth, that she did not know where to find the men whose daggers had struck down David Riccio.

Mary Stuart's anxiety to take revenge on the murderers of her lover was lost for awhile in weightier events. In the second week of June, three months after the midnight ride from Holyrood to Dunbar, the pangs of childbirth came over the queen, setting all eyes to watch the least of her movements. To be quiet, Mary retired into the inner apartments of Edinburgh Castle; and here, on the 19th of June, 1566, she gave birth to a son, called James at the baptismal font—destined thereafter to be the sixth royal James of Scotland, and the first of the United Kingdom of Scotland and England. The birth of the child took place between nine and ten o'clock in the morning; and as soon as its sex had been proclaimed, Sir James Melville, waiting in the antechamber, spurred and booted, sprang on his steed, and rode off southward in furious haste. He reached Berwick the same evening; slept, and rushed off again southward, scarcely leaving the saddle till, at the end of three days, he drew breath at the gates of London. It was late in the

afternoon of the 22nd of June that the familiar face of Sir James appeared before Cecil, who was not a little startled on learning the great news brought by the dusty traveller. Without losing a minute, Cecil posted down to Greenwich, where the queen had taken up her residence, to enjoy the fine season in merriment and festivities. Elizabeth was dancing after supper, when she was told that Mr. Secretary wished to see her on important business; not wishing to be interrupted in the charming exercise of her limbs, she ordered him to come up and deliver his message quickly. Then Cecil, stepping forward gravely, whispered in her ear, "the Queen Mary has been delivered of a son." Elizabeth started as if struck by invisible hands. Losing all self-control, she sank into a chair, and covering her face, burst out crying, "The Queen of Scots is mother of a fair son, while I am but a barren stock."

A few hours sufficed to chase all traces of the woman in Elizabeth, and bring out the queen and accomplished actress. Early on the morning after his arrival, her majesty received Sir James Melville at a solemn audience, to hear from his lips the great news from the north. Elizabeth was all smiles and cheerfulness, expressing her intense delight at the message; and, in answer to a request of the ambassador to stand godmother to the new-born infant, consented at once "to be a gossip to the queen." A little private conversation followed, in which the astute Scotch diplomatist, "to give her majesty a scare from marriage, and from Charles of Austria," informed Elizabeth that "the queen of Scots had dearly bought her child, being so sore handled that she wished she had never been married." The "scare" was somewhat unnecessary in respect to the big-headed archduke, and the cleverness of Sir James only proved that he had got very little insight into the true nature of Queen Elizabeth. It was partly for this reason that he was not successful either in the management of the most important part of the business which had brought him to London. The news of Mary's delivery might easily have been transmitted by any ordinary duke, baron, or other gold-laced official; but what had driven him into the fatigues of the saddle and top-boots was something very different. Her late successes had made the queen of Scots sanguine, and she hoped that the birth of a heir would sufficiently startle her affectionate English sister to settle the great succession question. However, Elizabeth was not startled for more than an hour or two, and after that became more wary than ever. To all the polite requests of Sir James, and still more polite hints as to what his mistress might do in case her just demands were entirely refused, Elizabeth replied with nothing but compliments and vague promises, devoid of even the shadow of a tangible engagement. At last, the diplomatist was compelled to draw the final arrow from his quiver, in remarking upon the attitude of the English parliament in former sessions, and the probability that the next would bring forth more serious debates on the succession. The thrust came home, for the queen was fully aware that a storm was brewing in the political sky, which, this time, could not be allayed by further parliamentary prorogations. It had been settled that the representatives



RESIDENCE OF SIR R. CECIL.

of the nation should meet at the end of September, the state of the royal exchequer allowing no further delay. Melvil's argument, nevertheless, had no effect upon Elizabeth, who was making her own preparations for getting the necessary supplies. She had decided to make the faithful commons pliant by a progress through the country previous to the meeting of parliament, trusting that her speeches would prove a fair counterpoise against the new temptations of the Scotch baby. Taught early in the school of adversity, of intrigue, and of suffering, Elizabeth all her life long had a profound belief in the power of words over facts.

The queen set out on her progress at the commencement of August. Passing successively through Bedford, Huntingdon, and Northamptonshire, paying a flying visit to Woodstock—prison of her youth—honouring Cecil by accepting his hospitality at Stamford, eliciting immense enthusiasm at Oxford by speaking pure Greek, and delighting the farmers of Berks and Bucks by talking very broad English, Elizabeth spent seven weeks in gathering popularity, and came back to London just in time to open parliament, well satisfied with the results of her journey. The lords and commons assembled on the 30th of September, and the effect of the queen's progress was so far visible on their deliberations that for more than a fortnight nothing was heard of but compliments to her majesty. Then, however, came a sudden explosion of pent-up feelings. Cecil, thinking the time admirable for passing his money-bills, brought them forward on the 18th of October; but was met at once by the motion, voted amidst great applause "to revive the suit for the succession," and to consider the supplies afterwards. It was in vain that a member of the privy council, Sir Ambrose Cave, declared formally, as if directed to do so by Elizabeth, that "the queen, by God's special providence, was moved to marry; that she minded for the welfare of the nation to prosecute the same, but that she wished to see the sequel of that before further suit touching the succession." It was not difficult to see that this was but a stratagem for getting the money-bills passed, and then prorogue parliament once more; and the commons persistently refused to postpone the subject uppermost in their minds, urging the upper house to assist in the "suit for the succession." The lords having consented, all public business was suspended for two weeks, in order to prepare an address to the crown, which task was left to a committee of both houses. Elizabeth gave vent to her anger at this step in fierce invectives; and, not content with showering abuse upon parliament in general, sent for the principal members of the committee to deliver to them special lectures, made up of alternate promises and threats. But the committee went on notwithstanding, and the great address having been shaped in ten days' labour, the queen was asked to listen to its delivery. Gladly would she have sent her faithful lords and commons home to their families; but Cecil's argument of there being no money in the exchequer was unanswerable. There were no sermons needed to teach the value of money to the maiden queen.

"By her highness's special commandment," twenty-seven members of the House of Lords, and thirty of

the Commons assembled at Whitehall, on the 5th of November, to deliver the address. The paper, read by Sir Nicholas Bacon, was very decided in tone, setting it forth as an absolute necessity that the queen should either marry, or, refusing to do so, prepare at once a settlement of the succession. Elizabeth was told that she might marry "where it should please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her;" but that, marriage not decided upon at once, and in all sincerity, it was indispensable to pass a law of succession, "carrying with it such necessity that without it they could not see how the safety of her royal person, or the preservation of her imperial crown and realm, could be or should be sufficiently and certainly provided for." The address wound up by saying that the non-settlement of the succession would be "a dangerous burden before God upon her majesty." Elizabeth was startled at this language, and in great excitement gave vent to a most extraordinary speech. After well abusing the members of the lower house, she cried that "she was not surprised at the commons; they had small experience, and had acted like boys; but that the lords should have gone along with them, she confessed, had filled her with wonder. There were some among them who had placed their swords at her disposal when her sister was on the throne, and had invited her to seize the crown, and she knew but too well that if she allowed a successor to be named, there would be men who would approach him, or her, with the same encouragement to disturb the peace of the realm." Then, turning round upon a couple of unlucky bishops, tenants of the sees of Durham and London, whom she espied among the address-bearers, Elizabeth continued, sharply:—"And you, doctors, you, I understand, make long speeches about this business. One of you dared to say in times past that I and my sister were bastards, and you must needs be interfering in what does not concern you. Go home and amend your own lives, and set an honest example to your families." In conclusion, getting every minute into fiercer wrath, the queen told her hearers, in high treble, that although she had promised in former times to marry, and still meant to do so, she was determined to give no further particulars about her intentions. "Did I so choose," she cried, in half hysterical shrieks, "I might make the impertinence of the whole set of you an excuse to withdraw my promise; yet, for the realm's sake, I am resolved that I will marry. But I will take a husband that will not be to the taste of some of you. I have not married hitherto out of consideration for you; but it shall be done now, and you who have been so urgent with me will find the effects of it to your cost. Think you the prince who will be my consort will feel himself safe with such as you, who thus dare to thwart and cross your natural queen." Here Elizabeth felt fairly overcome by her own indignation; and, conscious that her oratory had reached the culminating point, she suddenly turned on her heels, and, tossing her head, swept out of the hall. Lords and commons looked at each other in blank astonishment, utterly amazed at the marvellous exhibition.

Elizabeth's anger, as always, so on this occasion, soon cooled down. She had learned too much in the

school of bitter experience not to know, or at least to divine by a sort of instinct, that the time had come when nations were getting stronger than kings; and she now felt, with tolerable clearness of vision, that she could not afford to quarrel with parliament. Besides she wanted money, which consideration overruled all other considerations. Cecil got orders to make her peace with the representatives of the people, she giving the distinct promise either to marry or to settle the succession before the arrival of another session. As a reason for the postponement of the succession-question, the queen alleged that it was necessary to consult the highest legal authorities respecting the will of Henry VIII. excluding the Scotch title, the validity of which was silently implied. Neither lords nor commons demurred to this argument, thus likewise approving, if only indirectly, the claims of Mary Stuart. These important matters having been arranged in the course of November, Cecil once more, on the 27th of the month, introduced his money-bills. To show their gratitude for the queen's renewed promise to act according to the wishes of the nation, the members of the lower house made up their minds to outdo themselves in liberality; and her majesty was privately informed that the supplies to be voted would be unusually large. The news was delightful, and Elizabeth resolved to improve the occasion by a fine dramatic attitude. The faithful commons were informed that although the queen might require for the public service all that they were ready to offer, yet that she begged them not to go too far, inasmuch as "she counted her subjects in respect of their hearty good-will her best treasurers." Hackneyed as was the phrase—freely used by kings and queens centuries before Elizabeth—it had a wonderful effect upon the "boys" of the House of Commons, who but a few days before stood out in valiant defence of public rights and the public purse. They forthwith voted, with cheerful alacrity, supplies double in amount to what had been granted in previous parliaments, increasing the national burdens, among others, with an income-tax of seven per cent. for two years. With a little economy, the queen found the money might be made to last for four, or perhaps five, years, during which time she quietly resolved to do without the good commons and their speeches.

While Queen Elizabeth was bravely battling with parliamentary friends and foes, Queen Mary was leading a golden life of idleness and pleasure. Never since she set foot upon the soil of Scotland seemed her prospect fairer than at this moment, when, having broken the head of a powerful conspiracy, and conquered to a great extent the good-will and sympathy of her subjects, she had been acknowledged, in addition, heir to another crown, loftier far than the diadem of her own realm. Mary Stuart was fully conscious of the proud position to which she had risen; but the only use she made of it was to give the rein once more to her untamed passions, and to hurry on headlong in the career of perdition. She had scarcely risen from her childbed, and scarcely wreaked her vengeance for the murder of her old favourite upon a handful of poor wretches, when she was already deeply engaged with a new lover, far more dangerous than the musical Italian pierced by Darnley's dagger. The new woer,

on whom Mary bestowed her smiles with scarcely any attempt at secrecy, was James Hepburn, fourth earl of Bothwell, thirty years of age, not good-looking, but by far the most audacious, clever, and accomplished villain in all Scotland. He had known the queen in France soon after she had become a widow; had laid his youthful homage at her feet; had been employed by her subsequently in Scotland; had then fled the country, accused of attempting to assassinate the earl of Murray, and had, finally, returned in 1565, by special desire of Mary, been restored to his former rank of lord high admiral, been appointed to the lucrative office of warden of the marches, and received in addition extensive grants of crown lands. Reckless, bold, and unscrupulous, fearing neither God nor man, and altogether the very perfection of human devilry, he was just the man to please Mary Stuart; and David Riccio had no sooner been laid in his last narrow box by the poor porter of Holyrood Palace, when Bothwell openly took the place of the murdered favourite. His progress in favour was such that at the birth of the infant prince he had already assumed the chief management of the queen's household, treating the king-consort as a mere cipher, and transacting state business with the earl of Murray and the new ministers. Towards the end of July, the queen and Bothwell went to the castle of Alloa, on the Forth, and from thence to the Highlands, to make merry in hunting parties and carousals; and on Lord Darnley presuming to follow his royal consort, he was ordered back by the favourite, and mockingly told that he ought not to come without an invitation. Had Darnley possessed but a grain of physical courage or of manly uprightness, he might, not only as claimant of the crown-matrimonial, but as descendant of both Tudors and Stuarts, have rallied friends enough around him to chastise the insolence of Bothwell, and, in driving him once more back to his old haunts in France, raised himself even in Mary's estimation. But the youth whom Melville truly characterized as "the long lad," possessed neither courage nor character; and his past career in Scotland having equally disgusted all parties, the favourite had not the least difficulty in driving him from the court. This was not enough, however, and Bothwell, no less than the queen, soon began to aim at something more. "It is an heart-break for her," wrote Lethington, Mary's secretary of state, to his friend the archbishop of Glasgow, in September, "to think that he should be her husband, and how to be free of him she sees no outlet."

The "outlet" was found at last in a lengthened consultation of Bothwell and his friends. The queen was decided to marry her lover, although he had a wife, as well as she a husband. His tie was easily broken by divorce, and the same had been thought of by Mary; but the idea of it was discarded as a dangerous affair, and likely to lead to the royal infant being declared illegitimate, and all agreed that murder would bring about soonest the proposed end. To accomplish it, Bothwell sought the aid of all the chief party men, not forgetting to avail himself of the assistance of those engaged in the assassination of Riccio. The exiled earl of Morton had many friends at court, who promised that if the queen would extend her pardon to him they would join in the

complot against Darnley. Mary readily consented, showing herself more anxious even than her paramour to tread the path of blood which was to lead to a new wedding. The arrangements for Darnley's murder were made with the greatest coolness and deliberation. Bothwell's first plan was to kill the king-consort in a forced duel; and, thinking that Morton might be the best man to execute the work, as one of those whom Darnley had most offended by his treachery, he went to meet the banished earl at the Border, with the royal pardon in his hand. However, Morton showed great unwillingness to commit himself, and even on being told "that it was the queen's mind that Darnley should be taken away," excused himself on the good ground that having "but newly come from one trouble, he felt in no haste to enter into another." Seeing this plan failing, and not meeting with anybody else willing to stab or shoot the queen's husband openly, Bothwell had recourse to poison. This offered some difficulty, for Darnley was on his guard, having been repeatedly warned against the machinations of his enemies, and fully aware that they meant to take his life. Once or twice, to save himself, he made attempts to fly the kingdom; but Mary being undesirous that he should thus escape, as it would prevent her marriage, he had become a voluntary prisoner, living with his father at Glasgow. To entice her husband away from this place of safety, the queen all at once assumed an air of fondness towards him, sending the most affectionate messages, and entreating him to be present at the baptism of the infant prince, fixed to take place at Stirling, on the 15th of December. Darnley consented, though with great reluctance. Notwithstanding all the spite, scorn, and disgrace which his consort had heaped upon him, he felt an affection for her which seemed to increase rather than decay when becoming aware that she sought his death. The snake-eyes kept the bird entranced.

The baptism of the royal infant was of the utmost magnificence. Queen Elizabeth had sent a font of pure gold, massive like armour, in which to dip the heir-apparent of England; while the king and queen-mother of France, richer in compliments than cash, had despatched two special envoys to offer congratulations to any amount. The ceremony took place after sunset, when, under the glare of a hundred torches swung by mail-clad warriors, the countess of Argyle, friend of the murdered Riccio, held the prince over the golden font, while the archbishop of St. Andrews, intimate friend of Bothwell, and reputed to be almost as great a villain, performed the baptismal service. Darnley was not present, the fear of being killed having become stronger than ever, and not without very good reason. Mary once more showed herself exceedingly affectionate, and inducing him to take his meals with her, he all on a sudden felt that he had been poisoned. Helpless like a child, the unhappy youth rushed away from Stirling Castle to his father's house at Glasgow, deeming himself nowhere secure but there. But before he had gone far, eruptions broke out all over his body, and he had to be carried into Glasgow more dead than alive. The queen sent her spies after Darnley, to watch the result of his illness, and, awaiting events, proceeded

with her lover to Drummond Castle and Tullibardine, to spend the Christmas holidays together as pleasantly as possible. The pleasure was disturbed by the unexpected news of the king-consort having recovered from his illness, and of feeling strong enough to threaten an exposure of the attempts upon his life. Mary saw that no time was to be lost to carry out her designs. Fiercer than ever, and with passions beyond control, she began to feel contempt for the men who were promising daily to rid her of her husband, for even Bothwell seemed wanting courage. She could wait no longer, and resolved to secure in her own grip the helpless figure standing between her and her lover. Sending Bothwell to Edinburgh, to discard suspicion, the royal tigress went forth in search of her victim.

Never in the world's history was there such a journey as that of Queen Mary Stuart, bent upon murdering her husband. On Thursday, the 23rd of January, she left the Highlands with her lover; they spent the night together at Callendar, after which he rode away to the east, and she to the south. Resting not an hour by the way, she galloped along over thirty miles of road, arriving in Glasgow late at night, and proceeding straight to her husband's house. The poor youth's heart was sinking within him when Thomas Crawford, his trusty servant, announced to him that Queen Mary was at the door. Crawford was a bold man, and opening the door to admit her majesty, made no hesitation to tell her that his master was afraid of her. "There is no remedy against fear," Mary exclaimed, abruptly; to which Crawford replied, looking straight into her eyes, "Ah, madam, I know so far of my master that he desires nothing more than that the secrets of every creature's heart were writ in their faces." The queen winced under the look of the old servant, but pushed by; she knew that her face at least told no secrets. Darnley had suffered from a relapse, and was lying in bed when Mary entered his room. She sat down at the foot of the bed, overwhelming him with caresses, till, the fire of old passion arising in his breast, he begged she would be his own again. "Take me back to your arms," he cried, "let me be your husband once more, or may I never rise from this bed." The queen's eyes glistened. Her victim was in her hands. "Say you will be mine again," he continued, more eagerly, not hearing her speak; "Heaven knows I am punished for making my god of you, for having no thought but of you." He attempted to kiss her; but she withdrew in disgust—his breath smelt from the quantities of medicine he had been compelled to take as antidotes to poison. Mary saw that the game was difficult, and not to give rise to fresh suspicions, she resolved to postpone further action for another day. Withdrawing herself from her husband's embrace, she told him that she could not remain with him as she wished, on account of a pain in her side, but would visit him early next morning. Before quitting the room, Darnley, passionate unto madness, swore that if she would be his own again, he would follow her to the ends of the world. Mary gave him a glance which made him tremble, he knew not whether of fear or of love.

Quitting Darnley, the queen went to the lodgings prepared for her reception, her head all on fire. Too

excited to go to rest, she sat down to write a long letter to Bothwell, acquainting him with the events of the day. After sneering at the many protestations of love from her husband, and describing the suffering she had undergone from his bad breath, Mary told her lover, "I pretended that I believed what he said: you never saw him better, or heard him speak more humbly. If I did not know his heart was wax, and mine a diamond, whereinto no shot can enter but that which comes from you, I could almost have had pity on him; but fear not, the plan shall hold to the death." Speaking of her husband made Mary think of the fact that her lover also was troubled with a wife. "Remember," she admonished him, "that you suffer not yourself to be won by that false mistress of yours. We are coupled with two bad companions: the devil sunder us, and God knit us together, to be the most faithful couple that ever He united. This is my faith, and I will die in it. I am writing to you while the rest are sleeping, since I cannot sleep as they do and as I would desire, that is, in your arms, my dear love, whom I pray God preserve from all evil." The pious sentiment seemed to bring on a train of feeble compunctions in Mary's breast, while recorded by her pen. "I must go forward with my purpose," she continued, "though it is the office of a traitress. He will not come with me except I promise him that I shall be with him as before, and doing this he will do all I please, and come with me. To make him trust me, I had to fence in some things with him; so when he asked that when he was well we should have both but one bed, I said that if he changed not purpose it should be so. . . . He suspects greatly, and yet he trusts me. He suspects the thing you know, and of his life; but to the last, when I speak two or three kind words, he is happy and out of doubt. . . . It is late. I could write to you for ever, yet now must end. Burn this letter, for it is dangerous, and nothing well said in it."

Bothwell received the letter safely at Edinburgh; but instead of burning it, put it into a silver casket, to keep company to others of the same kind. A man of many resources, he thought the handwriting of a royal lady, promising to be, but not yet, his wife, might possibly be useful at some future time. On former occasions, the earl had found grounds to mistrust Mary, so that, to watch all her movements he had placed one of his mistresses, a Lady Reres, as maid of honour at her side; and although the queen's actions could leave no longer a doubt that she was passionately enamoured of him, yet her very cleverness in proceeding to get rid of a husband furnished reasons for making Bothwell unusually thoughtful. Instead, therefore, of replying to the long letter of Mary in writing, he contented himself to send a verbal message back by the bearer—a Frenchman going by the name of Paris. "Commend me to the queen," the message ran, "and tell her that all will go well. Say that everything is arranged, and that the king's lodgings are ready for him at Kirk-o'-Field." By the time Paris returned to her, the queen had finished the greater part of her work. She had persuaded her husband to allow himself to be taken away from his father's house under her own superintendence, and to be installed in another residence, on the promise that

as soon as his health should be finally restored, she would admit him again to his conjugal rights. The residence first named by Mary was Craigmillar; but the receipt of Bothwell's message altered her plans, and she informed her consort that, on consideration, she thought it better to take him to a quiet residence just beyond the walls of Edinburgh. Darnley made no resistance whatever, helpless like an infant under the glance of the snake-eyes bending over his couch. It was only when the eyes were gone that he began to doubt whether he was acting wisely, yet even then felt that he had no power to act for himself. "I have fears enough," he said to Thomas Crawford, who vainly tried to retain him at Glasgow, using all the influence possessed by an old retainer, who had served his father before serving him: "I have fears enough, but may God judge between me and the queen. I have her promise only to trust to; but I have put myself in her hands, and I must go with her though she should cut my throat."

Mary set out from Glasgow with her husband on the 26th of January, he being so weak as scarcely to be able to bear the fatigue of being carried in a litter. Crawford, afraid that fresh poison had been administered already to his master, insisted on accompanying him; but that the queen would not allow, and Darnley echoed but what she said. Slowly, like a funeral, the royal cavalcade went forward on the road, travelling in short stages as far as Linlithgow, where it became necessary to rest for two days. Darnley's reluctance to proceed further was extreme; yet Mary would hear of no delay, and on the evening of the 30th of January she had brought her prisoner to the gates of Edinburgh. Here the earl of Bothwell took charge of the royal train, to the intense consternation of Darnley, whose fears culminated when arrived before the low, miserable dwelling, looking more like a gaol than anything else, which was to serve for his residence. St. Mary-in-the-Fields, or, as commonly called, Kirk-o'-Field, was an old, quadrangular building, closely adjoining the town walls, not far from the Cowgate, which had once been occupied by Dominican monks, but, long deserted and in ruins, had gradually become, with the roofless church in its immediate neighbourhood, the refuge of rats and owls. The "king's lodgings," prepared by Bothwell, consisted of only two habitable rooms, one on the ground-floor, and the other in the story above, which latter had been furnished as a bedchamber for the expected royal occupant. To prevent any opposition on the part of her husband to being carried up to this mean bedroom, which, as if not sufficiently mournful, had been hung with black cloth, Mary told him that she meant to watch at his side till his health was entirely restored, and till then would sleep in the room immediately below his own. She partly kept her promise, visiting the lonely dwelling for several days, in company with the Lady Reres, Bothwell's mistress, and stopping for two or three nights in the room on the ground floor. The last night was that from Saturday the 8th to Sunday the 9th of February. Mary Stuart rose early in the morning; and as soon as she had left the room, a number of workmen, strange-looking, some in masks, took possession of it. Their work had not proceeded far, when the queen came back in

great haste: she had forgotten a rich coverlet of fur, and was afraid an "accident" might spoil it.

All the evening of Sunday the 9th of February Mary sat at her husband's bedside, joyful and contented, and cheering him with her smiles. She talked so loud and laughed so merrily as to drown the sound of hammering in the house below, the whispering of many voices, and the shuffling of many feet. While the queen of Scots was talking and laughing, dark figures muffled in long cloaks had come into the bedroom just under her feet, superintending the unloading of packhorses, and the deposit of large bags, the contents of which were thrown on the floor. After a while one of the figures stole upstairs, and after listening a minute or two, entered the room where the queen was sitting at the side of her husband's bed. It was the earl of Bothwell. Bowing to the ground, he announced to her majesty that the time had come to proceed to Holyrood Palace, to be present at a masquerade given to celebrate the marriage of two of the royal servants. Mary frowned, as if unwilling to quit her husband, whose eyes were riveted on hers. Expressing deep regret that she could stay no longer, she told him she would return early in the morning; she kissed him affectionately, she bade him good night, and with a last sweet smile quitted the room. Darnley felt oppressed unto death when being left alone, with no other being near but a page. His long illness had made him reflective; sorrow had commenced to teach him wisdom, and a Bible and Prayer-book had found their way into his room. To seek relief from overwhelming melancholy, he called his page to bring him the Prayer-book, and to open it at the service of the day. It was the 55th Psalm, and Darnley read aloud: "Give ear to my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my supplication. Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint and make a noise, because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked, for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me. My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Tearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me." Darnley now began praying, and soon after fell asleep, with the page at the foot of the bed. An hour after, both prince and page were found dead in an orchard, forty yards away from the place where they had gone to rest, their faces upturned to the stars.

The queen of Scotland had been exceedingly merry at the masquerade, after she left her husband. She talked much, and particularly with Bothwell, who, however, disappeared from her side towards midnight. The earl was then seen going to his own room, changing his rich dress of velvet and satin for a soldier's cloak, and quitting the palace by way of the garden, giving the password to the sentinels at the gate. He returned in a couple of hours, when the masque was over, the joy of which had not been disturbed by a loud explosion heard in the direction of Edinburgh. The earl had not been many minutes in his room when one of the royal servants appeared at the door, trembling and terror-stricken. "The king's house," he cried, "is blown up, and I trow the king is slain." Bothwell turned round, shouting "treason," and in a moment rushed down into the

courtyard, collected a body of soldiers, and went off with them to Kirk-o'-Field. A great multitude was assembled here, called together by the explosion, all busy in examining the ruins of the house, and marvelling how the bodies of Darnley and his page could get so far away from it, with not the slightest hurt visible about them, yet undressed, and their clothes, clean and unscorched, lying at their side. Bothwell at once dispersed the muttering citizens, and, forbidding any one to approach, ordered the two corpses to be locked up in a neighbouring house. From here Darnley's body was carried away, a few days after, with great privacy, to the vault of Holyrood chapel. Extraordinary silence on the part of the people accompanied all these proceedings. Nothing was talked of throughout the whole of Scotland but the murder of the queen's husband, and every hand pointed to Bothwell as the chief criminal, while none had courage enough to hint that the queen herself had participated in the foul deed. All the preparations of the crime, indeed, had been so clumsily made, and its execution itself been so bold and barefaced, as to leave not the slightest doubt as to the originators, and if any remained, Mary's behaviour was sufficient to settle the matter. While Riccio's death had raised her energy to the highest pitch, venting itself in furious hatred against his assassins, and fierce punishment of their merest tools, the murder of her husband left her very quiet and collected, with not the least perceptible wish to bring the murderers to justice. All that she did to exhibit her grief was to shut herself up in her room; not alone, however, but in company with Bothwell, whom the unanimous voice of the people declared to be the murderer. Shouts were heard, at dead of night, in the streets of Edinburgh and under the very windows of the queen, calling the vengeance of heaven down upon the earl; but with no other effect than that of Mary exhibiting more and more fondness for the man thus heavily accused, refusing all intercourse but his, and making him her sole companion. In less than a fortnight after the tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field, the queen, seemingly weary of her affected mourning, removed to Seton Castle, closely followed by Bothwell, who brought with him the archbishop of St. Andrews. Other distinguished visitors dropped in at the castle a day or two after, among them Huntly, Argyle, and Lethington. The widowed queen and her friends enjoyed themselves greatly, shooting at the butts during the day, and drinking and feasting at night. A small amount of business was also transacted during the festivities at Seton Castle. Huntly, brother-in-law of Bothwell, signed his consent to the divorce of his sister from the noble earl, her majesty's favourite, and the archbishop of St. Andrews promised to conduct the little matter to a satisfactory end and to give all his blessing.

The harmony which reigned at the royal court of Scotland was rudely disturbed, a few days after, by a letter from the earl of Lennox, who had the courage to come forward openly, and to demand that the murderers of his son should be brought to justice. "I am forced by nature and duty," Lennox wrote, under date of the 20th of February, "to beseech your majesty most humbly, for God's cause and the honour

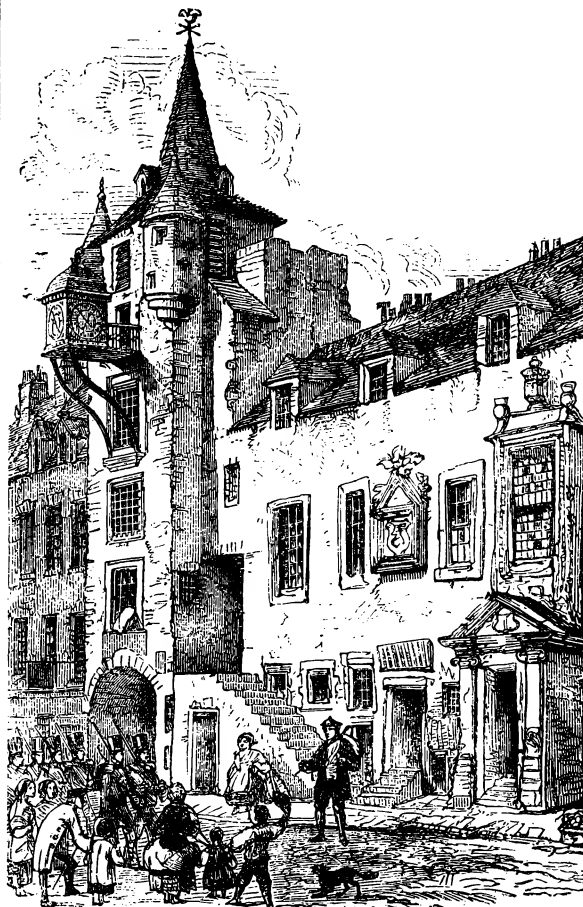
of your majesty and this your realm, that your highness would with convenient diligence assemble the whole nobility and estates of your majesty's realm, and they to take such good order for the perfect trial of the matter as I doubt not, but with the grace of Almighty God, His Holy Spirit shall so work upon the hearts of your majesty and all your faithful subjects that the bloody and cruel actors of this deed shall be manifestly known. And although I know I need not put your majesty in remembrance thereof, the matter touching your majesty so near as it does, yet I shall humbly desire your majesty to bear with me in troubling your highness therein, being the father of him that is gone." Her majesty remembered that Lennox was the father of her exploded husband, and wrote him a very kind note in return, telling him that she would look into the affair as soon as her time allowed. But the earl was impatient, and renewed his entreaties on the 26th of February, representing to the queen, with solemn earnestness, that this was not a matter for delay, "but of such weight and importance, which ought rather to be with all expedition and diligence sought out, and be punished to the example of the whole world." Mary again replied evasively, calling upon the earl to mention names, and telling him that "upon your advertisement we shall so proceed to the cognition-taking as may stand with the laws of this realm." Lennox was not quite prepared to come forward personally as accuser, with the certain result of being shot like a dog, and for no other end than that of "cognition-taking;" he therefore hid his grief, and said no more for a time. In the meanwhile, however, greater accusers stood up against Mary Stuart.

"Madam," Queen Elizabeth wrote to Queen Mary, three weeks after the Kirk-o'-Field explosion, "my ears have been so astonished, and my mind so grieved, and my heart so terrified at hearing the horrible sound of the abominable murder of your late husband and my deceased cousin, that I have even now no spirit to write about it; and although my natural feelings constrain me greatly to deplore his death, as he was so near a relation to me, nevertheless, boldly to tell you what I think, I cannot conceal from yourself that I am more full of grief on your account than on his. O madam, I should not perform the part of a faithful cousin or an affectionate friend, if I studied rather to please your ears than to endeavour to preserve your honour; therefore I will not conceal from you what most persons say about the matter, namely, that you will look through your fingers at taking vengeance for this deed, and have no intention to touch those who have done you this kindness, as if the act would not have been perpetrated without your consent, and unless the murderers had received assurance of their impunity." In conclusion, the queen told Mary Stuart that the only way to clear herself would be to bring the chief murderer, pointed at by all the world, to open trial, in which if possible, she might establish her own innocence. Similar advice, expressed in almost stronger terms, was given to Mary by the archbishop of Glasgow, accredited as her ambassador at the court of France. The archbishop informed her very frankly that she was looked upon generally as guilty of the murder of her husband,

and conjured her to prove publicly that she had been "greatly and wrongously calumniated to be the motive principal of the whole." A trial, he told her, was an absolute necessity, adding, "rather than it be not actually taken, it appears to me better, in this world, that you had lost life and all." The language was strong enough to prove to Mary that the archery amusements at Seton would have to be temporarily interrupted. After due deliberation, it was agreed upon that Bothwell should take his trial.

The trial took place on the 12th of April, at the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. A week before, on the 5th of April, not quite two months after the murder of her consort, Mary Stuart signed a contract of marriage, by which she bound herself solemnly to espouse Bothwell. To facilitate his trial, the earl, now the queen's betrothed husband, took the whole management of it in his own hands, appointing judges and jury, witnesses and lawyers, and filling besides the capital with his armed adherents. Lennox was invited, as a matter of form, to appear as prosecutor; but when on his road to Edinburgh, surrounded by a large number of friends, he received the queen's command not to enter the city with more than six servants. This he prudently declined, and rode back to Glasgow. On the day of trial, Bothwell went to the Tolbooth in great pomp, surrounded by a magnificent retinue, splendidly dressed, and mounted on the favourite charger of the murdered Darnley. Passing the queen's balcony, Bothwell bent his sword, to which she replied by an affectionate greeting, suffused all over with smiles and blushes. The comedy at the Tolbooth lasted but a very short while, the only interesting incident of the proceedings being the ostentatious entry of a royal servant into court, delivering a token and message to the accused. There were no witnesses, and Bothwell having pleaded not guilty to the indictment, which was framed very vaguely, he was unanimously acquitted of all charges, and rode away, as he had come, at the head of his guards. The day after, he obtained grants of the lordship and castle of Dunbar and other extensive domains from the queen; and the rumour that she was going to marry the man looked upon as her husband's murderer, which had been raised for some time, now became general. It created a feeling of deep indignation, mixed with horror, among all classes, so that Bothwell himself, prepared as he was for every emergency by a powerful band of hired soldiers, some four thousand in number, which he had gathered around him, began to fear a powerful insurrection. To stem the force of the tide, he resorted to a singular proceeding. On the evening of the 19th of April, a week after the mock trial in which he had been acquitted, the earl, fully prepared now to grasp the crown of Scotland, invited a number of his adherents to a tavern at Edinburgh, kept by a man named Ansley. The guests included the earls of Morton, Argyle, Huntly, Cassilis, Glencairn, Caithness, Rothes, and Sutherland, with Lords Boyd, Carlisle, Seton, Hume, Invermeith, Oliphant, Sinclair, and about a dozen other nobles, all of whom sat down to a festive entertainment. After the wine had been freely circulating for an hour, Bothwell arose, and in a short speech told his guests that the queen intended to

marry him, and that he held her written warrant authorizing him to propose the matter to the nobility. Mary's warrant having been shown, and its validity admitted, the earl produced a paper written as if coming from his friends, in which he was entreated to become the husband of the queen. The paper, or "bond," not only strongly recommended Bothwell, "this noble and mighty lord," as a suitable consort to her majesty, whose longer widowhood was stated to be injurious to the interests of the commonwealth; but the signers of it engaged to maintain the recommendation with their lives and fortunes, and failing to do so, to pass for men devoid of honour and loyalty, unworthy and infamous traitors. All the noble guests at the Edinburgh tavern affixed their names to this solemn agreement, which was immediately afterwards signed by a number of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, including the archbishops and bishops of St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Dumblane, Brechin, Ross, and Orkney. With the bond in his hand, Bothwell now pretended that he did not wish to marry the queen, but was forced to do so.



TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

The tragi-comedy was not complete without Mary also being forced. An abduction, the queen fancied, might add to the romance of previous events; and she accordingly arranged with her lover to carry her off on returning from a short journey to Stirling.

Nothing was easier than this. Mary left Stirling, where she had gone to see her son for a few hours, on the 24th of April, and on reaching Almond Bridge, six miles from Edinburgh, was met by Bothwell, accompanied by six hundred horse. Taking the queen's horse by the bridle, the earl, bending a knee, bid her to consider herself his prisoner, to which she smilingly consented. The cavalcade then went off in a trot to Dunbar Castle, where sumptuous apartments had been prepared for Mary and her lover. Having spent a merry week at their new residence on the sea-shore, during which time the archbishop of St. Andrew's pronounced the divorce of Bothwell from his wife, captor and captive returned in company to Edinburgh, entering the gate in triumph, the earl's soldiers casting away their spears, as a token of the queen being perfectly free again. Thereupon Mary finished the ceremony by the declaration that she was resolved to pardon Bothwell, and, to show that it was meant sincerely, to take him in marriage. It was a splendid farce; but the Scotch, with usual want of humour, deemed it too ghastly to laugh at. When called upon to publish the banns of marriage at St. Giles's Church, the Presbyterian minister, John Craig, flatly refused, and obeyed only on threats of death, and on learning that his refusal could not be sustained in law. In the absence of Knox, who had left Scotland soon after the murder of Riccio, John Craig, friend and coadjutor of the great reformer, headed the opposition, and though not being able to decline reading the banns, he had the courage to follow the announcement by a sermon of extraordinary vehemence. "I take heaven and earth to witness," he cried, from the pulpit, "that I abhor and detest this marriage, as odious and slanderous to the world; and I would exhort the faithful to pray earnestly that a union against all reason and good conscience may yet be overruled by God, to the comfort of this unhappy realm."

The wave of public indignation was rising higher and higher against Mary; but she heeded it not. On the 12th of May, having been but three months a widow, she repaired in person to the High Court at Edinburgh, to announce her intention of marrying Bothwell, whom she created the same day duke of Orkney and Shetland, placing the coronet on his head with her own hands. Two days after, on the 14th of May, she signed the public contract of marriage, and on the 15th of May, at four o'clock in the morning, the nuptial ceremony was performed in the council-chamber of Holyrood Palace, first after the Roman Catholic ritual, and afterwards after that of the Presbyterian church. Being a Protestant, Bothwell cherished hopes of gaining the assistance of this powerful religious party; and the queen was quite willing, for the sake of a passion which had led her already into murder, to make any concession required by the reformers. But the latter kept aloof in fierce indignation, scorning all offers of alliance, and declaring loudly that they looked upon them as temptations for a pact with Beelzebub. The preaching had a great effect not only upon the people, but upon many of the nobles who had not been ashamed hitherto to be the friends and confederates of Bothwell, both out of hatred to the murdered Darnley, and in hopes of future reward.



QUEEN MARY LEAVING STIRLING CASTLE.

One by one, these great earls and lords fell off from him, when they saw the tide coming in too strongly against the usurper, and were able to calculate that he could not possibly maintain himself in power. The earl of Morton, quite forgetful that Bothwell had recalled him from exile, and that he himself had connived at, if not consented to the murder of the king-consort, was the first to give vent to virtuous indignation; and, calling all who had been engaged in the great conspiracy ending in Riccio's assassination around him, he proposed that they should form a new league against the man who, with their help, had become the queen's husband. The proposition was responded to with energy on all sides, the success of the enterprise being not in the least doubtful. Mary was kept well informed of the progress of the new confederacy, and of the imminency of a general rising, but treated the matter with the utmost disdain, expressing her firm intention rather to risk a revolution than separate from her husband. "I care not," she cried, "to lose my crown even for his sake, and shall go to the world's end in a white petticoat before I leave him." It was impossible not to admire the woman in this grand burst of love. Had Mary Stuart been the lowly companion of some Leith fisherman, tall and sturdy, with a rope ever ready to his hand, she might have made the pattern of Scottish wives.

Ancient veneration for the house of Stuart, and respect, if not for the character, yet for the personal courage of the queen, made the people of Scotland willing to condone her past career, even at this desperate state of her fortunes. But what was most feared was that Mary, having linked herself to a man who, as all knew, would stop at no crime whatever to gain his own ends, might be drawn further yet into the vortex of evil, accomplishing the utter ruin of the country together with her own. Already there were fears that the life of the infant heir to the crown was in danger from the unscrupulous ambition of Bothwell, which fears were so vividly expressed, that Mary herself, when visiting her child at Stirling, just previous to the comedy of abduction by her lover, was not allowed to enter the room in which the baby was kept with more than two of her attendants, and was closely watched all the time by the earl of Mar, governor and custodian of the little prince. Entertaining such feelings, the nation could not look quietly upon the final accomplishment of the marriage; and though the ceremony itself took place without disturbance, the insurrection of which Mary had been warned broke out immediately after. The growl of the coming storm became audible to the queen even on the morning of her wedding-day, and deeming herself no more safe in her capital, she hastily fled to Borthwick Castle, a seat of the laird of Crookston, some ten miles from Edinburgh. From here she issued summonses to all the nobles to attend her with their feudal forces, assigning as a reason various disturbances at the Border which it had become necessary to quench with energy. The summonses remained almost without answer, and on Mary appointing her husband commander-in-chief of the expected army, the confederate lords seized this as an opportunity for the prepared rising. In a few days the earls of Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and Montrose,

together with Lords Hume, Lindsay, Ruthven, and others, had collected around them some two thousand horsemen, with which they marched upon Borthwick. But they acted too precipitately for immediate success. Lord Hume, rushing onward at the head of eight hundred men, was the first to arrive in sight of the castle, and his force being insufficient to surround all the approaches, Mary and her husband had full time to escape. Hume's soldiers arrived in the afternoon of the 10th of June, and were posted at the principal gate; but as soon as it had got dark, the queen, dressed in man's clothes, left by a postern, and was speedily rejoined by Bothwell, who had climbed the wall in another direction, and held horses ready for the flight. Away went the steeds under the spurs of the fugitives, Mary, boldest of riders, almost distancing her companion, till both together entered the gates of Dunbar Castle soon after three o'clock in the morning, while the first rays of the rising sun came creeping over the North Sea.

Disappointed in their hopes of surprising the queen at Borthwick, the confederates turned upon Edinburgh, which they reached on the evening of the 11th of June. The citizens immediately declared in their favour, whereupon the archbishop of St. Andrew's, the earl of Huntly, and other adherents of Bothwell, who had been left behind to look after his interests, retired into the castle. The latter stronghold was under the command of Sir James Balfour, one of the nobles more immediately engaged in the assassination of Riccio, whose pardon Bothwell had obtained from the queen with very great difficulty, for which reason, and his active participation in the murder of Darnley, he looked upon him as one of his staunchest adherents. But Balfour, no more than Morton and other of the Riccio conspirators, deemed himself bound by considerations of gratitude to a man whom he had assisted in a great crime, but who was now evidently going to ruin; and instead, therefore, of turning the guns of Edinburgh Castle upon the confederate lords he sent them a message that he would join their cause. This was enough to decide the success of the opening campaign, and on the recommendation of Morton, a proclamation was issued declaring war upon the queen's consort. The proclamation was hypocritical throughout, assuming that the queen was a prisoner in Bothwell's hands, which, as every child in Scotland knew, was an untruth too absurd to serve even as a pretence of insurrection. "Whereas," the manifesto commenced, "the queen's majesty is detained in captivity, and neither able to govern her realm, nor try the murder of her husband, we of the nobility and council command all the subjects, specially the burghers of Edinburgh, to assist the said nobility and council in delivering the queen, and in trying and punishing the king's murderers. And we command the lords of session, commissaries, and all other judges, to sit and do justice according to the laws of the realm, notwithstanding any tumult that may arise in the time of this enterprise; with certification to all who shall be found acting contrary to these proceedings, that they shall be reputed as fautors of the said murder, and punished as traitors." This proclamation was followed by another, calling the people to arms, to march against Dunbar, and seize the earl of Both-

well, who was accused of "having put violent hands on the queen's person, having proceeded to a dishonest marriage with her majesty, and having already murdered the late king, and now attempting by his gathering together of forces to murder the young prince also." The call was answered by more than six thousand armed men, who marched out of the gates of Edinburgh early on Sunday morning the 15th of June.

Always as great in misfortune as blind and vicious in prosperity, Mary Stuart did not await the attack of her enemies to prepare for battle. To the proclamations of the confederate lords she replied by others, which, if written with no good intention, were decidedly more honest in language. She told her subjects that "a number of conspirators having shown the latent malice borne to her and the duke of Orkney, her husband, by attempting to apprehend their persons at Borthwick, and having failed, had issued a seditious appeal, to make the people believe that they did seek the revenge of the murder of the king, her late husband, and the relieving of herself out of bondage," all which, she solemnly declared, were "false and forged inventions." The words here were on Mary's side, but the facts were against her. The hearts of the people of Scotland had begun to turn against the queen, and when she left Dunbar Castle, on the morning of Saturday the 14th of June, she began to feel her loneliness, not more than a thousand men having come to her aid, the dependants of Lords Borthwick, Seton, and Ross. However, she pushed forward undauntedly towards Edinburgh, mounted on a fiery war-horse, dressed in a scarlet gown reaching to her knees only, and with the royal standard of Scotland fluttering before her in the wind. At Carberry Hill, six miles from Edinburgh, the royal troops rested for the night; and the report of their arrival having reached the city, the confederates marched out at dawn of day. To excite the multitude, they had prepared an immense flag showing the bleeding corpse of Darnley lying under a tree, and the infant prince kneeling at the side, with the motto underneath, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." The effect produced by this lugubrious banner was very great, the people forgetting, or ignoring, that the chief leaders among the nobles now appealing to God to judge and avenge were deeply implicated in Darnley's murder. Like all humanity in masses, the people of Scotland did not think, but felt; yet the feeling, too, was instinctive wisdom.

There was a moment's pause after the queen and her opponents had come face to face—she still encamped at Carberry Hill, and they, with overwhelming masses, on the heights of Musselburgh, with the river between the rival forces. While the confederate lords, sure of victory, were preparing for strife, the French ambassador at the queen's court, Count Ducroc, made an attempt at negotiation. Repairing from the royal camp to that on the opposite hill, he offered the lords a complete pardon in her majesty's name if they would disband their forces. But Glencairn proudly replied, "We have not come here to solicit pardon for ourselves, but rather to offer it to those who have offended." To which Morton added, "We are in arms, not against our queen, but against

the duke of Orkney, the murderer of her husband. Let him be delivered up, or let her majesty remove him from her company, and we shall yield her obedience." The hint that the confederates did not care to seize Bothwell, and would prefer that he should make his escape, was sufficiently intelligible to the ambassador, who thereupon returned to the queen, trying to induce her to enter into personal communication with the lords. While the queen was yet wavering, a strong body of horsemen, under Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, was seen wheeling round in quick trot from the confederate camp to the eastern side of Carberry Hill, so as to close the retreat of the royal troops. On this, desertion became general in Mary's camp, perceiving which she desired an interview with the laird of Grange, known as one of the bravest and most honourable of Scotch soldiers. The laird at once obeyed the summons, and after a short interview, in which no other argument was needed than that of pointing to her flying troops and the dense ranks of the confederate army, he persuaded Mary to follow him to the camp on the opposite hill, faithfully promising that she should be treated as a sovereign, and have due allegiance from all her subjects. Then the queen called Bothwell, and both conversed together for a quarter of an hour, as reported by an eyewitness, the captain of Inchkeith, "with great anguish and grief." The scene ended, according to the same testimony, by Bothwell asking the queen "whether she would keep the promise of fidelity which she had made to him; of which she assured him, and gave him her hand upon it. Thereupon he mounted his horse, with a small company of about a dozen of his friends, and went off at a gallop, taking the road to Dunbar." Mary Stuart never more set eyes upon the man to whom her passionate soul had become a slave.

The confederate earls might have very easily captured Bothwell, but they were in no hurry to do so. Morton and his friends were perfectly aware that the public trial of their old friend might prove a very dangerous undertaking, so that they took care not to interrupt his retreat to Dunbar. Their behaviour towards Mary Stuart was less gracious, for she had not been long in Musselburgh camp before she began to realize the fact that she was no longer a queen but a prisoner. There was some outward show of courtesy on the part of the leaders of the army, but the multitude openly exhibited the hatred they had conceived against her by calling her a papist, a prostitute, and a murderess. Amidst these shouts the wretched queen was led to Edinburgh, where she arrived at ten o'clock in the evening of Sunday the 15th of June, a howling, yelling mob receiving her at the gate, and insisting upon her being led in procession through the streets. But for the protection of the laird of Grange, who, sword in hand, drove back the vilest of the crowd, she would have been torn to pieces; he succeeded, however, in lodging her in the provost's house, which he secured with a strong guard of his own retainers. Arrived here, Mary's courage, which had sustained her as long as she was in sight of her foes, gave way, and she fell into delirium. Although not having tasted food for twenty-four hours, she refused to take any refresh-

ments, but kept pacing her narrow room, screaming and tearing her hair, and, all her physical strength exhausted, threw herself on the floor in unutterable despair. The state of the unhappy woman, great sinner though she might be, was enough to move every human heart; but the furious multitude, mob in every sense, had no pity. When the morning dawned, the big crowd came tramping up to the window of the room where the queen was sitting, half in rags, with dishevelled hair, raving like one bereft of reason, and held up before her eyes the ghastly flag with the picture of her murdered husband. Mary uttered a wild scream, and fell senseless to the ground.

While the provost's house at Edinburgh was surrounded by the mob, the confederate lords were sitting in earnest deliberation. What to do with the queen now they had caught her was the great difficulty to be solved. All agreed that it would be quite impossible to restore her to power; and all concurred likewise that no advantage could be derived from putting her to death. To try her for the murder of her husband was out of the question, for the same reason which made Bothwell's prosecution impossible, even if the public trial of a reigning sovereign had not been without precedent in history. The conclusion came to in the end, after long discussion, was to retain Mary Stuart in safe but honourable custody; and, while shutting her off from all communication with her friends, to carry on the government in her name, until the time that the infant prince, her son, could be proclaimed as nominal king. The plan was carried out without loss of time. At eight o'clock on the evening after her arrival in Edinburgh, the earls Morton and Athol, accompanied by three hundred armed knights, all on foot, went to the provost's house, and taking the queen in their midst, led her to Holyrood Palace, surrounded by a fierce multitude, who kept crying, "Burn the w——! kill her! drown her!" as the armed group tramped through the narrow streets. On the following morning the confederate lords issued another proclamation, making known their intention to imprison the queen, in order, as they stated, that "her highness may not follow her own inordinate passion for the earl Bothwell." Seeing that but two days before the same lords had solemnly proclaimed that the queen was "detained in captivity" by Bothwell, and had given as the chief reason of their insurrection that of "delivering her majesty," this new assertion of her "inordinate passion for earl Bothwell" seemed rather illogical; however, a little more or less logic was of no consequence to the leaders of a great army. The proclamation of the lords was followed by an order, in which they stated that, "after mature consideration, by common advice, it is thought convenient, concluded, and decreed that her majesty's person be sequestered from all society of the said earl Bothwell, and from all having of intelligence with him or any others, whereby he may have any comfort to escape due punishment for his demerits. And finding no place more meet or commodious for her majesty to remain in than the house and place of Lochleven, ordains, commands, and charges Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres, William Lord Ruthven, and William Douglas of Lochleven, to pass and convoy her majesty to the

said place of Lochleven, and the said lords to receive her therein, and there they and every one of them to keep her majesty surely, within the said place, and in nowise to suffer her to pass forth of the same, or to have intelligence from any manner of persons, or yet to send advertisements or directions for intelligence with any living persons, except in their own presence and audience, or by the commandments and directions of the lords underscribing, or part of them, representing the council at Edinburgh, or otherwise, where they shall resort for the time, as they will answer to God, and upon their duty, to the commonweal of this country, keeping these presents for their warrants." This order was signed by Morton, Athol, Glencairn, Mar, Graham, Sanguhar, Semple, and Ochiltree; and in pursuance of it the queen was taken, in the night of the 18th of June, from Holyrood Palace, carried to Leith, from thence across the Firth of Forth to Burntisland, and here mounted on a lame old horse and conducted to Lochleven Castle, Kinross-shire. The armed force which conveyed the majesty of Scotland to prison was headed by William Ruthven, son of the earl who first lifted the dagger against David Riccio. It was but fifteen months before that the dagger-scene had been enacted at Holyrood, the grim apparition of the steel-clad earl, half hid under the crimson curtains of the queen's bedroom, rising up like the first storm-cloud in a dream of bliss. They passed, the fifteen months, like hideous spectres before Mary Stuart's eyes, in the dreary night-march from Holyrood Palace to Lochleven Castle.

The rapid and almost bewildering course of events in Scotland was followed with breathless attention in England. It was not only that Mary Stuart had come to be looked upon generally as heir-apparent of Elizabeth's throne, but the high importance attaching to the union of the two kingdoms made all men feel as interested in the affairs of the northern as in those of the southern realm, the still existing barriers being considered administrative rather than political divisions. An early union had been the desire of nearly all thoughtful English politicians for more than a generation; and in the first shock of the terrible events in the north, it seemed as if this union was likely to be postponed for a considerable time. The murder of Darnley created an intense feeling of horror, necessarily augmented by Mary Stuart's nuptials with the supposed murderer, and not at all allayed by the flight of Bothwell and imprisonment of the queen. To the English government the last occurrence was necessarily the most important of all. However outrageous to public morality, the violent death of the husband of the queen of Scots and her marriage with Bothwell were matters within the sole jurisdiction of the tribunals of Scotland, and the nation in the last instance; but her imprisonment directly touched the home as well as foreign policy of England. It made the great question of succession, scarcely solved by parliament, more uncertain than ever in its settlement; and, what was scarcely less momentous, it was likely enough to furnish foreign powers with an excuse to interfere in the affairs of the sister kingdom. After her flight from Borthwick Castle to Dunbar, Mary was known to have despatched messengers to the pope, and the kings of Spain and

France, imploring their assistance against her own rebellious subjects, and promising in return to carry out in full force the stipulations of the treaty of Bayonne for the extermination of heresy. As a member of the "holy league," the queen possessed an undeniable right to claim the help of her brother monarchs, and two at least seemed not indisposed to give it. The pontiff, Pius V., a man of energetic character, but recently elected to the chair of St. Peter, showed a strong disposition to send an army of Italian and Swiss mercenaries to Mary Stuart's assistance; while King Philip, engaged in a great struggle with his heretic subjects in the Netherlands, promised formally to ship as many troops as he could spare from Antwerp to Edinburgh, to rescue the queen from her subjects, and, at the same time, carry out the provisions of the "holy league" in Scotland. Thus it seemed that the imprisonment of Mary Stuart was likely to increase on all sides the dangers threatening the welfare and independence of Scotland, as well as of England.

To Cecil, and the more thoughtful members of the English privy council, the course to be adopted could not be for a moment doubtful. The confederate lords of Scotland, whatever their faults or crimes, clearly represented the overwhelming majority of the nation, as well as the cause of religious reform, and to assist their work was not only the best policy, but the solemn duty of a government based, like that of Elizabeth, on Protestantism. These views were indisputable, and yet met with strong resistance on the part of Elizabeth herself. She had no love for her royal sister of Scotland, nor much admiration for her clumsy ways of procuring new lovers or husbands when tired of old ones; but she held very high ideas of the divine right of princes, and the imprisonment of a queen by her subjects seemed to her the greatest of all crimes. Consequently, when Cecil proposed to her to enter into friendly relation with the confederate lords, she absolutely and vehemently opposed it, and it was only after long persuasion, and when becoming persuaded of the grave consequences which any taking part on her side in the cause of Mary Stuart might have to England, that she consented to the despatch of an ambassador to Edinburgh, to treat with the new, nominally still monarchical, but in reality republican government. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, of long experience in the politics of the sister kingdom, was selected for the important post, and he started for Scotland in the first days of July, 1567, rather more than a fortnight after the capture of Mary Stuart. Morton and his colleagues, now generally known as the Lords of the Secret Council, did not overlook the importance of the English mission among the whirlwind of home affairs, and, having heard of the departure of Elizabeth's envoy, deputed Lord Hume, together with Sir James Melville, and Lethington, the secretary of state, to meet him at the Border. They had their first interview with Throgmorton at the fortalice of Fastcastle, when Lethington proceeded to explain in detail the actual position of the confederate lords, winding up with the expressed hope that the government of Queen Elizabeth would render them full assistance in the great religious and political struggle they had undertaken. In reply, Throg-

morton read his instructions, with the effect of utterly startling his hearers. Elizabeth, at the outset assuming a grand tone, had ordered her ambassador to blame Mary Stuart for her marriage, and the lords for their rebellion. Leaving the past, and coming to the future, Throgmorton was then to propose, as basis of an arrangement between the queen of Scots and her rebellious subjects, that she should be divorced from Bothwell, and restored to liberty and power; that Bothwell and his accomplices should be punished; that the castles of Dunbar and Dumbarton should be intrusted to the keeping of the earl of Morton and his friends; that a parliament should be assembled for the special purpose of appointing the wardens of the marches, the commanders of the army and navy, and the governors of Edinburgh, Stirling, Inchkeith, and the other strongholds of the kingdom; that a great council should be established, with at least five members sitting in permanence, without whose advice and consent the queen should be unable to pass any act, or make any appointment; and, finally, that a general amnesty should be proclaimed. These propositions, aiming to divide the government of Scotland between the queen and the great nobles, were evidently absurd, considering the character of the monarch to be dealt with, and the clear impossibility of curbing passions, tiger-like in their nature, under anything like constitutional forms. When Throgmorton asked Lord Hume what he thought of the success of his mission, he replied briefly and eloquently by clasping his hand to the hilt of his sword.

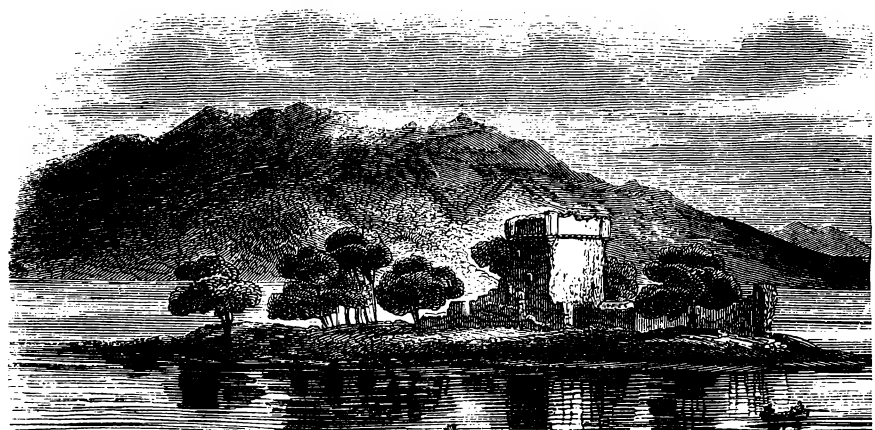
Elizabeth's ambassador made his entry into Edinburgh on the 12th of July, accompanied by the deputies who had met him, and a numerous escort, but scarcely noticed by the populace. The city at the moment was in a high state of excitement, the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland having met, and the great apostle of the reformed faith, John Knox, having come to advise the people upon the important changes that had taken place. Knox had left Edinburgh immediately after the murder of Riccio, seeking a refuge in England during the Catholic reaction; but the imprisonment of the queen brought him back at once, again to lift his voice as highest and most venerated representative of the Protestant people of Scotland. His enormous influence was too well known to the confederate lords to make them hesitate to seek his support, and having consented to do so, it was settled that the Presbyterian party should go hand-in-hand with the government, under condition of the latter adopting as laws of the kingdom the acts of the parliament of 1560, which Mary Stuart had refused to ratify. The proposition was accepted by Morton and his associates, and it was determined to abolish the last remains of Roman Catholicism; to deliver the patrimony of the old church to the Protestant clergy; to intrust to their care all universities, colleges, and schools for the instruction of youth, admitting no teachers "but after due trial, both of capacity and probity;" to give the prince-royal a Protestant education; and to make all future sovereigns of the country swear, before being crowned, "to maintain the true religion professed in the kirk of Scotland, and suppress all things contrary to it."

Great as were these terms conceded to the Presbyterian party, they were no more than commensurate with its influence, for in reality the reformers had ceased to be a party and become the people. The shrewd diplomatist despatched by Elizabeth had not been a day at Edinburgh before he found that Knox, with his friend, John Craig, and one or two of the leading Presbyterian ministers, were possessed of far more real power than the Lords of the Secret Council. Throgmorton failed not in pushing his propositions to wait upon Knox and Craig, behaving very meekly and very blandly, but to his distress had to see his courtier-airs completely thrown away. "I found them both," he reported to Cecil, "very austere in the conference. They were furnished with many arguments, some of Scripture, some of history, some grounded, as they said, upon the laws of this realm, some upon practices used in this realm, and some upon the oaths made by the princes at their coronation." The diplomatist could find but few counter-arguments to prove that Mary Stuart ought to be reinstalled in power, and soon discovered that his mission would be a complete failure, as far as this important point was concerned. He was shocked, or pretended to be, to hear people of education, who ought to have known better, express the horrible sentiment of a queen being responsible for her own actions, the same as any ordinary human being. In a letter, addressed directly to his own sovereign, dated July 18th, 1567, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton told her of these atrocities, asserting that there were men in Edinburgh who declared that "their queen had no more liberty, nor privilege to commit murder or adultery than any other private person, neither by God's laws, nor by the laws of the realm." The report almost made Elizabeth repent having sent an envoy into the land of revolution.

Throgmorton's mission proved very useless. Cecil had many friends in Scotland, his earnestness in the cause of religious reform being beyond doubt; but as it was well known that the instructions of the special envoy had been drawn up, not by him, but by his fitful mistress, there was not the least effort made to come to an understanding. Lethington frankly informed Sir Nicholas of his conviction that Queen Elizabeth "would leave them in the briars if they ran her fortune," and politely declined to pluck for her majesty's benefit the thorny rose of Lochleven. Throgmorton, not to neglect his duty, had long discussions with the Lords of the Secret Council, but found all of them immovable in the determination to retain Mary Stuart a prisoner. Even his request to see her was refused, as was also that of the French ambassador, marquis de Villeroy, who had been despatched by the king and queen-mother to demand

her liberation, under promises, at first, but, if these should prove ineffectual, with threats. Knox and his friends cared for neither; and those of the confederate lords who might have felt desirous, from attachment to an old dynasty, to assist Mary in recovering her liberty, felt disinclined to do so when they found that her fall had not yet been a lesson to the queen, and that, instead of listening to the advice of a few real friends, who advised her to seek honestly a divorce from the murderer of her husband, and by sincere repentance effect a reconciliation with her people, she kept talking of nothing but revenge and punishment of her enemies. This was offensive even to Sir Nicholas; in whose instructions it stood that there should be a divorce. "She will not," he informed Cecil, "consent by any persuasion to abandon the Lord Bothwell for her husband, but avoweth constantly that she will live with him, and saith, that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her crown and kingdom to go as a simple damsel with him." No wonder, after such avowals, that crowds of poets and romance-writers have stood up for centuries in defence of Mary Stuart. Perhaps she would have been the greatest of queens in a world ruled solely by poetry, passion, and romance, instead of, as the Scotland of Knox, under the guidance of religion, virtue, and good morals.

Lochleven Castle, a small fortress on an island in the loch, or lake, of Leven, in the shadow of the Lomond Hills, was not a harsh prison for Mary Stuart. The castle belonged to Sir William Douglas, half-brother of the earl of Murray, whose mother, Margaret Erskine, long mistress of James V., had the chief charge of the queen, treating her, if not with affection, at least with the full deference due to her rank. Mary was allowed to move about freely within the precincts of the castle, and made such good use of the opportunity, that before many days were over she had bewitched the hearts of all the young men with whom she could come into communication, and from whose acquaintance she could hope to gain any advantage. Chief among these youths was George Douglas, a younger and favourite son of Margaret, who was allowed, against the rules of the Lords of



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

the Secret Council, to converse freely with the royal prisoner, though always under the eyes of his mother, or in the presence of some of her lady deputies. Eluding the vigilance of these, young George, whose susceptible heart had been touched by the sufferings of the captive queen, began making love to her, and finding his feelings responded to in the glance of eyes full of unutterable passion, he declared himself ready to lay his life at her feet, or to risk it in her service. Mary's dark eyes burnt more fiercely than ever; and the youth soon knew that if he could but procure her liberty, the highest of his hopes might reach fulfilment. It was a silent pact, made in but few words, yet enough to leave the queen in full persuasion that her admirer would strain every nerve, and seek every opportunity to transport her out of the castle and over the dark waters of the loch, and make her foot tread once more the free earth. It was with the full knowledge of youthful enthusiasm, and confident in the hope of success, that Mary assumed a defiant air against the delegates of the lords who visited her, refusing to submit to their orders, and declaring her resolution to remain in prison for ever rather than relinquish her sovereign rights. The resolution was shaken only when, after several fruitless conferences, there came a message from Edinburgh, informing the queen that unless she consented to set her name at once to three documents submitted to her, she would be placed in less honourable confinement, and made to undergo a public trial for the murder of her husband. The bearers of this message were Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, and Sir James Melville, the latter the accomplished courtier, Mary's former ambassador at the English court, who had enjoyed the honour of seeing Queen Elizabeth dance high for his especial benefit. Sir James now had become, swimming gracefully with the stream, one of the Lords of the Secret Council, but he still professed to be an ardent friend of the queen, and took occasion to express to her his unalterable loyalty when submitting the three papers for signature. These documents were of the gravest kind. The first was an act by which Mary abdicated the crown in favour of her son; the second contained the appointment of the earl of Murray as regent of the kingdom, or, if Murray should refuse the offer, the nomination of a council of regency; and the third empowered the earls of Morton and Mar, together with Lindsay, to proceed at once to the coronation of the infant king. The queen vehemently refused to sign any of these instruments, notwithstanding the threats of both Ruthven and Lindsay, who made her understand that her life depended upon immediate compliance. This had no effect whatever, and seeing further remonstrance useless, Melville asked his companions to allow him a few minutes' private conversation. The request was granted, and the astute diplomatist, taking Mary aside, whispered in her ear that an act extorted by violence could not possibly bind her in any way whatever; then, touching the scabbard of his sword, he drew out a letter concealed there, addressed to the queen. It was from Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, announcing that his embassy had been fruitless, but advising her to consent outwardly to all the demands of the lords. Sir James Melville added a verbal

message to this note by informing Mary officially, on the part of the ambassador, that "at all times she might count upon a sure friend in the queen of England." The queen started for joy on hearing these words. At the moment Ruthven and Lindsay approached, and, hastily seizing the weighty documents in their hands, she signed them without a moment's hesitation. Mary Stuart had ceased to be queen of Scotland. Three days after a babe of thirteen months was crowned king in Stirling Cathedral, Glencairn carrying the sword, and Morton the sceptre.

The selection of the earl of Murray as Mary's successor, under the title of regent, was practically the highest proof of wisdom which the confederate lords had yet given to their country. A few weeks' experience had been sufficient to show them the absolute necessity of the government being made over to a strong hand; and Murray standing forth in all respects as the noblest, wisest, and best political representative of the Scottish nation, the whole crowd of earls and lords, thirsting as they were after power, wealth, and influence, freely and cheerfully consented to resign their position in favour of one who had taken no part in the struggle. The earl of Murray had left Scotland a few days before the murder of Darnley, with the preparations for which he was probably acquainted, but which he was unable to prevent. Retiring to France, he had nothing to do but watch from a distance the terrible drama that was unrolling itself at home, the mock trial of Bothwell, the sham abduction of the queen, her disgraceful marriage, her flight to Dunbar, and final capture at Carberry Hill. After their victory, the confederate lords at once despatched messengers to Murray, informing him of their intention to keep the queen in close imprisonment, and inviting him to return and assume the government of the realm. But Murray declined, blaming his friends severely for laying hands on their sovereign, and announcing to them that, unless his sister was immediately released, he meant to take her part. To carry out his intentions, he at once left France, and set out on his homeward journey by way of England. Before leaving, he had an interview with the queen-mother, who, shrewdly foreseeing that his hands alone could steer the vessel of Scotland out of the stormy sea in which it had been thrown, made great efforts to gain him over to her interests, offering him rank, wealth, and even an army. The earl respectfully declined all the tempting offers, but secretly fearing that after this refusal he might be retained in France by force, he sent a servant across the Channel, who engaged a small fishing-boat at Rye, in which, during a stormy night in the middle of July, he set sail from Dieppe, and landed safely at the English coast. Arrived at London, he had an interview with Queen Elizabeth, who received him with bitter taunts and reproaches, blaming him for being in communication with the lords, and consenting to his sister's imprisonment, and threatening to invade Scotland unless she was liberated and reinstalled in power. Had Murray been a selfish man, with less than his whole heart in the great cause of Protestantism, the senseless threats of Elizabeth, contrasted with the flattering promises of the ruler of France, might have set him

wavering in his course; as it was, however, he quietly followed the path of duty he had traced out for himself, and, without paying attention to other whisperings in his ear, continued his journey to Edinburgh. He arrived on the 13th of August, amidst the loud acclamations of the people, greeting him as regent. But he solemnly assured the lords, who desired to invest him at once with the supreme power, that he could not think of accepting it before having had an interview with the queen, his sister. There was a deep silence at this announcement; then the earl of Morton came forward, and placing a silver casket of rich workmanship before Murray, he bid him examine the contents.

"Ane silver-box owergilt with gold, with all misive letteris, contractis, or obligationis, for marriage-sonetis or luif-balletis, and all utheris letteris contenit thairin, send and past betwix the quene and James, sumtyme Erle Bothuile: quhilk box and hail pices within the samyn were takin and fund with umquhill George Dalglesch, servand to the Erle Bothuile, upon the xx day of June, the yeir of God, 1567." Such was the receipt given by Murray to Morton for the casket handed over to his care, destined to be a terrible Medusa head rising up before Mary Stuart. The casket, originally a present of King Francis II. to his beloved young wife, and as such surmounted by his cypher, had been given by Mary, when in her first widow-woods, to Bothwell, who made it serve as a depository of all the letters and documents he received from the queen, taking care, however, to hide it in a place of safety near his own person. But on his sudden flight to Dunbar he had no time to secure the box, and had to leave it at Edinburgh Castle, in charge of Sir James Balfour. To recover the priceless treasure, Bothwell, after the disaster of Carberry Hill, despatched one of his most trusted servants, George Dalglesch, to Edinburgh, and the casket was given up to him by Douglas. Unfortunately for the fame of Mary Stuart through all ages, Dalglesch was seized, being betrayed, in all probability, by Douglas, on his return to Dunbar, and the box of Francis II., full of hideous secrets, fell into the hands of the confederate lords. Handed by Morton to Murray, the silver casket had to decide the fate of Scotland, and of her who still believed herself Scotland's queen. Murray, who had hitherto believed, if not in the entire innocence of his sister, at least in her non-participation in the work of murder, found evidence of such infernal, monstrous guilt in the letters and documents hidden in the silver casket, as made him shudder, and almost drove him to despair. There they lay, these letters—letters unmistakably her own, such as no other man or woman in all Scotland, and, perhaps in the whole world, could have written—there they lay, showing an abyss of crime from which the mind recoiled in horror. A dagger-stroke in the heat of revenge, or the pull of a trigger with a quick bullet sent into the enemy's heart, might have been forgiven and forgotten; but the snake-like hissing and kissing, poisoning and caressing, the hellish mood of passion and hatred which led a confiding youth from his bed of sickness to his yawning grave, on which the murderess danced with the murderer, seemed too much

for human pardon. Murray, having read all the letters in the fatal casket, horror-struck, and in a mood of fierce despair, ordered his horse to be saddled in the dead of night, and rode off to Lochleven Castle. He meant to tell his sister to make her peace with God, there being none for her upon earth.

Mary Stuart greeted her brother, arriving in the afternoon of the 15th of August, with the most lively demonstrations of joy. He sat down without replying, silent and sad. The long ride had cooled his fevered brain, and he felt as if he had not courage enough to speak all that he wished to say. Thus hours passed; she, surprised at his unwonted coldness, trying everything to charm him into a glow of friendliness, but failing wholly, Murray restricting himself to question her in a formal manner on the events of the last four months. In the evening, Mary and her brother separated for a short while, but met again after supper. What he could not do with the bright sun shining upon his sister's face, she looking as fair and innocent as when playing in childhood at his side, he, by great inward struggle, forced himself to accomplish in gloom and darkness, with the glittering stars of heaven as sole witnesses. Murray told her that he had read all the letters she had written to Bothwell, and that her past career was lying before him, outspread and bare, as some frightful vision of hell. The shock was as sudden and unexpected, that Mary attempted no denial. She set to weeping bitter tears, and then she prayed her brother to forgive her—to forgive her for having acted "unadvisedly." Murray felt that she was far yet from realizing her position, and began speaking again. He spoke till she sank upon her knees, clasping her hands, and imploring heaven's mercy; he spoke till she threw herself on the floor, and in wild despair called upon the Almighty to end her wretched life. And he spoke till she grew calm again, when, one hour after midnight, he left her, telling her to place her sole trust in God, and hope for no more happiness upon earth. Early next morning, Mary and her brother had a final interview, she appearing calm and collected. He now informed her that the office of regent of the kingdom had been pressed upon him, but that he had not yet decided whether to refuse or accept it. She implored him to give his acceptance, if only to save her life. "This is not in my power only," Murray rejoined, "for the lords and others have interest in the matter." "Notwithstanding, madam," he continued, "I will declare to you which be the occasions that may put you in jeopardy. For your peril, these be they: your own practices to disturb the peace of the realm and the reign of your son; to enterprise to escape from where you are, and put yourself at liberty; to animate any of your subjects to disobedience, or the queen of England, or the French king to molest this realm, either with their war, or with war intestine, by your procurement or otherwise; and your own persisting in this inordinate affection for the Earl Bothwell." With these words, Murray turned to go, when Mary threw herself at his neck in a fit of weeping and kissing, as if her heart was ready to burst. She had hated her brother before, but all her old hatred was paltry and weak to what she now felt raging in her breast.

Fondly imagining of having infused repentance into the bosom of a woman whose fierce passions angels themselves could not have tamed, Murray went back to Edinburgh, where the confederate lords were awaiting with deep anxiety to hear his final decision respecting the regency. He declared his acceptance on the 19th of August, and three days after was solemnly proclaimed regent of the kingdom in the council-chamber at the Tolbooth. Then, laying his hand upon the Bible, he took the oath. "I, James earl of Murray, Lord Abernethy, promise faithfully, in the presence of the Eternal God, that I, during the whole course of my life, will serve the same Eternal God to the uttermost of my power, according as he requires in his most holy word, revealed and contained in the New and Old Testaments; and, according to the same word, will maintain the true religion of Jesus Christ, the preaching of his holy word, and due and right administration of his sacraments, now received and practised within this realm; and also will abolish and withstand all false religion contrary to the same; and will rule the people committed to my charge and regiment during the minority and less-age of the king my sovereign, according to the will and command of God revealed in his aforesaid word, and according to the lovable laws and constitutions received in this realm, noways repugnant to the said word of the Eternal God; and will procure to my uttermost, to the kirk of God and all Christian people, true and perfect peace, in all time coming. The rights and rents, with all just privileges of the crown of Scotland, I will preserve and keep inviolate; neither will I transfer nor alienate the same. I will forbid and repress in all estates and degrees, reif, oppression, and all kind of wrong. In all judgments I will command and procure that justice and equity be kept to all creatures without exception, as He be merciful to me and you, that is the Lord and Father of all mercies; and out of this realm of Scotland, and empire thereof, I will be careful to root out all heretics and enemies to the true worship of God, that shall be convicted by the true kirk of God of the aforesaid crimes. And these things I faithfully affirm by this my solemn oath." For a moment there was deep silence; then all the lords and earls, warlike, booted, and spurred, opened their Bibles, and began singing the seventy-third psalm: "Truly God is good to Israel."

Elizabeth fumed and fretted on hearing of the forced abdication of the queen of Scots and the assumption of the regency by Murray. At a stormy meeting of the privy council, she talked of going to war immediately in vindication of princely right; and, as a preliminary, she insisted that a letter, penned by herself, should be sent to Throgmorton, for delivery to the Scottish lords, informing them that, "if they continued to keep their sovereign in prison, or should do or devise anything that might touch her life or person, the queen of England would revenge it to the uttermost upon such as should be in any wise guilty thereof." Cecil, finding all other arguments thrown away, had to tell his mistress at last that if her letter was actually despatched and delivered, the very first consequence of it would be the execution of Mary Stuart. "The malice of the world would say," added

the shrewd minister, "that she had used severity to the lords to urge them to rid away the queen." This took effect, Elizabeth being well aware that her past behaviour had not been such as to generate a belief in her true love for Queen Mary. Seeing no other way to express her anger, Elizabeth decided to recall her envoy; and Throgmorton, not unwilling to leave a country where he could do no possible good, but a great deal of mischief, paid his farewell visit to the regent towards the end of August. Lethington, who was present at the interview, delivered an excellent verbal message to the ambassador to take back to his court. "If there be no remedy," he exclaimed, "but that the queen your sovereign will make war and nourish hatred against us, we can but be sorry for it, and do the best we may. But, to put you out of doubt, we had rather endure the fortune thereof, and suffer the sequel, than to put the queen to liberty now in this mood that she is in; being resolved to retain Bothwell and to fortify him, to hazard the life of her son, to put the realm in peril, and to forfeit her best subjects. You must think, my lord ambassador, your wars are not unknown to us. You will burn our borders, and we will do the like to yours; and, whenever you invade us, and we but like, France is sure to aid us." And, alluding to the violent speeches of Elizabeth, not unknown at Edinburgh, the secretary of state continued, "Much strange language has been used; but it is enough to reply that we are another prince's subjects, and know not the queen's majesty to be our sovereign." Throgmorton keenly felt the truth of all that was said to him, but he could only bow and be silent, glad enough when discharged by the regent in a few last solemn words. "Though I was not here at the doings past," said Murray, "yet I acknowledge them; and seeing the lords and people have laid upon me the charge of the regency—a burden which I would gladly have eschewed—I do mean to go forth in defence of their actions, and will either reduce all men to obedience in the king's name, or it shall cost me my life."

The regent was true to his promise. Before he had been a month at the helm of state, his strong arm was felt from one end of the country to the other, changing strife into peace and chaos into order. His first work was to get possession of all the strongholds of the kingdom, which he effected swiftly and silently, turning out the creatures of Bothwell and other adventurers who held command, and appointing in their stead good men and stanch Protestants. To the command of Edinburgh Castle he nominated the laird Kirkaldy of Grange, honest above all temptation; but before allowing him to sit down in peace as governor, Murray gave him a commission worthy of his character. It was that of seizing Bothwell and bringing him to justice: a task which, as the regent was well aware, he could not intrust to the soiled hands of any of the leading Lords of the Secret Council. Mary Stuart's husband had left Dunbar a few weeks after his separation from her, and as soon as he found her cause to be lost, and after seizing four small vessels, and arming them with guns and ammunition from the castle, had sailed for the Orkneys, to follow the vocation of pirate—a business for which he seemed singularly well fitted. Kirkaldy started

in hot pursuit, in the month of September, from Leith harbour, the two largest men-of-war of the Scottish navy having been placed under his orders by the regent. The Orkney Islands were soon reached; but before he arrived there, the bold sea-rover, getting news of the pursuit, had sailed further north, to hide himself within the narrow channels and rocky inlets of the Shetlands. On the way thither, the laird of Grange lost one of his ships, but pushed on with the other until he found himself in sight of his famed antagonist. There he stood, the god of a queen and destroyer of a nation, on the prow of his little vessel, calm and collected, with the spray of the ocean dancing around his head. Kirkaldy could contain himself no longer, but, soldier more than seaman, dashed forward into the surf. In a minute, the heavy man-of-war was sitting high and dry upon the rocks, amidst the loud demoniac laughter of the pirate crew. To continue the chase, the laird jumped, sword in hand, into a boat, yet before he had gone many yards he saw his ship sinking behind, and had to return to save his men. Long before they had reached the shore, Bothwell had sailed eastward, towards Norway's coast, the land of his ancestors. Here, years after, in the shade of the dark eternal pine forests, he found his tomb—a true Norseman, blood-stained, ferocious, and lawless, ideal of poets, and horror of tax-paying citizens.

Kirkaldy's return to Leith without bringing Mary Stuart's husband was of no great consequence, and fortunate on the whole, since his public trial was likely to breed dissension among the lords who had established the new government. Murray himself felt that absolute union was indispensable, in view of the threatening aspect assumed by the English queen, and constant menaces of invasion coming from France and Spain. To fortify his position, and obtain from the nation at large the confirmation of his title as supreme ruler, he issued summonses for the meeting of a parliament at the beginning of December, 1567. The estates of the realm met on the 15th of the month, congregating more numerous than at any previous time in Scottish history. There assembled at Edinburgh eighteen bishops and abbots, fifteen earls or eldest sons of earls, sixteen lords, and twenty-nine deputies of burghs, or altogether seventy-eight representatives of the nation. Their first measure consisted in declaring lawful all that had been done during the revolution, including the abdication of the queen, the coronation of the infant king, and the appointment of Murray as regent. By a further act, "anent the retention of their sovereign lord's mother's person," the guilt of Mary Stuart in the murder of her husband was admitted, on the evidence of the casket letters. "It is most certain," the act ran, "from divers her privy letters, written wholly with her own hand to the earl of Bothwell, and by her ungodly and dishonourable proceeding to a pretended marriage with him, that she was privy to and part of the devise and deed of the murder, and therefore justly deserves whatever hath been done to her." Having thus approved everything that had been ordered by the confederate lords, the assembly went to consider the greatest of all questions laid before it, that of religion. The overwhelming majority of the members were strict Presbyterians, and they at once declared that they

would entertain no offer of compromise on the part of those still attached to the old religion. The earls of Argyle, Caithness, and Athol, together with the bishop of Murray, were the chief representatives of the minority, but notwithstanding their energetic plea for toleration, they were completely outvoted. In a series of acts passed before the eventful year 1567 had come to an end, the estates decreed the entire abolition of Roman-Catholicism, and on the ruins of the old faith built up a new power, henceforth recognized as the kirk of Scotland. Its might made itself soon felt in all spheres of Scottish society, showing the character of the church of Calvin and Knox as a true democracy. A month after the breaking up of the parliament, the proudest of Scottish nobles, the great MacCallummore, earl of Argyle, and the bishop of Murray, eloquent defender of Catholicism, were both condemned by the kirk on a charge of adultery, and made to stand in sackcloth in the chapel-royal at Stirling during the service, earl and bishop face to face. Close to the noble pair, also in sackcloth, was the countess of Argyle, sister of the regent, condemned "for having slandered the kirk in assisting at the baptism of the king in papistical robes." There was not a soul in Scotland but could see that Murray was true to his oath of office.

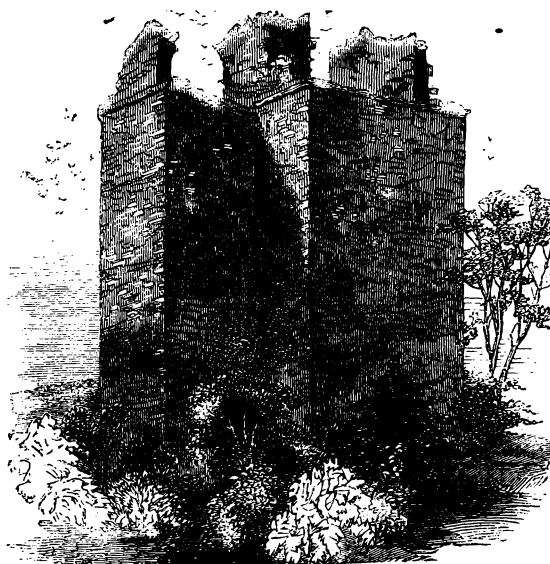
The energetic rule inaugurated by the regent succeeded in restoring order and the reign of law throughout the whole of Scotland before it had been established six months; but there remained, nevertheless, an undercurrent of deep dissatisfaction. It had its chief seat among the Catholic population scattered through the west, its principal leaders in the Hamiltons, who looked to France for help, and to Queen Elizabeth for money, and its main hope in the royal prisoner who, curbed but not dispirited, was living weary days in Lochleven Castle. Mary Stuart, ever since the interview with her brother, had come to see that she had no hope to be released from captivity by the party in power, and that unless she succeeded to escape from prison, she would have to die in it. But this knowledge, so far from lessening her courage, served but to increase it. By means of the youth George Douglas, whose devotion to her she had raised by all the arts in her power into violent passion, she kept in constant communication with the outer world, and hearing, in the spring of 1568, of the growing dissatisfaction in the west of Scotland, and the mutinous spirit springing up in many other parts of the country in consequence of the stern kirk regiment, she made her preparations for an escape. The difficulties in the way did not appear very great at first sight. Lochleven Castle, standing on a small island rather less than an acre in extent, consisted of nothing more than an ordinary tower of three stories, surrounded by a battlemented wall about eighteen feet high, and entered by a low gate with a turret built over it, serving for the warder's residence. Once this gate passed, the chief obstacle seemed overcome, for at the landing-place a ferry-boat was lying nearly always ready to carry servants or people bringing provisions to the opposite shore. Fully acquainted with all these details, Mary, aided by her youthful lover, attempted to escape on the 25th of March. Early in the morning, George Douglas crossed the loch to Leven, to procure

horses and gather his friends, and the boat which brought him over took back the laundress with linen for the imprisoned queen. Mary, pretending to be ill, had the woman called into her bedroom; clothes were quickly exchanged; and, a few minutes after, she lightly stepped down the tower staircase, crossed the courtyard, her face well muffled, nodded to the sentinel at the gate and the warder in the turret, and in another second or two found herself at the water-side—a sad queen changed into a happy washerwoman. Gaily she jumped into the ferry-boat, and the oars went splashing into the blue water: scarce ever before did the world seem so beautiful to Mary Stuart. Suddenly, when half way across, one of the rowers bethought himself to have a little fun, and, softly advancing from behind, raised the veil of the laundress to give her a kiss. He started back affrighted, the oar falling from his hands. Seeing herself recognized, Mary put on a bold air, commanding the boatmen, under pain of her royal displeasure, to carry her to the shore. Threats, very useless, were followed by promises, but all in vain. The rowers, good Presbyterians, shuddered at the bare idea of aiding a deposed queen, condemned by the kirk, to make her escape and stir up new troubles; and rowing back to the castle, they delivered her over once more into the hands of her gaolers. Mary Stuart, utterly terrified, thought her last hour had come.

The queen's attempt to escape might have been followed by execution, which, as her brother had plainly told her, would be the penalty, but for the momentary protection of Margaret Erskine. Feeling deep pity with the royal prisoner, whose arts in pleasing had been effective here as elsewhere, and fearing, besides, that severe punishment would fall upon her son for aiding in the abortive attempt, she hushed the matter up, restricting herself to keep Mary under harsher supervision than before. George Douglas was forbidden to set foot within the precincts of the castle, and the sole male person allowed to come near Mary Stuart was a little page, not more than twelve years old, a foundling adopted by Margaret's husband, and going by the name of Little Douglas. To bewitch him took Mary but very short time, and before many days were over, the little man told her—what many big men had uttered often enough—of his devotion unto death. The queen was very anxious to accept the devotion, and placing the page in communication with George Douglas, who kept hovering about on the opposite shore, to feast his eyes on the walls within which his beloved mistress dwelt, she began making her arrangements for another attempt to escape. The difficulties this time were exceedingly great, owing to fresh precautions taken by Sir William Douglas, by which the castle gate was kept always locked. But the little page, sharp-witted like a man, promised Mary that he would find her a way out, and she, almost despairing, resolved to place herself under his guidance, risking once more death to gain her liberty. On Sunday the 2nd of May the boy whispered to her to hold herself ready to fly at dusk, when the household were taking their evening meal, and she would be left alone in her chamber. Little Douglas knew that every day at sunset the castle gate was locked, and the keys carried to the laird, who, sitting at the head of the

table, surrounded by his whole household, placed them carefully at his side. On this he founded his plan. Waiting upon Sir William, and carefully watching the effect of the goblets of wine he had to fill, the page, when the meal was nearly over, dropped his napkin on the table, and sweeping off the keys, hurried away to the captive queen. She was ready waiting, dressed in the garb of one of her servants. It was quite dark by this time, and the household being still at their meal, Mary Stuart, her maid, and the page, slipped through the gate unperceived, Little Douglas not neglecting to lock it behind him, so as to prevent immediate pursuit. The boat, manned by trusty friends chosen by George Douglas, was lying ready at the landing-place, and in ten minutes the queen was safe at the opposite shore, with her lover and stamping horses waiting impatiently. Mary was in the saddle before her companions had left the boat: eleven months' captivity made her eager to ride to the world's end.

Away they went, the fugitives, with the speed of the wind; the queen in front, in the dress of a servant-girl; George Douglas and the page next to her; and the laird of Riccarton, a kinsman of Bothwell, closing the rear with a dozen retainers. Galloping along through the darkness, the little troop gradually increased in size, joined at every hamlet and turning of the road by mysterious-looking horsemen, who closed in behind without uttering a word. MacCallummore the mighty, who had conceived the scheme of marrying the queen to his son, Lord Arbroath, had sent the word, and a Hamilton was peeping from every house and tree and ditch, all the way from Loch Leven to the Firth of Forth. Before reaching Queen's Ferry, Lord Seton, with fifty serjants, joined the cavalcade, leading the way across the Forth, where fresh horses were ready waiting. The queen was offered some refreshments, but refused, jumping again into the saddle, and storming along through the starless night. Mile after mile they galloped on, till Niddry Castle was reached, the residence of Lord



NIDDRY CASTLE

Seton, where a short repose was found absolutely necessary for men and horses. Mary alone refused to rest, and while the stout warriors were stretching their weary limbs on heaps of straw in the castle-yard, she sat down to write letters. The first was to Bothwell, idol of her soul, still dearer to her than aught else in the world. She knew he had fled to Norway, and addressed her letter thither, telling him that she had escaped from prison, and that soon again she would have the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand—crown and sceptre worth having only for his sake. Having intrusted the letter to Riccarton, with orders to proceed direct to Norway to deliver it into the hands of his kinsman, Mary wrote a short note to the cardinal of Lorraine, her uncle, entreating the help of France to recover her power and punish her enemies. Then she stirred the heavy sleepers from their rest; the horses were taken from the stables, and forward they galloped once more to the south-west. The first red streaks of the dawning day came creeping up behind when the burgh of Hamilton and Cadzow Castle, on its steep rock, washed by the Avon, burst into sight before the tired horsemen. Mary Stuart was safe—safe after a fifty-mile ride, from Loch Leven to the Clyde.

On the morning of Monday the 3rd of May the royal banner of Scotland was unfurled on the tower of Cadzow Castle; and before evening had set in more than a thousand armed men had come to bend their knees before the prisoner of Loch Leven. Earls, bishops, lords, abbots, priests, and knights followed each other in one long stream, swearing allegiance, and offering Mary Stuart their arms, their goods, and their lives. At the end of five days, six thousand soldiers had gathered around the queen, clamorous to be led to battle and to victory. All Scotland, she was told, was at her side; she had but to raise her finger, and the fabric of hypocrisy, fraud, and deceit that her enemies had raised would fall to the ground. Mary half believed it, yet wondered, nevertheless, that the foes who were to be crushed showed not the least fear of the coming trouble, contemplating her and her adherents almost with contempt. The regent, when she arrived at Hamilton, was staying at Glasgow, not more than ten miles off; but, so far from flying, postponed his departure to Edinburgh, although absolutely without troops. All that he did was to issue proclamations summoning the citizens to arms, which orders were obeyed quietly, and without show and parade, each man buckling his sword-belt, taking his arquebuse, and strapping his wallet to his back, with bread sufficient for a week, and the Bible underneath the bread. The men of Glasgow stood ready armed for battle the day Murray called upon them; and before another twenty-four hours were gone, the men of Edinburgh, of Stirling, and of Perth, had put on their steel-caps and breast-plates, preparing to fight for the kirk and the Lord. While the chivalry of the realm crowded around Mary Stuart on prancing steeds, with gorgeous banners, the citizens, marching on foot, simple in dress and stern of aspect, slowly gathered under the eyes of the regent, not crying for battle, not seeking death, and not fearing it. Thus, at the end of a week after Mary Stuart's flight from Lochleven

Castle, old Scotland and new Scotland stood face to face at Hamilton and Glasgow.

Mary's friends, full of eagerness to try the fortune of battle, were the first to set themselves in movement. The royal army, commanded by the earl of Argyle, left Hamilton on the morning of the 13th of May, marching along the south bank of the Clyde, in high spirits, and confident of victory. They numbered above six thousand, more than half of them Hamiltons and their kin, splendid horsemen, trained to battle, and full of the pride of race; while their antagonists were scarcely four thousand strong, humble foot-soldiers all of them, with the exception of two hundred horse. Perceiving his numerical weakness, yet being forced into battle, the regent, on the 13th of May, had posted his troops in and around the village of Langside, two miles from Glasgow, a long straggling place stretching down the slope of a hill, up which the royal army was expected to pass. Here he awaited the enemy, his main body occupying the brow of the hill, and the vanguard lodged in the cottages and behind the thick hedges of Langside, shaped into temporary fortifications. The Hamiltons were not long in coming up: a dense, unwieldy mass, marching with little order, and thus reaching the top of the village without perceiving the enemy. All at once here a deadly fire opened upon them, in the terror of which the advancing crowd rolled back in utter confusion, coiling in upon itself. At the same moment the laird of Grange, commanding the left wing of Murray's forces, swept down from the hill, falling into the flank of the enemy, and converting the retreat into a rout. There was little fighting, and not much of the murder of battle—only three hundred of the queen's troops wounded or killed in the first fire from the cottages of Langside. To hew down every man in the flying crowd would have been easy to the conquerors; but the regent sternly forbade all bloodshed, leaving the retreating masses to fall back upon their starting-point, and thence to disperse in all directions. The victory was complete—so complete, indeed, that Mary Stuart, who had watched the progress of the short struggle from a hill half a mile distant, made no attempt to gather her forces, or even consult with the leaders, but, pressing the spur into the flank of her charger, at once galloped southward, with no other thought in her mind than that of flying the kingdom. Her eyes began to see, dimly and like in a dream, that the heart of Scotland was no longer with her and her brilliant cavaliers.

Mary fled in wild despair, scarce knowing what to do, all her courage gone, but driven along by the terror of being led back to prison, and perhaps to the scaffold. Her life had been stormy, and yet seemed sweet at twenty-six, even without a crown. To every step love was clinging: turning her head to give a last glance at the fatal field of Langside, Mary saw George Douglas and the little page of Lochleven close behind, willing once more to shed their blood for a mere whisper of her lips or a glance of her eyes. Despise as she might these humble worshippers, the sight of them was consoling, and getting calmer by degrees, she began to form new plans for the future. She thought that if she could but get to England she would be safe; none had

shown more friendship for her while in prison than Queen Elizabeth, and no one's protection, therefore, seemed better than hers. Once this resolution formed, she spurred onward, full of fresh energy, careless of the long and desperate journey before her. The country was all up and in arms; the high road choked with a dense crowd of fugitives, struggling for life to get onward, and attacked by the labouring population, who, less merciful than Murray's soldiers, sought their revenge on the disturbers of the peace. Mary had to make her way over footpaths and through bye-lanes, peasants cutting at her with their reaping-hooks as she was flying along, and the very children throwing stones at her head, while muttering maledictions. She had had many a hard ride, but this was to be the hardest of all—as well as the last. Due south the horses flew, Mary having made up her mind to get to Dundrennan Abbey, near Kirkcudbright, there to cross the Solway Firth into Cumberland. From Langside to Dundrennan was ninety-two miles by the nearest road, but a straight course being impossible, it had to be a ride of much above a hundred miles, over hills, through streams and morasses, without shelter, without food, and without rest. Indomitable as ever, Mary accomplished more than half of the journey on the first day, resting during the night on the bare ground, and thankful in getting the next morning a little oatmeal and buttermilk. Before this day, the 15th of May, had come to an end she had reached Dundrennan Abbey, with the rocky English coast opposite glittering in the evening sun. Here she was safe, for Lord Herries, one of the Hamiltons, who had come galloping along as if for life in the track of the queen, yet had been unable to overtake her till hours after her arrival at Dundrennan, informed her that he would undertake to guarantee her perfect security for forty days, being able to hold the place for at least that time against all enemies. But Mary refused. A dream had taken possession of her mind to hurry up to London, to throw herself on the breast of Elizabeth, to weep tears of innocence, to flatter the queen, and to employ all her charms till declared successor to the crown, and marching at the head of an army to punish the Scottish rebels. Not all the counsels of Lord Herries and other friends, who calmly explained to her the great risk she was running in placing herself in the power of the English government, were able to disturb this dream of the imagination; and all the concession Mary made to them was to send a letter to Queen Elizabeth, and another to the governor of Carlisle, requesting permission to cross the Border. But long before an answer to either of these messages could reach her, Mary's impulsiveness got the upper hand. Early in the morning of Sunday the 16th of May, three days after the battle of Langside, and but a few hours after her arrival at Dundrennan Abbey, Mary Stuart embarked in an open fishing-boat to cross the Solway Firth. Tossed about in the frail bark by wind and tide, it was late in the day when the flying queen landed at Workington, on English soil. The sun had set; and her sun had set too.

The news of the landing of Mary created utter consternation at the English court. Of all the events within the range of possibility, this was the one least

expected, as, indeed, it seemed to baffle all understanding what reason could have driven her to take this more than hazardous step. To Elizabeth's suspicious mind the idea occurred at once that the chief object of this new movement of the deposed queen was to seek adherents in England, and, by creating a party for herself, to stir up sedition. The very district chosen by Mary for her landing appeared chosen for the purpose, being densely inhabited by Roman Catholics, with a strong taste for rebellion, and who, just before her arrival, had shown an inclination to rise in favour of the old religion. Elizabeth's suspicions, not discouraged by Cecil, grew stronger and stronger when learning, from the successive reports of her own officials, that the ex-queen of Scots had established a sort of court for herself immediately after setting foot on English soil, and proceeded to receive the homages of her friends, like a reigning sovereign. This was but too true. With an imprudence verging into madness, though quite in keeping with the character of Mary Stuart, she allowed herself to be intoxicated by the assurances of affection and loyalty offered to her on all sides, and before she had been many hours in the country which she had sought as humble exile, forgot her true position and adopted the airs of a queen. There was considerable temptation to indulge in this weakness, inasmuch as the enthusiasm with which Mary was received among the sons and friends of the old Pilgrims of Grace, who had fought for and been hung for the Catholic faith, seemed to pass all bounds, affecting even the trusty servants of Elizabeth. Lord Lowther, governor of Carlisle, seeing all heads run mad in exaltation, came to fetch Mary Stuart in state from her lowly residence at Workington, to instal her in his own official residence; and his example of paying homage was followed by almost all the great nobles of the north of England, from the earl of Northumberland, who placed Alnwick Castle at her absolute disposition, down to the Fairfaxes and Vavasours, who hesitated not to put their swords as well as their homes at the command of the illustrious guest. Elizabeth was startled at the report of these extraordinary doings, exclaiming, in undisguised bitterness, that England had come to enjoy the felicity of possessing two queens.

Mary Stuart's delight at her reception by the good Catholics of Cumberland was not destined to last long. Besides the note sent from Dundrennan, she had despatched messengers from Workington and from Carlisle, entreating Elizabeth's permission to go to London, and personally to explain her position. She impatiently awaited the reply; but it did not come till the 29th of May, a fortnight after her arrival. On this day Sir Francis Knollys, vice-chamberlain of Elizabeth, presented himself before Mary Stuart at Carlisle Castle with a letter from his royal mistress. It was very brief, and to the effect that the queen was most desirous of receiving her royal sister of Scotland, and to press her to her heart, but could not do so before an investigation had taken place of the causes which had driven her from her own country. Mary stood like one paralyzed when reading this cold note: the whole edifice of her imagination, which had allured her thus far, was dashed to the ground. For a moment all her power of dissimulation was upset, and she burst

into genuine tears. Sir Francis Knollys, a shrewd man, and with more than a courtier's heart, tried to console her by informing her that by the queen's express desire everything should be done that might lead to her comfort. To talk of mere bodily comfort to Mary Stuart was not touching the right string; however, she soon calmed down outwardly, her mind engaged in brooding over new schemes. Quick in forming resolutions, and as quick in giving them up, it had become clear to her at the instant when perusing the queen's letter, that her flight into England had been a gross blunder, to retrieve which all her efforts ought to be directed. To recross the Border and gain the sea, from whence a vessel might take her to France, was the immediate plan which suggested itself; but it was more difficult than Mary imagined. Equal to her in shrewdness, Elizabeth had sent together with her letter a company of soldiers, under Lord Scrope, one of the wardens of the Cumberland border district, with strict orders to guard her royal sister, and to prevent her escape by force if necessary. For subjects to imprison their queen was horrible to Elizabeth's feelings, and she felt ready to rush into war to prevent it; but for one queen to imprison another was clearly a different thing, sanctioned by history and good policy. Thus Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys were carefully instructed to watch the beautiful animal that had got into a trap.

The discovery that she was once more a prisoner was not long in coming to Mary Stuart; however, she had wisdom enough to pretend for a time ignorance of the fact. Instead of making any complaints to Elizabeth, she answered the letter brought by Knollys by another, in which she quietly asked, as the most simple matter in the world, to be allowed to pass through London, on her way to France to seek aid for recovering her kingdom. At the same time she expressed a wish that, when in London, she might have the gratification "to be admitted, with all diligence and without ceremony, to an interview with her majesty, that she might make known her wrongs, and vindicate herself from the false aspersions which had been cast upon her by her ungrateful subjects." Lord Herries, who had followed her into England, chiefly for the purpose of advancing the Arbroath marriage, the great aim of the Hamiltons, was instructed by Mary to carry this note to the queen; and he executed his commission with great zeal, but with a result which plainly showed the fate in store for his mistress. In an interview he had with Elizabeth, she expressed herself with unusual frankness. "As for the passage of my good sister into France," the queen exclaimed, warmly, "I will not prove myself so imprudent as to permit it, and be thus held in low esteem among other princes. When she was there before, the king her husband assumed for her the title and arms belonging to my crown, the which I should not like to have again." Then, twisting very cleverly Mary's offer to "vindicate herself from the false aspersions cast upon her by her ungrateful subjects" into a demand for an open trial, the queen told Herries that it was her intention to offer herself as a mediator between his mistress and her enemies, inquiring, in the first instance, of them "what cause they have to speak ill of her, and by

what right they have seized her person, her crown, her fortresses, and all her property." Herries stood aghast. "But, madam," he cried, "if it should appear to be, which God forbid,"—and he suddenly stopped. "Then," Elizabeth remarked, very coolly, not concealing her perfect comprehension of the unfinished sentence which had broken unawares from the lips of the ambassador; "then I will not fail to arrange with her subjects in the best and most careful manner possible, so as to secure her honour and provide for their safety." Again, Lord Herries felt startled. He commenced seeing, in one long unbroken vista, the fate of Queen Mary and the policy of Queen Elizabeth.

Elizabeth lost no time in carrying out in her own way the scheme of mediatorship announced to Herries, and which was so happily adapted both to raise her influence in Scotland and to crush the fallen queen. It was in vain Mary Stuart protested against the construction put upon her letter, repeating to her royal sister that the vindication she was seeking was not a public trial, but a private explanation. The words were thrown away, and the louder her protestations, the more Elizabeth insisted on her own view of the matter, enforcing it with hypocritical assurances of friendship. "Oh, madam," she wrote to her prisoner, "there is not a creature living who more longs to hear your justification than myself, and not one who would lend more willing ear to any answer which will clear your honour." A few days after penning this letter, the queen gave orders to lead the sister she so much loved to a somewhat seculer place than Carlisle. Sir Francis Knollys reported to Cecil that once or twice, on short excursions, Mary Stuart had "galloped so fast" that her escort, passing for a guard of honour, had almost lost sight of her, and the Border being dangerously near, he had become so afraid of "accidents," that when she wanted to go for another ride, he had been obliged to tell her "that she must hold him excused." To end this unsatisfactory state of things, there came instructions to take the exiled queen to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, represented as a much healthier residence than Carlisle. It was useless now for Mary to pretend any further ignorance of her captivity, and in a high state of excitement she told Knollys that she would not quit her residence unless carried away by force. To this she added a very imprudent and a very useless threat. "She had made great wars in Scotland," she told her custodian, "and she prayed God to keep her from making troubles in other realms." Sir Francis faithfully reported the words to his royal mistress, informing her at the same time that, under date of the 13th of July, he had had the honour of taking the ex-queen of Scots to Bolton Castle, notwithstanding "stout threatenings" and other "tragical demonstrations."

Had Mary Stuart stood firm in her resolution not to submit to a trial in England, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for Elizabeth to enforce it, since there was clearly not the shadow of a right of jurisdiction that she or her government could claim. But the exiled queen, now as always impulsive yet wavering, wildly passionate, but incapable of sustained energy, was but a poor match for her great antagonist,

and before three months were gone she had lost the first move in the great game of intrigue that had been going on since her arrival in England. Won over by the fair promises of Elizabeth, and trusting the advice of Lord Herries, a mere infant in diplomacy, she consented to the holding of a congress, at which the dispute between her and her subjects should be submitted to the decision of commissioners appointed by the English government. One of the reasons by which Mary Stuart was induced to give her adhesion to this so-called conference, but which on the face of it was strictly a tribunal, was the private assurance of Elizabeth that whatever might be the decision of the commissioners sitting as judges, she should be reinstated in power, and that, besides, the presidency of the commission, or post of chief justice should be intrusted to a man altogether devoted to her interests. The queen kept her word as far as the latter part of the promise was concerned, by nominating the duke of Norfolk for chief commissioner, an appointment involving a deep undercurrent of intrigue. Thomas Howard, fourth duke of Norfolk, and earl marshal of England, was the son of that Norfolk who had narrowly escaped the axe of the executioner by the death of Henry VIII., and afterwards played such an important part in the reign of Mary. He had been educated in the Protestant faith, but was supposed to have more than a bias for Roman Catholicism, which, together with his high rank at the head of the English peerage, rendered his position one of considerable importance. His abilities were very slight, but his vanity and ambition very great, which made him conceive the singular project of marrying the exiled queen of Scots, so as to acquire with her hand a claim to two thrones. The two facts of Mary Stuart possessing already a husband, and of enjoying a very bad reputation as murderess of a former consort, appeared but as slight obstacles to Thomas Howard, he hoping to overcome the former difficulty by a divorce which all Scotland desired, and the second by his own good luck. Though not quite thirty-two years of age, he was already for the third time a widower, so that the chances of survivorship against the lady of three husbands whose hand he sought seemed fairly equal. In Norfolk's opinion, all that was wanted was to gain the secret consent of Mary Stuart to the proposed union, and he was overjoyed in learning that there was no impediment in this direction. Lady Scrope, the appointed companion of Mary, on bringing the aspiration of the noble head of the house of Howard under her notice, met with extreme eagerness on her part to encourage the suit, the queen professing to look upon it as a very great honour. At the same time she warmly encouraged another offer of marriage brought forward under the auspices of her chief custodian, Sir Francis Knollys. The vice-chamberlain, anxious to do a little private business while serving a great public interest, had conceived the scheme of lifting a nephew, second son of Lord Hunsdon, known as "young Mr. Carey," to one or two thrones; and, on his proposal to the effect, was told by Mary that she would be delighted to give her hand to such an amiable youth as described. Thus there were three ardent suitors, Lord Arbroath, the duke of Norfolk, and young Mr. Carey, for the

hand of a lady preparing to be tried for the murder of her husband.

Ostensibly the conference agreed to by Mary, and which Elizabeth, on her expressed wish, had ordered to be held at York, among surroundings mainly Roman Catholic, was not considered a trial; but it was evident to all except the chief person concerned that it would shape itself such in the natural course of things. In her letter of invitation to the regent of Scotland to attend the York conference—a paper very differently worded from the communications by which Mary Stuart had been enticed—Elizabeth expressed her own intentions with remarkable clearness. "Whereas we hear say," she wrote to Murray, on the 20th September, 1568, "that certain reports are made in sundry parts of Scotland, that whatsoever should fall out upon the hearing of the queen of Scots' cause, in any proof to convince or acquit the said queen concerning the horrible murder of her late husband, our cousin, we have determined to restore her to her kingdom and government, we do so much dislike hereof as we cannot endure the same to receive any credit; and therefore we have thought good to assure you that the same is untruly devised by the authors, to our dishonour. For as we have been always certified from our said sister, both by her letters and messages, that she is by no means guilty or participant of that murder, which we should wish to be true, so surely if she should be found justly to be guilty thereof, as hath been reported of her, then, indeed, it should behove us to consider otherwise of her cause than to satisfy her desire in restitution of her to the government of that kingdom. And so we would have you and all others think that should be disposed to conceive honourably of us and our actions." Previous to this letter, the regent had expressed his willingness to attend the conference, which, as it seemed to him, would contribute to the pacification of his country by finally disposing of the claims of the exiled queen. To Elizabeth's ulterior object of gaining paramount influence in the affairs of Scotland, Murray attached but slight importance, being firmly persuaded, in conjunction with Cecil and all statesmen worthy the name, that the political union of the two kingdoms would have to take place before the end of another generation. The great work in hand was to make both kingdoms firmly Protestant, and to accomplish it, the regent, noblest and wisest of rulers born to Scotland for a long time, did not shrink even from such a task, repugnant to all his feelings, as the trial of his own sister.

The conference of York opened formally on Monday the 4th of October. There were present, on the part of Mary Stuart, Lords Herries, Boyd, and Livingston, Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, and Sir James Cockburn of Stirling, and, above them all, as chief representative of the exiled queen, John Leslie, bishop of Ross, one of her warmest partizans, and the same who had come to her as envoy of the Roman Catholic party previous to her departure from France to occupy the throne of her ancestors. Opposed to him and his colleagues, and representing the government and people of Scotland, were the regent, with the earl of Morton, Lord Lindsay, Lethington, secretary of state, and several representatives of the kirk, including Dr.

George Buchanan, poet and historian. Queen Elizabeth had appointed for commissioners and judges, besides the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sussex, military commander of the northern districts, and Sir Ralph Sadler, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster and privy councillor since the time of Henry VIII. The proceedings began with a speech of the duke of Norfolk, which, in conformity with special instructions of the queen, asserted that England had always exercised feudal superiority over Scotland, and was now exercising it once more. Murray bit his lips in angry silence, deeming the refutation of such obsolete claims a mere waste of words; but Lethington thought otherwise, and sprang to his feet. "It would be time," he cried, "to talk of homage when the Scottish monarchs had restored to them the territory they had formerly possessed in England. In the meanwhile, Scotland was entirely independent within its own limits, and had been always so, even in religious matters, having never condescended to pay, like England, the tribute of Peter's pence." Thereupon arose a long discussion, which the duke of Norfolk took great pains to spread out so as to prevent deliberation on other subjects. In this he succeeded, and his object was made clear a few hours after to the regent of Scotland.

In the night following the first meeting of the conference, a long interview took place between Murray and the duke of Norfolk. The latter, constantly keeping in view his own private object, proposed to the regent to come to an arrangement with Mary Stuart, without fighting the battle of her merely personal enemies by exposing her crimes. He told him, and the words seemed to make a great impression upon Murray, that the true interest of Scotland as well as of England required that Mary should be not more coerced than was necessary to break her connection with Bothwell, and that her honour and reputation ought to be saved under all circumstances. "How could we find it in our hearts," Norfolk exclaimed, "to dishonour the mother of our future king, or how could we answer afterwards for what we had done, seeing that by bringing his mother's honesty in question, we jeopardize his right to the crown of England." Murray's own feelings so much corresponded with this view as to make him readily agree to the proposition of the duke of Norfolk to send a secret envoy to Bolton Castle with an offer to Mary that the exposure of her misdeeds, necessary otherwise on political grounds, should be dropped if she would ratify her abdication, and consent to reside in England, under the protection of the queen, and with an allowance from the Scottish government suitable to her royal dignity. Before despatching his messenger, Murray informed the bishop of Ross of the proposal to be made, and he, shrewdest of all the advisers of the deposed queen, at once declared that he would use his whole influence to make her accept the proffered terms. John Leslie was aware that the regent had brought with him the fatal silver casket containing Mary Stuart's letters to Bothwell, and he was too true a friend of her to disguise the fact that the fatal box once opened to the public gaze she would be lost beyond redemption. Full of this conviction, the bishop pledged himself that if Murray would show forbearance for a few days, he would bring about an arrangement.

The meetings of the conference, interrupted by consent of all parties, were resumed on the 8th of October. On this day Leslie and his colleagues pleaded the case of their mistress, giving an account of the rebellion of the lords, and protesting against the imprisonment and forced abdication of Mary Stuart. To the astonishment of all not initiated in the secret, Murray, instead of accusing Mary, assumed a merely defensive attitude in his reply to the bishop of Ross, inveighing chiefly against Bothwell, and declaring that the danger to which the prince-royal, and with him the succession to the crown, had been exposed by the marriage of an unscrupulous adventurer with the queen, had compelled the lords to employ force against her, and to establish a provisional government during the king's minority. The plea was feeble, inasmuch as the simple answer to it would have been that Bothwell had left the realm, and that a practical separation of the marriage complained of had taken place, so as to make all further restraint of the queen unnecessary, and therefore criminal. This was the view taken by both the earl of Sussex and Sir Ralph Sadler, who, having no private interests to serve, like their chief, the duke of Norfolk, hesitated not to express their opinion to the regent. Seeing that he was drifting into a completely false position, and getting, besides, no reply to the secret proposal made to his sister, Murray now had recourse to an extreme step. To prove to the commissioners of Elizabeth that his case was unanswerable, and that it depended but upon him to strike the blow which would annihilate at once and for ever all pretensions of Mary Stuart to come forward as an accusing party against the people and government of Scotland, the regent instructed Lethington and Dr. Buchanan to exhibit the documents of the silver casket privately, and under strict assurance of secrecy, to the duke of Norfolk and his two colleagues. It was done on the 10th of October, and the effect was even greater than expected. Their promise of secrecy not binding them against their sovereign, the three commissioners, unanimously and without further hesitation, expressed in a private report the necessity of condemning Mary Stuart. "The Scotch," they informed the queen, "showed unto us horrible and long letters of her own hand as they say, containing foul matter and abominable to be either thought of or written by a prince, with divers fond ballads of her own hand. The said letters and ballads do discover such inordinate and filthy love betwixt her and Bothwell, her loathsomeness and abhorring of her husband that was murdered, and the conspiracy of his death in such a sort as every good and godly man cannot but detest and abhor." This letter, written on the 11th of October, and signed by Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadler, was addressed to Elizabeth; but Norfolk added a private note to Cecil, in which he expressed himself still more strongly about the guilt of Mary, and, adding extracts from the papers of the silver casket, stated that no doubt could be entertained about their authenticity. "As it is hard," the duke wrote, "to counterfeit so many and so long letters, so it seemeth from the matter of them and the manner in which they were discovered, that God, in whose sight murder and bloodshed are abominable, will not permit the same to be concealed."

Norfolk's honest indignation, which made him give these opinions in the first excitement of the great revelation laid before his eyes, cooled down somewhat in the course of the next few hours, when he had a visit from the bishop of Ross. John Leslie, with his eyes everywhere and his spies everywhere, was fully informed of what had taken place between Murray and the royal commissioners, and being likewise well acquainted with the great private scheme of the duke, he came to work upon his imagination. The task was not very difficult, for Norfolk was as much as ever dazzled with the glittering project of his marriage with a queen, and felt less abhorrence for her crimes than fear that they might be made known to the world at large. "If they were once published," the duke told Leslie, "her majesty the queen of England would be advised by those who love not your mistress to send ambassadors to all Christian princes, to make the same known to them, that they might make no further suit for her deliverance, and perhaps her person would be subjected to severe treatment." To prevent these consequences, Norfolk, who, his first excitement over, showed himself as anxious as before to shield Mary Stuart, advised the bishop to go direct, and without losing a moment's time, to Bolton Castle, and induce or even compel her to subscribe to the terms previously offered. There was little necessity for urging Leslie to take this step, which offered clearly the only escape of his mistress from ruin and infamy, and he therefore rode off at once to see her. At first Mary stubbornly refused to sign once more her abdication; and it was only after her episcopal adviser had given her the plain hint that her new signature would bind her no more than the old one, and that, once at liberty, she might revoke everything she had done, that she consented to accept the proposal of the regent in full. The pact was sealed and subscribed the same day, and the bishop hurried back to York.

So far the combined efforts of Norfolk and Leslie had been successful, and everything seemed in a fair way of settlement, when the great player in the game, whose existence all seemed to have forgotten for the moment, suddenly appeared on the scene. Elizabeth was kept as well informed of everything, public or private, that was passing at York as the clever bishop of Ross himself; and she had no sooner heard of the successful negotiations with Mary Stuart when she determined to upset the account. An instant order was sent to Norfolk to adjourn the York conference, with a view to its being reopened in London; and a private note, despatched at the same time, told the noble duke that he would have to justify himself from the accusation of aspiring to the hand of the queen of Scots, with the view of fomenting troubles in the realm. Another note, addressed to Murray, informed the latter that his secret negotiations showed great disloyalty towards a sovereign who had hitherto taken his part, and that unless he was prepared to make good to the full extent the accusations against Mary Stuart, the government of England would be compelled to give judgment in her favour, and to carry it out by re-installment in power. The regent, feeling that the part he had played in the transactions with Norfolk

and Leslie, although carried out with the best intentions, was not altogether above suspicion, consented at once to have the conference removed to London, and to undertake no further negotiations except with the open consent of all parties concerned in them. Acting less wisely, Mary Stuart on her part bluntly refused to attend any further meetings that might take place, or to answer any accusations brought against her. Conscious, through a sort of feminine instinct, that Elizabeth would never rest till having accomplished her ruin, as indeed she herself would have acted had the places been reversed, Mary was fast getting desperate, unwilling to waste words in talk, and ready to embark in any furious act promising the faintest chance of relief. As a commencement of this new revulsion of feeling, she informed Murray, through Leslie, that, the York conference having come to an end, she considered all her former engagements null and void, and while refusing to listen to any further proposals, open or secret, dared him to do his worst. Once more Mary Stuart was all her own again, without mask and veil, every inch the royal tigress.

The adjourned conference was opened at Westminster, on Thursday the 25th of November. Norfolk, having defended himself before the queen by the most astounding lies, denying "with great oaths" that he had ever dreamt of seeking the hand of Mary Stuart, whom he freely designated as a "notorious adulteress and murderess," while delicately informing his maiden sovereign that he liked "to sleep upon a safe pillow," was allowed, in consideration of so much mendacity, to remain on the commission, but not as president, and with five new members adjoined. These were Lord Chancellor Bacon, appointed to fill Norfolk's place, Cecil, Lord Admiral Clinton, and the earls of Arundel and Leicester. The representatives of the Scottish government were the same as before, Murray again appearing in person; but Mary Stuart had despatched only John Leslie and Lord Herries, with strict injunctions to do nothing but protest against all the actions and decisions of the conference. That her apprehensions were not without cause was shown at the first meeting. After quietly listening to the protest read by the bishop of Ross, from a paper drawn up by his mistress, the lord chancellor, without further preliminary, invited Murray to change his previous mode of action, and instead of making himself defendant to come forward as accuser. "Her majesty," Bacon informed the regent, very pointedly, "principally wisheth that upon the hearing of this great cause the honour and estate of the queen of Scots may be preserved, and found sincerely sound, whole, and firm. But if she shall be justly proved and found guilty of the murder of her husband, which were much to be lamented, she shall either be delivered into your hands upon good and sufficient sureties and assurances for the safety of her life, or else she shall continue to be kept in England, in such sort as neither the prince her son, nor you the earl of Murray shall be in any danger by her liberty. And for the time to come her majesty will maintain the authority of the said prince to be king, and the government of the realm by you the earl of Murray, according to the laws of Scotland." The declaration, given in the queen's name, was so decisive as greatly to surprise

the regent, accustomed to the constant vacillations of Elizabeth. To recover himself, he asked the court to postpone its sittings for another day, which demand was at once assented to by the lord chancellor, who fully appreciated the importance of every word which was henceforth to be uttered. It was more than the fate of an exiled queen that was now hanging in the balance. Murray knew it, and Cecil, and Bacon, and all the thinking men of England and Scotland, that the great question to be decided was whether sovereigns should be allowed any longer to claim irresponsibility for their deeds, or whether they should be compelled to conform, like their subjects, to the moral and civil laws of mankind—reflex of the eternal laws of God.

Calm and serene was the look of the regent of Scotland when he appeared before the commissioners of Elizabeth, sitting in the Painted Chamber of Westminster, on the morning of Friday, the 26th of November, 1568. Not a soul, even among his most intimate friends, knew what he was going to say; many feared that he would not speak more freely than before, but all wondered he should be so placid in countenance, with a hundred secret daggers lifted against his breast. It was known that London was swarming with crowds of enraged and fanatic papists, who were dogging every step of the regent, determined to kill the defamer of a Roman Catholic queen, patroness of the ancient faith, even at the risk of their own lives. Murray was perfectly aware of the host of his enemies, yet hesitated not for a moment to do his duty. When Lord Chancellor Bacon, slowly and solemnly, had invited him to speak, the regent stepped forward into the midst of the court, and, amidst silence so deep that every breath was heard, accused Mary Stuart of the murder of her husband. Scotland, he said, had cast off its queen because the queen had committed a foul crime, detestable in the eyes of heaven and of earth; as men and as Christians, the nation of Scotland abhorred the thought of having a vile malefactor for their supreme ruler. It was the first-fruit of the glorious reformation, and the awakening of the people to the truth of Christ's Gospel. His own weak mind, Murray continued, had long been unwilling to speak all that was to be spoken, and to proclaim to the whole world the infamy of a crowned sovereign and of a woman. He had hesitated long, and would hesitate even now if the public weal permitted, but found it was impossible, seeing the person who claimed to be still ruler of the realm of Scotland had shown her determination to combine with all the enemies of justice, of peace, and of true religion. He had small satisfaction, Murray concluded, to see his former sovereign dishonoured—his former sovereign and his sister still; but the enemies of Scotland, professing to be her friends, had left him no choice but to produce the proofs which he possessed that she had murdered her husband. With these words, the regent laid on the table the letters and papers found in Bothwell's silver casket.

Upon the verification of these letters now hung Mary Stuart's fate. There was a mass of other evidence against her, implicating her in the murder of Darnley, such as the depositions of a number of Bothwell's servants and other accomplices in the

crime, who had been seized and brought to trial; but this testimony, more or less corrupt from its source, was necessarily far behind that furnished by her own hand, in fatal self-condemnation. To establish the genuineness or forgery of the documents presented by Murray beyond all doubt, Elizabeth, on the demand of several Roman Catholic peers, among them the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, appointed a special committee for examination, including these two nobles and three other declared adherents of the queen of Scots, besides the commissioners of the conference. The committee met at Hampton Court, where the queen was staying, who had ordered that all letters which Mary Stuart had written to her should be given up to the members for the purpose of examination, so as to allow them to compare, in the most careful manner, the minutest details of style and handwriting in the documents undeniably her own and those handed in by Murray, which her friends declared to be forgeries. Piece by piece, and line by line, the letters, sonnets, and other papers addressed to Bothwell were examined by the members of the committee, each taking his part individually and independent of the rest; and the result was a unanimous verdict of guilty against Mary Stuart. The first perusal of the documents had the same effect upon many of the lords, particularly those friendly to the cause of the queen of Scots, as upon the duke of Norfolk when reading them at York, and they did not hesitate more than he to characterize the contents as "matter foul and abominable." When the excitement had passed, the lord chancellor asked every one of the lords present whether they could see any difference between the various letters and papers submitted to them, and they, as with one voice, replied No. Then he drew up the report:—"There were produced sundry letters written in French, said to be written by the queen of Scots' own hand to the Earl Bothwell, and these being read were duly conferred and compared for the manner of writing and fashion of orthography with sundry other letters heretofore written and sent by the said queen of Scots to the queen's majesty, in collation whereof no difference was found." It was the moral death-sentence of Queen Mary Stuart.

The sittings of the conference were resumed after the conclusion of the Hampton Court inquiry, but in merely nominal form. Neither Elizabeth nor Cecil could think of any expedient to bring the great inquiry to a satisfactory end, and it was therefore resolved to adjourn the discussion indefinitely, which was done on the 10th of January, 1569. It being the object of the queen now rather to calm the prevailing excitement than increase it, she prevailed upon the earl of Lennox, who had come to London to accuse Mary in person of the murder of his son, and to adduce fresh proofs of it, to abandon his suit temporarily, that she might in the meanwhile communicate with the accused. This was done by Elizabeth informing the bishop of Ross that the queen of Scots would be left the choice of three ways in clearing herself from the grave accusations brought against her, either by defending herself in writing before the conference, or by sending duly-instructed plenipotentiaries to do the same, or, finally, sub-

mitting to the examination of a commission of inquiry to be sent to Bolton Castle. In conclusion, Elizabeth ordered the bishop to inform his mistress that "those who advised her to abstain from answering the charges made against her, however they should seem good servants, did rather betray her to procure her condemnation." The reply of Mary Stuart to this communication was haughty in the extreme. She declared that no arguments were needed to defend herself against any accusations brought forward by her enemies, and that her own princely word and denial was more than sufficient for the purpose. There was no longer discussion possible on arguments like these, and Cecil deemed it best, therefore, to break up the conference, without pronouncing judgment, or coming to any formal decision. The latter was unnecessary, in so far as, except with a few who wished to be wilfully blind for political or other purposes, there remained no longer a doubt in men's minds that Mary Stuart was guilty of the murder of her husband, and as such unfit to be the ruler of a nation. In order that, sentence not being pronounced, the English government might publicly express the conviction arrived at, the removal of Mary Stuart to a new place of confinement, severer than the former, was ordered immediately after the dissolution of the conference. On the 26th of January, 1569, the deposed queen was led under military escort from Bolton to Tutbury Castle, a gloomy old mansion, on the River Dove, in Staffordshire.

While the trial of Mary Stuart had absorbed the chief attention of Englishmen, mighty events were taking place abroad, scarcely less important in their influence upon the future of the kingdom than the political and religious struggle expressed in and centering around the life of the queen of Scots. These events were the continued battling of the Huguenots of France against overwhelming odds, and the simultaneous effort of the Protestant people of the Netherlands to throw off the dark power of Spain and of Rome. Having captured Havre with the aid of the Huguenots, Catherine de Medici lost no time in turning round upon them, recommencing the old persecution; and only when it was too late Condé perceived the fatal blunder he had made in spurning the aid of his English allies. Beaten in almost every encounter, and crushed by the number of their enemies, the Calvinists of France saw themselves gradually driven westward into the sea, occupying at last little more than the town and fortress of La Rochelle, to which they clung with the grasp of despair, like lions mortally wounded gathering strength in the agony of death. It was the ruin of the Protestant cause in France that its leaders had paid no regard to the great truth so often preached of the binding interest of religious faith among nations, and had forgotten seemingly that the millions of Germany, of England, of Scotland, and of the Netherlands, who were battling to emancipate themselves from ancient superstition, and struggling to emerge from darkness into light, were of the same brotherhood with them, and that united battling only and united struggling could lead to victory. They forgot it, and they and all France paid dearly, for ages to come, for the forgetfulness. While the

soldiers of freedom were fighting disunited, a group here and a group there, the enemy came up in close phalanx, strong in concord, and overpowering in numbers. The Holy League for the extirpation of heresy concluded between the pope and the rulers of Spain and France, and to which Mary Stuart had given her adherence, bore its effect almost immediately after its establishment. King Philip and the pontiff aided the queen-mother of France both with men and money to crush the Huguenots, and when they had been driven to their last refuge on the Atlantic coast, Catherine in her turn assisted her allies to break the neck of heresy in the Netherlands. The latter was a movement which, more than all preceding religious struggles on the continent of Europe, engaged the highest interests of England—an England which had come to see, gradually and slowly, that there are spiritual ties between nations as important as those of language and race.

The people of the Netherlands, at the time they commenced their great battle against the despotism of Rome, were among the most industrious as well as most prosperous nations of the world. Their political institutions bore sign of their prosperity, for though nominally under the sceptre of the great German-Spanish family, who by inheritance and matrimonial alliances had acquired half-a-dozen crowns, and whose power culminated in Kaiser Charles V., their dependence went no further than a certain liability to taxation, in return for which they might claim protection against foreign enemies. In the reign of Charles V., himself a native of the Netherlands, the country was divided into seventeen provinces, each having its own stadholder, or president, and institutions based on the principle of self-government. The reformation found its way very early among these well-educated, thoughtful, and industrious masses, and the tenets of Luther and Calvin had spread far and wide before being arrested by the great antagonistic power. Here, as elsewhere, Rome showed its determination to hold its own with the grip of the murderer and the hangman; but it was not till the commencement of the reign of Philip that the persecution of the Protestants began in earnest, and not till the advent of the Holy League that all preparations were made complete for the final war of extermination. One of the first doings of Philip was to introduce the Spanish inquisition, and, in its trail, the society of the Jesuits; and the combined working of these two elements having stirred the people into rebellion, the time was thought fit for extirpating heresy, root and branch. As a fit instrument for this duty, Philip selected Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, duke of Alva, or Alba, greatest captain, greatest fanatic, and greatest bloodhound in the service of Spain. A soldier from the age of sixteen, Alva had devoted his life to fight against, to persecute, and to kill heretics, not sparing sex or age, and when not able to reach the living, venting his fury against the dead by burning their bones and scattering the ashes to the winds. It was his boast to have slaughtered more than a hundred thousand heretics, when Philip ordered him to take the chief command in the Netherlands, there to add to his laurels. The duke hastened to obey the command, and gathering an

army of twelve thousand men, highly organized and equipped, even to the possession of two thousand frail nymphs, he started from Italy in the summer of 1567, accompanied by the blessing of the Holy Father.

Catherine de Medici allowed Alva's army to pass through France, to the horror of her Protestant subjects, who, impotent to help themselves, had nothing but prayers and tears left for their brethren in the Netherlands. Descending from Mont Cenis, and crossing Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, the papal troops tramped northward in slow stages, and at the commencement of September made their entry into Brussels. Treating the statutes, charters, and privileges connecting the seventeen provinces under the sceptre of Spain, with internal self-government established for ages, as mere waste paper, Alva commenced his work by summarily suspending all local magistrates and closing all courts of justice, erecting in their stead a central tribunal, presided over by himself, and soon known as the Council of Blood. The task of murder now was ready to begin. With his twelve thousand Spanish and Italian brigands, let loose all over the country as hangmen and assassins, guided by priests and incited by plunder, Alva succeeded in laying hold of all the leading men among the Protestants and establishing a reign of terror. Unprepared for resistance, and far less warlike from their industrial occupations and training than the Huguenots of France, the people of the Netherlands allowed themselves to be butchered like lambs; and it was only when murder had reached its farthest limits, when the streets were running with blood, and gallows were standing at every door, that they rose at last with one wild shriek of despair. The shriek found its echo in Protestant England, just at the moment that Elizabeth's commissioners were sitting in trial upon Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth's position in regard to the people of the Netherlands was one of no slight difficulty. She knew that the great majority of her subjects deeply sympathized with them; but she knew also that there was a strong and influential minority, particularly in the north of England, who looked to the king of Spain as to a patron of the old religion, and who would be sure to resent, by insurrection or otherwise, any offensive measures against him. Under these circumstances, the queen felt greatly inclined to leave the Dutch Protestants to themselves, a policy which seemed the wiser as the alliance with the Huguenots had shown that the noblest religious enthusiasm offered no security against gross political ingratitude, and that the reformers on the continent were far as yet from appreciating a brotherhood of faith among nations. With Havre still in her memory, Elizabeth looked coldly upon Bruges and Antwerp crying for help, the more so as her religious sympathies were but shallow, and more than overcome by her dislike of war. Fortunately for the cause of Protestantism in England and all over the world, there was a man at the side of the queen with views and sympathies loftier than hers, disdaining to huckster petty territorial advantages against freedom of conscience, and disdaining to consider his own country isolated from the civilization of Europe because of its being an

island in a geographical sense. Cecil clearly comprehended that Protestantism, once suppressed by brute force on the continent, could not flourish in England, young as was its life and numerous as were its enemies; and strong in this conviction, shared by the best and noblest of his countrymen, he determined to do all in his power to uphold the principles of reformation abroad as well as at home. Cecil did not like war, being less inclined to it than even Elizabeth, who was ready enough to stake men's lives for solid advantages; but he held firmly to the belief that war with all its horrors was infinitely preferable to the boundless misery of millions of human beings kneeling for ages under the iron heel of despotism, and millions of god-like minds slumbering under the dark shade of ancient superstition and idolatry. When Alva with his twelve thousand papal assassins marched into the Netherlands, Cecil felt that the time had come for England to make war. Only a small arm of the sea now divided England from the inquisition, from the Jesuits, from the Council of Blood, and from the grim fanatic whose pride was to have murdered a hundred thousand men to please God. And there were crowds of dark benighted souls in England, Cecil knew, ready to welcome the great murderer and his horde, so he could but cross the small arm of the sea.

War of England against Spain, of the first of the Protestant powers of Europe against the mother of the inquisition, the cradle of Jesuits, had become inevitable from the moment the Holy League was signed; yet Cecil nevertheless had a gigantic task in launching the vessel of state, at the helm of which he was standing, fairly into the ocean to face the enemy. The queen herself was the great obstacle opposing him. Her mental vision being within womanly limits, she was unable to grasp the wide range of European politics; and, holding to the notion of England being strictly and in every sense part of an island, well guarded by soldiers, sailors, and custom-house officers, she could not bring herself to see how the march of twelve thousand papal cut-throats from Rome, over Mont Cenis, through France, to Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, could in any way influence either the actual or future state of her own country. Thus she refused to compromise herself in any way by giving aid to the oppressed Protestants in the Netherlands, and Cecil had to seek the attainment of his great end by artifice rather than the power of persuasion. His policy might have met with still greater obstacles but for the involuntary assistance of King Philip. Following strictly the course laid down by the Holy League, Philip refused the queen's envoy at Madrid, Mr. Man, doctor of divinity, to have the service of the church of England read in his own chapel, on the ground that the embassy, like all other dwelling-places in Spain, was "subject to the holy house of the inquisition." Elizabeth, to whom Dr. Man referred the matter at once, burst into a rage, and ordered him to inform the Spanish government that as she allowed King Philip's ambassador the free exercise of his own religion, not only for himself but for all his friends and servants, so she expected the same for her own envoy, and was resolved "not to endure inequality." Thereupon Dr. Man renewed his Anglican service, temporarily interrupted; but

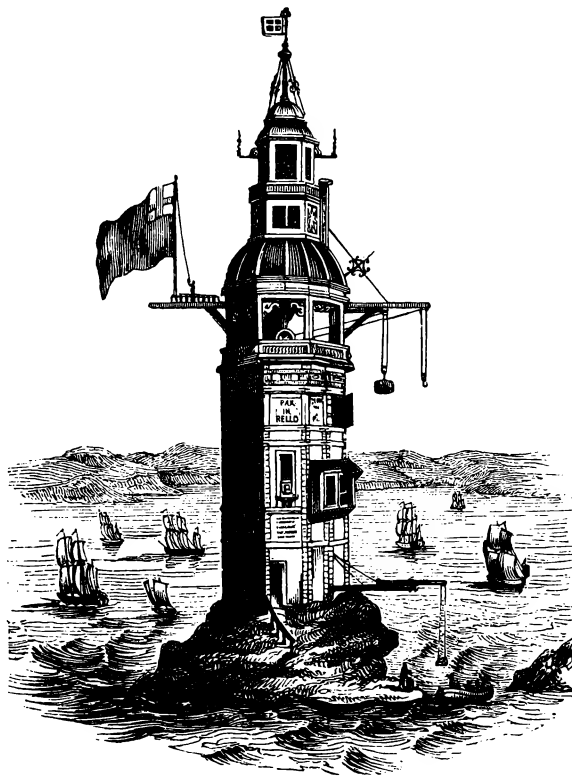
with the only effect of being carried to prison, without further waste of arguments. The next Elizabeth heard of her envoy was that, after an enforced residence in a gaol six miles from Madrid, he was examined before a board of priests, and not being found good enough to be hung or burnt, was ordered to be summarily kicked out of the happy territory reposing under the shield of the holy house of the inquisition. It was an insult justifying war, according to international law. Elizabeth was furious, while Cecil rejoiced, though with a modicum of pity for poor Mr. Man, doctor of divinity.

The affront, great as it was, however proved yet insufficient to drive the queen into an absolute breach with King Philip; and she was still considering what sort of satisfaction, short of war, she would have to require from the Spanish government, when an event occurred which did away with all further hesitation. Deeply imbued with the spirit of money-making, Elizabeth had been engaged for some years past in trading enterprises, among others in the most profitable, though most iniquitous of all trades, that in slaves. The traffic, always highly remunerative, was becoming so more and more through the severe penalties enacted by the Spaniards against all foreigners carrying on intercourse with their own great colonies in the west; and the danger stimulating enterprise as well as raising profits, a number of bold English sea-rovers engaged in the detestable work of capturing black-skinned human beings on the African coast, and carrying them across the Atlantic, for sale in the West Indies and the Spanish main. There were many who boasted of having made great fortunes in this nefarious traffic; but the boldest and most successful of all the slave-traders, by universal consent, was John Hawkins, a native of Plymouth. Having amassed large treasure in several voyages, he resolved, in 1567, to embark in an enterprise greater than any yet attempted, by taking a fleet of six ships to Africa, and from thence to the Spanish West Indies. The trip promised to be unusually profitable, and Elizabeth eagerly accepted a partnership of one-third in it, agreeing to furnish and equip two vessels out of the six. The bargain was duly made, and after receiving, on the request of the Spanish ambassador, a formal warning from the queen's privy council not to break on any account the laws excluding unlicensed traders from the Spanish colonies, John Hawkins sailed from Plymouth in October, 1567, with a chosen crew of daring seamen, among them a young relative, Francis Drake by name. The voyage was successful beyond all expectation. After sacking a densely-peopled town in the Sierra Leone, and stowing away as many black human cattle on board the six ships as they could possibly carry, John Hawkins steered westward, sold his slaves at enormous prices, the tariff having risen in consequence of a fearful pestilence; and having ballasted his fleet with gold and silver bars worth nearly a million pounds sterling, prepared to sail home to England. But he had not gone far on his route, when he was caught by a storm, and compelled to seek a refuge in the harbour of St. Jean de Luz, in the Gulf of Mexico. While refitting here and taking in provisions, the Spanish admiral came creeping in

with a dozen men-of-war, and quietly anchored alongside the English ships. After an interchange of courtesies and compliments lasting for nearly a week, during which the Spaniards planted masked batteries around the whole of the harbour, the admiral thought that his time had come for action. Even with his twelve big ships he had been afraid to attack the daring English sea-captain, whose very name was a terror to Spanish ears, and he resolved, therefore, to conquer by perfidy. In the dead of night, when all were asleep on board the English vessels, the Spanish batteries opened fire upon them, without the least hint or notice of warning being given. John Hawkins and his men, utterly unprepared as they were, fought desperately for their lives, and in the teeth of the cannon thundering from the shore and the Spanish war-vessels, and surrounded by fire-ships let loose at the mouth of the harbour, they succeeded in cutting their way out in small boats, leaving the enemy to scramble for their immense treasure. Arrived in the open sea, their situation was nearly as desperate as before, being short of food and water, so that after sailing northward for a day they were compelled to seek the shore again. A landing was effected, and a few provisions gathered; but before the greater number of the men were able to reach the boats, they saw themselves surrounded by soldiers, and, chained hand and foot, were led away as prisoners. John Hawkins, in a small bark with Francis Drake and a few companions, looked on from the sea; and the last of the Englishmen having been dragged off by the Spanish troops, he spread his tattered sail, and went to the helm, steering north-east. Three weeks after, on one of the first days of January, 1569, a little boat, a mere wreck of the ocean, came running into Plymouth Harbour, and half-a-dozen ragged men, hunger in their faces, jumped ashore. After a short rest, the youngest of the crew took to horse, galloping away on the road to London. Arrived in the capital, the youth demanded an audience of the queen, saying his name was Francis Drake, and he was serving under John Hawkins. The same evening Francis Drake stood face to face with Queen Elizabeth. He told her, with trembling lips, that the Spaniards had robbed her of a million, and that English sailors had been beaten on the sea.

Now Elizabeth was ready for war. She sent for Cecil, ordering him to convene the privy council, and to prepare all things for sending help to the oppressed Flemings, whose envoys had been lingering about the court for months. But Cecil looked grave and doubtful. He informed Elizabeth that however much inclined to follow the course prescribed by her, the occasion was not fitting. By the laws of Spain, which he was bound to obey when attempting to trade with Spanish colonies, John Hawkins had become a pirate, and being treated as such, he had no reason to complain, nor the government of which he was a subject. The argument was too strong for Elizabeth to deny it; however she insisted upon retaliation, and Cecil promised to consider the subject. Advice was not wanting, and among others a most excellent scheme was propounded by William Hawkins, brother of John. When the storm-tossed bark of the bold slave-trader returned to Plymouth, there

was lying in the harbour a Spanish ship, under a Captain Francesco Diaz, with eight hundred thousand ducats on board, destined for the army of the duke of Alva. The vessel had been chased into Plymouth by French and Flemish cruisers, fitted out by the



PLYMOUTH LIGHTHOUSE.

Huguenots of La Rochelle and the Calvinists of Antwerp; and, to prevent its being fetched away by men-of-war, William Hawkins proposed to her majesty's government to lay hands upon it. All Plymouth, the brave William assured Cecil, was anxious "to stay King Philip's treasure till recompence was made," and "if it did not please her majesty to meddle in the matter, although she herself was the greatest loser therein," yet he hoped "her majesty would give her subjects leave to meddle with it." Elizabeth was delighted with the plan of recouping herself thus easily, and though Cecil did not at all admire it, he had to consult the officer in command at Plymouth, Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Champernowne, on the feasibility of the undertaking. Sir Arthur, holding with the brothers Hawkins and others that the universe belonged to Englishmen, was enthusiastically in favour of the scheme of robbing King Philip. "I will not only take it in hand to good effect," was his reply to Cecil, "but also receive the blame thereof unto myself, to the end so great a commodity should redound to her grace. For great pity it were that such a booty should escape her grace; and surely I am of that mind that anything taken from that wicked nation is both necessary and profitable to our commonweal."

This was exactly Elizabeth's opinion, and the vice-admiral, having recommended "his boy Henry" as a suitable individual to help carrying the little affair to a successful end, orders were despatched that he and the "boy" and the Hawkinses, with other patriots willing to assist, should set to work at once. Sir Arthur and his Plymouth friends were beside themselves for joy at receipt of the gracious royal command, and without losing a minute swooped down like hawks, not only upon the treasure-ship of Francesco Diaz, but upon every Spanish vessel at anchor from Mount's Bay to Spithead.

The seizure was effected in the most extraordinary manner, as described by Captain Francesco Diaz, in a letter sent post haste to the Spanish ambassador in London, Don Gerald de Espes, successor of de Silva, recalled a month before. "The vice-admiral of these ports," Diaz wrote to Don Gerald, "sent for us, and insisted that as long as we had treasure on board, he could not be answerable for its safety, and that for our own sakes, as well as for our master's, it must be unloaded at the ports. We declined to consent, whereupon he left us under guard at his own house, went to our ships with his people, and took from our ships sixty-four chests of treasure, which he deposited in the town-hall. Then he searched in like manner all the Spanish and Flemish ships in the harbour, broke up the cargoes, and took out whatever he pleased, small and great. He ill-used our sailors, beating some, and throwing others into the sea, then distributed us all in different prisons, saying that we should be held to exchange for the Englishmen who had been taken by the Spaniards. I asked him why he used such cruelty with his majesty's subjects, when Spain and England were at peace. He told me I ought to thank him for being more merciful than the duke of Alva, who had cut off the heads of divers Englishmen in Flanders. Then I heard that many more were cast into prison at other ports, while heretics were sent to preach the heathen Gospel to them." The rage of the Spanish ambassador at the receipt of this report was boundless. The loss of the treasure-chests was serious enough, but the preaching of the "heathen Gospel" to good Catholics infinitely aggravated the outrage, and it seemed to him that not a moment should be lost to take revenge. Drawing up a short statement of the insult committed against the majesty of Spain, he forthwith despatched a messenger in a swift boat across the Channel to the duke of Alva, desiring him to take immediate reprisals. The duke, who anxiously expected the money on the way from Spain, required little stimulation, and instantly laid hold of every English vessel within his reach, and cast every English subject he could seize into the dungeons of the inquisition. Mounted couriers then sped across France to Spain, urging King Philip to declare war against England.

The storm burst so suddenly as utterly to bewilder Elizabeth. When ordering or permitting the seizure of Spanish cash, in deep despair at the loss of her own, she had been far from contemplating all the consequences of the step, and the proceedings of Alva therefore came to throw her into the utmost perplexity. Sending for Don Gerald de Espes, she feebly attempted to make excuses, disavowing to

some extent the act of confiscation at Plymouth and the other south-western ports, and declaring her readiness to consider the treasure taken from the Spanish vessels and delivered into her hands as a loan. But Philip's envoy, with all the pride and insolence of his nation, would hear of no apologies, and became rude and offensive to a degree that the queen fairly lost her temper. Turning her back upon him, she went to address Cecil and the lords of the privy council, commanding them to order the instant seizure of every Spaniard and every bale of Spanish goods within the city of London, in retaliation of the course taken by the duke of Alva in the Netherlands. The order, given late in the afternoon, was executed with marvellous speed, showing its extreme popularity. At eleven o'clock in a stormy January night, the lord mayor and aldermen of London went the round of the city, and knocking at the door of every merchant or trader subject of King Philip, sealed up the goods, and carried the unfortunate owners, mostly Jews, from their warm beds into the cold Fleet Prison. It was a sorry mode of warfare, yet not at all unsatisfactory to Queen Elizabeth. Casting up her accounts, she found that she had very much the advantage over King Philip, her Jews being worth a great deal more than the merchants kidnapped by the duke of Alva. The ladies at court were very merry on the subject, which was indeed extremely comical to all parties—except the Jews.

Alva's invitation to Philip to declare war was not responded to as expected. Extremely cautious in all his movements, the king considered that, before commencing hostilities against England, it would be well to settle matters in the Netherlands, and the state of affairs here not being very promising, a postponement of warlike proceedings seemed the safest course. In the meantime, and while continuing with energy the work of murder against the Protestant Flemings, who, recovered from their first stupor, had begun to rally around the prince of Orange, one of their stadholders, Philip made use of the influence he possessed among the Roman Catholics to stir up sedition, so as to prepare the ground for the ultimate attack. The time was favourable in many respects, the trial of Mary Stuart having furnished a rallying-point to the papal party; and King Philip thought it still more propitious than it was in reality from the reports of his ambassador, who informed him that there was only one great enemy to conquer. "It is Cecil," Don Gerald wrote to his master, after the seizure of Spanish goods, "who rules all now, and prompts the villain tricks which trouble us. No words can tell the depth of Cecil's heresy, and as he sees the Protestant cause going to the ground in Flanders and France, he grows furious, as if possessed by ten thousand fiends." Then, giving a full-length portrait of the chief of the heretics, the ambassador went on:—"This Cecil is a man of low extraction, cunning, false, malicious, full of deceit, and so true an Englishman that he thinks all the sovereigns of Christendom cannot conquer this island. He it is who governs all. He is diligent and acute, but never keeps faith or word, thinking we are none of us a match for him." To get rid of this terrific antagonist, the envoy proposed to raise an insurrection among the Catholics in

the northern counties of England, which, if completely attaining its end, would instal Mary Stuart on the throne, but even if only partially successful might lead to the fall of the "true Englishman." The counsel of Don Gerald quite agreed with the views of Philip, and a convoy of priests and Jesuit agents, well supplied with money and proclamations, was forthwith despatched from the head-quarters of Alva to the north of England.

The king of Spain was quick, yet not quick enough for his English antagonist. Before Alva's emissaries had effected a landing in Yorkshire, Cecil laid hold of Don Gerald, centre of all intrigues, and busy weaver of the great spider's net which was to swallow up heresy and heretics together. The correspondence found in the house of Philip's ambassador fully revealed the machinations that had been going on for some time to create an opposition against the government, particularly in the ranks of the nobility and among men supposed to be possessed of any influence. But it was some satisfaction to Cecil to discover from the documents that the conspirators already gained over were split into two parties, the one, more especially patronized by King Philip, aiming at a slowly-prepared general rising, to pave the way for a Spanish invasion and a persecution of Protestants, like that in the Netherlands, and the other desirous, in the first instance, of his own overthrow. To defeat the latter faction, vanguard, in many respects, of the former, became the more immediate task of Cecil. His chief enemies were the earls of Arundel, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, who had gained over the duke of Norfolk with the bait of securing his marriage with Mary Stuart if they succeeded, and the earl of Leicester by the hope that Elizabeth might give him her hand, once the chief enemy of the alliance was thrust aside. Composed of such incongruous elements, with private objects predominating over general interests, Cecil had no great difficulty in overcoming his opponents one by one. Norfolk, weak-minded, vain, and greedy, was separated at once from his associates by the promised grant of some estates in Norfolk; and Northumberland and Westmoreland were kept at bay by being closely watched, with the threat of impeachment hanging over them in case they should give the slightest sign of rebellion. Leicester alone, secure in the favour of Elizabeth, seemed fairly determined to accomplish the overthrow of Cecil by the bold step of arresting him in the midst of the privy council, on the charge of being a traitor to his country by dragging England, against the wish of the queen and the nation, into a war with Spain. This extraordinary scheme grew out of the ever vacillating mood of Elizabeth, who, after the first bold steps against King Philip, had fallen into prolonged fits of despondency. To new envoys sent by the Huguenots of France, imploring her aid, she kept crying, excitedly, "*Je ne veux point la guerre! Je ne veux point la guerre!*"—"I will have no war—while the members of the privy council had to hear, in her own energetic language, that "she cursed those who had tempted her to take the Spanish treasure: she wished the devil had flown away with them." However, Leicester, who based upon all this the plan of violently overthrowing Cecil, proved but that he knew very little of the real

character of the royal lady, so much attached to him. There were two natures in Elizabeth—the woman and the queen, the first bending towards the handsome courtier, and the second towards the wise statesman. Often enough the former predominated; but it was the lasting glory of Elizabeth's reign that in any great emergency the woman was sacrificed to the queen.

The preparations for the arrest of Cecil were all complete by the end of April. As a preliminary movement, Leicester obtained the release from custody of the Spanish ambassador, allowing him to set afresh to the weaving of his big spider-net. Don Gerald went to work with a hearty good-will, and succeeded in bringing up the lost or strayed friends, Norfolk, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. Norfolk was greatly in want of money, and Leicester hinting at the desirability of cash, Don Gerald procured six thousand pounds in good golden ducats from Spain, and, dividing it between them, told them to be quick about their business. The arrangement was that Norfolk, as premier peer of England, should raise his voice in the privy council, in the queen's presence, and charge Cecil with treason, whereupon, on a given signal, other lords were to come forward to arrest him and give him over to the guards to be carried to the Tower. But Norfolk, bold as a lion in talking of his forthcoming deeds, got timid as a hare when the hour arrived for execution. Three times the conspirators went to the council intending not to leave till they had sent Cecil to the Tower, and three times they came away without having done the least thing towards effecting their object. Cecil sat there so calm and grand, so seemingly secure in the fulness of his power, that not only Norfolk's faint heart but the courage of the other plotters broke down under the trial of standing up as accusers, with the imminent peril of becoming, instead of making, prisoners. At last, the earl of Leicester, who kept watching his mistress in all her movements, and upon whom the conviction began to dawn that even his handsome person might suffer the grip of the Tower guards if seriously attempting the overthrow of Cecil, informed his friends that the time had gone by for action, and that before proceeding further they must procure further help from abroad. This meant more supplies from the Spanish ambassador; but the latter was furious at the utter failure of a scheme so well paid for beforehand, and swore they should not have another ducat till fairly earning it. "These men are cowards," Don Gerald wrote to his master, "and their spirit failed at the very time they wanted it. To me they excused themselves by saying that so many of the council had dipped their hands in Spanish plunder that they could not count upon support, but the truth is they are poor cravens." There was not much for Philip to hope in the invasion of England from such allies.

But the dangers of Cecil were not over with the evaporation of the plot for his arrest. The spirit of insurrection, stirred by foreign emissaries, was rife among the Catholic population in the northern counties, and at the end of the summer of 1569 an outbreak seemed ready at every moment. One of the principal features of the movement, as revealed in

intercepted despatches to the Spanish ambassador, was the forcible release of Mary Stuart and her proclamation as sovereign of England. To prevent the success of this part of the scheme, orders were sent for closely guarding and watching the captive queen, so as to prevent her escape. Mary had been allowed, during the summer of 1569, to exchange the close air of Tutbury Castle for a more pleasant residence at Wingfield Manor House, a property of the earl of Shrewsbury; but the sudden departure of the duke of Norfolk from London in the middle of September furnishing strong suspicions that a rescue was to be attempted, she was taken back to her old quarters in such a hurry that even her train was left behind. The implication of Norfolk in this new intrigue was chiefly the work of the ever active Don Gerald, who, by exciting his imagination with fresh hopes of a crown in store for him so he would but stretch out his hand to take it, made him run down to his estates in the eastern counties, seriously intending to raise his men and join the great revolt of the north. But arriving at his residence of Kenninghall, near Norwich, and finding that the insurrection had not yet commenced, and that moreover his guiding star, the queen of Scots, was again safely locked up in Tutbury Castle, despair once more seized the poor duke, and he sat down to pen a humble letter to Elizabeth, stating that he had fallen very ill, which had been the reason of his sudden departure from court without taking leave of her majesty. For all reply, a royal summons arrived, ordering him to return to London "without manner of excuse." Norfolk obeyed immediately, against all the entreaties of his retainers and servants, who clung to him with the affection due to the scion of an ancient house, kissing his hands when riding away, and crying that they were ready to face death for his sake. The duke did not go absolutely without fear of being punished for his abortive attempt to rescue Mary, but he trusted to his influence in the privy council, and to the secret connection with Leicester, against the punishment coming to more than a sharp reprimand or a fine. However, a few hours sufficed to show Norfolk that he was mistaken. Cecil, thinking that further leniency towards the vain and foolish conspirators who were constantly trying to disturb the peace of the realm would be criminal, had him arrested on his way to town, and in the evening of the day after he had left his own territory the gates of the Tower closed behind the premier peer of England. Arundel and several other lords implicated with him were taken into custody at the same time.

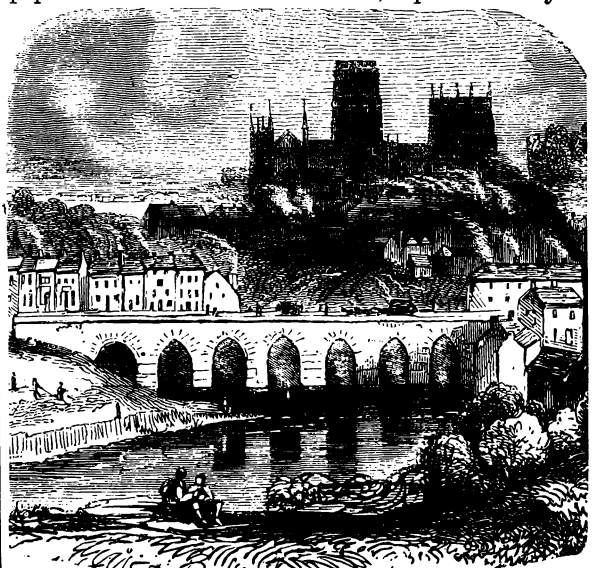
The energetic seizure of the duke of Norfolk did not entirely quench the fire prepared by King Philip's emissaries. Don Gerald, playing higher stakes than any of his English partners, but confident that, whatever might happen, he would save his head, was determined to have his money's worth of revolution. Instead of pitying the poor duke whom he had brought to the Tower, he charged his timidity with being the cause of all previous failures, and incited the other nobles to compensate for it by instant action. The plan of it was sketched in a notable letter of the ambassador to his royal master, dated October 8, 1569. "The earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cum-

berland, and Derby," Don Gerald informed Philip, "and the whole Catholic body, are furious at the cowardice which the duke of Norfolk has shown. The earl of Northumberland's servant, who was here a while ago about this business, has returned to me, and I have also letters in cipher from the bishop of Ross. The sum of their reports to me is that they will take forcible possession of the queen of Scots. They will then make themselves masters of the northern counties, re-establish the Catholic religion, and restore to your majesty whatever prizes have been taken from your majesty's subjects now in the harbours of these coasts. They hope that, when the queen of Scots is free, they may be supplied with a number of arquebusemen from the Low Countries, which request I have referred to the duke of Alva." The scheme, neat and simple as it was, failed unfortunately at the very outset. To place Mary Stuart at the head of the insurrection was the first part of the programme, for the execution of which a stratagem had been imagined. Tutbury Castle, a strong castellated mansion, guarded by five hundred troops, and in a Protestant county, could not be approached easily; and the countess of Northumberland, a zealous Catholic, had hit upon the plan of making her way into the castle in the disguise of a nurse, intending to change her attire with the captive queen, and thus allow her to escape. The countess got safely in, but did not get out again, nor Mary in her place. So far from assisting the Catholic rebels, the scheme did great harm to them, the countess, under the influence of fear, betraying many of their movements, particularly the intentions of her husband. In order to prevent any further attempt at rescue, forcible or otherwise, Mary Stuart was taken a few days after, in the midst of soldiers, and led to Coventry. It was the fourth English prison of the queen of Scotland.

As far as things had gone now, and in view of all the preparations of the government, it seemed almost madness on the part of the Roman Catholics to attempt a rising, and the chief leaders of the plot made mien to abandon it. However, the foreign element which had begun the movement was more active than ever, and determined for any desperate venture. The influence of the priests sent by Alva had been greatly strengthened by the arrival of a delegate direct from the pope, Dr. Nicholas Morton, bearing the title of Apostolical Penitentiary, and his decision that an insurrection should take place was regarded as final. Accordingly, the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who had taken flight from London before the arrest of Norfolk, were made to draw the sword in what they considered the holy cause. Northumberland, a very amiable, but exceedingly weak man, would gladly have stood aloof, and felt half inclined to refuse obedience to the dictates of the church, but was drawn into the turmoil of war by an almost ludicrous accident. Resting at his princely mansion at Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, he was startled in the dead of night by the clang of swords and the clatter of horsehoofs on the road approaching his residence, and in the belief that the royal troops were approaching to take him prisoner, he jumped out of the window, and went off at full speed on a ready-saddled horse to Brancepath Castle, the dwelling of the earl of

Westmoreland. The latter, ready to take the field, expressed great delight to behold his noble friend, not deeming otherwise but that he had come with warlike intentions, there being no enemy within twenty miles. Thus entrapped, Northumberland, for his own reputation, was compelled to assume warrior airs, and consented in silent despair that his own retainers should unite at once with those of Westmoreland and the other Catholic nobles of the northern counties, including the heads of the ancient families of Dacre, Norton, Markenfield, and Tempest. On the 16th of November the two earls and their friends left Brancepath Castle, at the head of five hundred horsemen and as many foot soldiers, to raise the flame of another civil war in England.

The first steps of the insurgents were crowned with success. All along the road from Brancepath to Durham, a distance of four miles, the population flocked in crowds around the standard of Westmoreland, and the cathedral city itself, chiefly inhabited by Roman Catholics, opened its gates the same day. The Apostolical Penitentiary, too, was waiting at Durham, and under his guidance the cathedral was taken possession of, the Bible and Prayer-book solemnly burnt, the communion-table broken to pieces, and priests, crucifixes, and images of saints restored to their old places. After staying several days in the city, during which reinforcements kept pouring in from all directions, Westmoreland marched his troops, now more than six thousand strong, with about one thousand horse, southwards towards Richmond, in Yorkshire, which was occupied without resistance, as well as Allerton and Ripon. The only opposition met with on the road from Durham to Richmond and Ripon, was at Barnard Castle, garrisoned by a few hundred men under Sir Richard Bowes, who refused to surrender, but, being short of provisions, had to capitulate at the end of a fortnight. So far the march of Westmoreland's army had been completely victorious, owing chiefly to the sympathies of the population with the rebel cause, represented by a



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banner showing Jesus Christ on the cross, with his five bleeding wounds. The attraction of this banner, however, and of the Apostolical Penitentiary marching in the shade of it, came to an end at Borough-bridge, a few miles south of Ripon. Westmoreland, arrived here, heard that about five thousand royal troops, under the earl of Warwick, were coming up in forced marches from Nottingham and Sheffield; and he thereupon beat a hasty retreat northward, attempting to gain the mouth of the Tees, where a body of Spanish soldiers, despatched by Alva, were expected to land. The Tees was reached, and Hartlepool taken, but the Spaniards came not, their trip being checked by half-a-dozen men-of-war leisurely cruising between the Scheldt and the Thames. Seeing no hope of foreign assistance, and mistrusting his own forces, who commenced disbanding faster than they had assembled as soon as the rumour of a possible encounter with the royal troops had spread, Westmoreland marched back to Durham, to hear one more mass at the cathedral. On the 16th of December, exactly a month after the commencement of the insurrection, the rebel crowd still in arms was called together by sound of bugle, and each man told to get home and hide himself as best he might. Westmoreland, Northumberland, the Penitentiary, and the other leaders, sacred and profane, set the example of self-preservation by turning their faces at once towards the Border, which they were lucky enough to reach. Westmoreland, arrived in Scotland, found an asylum in one of the strongholds of Lord Hume; but Northumberland, less fortunate, was kidnapped a little north of the Cheviot Hills by a brave freebooter, known as Hecky Armstrong, who shut him up in an old tower to see what money could be made out of a fast-riding English earl. He had already sent a messenger south to ask how much Queen Elizabeth would give for him, when the regent interfered, and by threats and bribes induced Hecky to deliver Northumberland to him, on which the prisoner was installed in the vacant apartments of Lochleven Castle. Thus all the chiefs of the rebellion escaped, leaving the poor dupes whom they had seduced behind for punishment. It proved a lesson not soon forgotten in the northern counties.

Mary Stuart's position, after the defeat of the insurrection, became very critical. There was no want of proofs showing that she had been actively engaged in stirring up the revolt, and that without her for a centre, on which hung the hopes of all popish fanatics in the realm, it could never have taken place. But the perplexity of Cecil what to do with this passionate woman, unscrupulous like a hardened criminal and revengeful like a fiend, was greater than ever. To put her upon trial for participation in the rebellion seemed impolitic, and to pass sentence upon her for the murder of her husband was not possible, the crime having been committed beyond the queen's jurisdiction. On the other hand, to keep her in perpetual imprisonment—the decision silently arrived at—was becoming more and more perilous, no walls appearing strong enough to prevent her intrigues from penetrating, as long as there remained hundreds of thousands of bigoted enthusiasts in England looking upon her as a religious martyr, and ready to

make her name the standard of revolt whenever it might suit the objects of French priests, Spanish Jesuits, or apostolical penitentiaries. There seemed only one convenient way of disposing of the august culprit, dangerous when at liberty and almost equally dangerous when caged, and that was to send her back to Scotland, to be tried for murder and to be punished like any ordinary criminal. The dictates of justice alike and of good policy prescribed this step being taken, and Cecil would have carried it out but for the strong opposition of the queen. Although she herself had no scruples to judge her royal sister and to keep her in gaol, her notions of the divine right of princes were too strong to allow her to consent that Mary should be tried by her own subjects, with the high probability of being condemned to death. However, Elizabeth felt not altogether disinclined to deliver her prisoner up to the regent, on his promise that she should not be tried but kept in safe custody for the term of her life. Negotiations to the effect were commenced, immediately after the subjugation of the northern rebellion, between Cecil and Murray, and promised to come to a successful end, when a frightful event put a sudden stop to them. The event, in some respects, was a consequence of the negotiations. To Mary Stuart no fate appeared more dreadful than that of becoming once more the prisoner of her subjects; her fear and her pride alike opposed it, and she resolved to strain all her energies to prevent the surrender from taking place. Two ways offered themselves to the widow of Darnley, as simplest after her own mode of action, to attain the end—to get rid of Cecil, or else to get rid of Murray. The latter appeared somewhat easier than the former, as well as a little more advantageous, and therefore gained the royal approbation. It was resolved to murder the regent of Scotland.

The assassination once settled, no difficulty was met with in selecting the assassin. Among her former subjects, Mary knew from experience, were men enough willing to commit murder for decent pay; but the individual who most prominently offered himself for the particular object in hand was one James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. A villain of the deepest dye, notorious for his crimes, he had the additional advantage of being nephew to the archbishop of St. Andrew's, the intimate friend of Bothwell, which relationship, together with that to the chiefs of the Hamilton clan, offered immense facilities in the choice of assistants. The renown of James Hamilton had reached even King Philip, who, at the very moment when he was chosen to kill Murray, had his eyes upon him for assassinating the prince of Orange, greatest enemy of the holy apostolical church in the Netherlands. Without refusing the latter work, Hamilton decided on serving his own friends first, the more so as he had deep reason to be grateful to Murray, and therefore hated him with all his heart. He had been taken a prisoner at Langside, and been pardoned by the regent, against the counsel of Morton, Glencairn, and others, who, fully acquainted with the character of the man, advised to have him shot at once for the benefit of the country. To wipe out this obligation, Hamilton entered with great eagerness upon the scheme of killing Murray, and the

pecuniary matters connected with the work having been arranged to his satisfaction, he set out upon its execution in the middle of January. To help him to get at the regent in an easy way, the Hamiltons enticed the latter to Dumbarton, on the pretence that the castle, perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a rock, and which, held by Lord Fleming, had never yet opened its gates to him, should be formally delivered over to the government. Murray went into the snare, yet with no advantage to the assassin lying in wait for him. It was the prime object of Hamilton to save his own skin while killing the regent; and not meeting with a good opportunity of accomplishing both ends at the same time, he kept sneaking in the rear of his victim without daring to approach too near. Murray having gone on the road to Dumbarton as far as Glasgow, and discovering here that he had been deceived by Lord Fleming and the other Hamiltons, retraced his steps to the capital, travelling by way of Stirling, to see the young king. This done, in the afternoon of the 22nd of January he quitted Stirling, and the same night slept at Linlithgow. The assassin was following close in his track.

Linlithgow, the birthplace of Mary Stuart, was chosen by Hamilton as the fittest spot where to kill her brother and supposed greatest enemy. In the year 1570, much as for centuries after, Linlithgow consisted of one long narrow street, extending along the road from Stirling to Edinburgh, lined by ancient houses with overhanging gables. In one of these dwellings the regent took up his residence in the night from the 22nd to the 23rd of January, while four doors off to the east James Hamilton hid himself in a dwelling belonging to his uncle the archbishop of St. Andrew's. It was a house proper as if made for the dark deed to be accomplished within. Railed in front, with a long wooden balcony running along the first floor on a level with the window, and doors below heavy like those of a fortress, it was completely barricaded off towards the street, while a staircase behind led directly into the garden, at the end of which was a little-frequented lane, turning through the fields into the high road. No better place could possibly be found than this for murdering a man and running away; and Hamilton, having ascertained that the regent would have to pass within three or four yards from the wooden balcony, on account of the narrowness of the street, saw at a glance that here, if anywhere, he might kill with certainty and escape with certainty. His friends were ready to assist him by all possible means; and while Lord Arbroath, aspirant to the hand of Mary Stuart, lent him his best gun, the fleetest horse from the stables of Hamilton Castle was ordered to be stationed in the lane at the end of the garden to carry him away after the gun had done its work. Thus all was ready for the work of murder on the morning of the 23rd of January, when an incident threatened its interruption. Murray had just risen to depart when one of his servants came into his room, imploring him not to pass the house of the archbishop of St. Andrew's in leaving the town, as murderers were lying in wait there. The man had overheard the night before some retainers of the Hamiltons talking about the intended deed, and he trembled lest it should be accomplished. However,

Murray treated the matter lightly, as a mere rumour. He had been warned so often against assassins as to get careless about his secret as well as his open enemies; nor had he any fear, conscious of having always done his duty, and trusting his life into the hands of God. Therefore, with a smile on his lips, he stepped down into the street to get on horseback and ride off towards the fatal house, on the balcony of which, hidden behind a screen, the murderer was cowering already, gun in hand. Once more the faithful servant implored him not to expose his life, and to order at least the suspected dwelling to be searched. The regent again smiled, yet, to oblige his trusty adherent, promised him to quit the town at the other gate, so as not to pass the house indicated. He proceeded to do so, but before having advanced many yards he found the street impassable, stopped by his own guards; and, half-ashamed of his exhibition of timidity, he turned his horse towards the abode of the archbishop of St. Andrew's. Murray intended to ride past at a gallop, but seeing children playing in the street he reined in, afraid to hurt them. At the same moment there was a rustle on the balcony of the archbishop's house, a flash of fire, and the whistling of a bullet, and the regent of Scotland was seen to fall from his horse.

Lifted up by his friends, Murray was carried back to the dwelling which he had left but a few minutes before. His physician having examined the wound and found that the bullet had passed near the heart, injuring vital parts, told him that he must expect death in three or four hours. He received the statement with the greatest calmness. While the regent was lying outstretched in his agony, the people and guards broke into the house in the shelter of which the murder had been committed, but before effecting an entrance, the assassin was far away on his swift steed. However, all knew that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had committed the deed; and the friends standing around Murray's bed in their boundless grief could not help lamenting that he should have ever been pardoned. Great on the brink of death as all through life, the regent bidden them to still their sorrow and lamentation, declaring that, whatever had happened, "he could never repent of his clemency." Then he spoke on, his breath getting feebler and feebler, exhorting all to be true to God and true to their country, till his words sank into a whisper, and his eyes began to close. When the sun was sinking, "without speaking a reproachful word of any man," Murray's eyes had closed for ever, and Scotland had lost the greatest of its rulers.

The assassin escaped to Hamilton Castle, servants with horses being stationed all along the road, and was received in triumph like a hero by the assembled heads of the house, including the archbishop of St. Andrew's. Mary Stuart, to whom the great news was carried at once, was beside herself for joy, and, returning her fervent thanks to the murderer of her brother, ordered that a pension out of her French dowry should be settled upon him. Her exultation was shared by the whole clan of the Hamiltons, who marched at once upon Edinburgh with all the forces at their disposal, confident that the death of the regent would leave the field free for their ambition. In this

expectation they were partly justified, there being for the moment not a person in Scotland sufficiently strong to seize the reins of government dropped from the hands of the murdered man. The foul deed of Linlithgow, and the uncertainty of the future resulting from it, caused a panic everywhere, in the confusion of which the capital was seized by Mary Stuart's adherents, and the earls of Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and others, who attempted to uphold order, driven to the north. To fortify their position, the Hamiltons, directly they had secured Edinburgh, hit upon the bold plan of launching a force across the Border, fully aware that unless they succeeded to establish a connection with Mary's friends in England, there was no chance for them of keeping in power, or of re-establishing Roman Catholicism. The Border raid was undertaken by the lairds of Buccleugh and Fernyhirst, chieftains of the Scotts and Kers, who were joined by the fugitive earl of Westmoreland, labouring under the idea that the northern counties would once more rise at his call. However, the only ally he could find after crossing the frontier was Leonard Dacres, a landowner of great influence, but defective both in wisdom and personal courage. Dacres, joining with the borderers, had the momentary triumph of assembling around his person a force of nearly five thousand men, who took up a strong position around his seat, Naworth Castle, eleven miles north-east of Carlisle. The nearest royal force was at Berwick, garrisoned by about one thousand arquebusemen, under Lord Hunsdon, cousin of Elizabeth. As soon as the report of the new revolt had reached him, he started with his handful of men, and after a rapid march arrived early in the morning of the third day in sight of Naworth. Attack was very difficult, a deep ravine cutting off the castle from the road by which the royal forces were approaching; but, disregarding the obstacle, Hunsdon pushed on boldly, determined to dislodge the insurgents at any cost. He had reached a narrow pass between the hills when suddenly the borderers fell upon him in overwhelming force. For a moment destruction seemed all but certain. The royal troops, having marched all the night through, felt scarcely able to drag their weary limbs along, while the enemy, fresh and strong from the castle, had all the advantage of numbers, confidence, and position. There was a slight wavering perceptible for a minute or two, but it lasted no longer, and on the word of command being given, the arquebusemen of Berwick ranged in line of battle. "Fire!" cried Hunsdon; and down went a broad strip of the advancing rebel army, and the fierce shouts of the borderers gave way to sudden silence. "Fire!" the commander cried once more, and a second line of stalwart bodies dropped to the ground, while the rest turned on their heels, seeking safety in flight. Leonard Dacres himself had not ventured forward with his men, preferring to watch their doings from the tower of his castle; yet he no sooner saw them fly when he set the example of running. As described by an eyewitness: "he fled like a tall gentleman, and never looked behind him till he was in Liddesdale." He did not run a bit too fast, the "tall gentleman," for on the very Border he was caught hold of by one of Hunsdon's suite, and narrowly rescued by a few good-natured Scots, who, at the risk of their own heads, snatched

him from the Englishman and the gallows. Lord Hunsdon would have gladly hung Dacres and some few other chiefs; but they having escaped he showed himself merciful to the rest, and on his suggestion the queen soon after proclaimed a general pardon. It had more effect than a thousand executions would have had in weaning the people of Cumberland from rebellion.

The assassination of Murray did not in any way realize the sanguine expectations founded upon it by Mary Stuart. It gave rise to great expressions of joy at Madrid and at Rome, and the pontiff, to follow up the crusade against eminent heretics, fulminated a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, cursing her in the usual holy apostolical fashion; but the whole turned out mere empty sound and fury. The thunders of the Vatican had long become harmless, and their only effect this time was that of producing the death of a poor Roman Catholic fanatic aiming at the distinction of becoming a martyr. John Felton, a man possessed of some property in Southwark, thought it his duty to affix the papal bull to the gates of the bishop of London's palace, and being found out, was hung at St. Paul's churchyard, after undergoing horrible tortures. There was no excuse for this cruelty but that its first origin was in the same source which fulminated bulls of excommunication, hired assassins to commit murder, punished independent thought as the greatest of crimes, and lighted stakes and erected scaffolds from one end of Europe to the other. The fierce spirit of persecution into which Roman Catholicism had been launched by its chiefs was gradually bearing its fruit in all directions, engendering the same tendency among opponents, and throwing whole nations back into the night of barbarism. It was a spirit altogether alien to the races inhabiting the greater part of Britain, yet even they, lashed into fury by the report of the terrible butcheries of Protestants committed by such demons as Alva in the Netherlands, and by the wholesale murders of Huguenots in France, now felt the tiger element rising within them. The actions of Elizabeth were among the best expressions of this dreadful temper. No ruler of the period was less inclined by nature than Elizabeth to religious persecution; she had too much suffered herself from it in youth not to see its horrors; besides which her mind was plastic, almost Greek, in viewing men and things, as far as they did not touch her personal interests as a woman and a queen. Yet the fierce breath of the infernal flame lighted at Rome had seized even her by this time. The repeated insurrections planned by priests and Jesuits in the northern counties, the murder of the regent of Scotland, and the endless plots against her own life, gradually begat in her a fierce spirit of intolerance, of which the cruel execution of the poor Southwark fanatic was one of the first signs. It was followed soon by others. A month after John Felton had hung up, and been hung for, the papal bull of excommunication, three persons in Norfolk of the rank of country squires, all Roman Catholics, were discovered as engaged in a conspiracy for overturning the queen's government. Being arrested, and convicted after a summary trial, they were put to a cruel death, amidst the applause of the people. A great upheaving of the Protestant masses,

a cry for vengeance, loud and distinct, was heard everywhere. Already there were voices demanding the immediate execution of all popish conspirators, chief among them of Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth was far from being prepared to go to this length; however, the general excitement served to infuse in her an extraordinary amount of energy. The Border revolt having been subdued, but the Hamiltons continuing to hold possession of Edinburgh, she determined to reinstall a Protestant government in Scotland by force of arms. Lord Hunsdon was ordered to enter Scotland on the west, and the earl of Sussex, chief commander of the marches, on the east, from Berwick, the former to relieve Glasgow, besieged by Mary Stuart's party, and the latter to proceed direct to the capital and assist the friends of Murray, acting in the name of the young king. The expedition was quite successful, but marked by a fearful amount of cruelty, burning, and devastation. Here again the newly-risen temper of persecution showed itself in its entire hideousness. All property belonging to Roman Catholics, particularly to men of note, was wantonly destroyed by the troops of Elizabeth; houses, barns, woods, and corn-fields set on fire, and entire districts, fertile and flourishing before, changed into deserts. The end gained was that the Hamiltons were once more driven back to their fastnesses in the western Highlands; while, in want of a better man, the earl of Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, was installed chief governor, under the title of lieutenant. His nomination took place in March, 1570, two months after the assassination of Murray, but before he had been many weeks in power, new dissensions broke out at Edinburgh, and on the 26th of April Hunsdon and Sussex, who had returned to England, were ordered to cross the Border a second time with all the forces at their disposition. They numbered about eight thousand, and were followed on the 11th of May by nearly two thousand more, under Sir William Drury. The army of invasion was now sufficiently strong to overrun the whole of Scotland, which took place accordingly, in company with the troops under the command of Lennox. They penetrated into Argyle, committing terrible devastations, burning villages and castles, and destroying every dwelling belonging to the hated Hamiltons. Towards the end of June the leaders returned to Edinburgh, and on the 12th of July the earl of Lennox was solemnly proclaimed regent of Scotland. The bulk of the English troops recrossed the Border soon after, yet not without leaving the consciousness in all men's minds that the ancient kingdom of Scotland had virtually become a dependency of England.

Scotland was subdued; but Mary Stuart was not. Taken from one prison to another, surrounded by guards, and watched by spies, she kept on conspiring and plotting, untaught by failure and untouched by remorse, but getting ever more reckless, passionate, and revengeful. Now she had little more to hope in Scotland, and therefore turned her looks once again into England. Her best friends had fallen or run away; yet there were some left still, and among them the noblest by birth among the lords. Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk seemed such an admirable fool, and promised to be such a splendid toy in the

hands of a clever woman, that Mary could not keep her eyes off him, and though despising the man with all her heart, resolved to make use of him once more. She sent him affectionate letters while in the Tower, and he responded in gushing declarations of love, the more fervent because imaginary, he having never seen the angel he professed to adore, and of whose virtues the casket papers had given him such a wonderful picture. The correspondence, cleverly managed by priestly agency, had the one effect upon Norfolk of making him more deceitful. While promising Mary Stuart to risk life and blood for her, he at the same moment implored the pardon of Elizabeth, representing himself as a poor miserable wretch, bitterly repenting the past, but resolved to devote his whole future to his sovereign. Loyalty in the Tower was too common a thing to have much effect upon either the queen or Cecil; however, both agreed in the opinion that the premier peer of England was but a man of small wit, not likely to do much harm, and his prayers for release becoming more and more piteous, the order was given to open his prison gates, and allow him to live at Howard House, his own residence, under nominal supervision. But before leaving the Tower, Norfolk had to sign a document promising never to carry on any correspondence or intercourse with Mary Stuart or her friends, engaging his word of honour to the effect, and declaring himself a traitor if breaking the promise. On these conditions the duke was released in the month of August, 1570, and the first thing he did was to enter into secret communication with the bishop of Ross, Mary Stuart's representative. The bishop was specially commissioned by his mistress to invite Norfolk to take part in a great conspiracy, the last production of her fertile brain. It aimed at nothing less than the murder of Elizabeth, the invasion of England by Alva, and the overthrow of the Protestant religion.

The scheme communicated to Norfolk was not at all wild or visionary, but very carefully elaborated, even to its minutest details. Its broad features were the assassination of Elizabeth, Cecil, Leicester, Bacon, and two or three other members of the privy council, at a banquet, by hired bravos supplied by Alva, the proclamation of Mary Stuart as queen of England, and the simultaneous landing of a Spanish army, to take possession of the capital. The part destined to the duke of Norfolk in this undertaking was rather important. Fully conscious that King Philip, whatever else might be his opinions of her, could scarcely consider her a successful plotter, Mary Stuart had hit upon the idea of putting Norfolk forward as prime mover of the great scheme, which was to be represented as emanating, in the first instance, from the English nobility, utterly dissatisfied with the English government. Blindly, almost like an idiot, the duke consented to take the part assigned to him, the great reward held out being the hand of her whom he was to lift to a throne. Having obtained the concurrence of the most important personage in the great enterprise, the bishop of Ross, after conferring with his mistress, went a step further by appointing the chief agent. Among the friends of Mary Stuart in London was a rich Italian banker, a relative of the illustrious Medici family, Robert Ridolfi, who had acted several times as the secret agent of the captive queen, and aspired to

the honour of serving her in some more important capacity. To him Leslie applied, and finding him willing to risk not only his whole fortune but his head in the new undertaking, a pact to the effect was concluded and settled at the Spanish embassy, King Philip's envoy taking, as always so now, a deep interest in every movement directed against the government at which he was accredited. Ridolfi left London for Antwerp towards the end of March, 1571, carrying with him a minute scheme of the conspiracy, drawn up in the name of the duke of Norfolk, and signified as approved of by Mary Stuart, the bishop of Ross, and Don Gerald. This plan was to be laid before the pope and King Philip. In company with Ridolfi, and as a spy over him, travelled John Hamilton, brother of James, the assassin of Murray, whom Mary Stuart had nominated her private secretary. He was intrusted with a private letter of his mistress to the duke of Alva, in which the latter was addressed as "the defender and refuge of the Catholic church." Mary implored him to give his assistance to the plans prepared by her friends, conceived, she said, "for the cause of God," and which, if duly executed, would lay "all this island," or two kingdoms, "at the feet of the king of Spain."

Ridolfi had an interview with Alva at Brussels on the last day of March. After laying before him the outline of the conspiracy, he produced a roll of the English nobility, professing to emanate from the duke of Norfolk, premier peer of the realm, showing the political and religious tendencies of every member. According to this list, two-thirds of the nobles were hostile to Elizabeth, one-sixth neutral as between her and Mary Stuart, and only one-sixth friendly to the existing government. The statistics were made to impress Alva, and they did so to some extent; but he nevertheless looked with some suspicion upon his visitor. Trusting none but soldiers, he thought, not unjustly, that an enterprise such as the invasion and conquest of two kingdoms ought not to be planned and managed by such a miserable creature as a banker; besides, Ridolfi talked a little too much, and the president of the Council of Blood liked men of few words. He therefore dismissed Mary Stuart's agent by telling him he had better go direct to King Philip; if he, his master, ordered him to invade England the thing would be done, otherwise there was nothing more to be said. In parting, Alva gave his visitor the broad hint to utter no more words than strictly necessary in the course of his travels through France, Italy, and Spain; but he promised at the same time to communicate his plan to the king, and to give his opinion upon it. This Alva did immediately in a despatch to Philip. After expressing his dissatisfaction that the friends of Mary Stuart should have deputed such a "parlanchin," or chatterbox, as the Italian banker on a most important business, he expressed his general approval of it in moderate terms. "Considering," Alva wrote, "the pity and interest with which the unworthy treatment of the queen of Scotland and her adherents cannot fail to inspire your majesty; considering the obligation under which you are placed by God to obtain, by all means in your power, the triumphant restoration of Catholicism in those islands; considering, moreover, the injuries which the queen

of England has done to your majesty and your subjects, without any hopes of bringing about a better state as long as she reigns: it appears to me that the plan of the queen of Scotland and the duke of Norfolk, if properly carried out, would be the best method of remedying the evil." Coming from a man like Alva, these were remarkable expressions, showing that the hopes of Mary Stuart's friends were based on something more than idle dreams. As long as the greatest general of the mightiest king of Europe held that there was an obligation to God to restore Roman Catholicism in England "by all means," English Protestants had to keep their hand to the sword.

From Brussels Ridolfi bent his steps to Rome. The holy father, Pius V., received him with open arms, rejoicing at the good news from England. To bring the island kingdom back to true religion was the great dream of his life; and it was no small grief to him that all his efforts hitherto had been so ineffectual, even the greatest of Rome's war-engines, the bull of excommunication, which ought to have hurled Elizabeth from the throne at once, and extinguished heresy for ever, having had no other effect than that of leading one poor orthodox gentleman to the gallows. Anything more hopeful than the message of Ridolfi had not come to the Vatican for a long time, and Pius V. on the instant summoned a conclave to deliberate upon it. Nearly all voices were in favour of the proposal of killing the heretic queen and re-establishing the true faith under Alva's assistance; a few, nevertheless, among the more cautious of the cardinals ventured a feeble opposition, arguing that, if unsuccessful, a Spanish invasion of the island realm would not only strengthen the cause of heresy there, but in France, Germany, and the Netherlands. But doubts such as these were annihilated at once by the exclamation of the pontiff that "God would manage it," which allowed no further discussion without doubts being thrown on the infallibility of Christ's vicar. It was resolved unanimously to recommend the execution of Ridolfi's plan to the king of Spain as an affair of religion allowing no postponement. To this recommendation Pius V. added a letter under his hand. "Our dear son Robert Ridolfi," the pontiff wrote, "by the help of God will lay before your majesty certain things which interest not a little the honour of Almighty God and the advantage of the Christian commonwealth. We require and beseech your majesty to grant him on this account and without hesitation your most entire confidence; and we conjure you especially, by your fervent piety towards God, to take to heart the matters on which he will treat with your majesty, and to furnish him with all the means most suitable for the execution of his plans. Meanwhile, beseeching your majesty to do this, we pray our Redeemer, from the bottom of our heart, to grant success to that which is projected for his honour and glory." With this letter, and the blessing of the holy father, Ridolfi departed from Rome at the commencement of June, 1571, and after a prosperous voyage landed on the shore of Spain. On the 4th of July Mary Stuart's agent was presented to King Philip II. at the palace of the Escorial.

Philip was fully prepared by the letters of his ambassador in England and of the duke of Alva for the scheme transmitted by Ridolfi. He did not approve

it entirely, his natural irresolution standing out against an undertaking so hazardous in all respects; however, the weighty reasons in its favour, and the pressure exercised by his priestly advisers, whose instructions had come from Rome, allowed no hesitation. The council of state, therefore, was summoned immediately, and met on the 7th of July. The deliberations lasted for more than ten hours, and were faithfully committed to paper, and deposited in the royal archives—for the edification of posterity. All the councillors of state agreed in the opinion, already expressed by the duke of Alva, that the king was bound by his duty to God and the Holy Catholic church to restore the true religion in the British islands, from which it had been driven by damnable heresy; and the only question for discussion was regarding the best means for accomplishing the great object. The duke of Feria, first speaker, declared himself in favour of despatching Alva at once, timing it so as to fall in with the projected assassination of Elizabeth. "The queen of Scotland," the duke exclaimed, "is the true heir—la verdadera successora—to the realm of England, and if we allow her to be crushed, we entail destruction on all good Catholics. The proximity of the duke of Alva to the English shore settles all difficulties, and not an instant must be lost in preparing the invasion." Ruy Gomez de Silva, prince of Eboli, agreed with Feria as to the necessity of an immediate invasion; but Hernando de Toledo, grand prior of Castile, who spoke next, counselled that before embarking Alva's troops the "true succession" should be settled, that is, the heretic queen be put out of the way. The prior argued, with great shrewdness, that the success of the whole undertaking hinged upon this one point. As long as Elizabeth was alive, he said, the invasion would fail; but this arch-heretic destroyed, with no other successor in the field but the faithful daughter of the church, Mary of Scotland, Alva's conquest would be assured. The arguments of the grand prior made a deep impression upon Philip and all the members of the council, which was increased when the inquisitor-general, cardinal archbishop of Seville, gave his full assent to them. Gradually all came round to the same view, that the murder of the queen must precede the invasion; and it only remained to discuss the mode of accomplishing the deed. The grand prior, taking again the lead, proposed to intrust the work to Captain Ciapino Vitelli, an officer in Alva's army, already acquainted with England, having been there as an agent from the Netherlands. To this proposal the inquisitor-general warmly assented, and while declaring his personal knowledge of Ciapino, added that he had offered to start with a dozen resolute men, to seize the heretic queen in one of her country houses, and to murder her on the spot. The duke of Feria alone expressed a doubt of the feasibility of this plan, arguing that from his acquaintance with English life—being married to a former maid of honour of Queen Mary, one Jane Dormer—it would be all but impossible for a dozen foreigners, unacquainted with Elizabeth's court, to carry out the murder, and he thought it safer to leave it to the arrangements of Norfolk and the bishop of Ross. But this suggestion met with no adherents. On the proposition of the inquisitor-general, Captain Vitelli, who had come all the way from the Netherlands

to offer the light of his experience regarding the practicability of assassination, was called before the council to speak for himself. He repeated the words of the cardinal archbishop that he felt certain of being able to kill Elizabeth, with the help of assistants chosen by himself, all determined to accomplish the deed for the eternal glory of God. Vitelli's speech decided the matter, and the council resolved upon recommending to the king the immediate murder of Queen Elizabeth and the invasion of her realm.

While these weighty matters, affecting the happiness and welfare of millions, were being discussed at Madrid, a vague feeling of alarm had spread all over England. Rumours of plots, conspiracies, and revolt were flying about wildly, none being able to tell whence they came and by whom they were propagated. Parliament, after an interval of five years, had met again for the discussion of public affairs, and to vote subsidies to the queen; but although sitting for nearly two months, from the 2nd of April to the 29th of May, the speeches as well as the resolutions bore all the signs of haste, the state of unquiet pervading the nation visibly affecting the members. A strong desire to subdue and repress, even by persecution, all adherents of the old religion represented the chief action of the new parliament, which thus far faithfully expressed the current of popular feeling. Statutes were passed forbidding, under pain of *præmunire*, the importation and sale of rosaries, crosses, beads, or pictures "blessed by the bishop of Rome or others acknowledging his authority;" parents were prohibited to send their children to be educated in Roman Catholic schools on the Continent; and the penalty of treason was put upon any attempt to convert Protestants to Roman Catholicism, and upon the publication or distribution of any bulls, orders, or rescripts emanating from the heads of the Catholic church. Another act of the same tendency plainly marked the revulsion of feeling in the public mind relative to the succession of Mary Stuart. While in the preceding parliament her right to the throne had been distinctly admitted, the horror of her doings during the five years, and of the position she had assumed in her prison as chief agent of the pope, of King Philip, and the bloodhounds in the Netherlands, went so far that the members agreed not even to mention her name in the debates, but simply to pass a bill annihilating with a single stroke all her pretensions to the crown. It was declared high treason to affirm by words spoken or written the right of any person to the succession of the crown of England except the "natural issue" of the queen; it was also made high treason to affirm "that the queen was not queen, or that any other person ought to be queen, or that the queen was a heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, or usurper of the crown." Important as was this statute, as well as several of the other acts inaugurating, more or less, a persecution of Roman Catholics, the members of both houses of parliament discussed them in a hurried and inattentive manner; and even Cecil, most hard-working of all the advisers of the crown, paid but slight attention to them. His whole mind for the moment was absorbed by other thoughts. The whisper of another great conspiracy directed against the queen had come to him from the

Continent, and he was straining every nerve to obtain a glimpse into the dark mysteries of Ridolfi's journey. As yet Cecil knew not, but he divined, with the intuitive perception of a statesman and of a diplomatist growing grey in intrigue, that the movements of the Italian banker were better worth watching for the time than all bills, motions, and decrees of lords and of commons. The banker, Alva's "parlanchin," had opened his lips sufficient to let Cecil know that he was digging a mine which might hurl into atoms throne and parliament, laws and statutes, and under its ruins bury a nation.

While Cecil was watching Ridolfi's plot, inattentive of parliamentary duties, an unexpected discovery added to his anxiety, failing only by a hair's breadth to uncover the great conspiracy. Towards the end of April, a Scotchman, named Charles Baily, was arrested at Dover on landing from the Continent, suspected of being implicated in a murder. A parcel of papers and letters written in characters which to the searchers seemed Hebrew, addressed to the bishop of Ross, was found upon the prisoner; and on his giving a very unsatisfactory explanation both of his papers and of himself, he was sent off under guard to the warden of the cinque ports, Lord Cobham, temporarily residing in London to attend in the Upper House. The latter, a friend of the bishop of Ross, showed him the packet under his address, and offered to leave it with him for a night "for examination." Leslie was horror-struck on finding that the letters, written in cipher, but with the key attached, contained a full plan of the conspiracy, in a detail of the conversation of Ridolfi with the duke of Alva, which the imprudent banker had transmitted to Norfolk and Mary Stuart by the messenger arrested at Dover. To secure these important documents and to put others of a harmless nature in their stead was the work of a few hours, after which Lord Cobham had the parcel restored to him, and carried it to the privy council, innocently asserting that the contents might possibly be dangerous. Cecil, after examining the papers, at once had his suspicions of a fraud having been committed, which grew to a certainty after an examination of Baily, and the discovery of his attempting to correspond with the bishop of Ross. The rack being applied to extort his secrets, Baily confessed all he knew of the conspiracy, which was not much, but went to show that Ridolfi was commissioned by Mary Stuart, the duke of Norfolk, and the bishop of Ross, and was treating with Alva, the pope, and King Philip. To cut at least one link in the chain, Cecil gave orders for the arrest of the bishop and the search of his papers; but he being far too wily to keep dangerous documents in his possession, there was no lawful ground for retaining him, and he was left under watch at his own residence. It now became Cecil's great object to find more threads of the plot spinning between Brussels, Rome, and Madrid; and, not knowing where else to go, he made an audacious attempt to turn King Philip himself into an informer.

The manner in which he accomplished his object was altogether singular and extraordinary. For some time past John Hawkins, the bold but unfortunate sea-rover whose last voyage to America had ended so fatally, had been importuning the privy council with petitions to save his companions who had been taken

prisoners in Mexico from the dungeon and the gallows, but as yet had met with little attention. Cecil now sent for the old sailor, and the two had a long private interview. At the end of it, John Hawkins marched off to the Spanish embassy, applying for a secret audience with Don Gerald. Being admitted, the envoy heard, somewhat to his surprise, that Hawkins was one of the numerous persons in the realm deeply disaffected to the government, seeing that his services had met with no reward, that he had lost all his fortune in trying to make money for Queen Elizabeth, and that he was now on the brink of destitution. Don Gerald listened and believed. He looked so honest, the fine old sea-captain, and his speech was so simple and so firm, and the smell of salt water clung to him so strongly, excluding all ideas of diplomacy and cheating, that his heart warmed at once towards him. Nor did Don Gerald forget that what his country wanted above all things was flesh and blood such as that of the man before him. Spain had soldiers enough to fight her battles on land, but was miserably deficient in sailors; and while whole continents bent under the sceptre of King Philip, the coasts of not one of his realms was safe from the attack of sea-robbers, nor a ship of his treasure-fleets from the toss of pirate vessels. Don Gerald knew all this, and when John Hawkins promised not only his own service but that of fifteen hundred brave sailors willing to serve under him, on the sole condition of being liberally paid, his eyes glistened with delight. That a pirate and a slave-dealer should forsake his country to make money, appeared so natural to Philip's ambassador that for a moment he forgot his usual prudence, and, accepting the proffered service, told his visitor to put himself at once in direct communication with the Spanish government, for which purpose he gave him warm letters of recommendation to the king and several of the ministers. John Hawkins expressed his thanks in brief speech, and withdrew—to have another interview with Cecil.

The day after this interview, George Fitzwilliams, intimate friend of Hawkins, and one of his old lieutenants, set out for Madrid. It was not fear, even of the dungeons of the inquisition, that retained the captain from going in person, but the knowledge that master George could manage the little affair with King Philip better than himself. This proved correct. Philip showed himself far more suspicious than his ambassador, and refused to see master Fitzwilliams; and it was not before the latter had wormed himself into the good graces of the duke of Feria, and, above all, the duchess his countrywoman, that the lieutenant obtained an audience. But even now the king showed reluctance of coming to an agreement, and Fitzwilliams was advised by the duchess of Feria to make a rapid trip to England, and bring back letters of introduction from Mary Stuart, which, she asserted, would overcome all obstacles. Following the advice, carrying messages from the Spanish court to the imprisoned queen, now guarded within the walls of Sheffield Castle, and bringing back ciphered notes—carefully inspected on the way by Cecil—Fitzwilliams reached Madrid once more at the end of July, just after the settlement of Ridolfi's business. As predicted by the duchess of Feria, the king dropped all reserve on the

receipt of Mary Stuart's letters, and at once entered into negotiations with the representative of John Hawkins. He freely told the lieutenant of the forthcoming invasion of England, specifying details, and requesting to know the amount of assistance which he could furnish. Fitzwilliams boldly replied that his captain could command the service of sixteen hundred men and four hundred guns, in sixteen vessels, provided the Spanish government would advance to him fifty thousand pounds, sufficient for two months' wages. This the king agreed to do at once, whereupon, seeing his majesty in a liberal mood, master George pluckily asked a few minor favours. The liberation of the crews imprisoned in Mexico had been previously assented to as a matter of course, they being destined to be incorporated with the sixteen hundred men of the new fleet; but, as a complement to this agreement, the lieutenant meekly requested that he himself should have a patent of nobility granted, and that his honoured captain should be made a grandee of Spain of the first class. To this, too, Philip cheerfully assented, rather pleased to find the bold sea-rovers so ambitious of his honours. Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, George Fitzwilliams made his bow to King Philip, and, intrusted with letters and messages for Mary Stuart and despatches for the Spanish ambassador, and his pockets full of patents of nobility, of general pardons, and of drafts to the amount of fifty thousand pounds, set sail once more for England. The vessel in which the lieutenant shipped belonged to an old friend, whom he told in confidence that the cruise to Madrid, into King Philip's palace, had been the best trip he ever made in his life.

The day after the landing of the brave lieutenant on native soil, September the 4th, 1571, Captain John Hawkins sat down at his house in Plymouth to pen the following letter to Cecil:—"My very good lord. It may please your honour to be advertised that Fitzwilliams is returned from the coast of Spain, where his message was acceptably received by the king himself, the duke of Feria, and others of the privy council. His despatch and answer was with great expedition, and great countenance and favour of the king. The articles are sent to the ambassador, with orders also for the money to be paid to me by him, for the enterprise to proceed with all diligence. Their project is that my ships should join with the duke of Alva's fleet which he doth secretly provide in Flanders, as well as with the ships which cometh with the duke of Medina out of Spain, and so altogether invade this realm and set up the queen of Scots. They have practised with us for the burning of her majesty's ships; therefore there must be some good care had of them, though not as it may appear that anything is discovered, which your lordship's consideration can well provide. The king hath also sent a ruby of good price to the queen of Scots, with letters which in my judgment were good to be delivered. The letters be of no great importance, but his message by word is to comfort her, and say that the king hath now no other care but to place her in her own. It were good also that the ambassador have granted a request unto your lordship that Fitzwilliams may have access to the queen of Scots, to render thanks for her assistance in the delivery of the

prisoners which are now quite at liberty. It will be a very good colour for your lordship to confer with him more largely. I furthermore send your lordship the copy of my pardon from the king of Spain, in the very order and manner I have it. The duke of Medina and the duke of Alva hath each of them one of the same pardons more amplified to present unto me, though this be large enough, together with all my great titles and honours from the king, from which God deliver me. I send your lordship also the copy of my letter from the duke of Feria, in the very manner as it was written, with his wife's and son's hand in the end. Their practices be very mischievous, and they be never idle; but God, I hope, will confound them, and turn their devices upon their own necks. Now I will put my business into some order, and give my attendance upon her majesty to do her that service which by your lordship shall be thought most convenient. I write no more to your lordship because Fitzwilliams cometh himself, and I will not be long after him. And thus I remain your lordship's most faithfully to my power—John Hawkins." St. Jean de Luz was revenged.

Cecil now breathed freely. He dreaded no longer the underground operations of King Philip and his allies, knowing in which direction the mine was to be sprung; and while Alva was busy gathering a fleet in the Netherlands to invade England, Cecil prepared to give the Spaniards such a thrashing on the road as would spoil their taste for invasion for evermore. However, Cecil was rather too confident for the moment, deeming he had all the threads of the vast conspiracy in his hand, when one very important part was still wanting. King Philip, though gossiping freely with honest George Fitzwilliams, had not dropped a word about the existence of such a man as Captain Ciapino Vitelli, and of his intended trip to England in company with fifteen friends; nor had he uttered even a hint to compromise any other persons dwelling within the dominions of Elizabeth but his own ambassador and Mary Stuart. The duke of Norfolk, nominally the chief figure in the plot, was still residing peaceably at Howard House, and so little suspected by the government that it was contemplated to withdraw the custodians, which, in the guise of attendants, had been placed at his side after his release from the Tower, to ensure the fulfilment of the pact he had entered into not to have any communication with the queen of Scots. This agreement Cecil believed had been fully kept, and it was the merest accident which revealed to him the participation of Norfolk in the plot, together with the entire depth of the mine that had been preparing under his feet. But a few days after Cecil had received John Hawkins's letter, and had seen both the captain and his lieutenant, with great satisfaction on either part, a man called at his house announcing himself as a merchant of Shrewsbury, and desiring an interview. It being granted, the merchant produced a large bag of gold and some papers, which he said he had received from master Higford, secretary to the duke of Norfolk, with instructions to deliver it to the duke's agent in Shropshire, a man named Bannister. Higford, in giving him the bag, had stated its contents to be only fifty pounds' worth of silver; and believing

this to be true he had carried it nearly to its destination, when there occurred a breakage, and the bearer, to his surprise as well as consternation, beheld that he had gold instead of silver, and, moreover, a number of letters in cipher. These letters were the most alarming things, and, fearing to be drawn into a dangerous game which might end at the gallows, the merchant hurried back to London and submitted his discovery to Cecil. The latter, not very suspicious at first, thought the matter might be worth inquiring into, and sent for Higford to decipher the letters he had given to the Shrewsbury trader. Norfolk's secretary, a very helpless sort of conspirator, stuttered and stammered, beginning with the assertion that he had lost the key of the cipher, and ending with the statement that it was hidden under the mat at the door of his master's bedroom. Thither Cecil despatched at once some of his expert agents, who brought back not only the missing cipher-key but various notes exchanged between Ridolfi and the duke. This was enough to raise the deepest suspicions; further searches were made, and finally, discovery following discovery, the whole of the letters sent by the queen of Scots to Norfolk, and which she had constantly entreated him to burn, were found in the chinks of an old cupboard at Howard House. Mary Stuart was decidedly unfortunate in corresponding with her lovers: one hiding tremendous secrets in a casket, and the other in a cupboard.

On the first detection of his intercourse with Ridolfi, Norfolk was arrested and carried back to his old quarters in the Tower. Interrogated by several members of the privy council about his share in the conspiracy, he attempted a flat denial; but hearing that the proofs of his guilt were abundant, and that all his servants, Higford, Bannister, and another agent named Barker, had made full confessions on the rack, he fell on his knees, and in abject despondency admitted his guilt and implored the queen's pardon. All time for hesitation having gone by now, Cecil laid his hand upon another important actor in the great plot, the bishop of Ross. Thrown into prison, John Leslie commenced by assuming a high tone, declaring himself privileged as ambassador of the queen of Scots, and responsible for his actions to no one but his mistress. However, his tone changed after the visit of two little gentlemen calling themselves crown-lawyers, who explained to him, in a very mild manner, that representatives of deposed sovereigns had no privileges at all; and that, moreover, ambassadors guilty of fomenting rebellion in the country of their residence, forfeited all protection by the very act, and might be proceeded against like private persons. Such ambassadors, the gentlemen demonstrated, quoting instances, might even be put on the rack without the law being hurt. John Leslie was not a coward, but the word rack made him shudder, and he consented to tell all. Not aware of the extent of the discoveries already made, he disclosed much more than was yet known—disclosed the decision arrived at by the privy council of Philip, the movements of Captain Ciapino Vitelli, the intended landing of a Spanish force at Harwich, among the tenants of the duke of Norfolk, and the preparations made in various parts of England for

assisting invasion by revolt. Now, for the first time, Cecil was able to measure the gulf on the brink of which he had been standing. Rapid action was indispensable for safety, and a number of arrests were decreed immediately, including those of Lord Lumley, friend of Norfolk, Lord Cobham, warden of the cinque ports, the earl of Southampton, Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Henry Percy, and some fifty other persons more or less implicated in the conspiracy. Cecil meant to seize likewise the Spanish ambassador, but here the queen stopped his hand. Don Gerald in prison was a declaration of war against Spain, for which Elizabeth was not yet prepared. Nor was she ready to bring Mary Stuart to justice, as desired by Cecil, preferring to let the halo of divine right shelter a criminal for whom, if there was guilt at all in organizing civil war, treason, and assassination, there was scarce a gibbet high enough in England.

The effect of Cecil's discoveries on his enemies abroad manifested itself with singular and almost startling quickness. There was little in the arrest of the duke of Norfolk and a number of other English nobles, and the seizure of their correspondence, to frighten either King Philip or Alva; for as long as they had soldiers, ships, priests, and Jesuits at their disposal, they remained as dangerous opponents as ever of Queen Elizabeth and her realm, and could afford to laugh at the unveiling of their schemes. Even the discovery of the attempt of assassination was nothing of which the king, his ministers, and generals needed to be ashamed, according to their own code of morals and views of right and wrong. The murder of the queen of England, lying under the ban of excommunication, was a deed distinctly sanctioned by the infallible head of the church, and regarded on all hands as a far more meritorious work than even the killing of the regent of Scotland, in praise of which the bells had rung and the priests had sung at Rome. Nevertheless, and in spite of the many reasons for continuing the warlike preparations already made, and the incessant pressure exercised by the pope to the same effect, Philip had no sooner learnt the premature bursting of his mine when he determined on a precipitate retreat. The resolve was due chiefly to the advice of Alva, who had conceived an intense dislike to the crowd of English refugees swarming in the Netherlands, who kept exhorting him unceasingly to restore religion in their own country. A man of courage, not less than a fanatic soldier, Alva felt disgusted at the craven and selfish spirit of these Catholic emigrants, who expected everything from him without risking their own heads, and were rejoicing at the prospect of deluging the land of their fathers in blood, while they were living upon pensions from a foreign king. The pontiff himself threw his eloquence away in trying to persuade Alva that not all the friends of Mary Stuart were cowards. "The affair is upset," the duke replied, "and for the present nothing can be done. For my own part, I looked for nothing better with such light people to deal with. Had the lord of Norfolk been equal to the work, he might now be in the place of those who have thrown him into the Tower, and who will certainly cut off his head." Alva's views were as correct as his prediction.

Great as was Elizabeth's repugnance to punish exalted criminals, it was impossible for her to prevent the trial of Norfolk. His offences were so heinous, and his breach of faith in the agreement entered into with the government so shameless, that his punishment was felt to be an absolute necessity. But before placing the duke before his judges, Cecil put some other conspirators out of the way. The Spanish ambassador received notice to quit the country within four days, under pain of imprisonment. Don Gerald growled, but obeyed, well knowing that if due justice were done to him his head would be forfeited. To repay the leniency, he made an attempt, a day or two before leaving, to hire assassins for killing Cecil. He found two men ready for the work; however, not being able to guarantee their safety, the courage of the wretches broke down at the last moment, and, betraying each other, they fell into the pit they were digging. King Philip's envoy had taken himself off by this time; but a greater conspirator than he remained behind, whom it was indispensable to make harmless, in order to prevent a longer run of assassins. Orders were given to confine Mary Stuart to two rooms in Sheffield Castle, to allow her neither to read nor to receive letters without the previous inspection of her guardians, and to prevent her entering into oral communication with any strangers except those authorized by special orders of the privy council. As usual, Mary assumed a dramatic attitude, crying a few tears, and talking largely about her innocence and the cruel persecution of her enemies. The confessions of the bishop of Ross, of the duke of Norfolk, and others who had given evidence of her participation in the Ridolfi plot she treated as base calumnies; while as to the letters under her hand found in the duke's house, she still more boldly asserted they were forged, offering as proof thereof, and as evidence absolutely sufficient, her own princely word. Cecil justly thought it waste of time to reason with the august lady; so he contented himself with guarding her from further mischief, and in the meanwhile, as a tardy act of justice, placed the world in possession of some of the facts of her previous career. Hitherto, the contents of the casket letters, though known to the lords of the privy council, the commissioners at the conferences of York and of Westminster, and many other persons both in England and Scotland, had not been given to the public in general, so that there were necessarily many persons who still held the queen of Scots innocent of the charges brought against her, and in consequence looked upon her as a political martyr. To make an end of this state of things, eminently pernicious to Elizabeth's government, but for which she alone was responsible by forbidding the reproduction in print of the casket letters, Cecil now insisted upon the publication taking place. Accordingly, a clear and impartial narrative of the events which had led to the deposition of Mary Stuart and her imprisonment at Lochleven Castle was drawn up by George Buchanan, greatest historical writer of the age, and, being printed together with the evidence, was circulated throughout England and Scotland. "The detection of the doings of Mary queen of Scots, touching the murder of her husband, and her conspiracy, adultery, and pretended marriage with the Earl Bothwell," was the title of the work.

Its effect was very great, and there remained few thinking men in the two kingdoms who did not admit the guilt of the fallen queen—the sweetly absurd story of her innocence being left to the romancers of future generations.

The trial of the duke of Norfolk took place on the 16th of January, 1572, at Westminster Hall, before a jury of twenty-seven peers, presided over by the earl of Shrewsbury, as lord high steward. To the indictment of having plotted, "in conjunction with Mary late queen of Scots," to stir up revolt and induce foreigners to invade the realm, Norfolk pleaded Not Guilty, broadly denying all charges against him, disclaiming the evidence of his servants as unworthy of trust, and declaring the deposition of the bishop of Ross, minute in its description of the development of the conspiracy, to be the mere invention of "a false Scot." Such ground was clearly untenable; a frank confession, and the statement already freely and generously made by the bishop of Ross that he had been enticed into the plot, might have awakened the sympathy of his judges as well as of Elizabeth, but too willing to save the first peer of the realm from the scaffold. But as it was, in the face of overwhelming evidence, which made doubt in Norfolk's participation in the plot an absolute impossibility, there remained nothing for the twenty-seven lords but to give in their verdict of guilty. The short wintry day was gone, and pine-torches flickering in the wind were dimly lighting-up the vast hall, before the deliberations came to an end. Slowly, one by one, the peers declared the prisoner at the bar guilty of high treason, after which the earl of Shrewsbury passed sentence, condemning him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered: "and may God have mercy upon your soul." Norfolk wildly beat his breast, shrieking that he was innocent. "This is the judgment of a traitor," he cried, addressing the lord high steward; "but I am no traitor, and shall die as true a man as any that liveth." For a moment there was deep silence; then the president of the tribunal broke his rod, and amidst the loud shout of "God save the queen!" from the crowd in the hall, the guards marched off with Norfolk, the glittering axe of the executioner turned towards his face.

The condemnation of Norfolk gave rise to a short but severe contest of opinion between the queen and her great minister. Cecil—recently elevated to the peerage as Lord Burleigh, an honour but faintly indicating the rise of his influence in the nation—insisted upon the immediate execution of the duke, not from any motive of revenge, but to show the determination of the government to crush all further attempts of rebellion with a high hand. Elizabeth, while agreeing with Burleigh in principle, yet felt a deep reluctance to punish one nearly allied to her in blood, and whose death, moreover, was calling for that of a still greater criminal whom she was determined to shelter. If Norfolk was guilty, Mary Stuart undoubtedly was far more so, and there was really no other reason for hanging the one and pardoning the other than that the seduced victim was but a subject, though the first in the realm, and the seducer was born to a throne. Burleigh felt the injustice as keenly as his mistress, but being stopped from touching the greater criminal, did not deem it prudent, on this account alone, to let

the lesser escape, and continued to insist upon the law taking its course. After long hesitation, Elizabeth at last signed the death-warrant on the 9th of February, three weeks after the trial and judgment; and the next morning, Monday the 10th of February, was fixed for the execution. But during the night from Sunday to Monday, while workmen were busy hammering to erect the scaffold at Tower Hill, the queen sent for Burleigh, telling him that the thought of Norfolk's death would not let her sleep, and desiring him to postpone the execution. At the same time, to answer the expectation of her loving subjects, already streaming in crowds to the fatal Green in front of the Tower, she ordered the beheading of a couple of minor criminals, with no ducal nor even noble blood in their veins. But the people were ill satisfied with the change, and the cries of injustice getting louder from day to day, Burleigh was obliged to insist upon Norfolk's execution as the one thing to restore peace, and to disprove the public rumour that the government did not dare to punish the duke for fear of the pope and the king of Spain. Thus pressed, Elizabeth once more signed the death-warrant on the evening of the 9th of April, but only to revoke it at four o'clock the next morning, while the scaffold was being got ready and the hangman was whetting his axe. Burleigh now saw that this play of indecision could not be allowed to go on any longer. "Sometimes," he wrote to a friend, "when her majesty speaketh of her danger, she concludeth that justice should be done; yet at other times, when she speaketh of his nearness of blood and superiority in honour, she stayeth." To end this wavering mood, fatal alike to the dignity of government and the requirements of calm justice, Burleigh saw but one means before him, that of the convocation of parliament. If he had no power to compel the queen to do her duty, the nation had, and its representatives were summoned accordingly to meet on the 8th of May.

The parliament which opened on this day was the most remarkable seen in England since the days of Edward VI. The mighty upheaving of the nation, the determined resolve of all men to uphold the Protestant faith and resist foreign aggression, was unmistakably shown by the vast majority of the representatives at the very first meeting. Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper, having delivered an oration declaring the country to be in danger, but without special mention of persons or things, the members of the Lower House rose in a body, demanding a bill of attainder against Mary Stuart and the punishment of all her accomplices. Even the Lords, formerly the fervent advocates of Mary's succession, and whose conservatism had never yet been free from sympathy with the ancient religion, joined in the cry of the Commons; and on their demand a committee of the two houses was appointed to meet in the Star Chamber, to devise means "how to proceed with the Scotch queen." On the report being made, the Commons resolved immediately to attain Mary Stuart, and so "touch her in life as well in title." The vote passed on the 19th of May, but before there was time to draw up the bill of attainder, the house of convocation, which had met at the same time as parliament, exhibited still more eagerness to express the voice of the nation. On the

20th of May, the archbishops and bishops waited in a body upon the queen at St. James's Palace, to tell her that it was her bounden duty as head of the state and of religion to bring Mary Stuart to justice. "Magistrates," the remonstrance ran, "were instituted by God for the suppression of wickedness, and the late queen of Scots being most wicked, her majesty would offend in conscience if she did not punish her." Then, after reminding the queen that God had forbidden "respect of persons," the prelates adduced instances from Scripture sounding like faint threats. "Saul spared Agag because Agag was a king, and for that fault God took the kingdom from Saul; Ahab pardoned Benhadad, and Ahab's life was forfeited." "The queen of Scots," the bishops continued, "had sought to seduce God's people in England: she was the only hope of God's adversaries in Europe, and the instrument by which they trusted to overthrow the Gospel. She had heaped together all the sins of the wicked sons of David, adulteries, murders, conspiracies, treasons, and blasphemies, and if she was allowed to escape God's wrath would surely light on the prince who spared her. The safety of England required the death of the devilish woman who had sought to bring the realm to confusion, and both conscience and duty pointed to the same end." This was strong language, and not at all to Elizabeth's taste. She answered, sharply, that the "devilish woman" was her cousin, not yet convicted of any crime, and still in law a reigning sovereign. Always stirred by opposition, she said far more than she really meant; so much, indeed, as to create a strong feeling against herself, which caused such grief to Burleigh that he fell seriously ill, and had to be carried in a litter into parliament. He alone was able to measure the depth of the popular agitation—strong enough at any moment to shake the throne itself.

All the skill of Burleigh was required to calm down the agitation of the Commons, who insisted on voting a bill of attainder against Mary Stuart, but were told, in a special message from the queen, that "she could not put to death the bird which, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, had flown to her feet for protection." The rhetoric was little admired by the stern reformers of the Lower House, and they were contemplating extreme measures, when Burleigh induced them to come to an understanding with the queen at a personal interview. Though now sitting among the Lords, his influence in the Commons was paramount, and they consented to send a deputation to Elizabeth. Accordingly, on the 28th of May, at the early hour of eight in the morning, a number of delegates of both houses of parliament presented themselves at the royal palace, to reason with her majesty about the treatment to be awarded to Mary Stuart. They told her, frankly and energetically, that her throne would never be secure as long as "the queen of late times" was left alive to employ all her wit and cunning in fresh conspiracies: plotters to assist her would never be wanting, and "many would venture deep to win a kingdom." Well schooled by Burleigh, Elizabeth made a much wiser answer to the parliamentary deputation than she had given to the bishops of the house of convocation. Thanking the members for their care for her safety, she admitted that her great unwillingness to punish

Mary Stuart was owing to her being a blood relation, on which account she begged they would "defer their proceedings for a time." Meanwhile she promised to stay no longer the course of justice regarding the duke of Norfolk. There was no retreat possible from this formal engagement, and with a heavy heart Elizabeth signed Norfolk's death-warrant for the third time on the 31st of May, three days after the interview with the parliamentary deputation. Early on the morning of the 2nd of June the duke was led from his narrow cell in the Tower to the block which had been waiting nearly five months for his blood. He made a short speech to the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, warning all "not to breviate God's doings," then threw off his cloak, refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, giving the executioner a purse of gold, told him to be quick. A stroke of the glittering axe, a faint shriek, and a heavy thump on a blood-stained floor, and the premier peer of England had paid for his errors and his crimes to mortal judges.

Norfolk's execution did not go far to stay the intense excitement of the nation, and both houses of parliament were deliberating upon new measures of severity against Mary Stuart and her adherents, when Elizabeth succeeded in diverting their attention from the subject by a clever stroke of foreign policy. The queen for some time past had been engaged in the old amusement of negotiating for a husband with the royal family of France, promising to marry either the heir to the crown, the duke of Anjou, or his younger brother, the duke of Alençon, the first a youth of eighteen, and the second a boy of sixteen, strongly marked by the small-pox. There was not the slightest intention on her part to take either of these lads as a partner; and her chief object in the negotiation, besides the gratification of personal vanity, was to keep on good terms with France, so as to possess at least one ally in the event of Spanish aggression. It was a kind of diplomacy not likely to be of long duration; yet it answered its immediate purpose, and, while parliament continued to be agitated by debates on the safety of the realm, Elizabeth had the satisfaction of announcing that she had concluded a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the king of France. The treaty, signed at Blois by Sir Francis Walsingham, friend of Burleigh, and Sir Thomas Smith, as representatives of Elizabeth, and the duke of Montmorency, son of the great constable who had been killed in battle the year before, and the bishop of Limoges, as deputies of Charles IX., was received both in and out of parliament with the greatest joy, not so much on account of any hoped-for assistance against Alva and King Philip, but because of the high satisfaction it afforded to the Huguenots of France. Charles IX., as well as his mother, actual ruler of the kingdom, openly declared that henceforth there should be no distinction between Protestants and Catholics, that all religious dissensions should come to an end, and that perfect toleration should heal the wounds of the frightful wars which had torn the nation to pieces. Desirous to show by personal example the commencement of the new era of peace, the king invited the chief of the Huguenot leaders to court, overwhelmed them with demonstrations of affection, and appointed many to places of honour

and distinction near his own person. To crown all, Charles offered the hand of his eldest sister, Margaret, to the young Prince Henry of Navarre, acknowledged head of the Protestants after the death of Condé, who had been foully murdered by order of the queen-mother.

There were not a few among the Huguenots mistrusting the genuineness of all these offers of friendship, and who, knowing the boundless and unscrupulous deceit of Catherine de Medici, firmly believed that some great treachery was at the bottom of all. But Admiral Coligny, venerated chieftain of the reformers, and justly considered by all as by far the noblest, greatest, and wisest of their leaders, was not of their opinion. Usually the most keen-sighted of statesmen and of warriors, Coligny for the moment was under the influence of two great currents of romance, which seemed to have changed his whole nature. The first was personal, and curious as exhibiting the exaltation of the period. A young lady of Savoy, of great wealth and extraordinary beauty, had written to the admiral, whom she had never seen, offering her hand and heart, and he, though fast advancing towards the grey shade of sixty, had accepted the offer, content to drown for awhile all other aspirations in the delights of love. While still under the influence of this feeling there came the invitation from the king to visit the court, added to which was a hint that the most cherished of his projects was about to be realized. This project was nothing less than the conquest of the Netherlands by France, the expulsion of the duke of Alva, and the proclamation of entire freedom of religion. Coligny knew that envoys of the revolted Flemings and of the duke of Orange, engaged in constant battling with the Spaniards, had come to make serious proposals to this effect to the king and queen-mother; and not doubting that even the perfidious character of the latter and her hatred of Protestants had given way before the temptations of a great and flourishing realm being added to the dominions of her family, he set out for Blois, the residence of the court, without further mistrust. His reception by the young king was so affectionate as to draw tears from the eyes of the mailed Huguenot knights who had followed their chieftain. On Coligny preparing to bend his knee, Charles caught him in his arms, crying, "You are my friend, my father!" Then kissing the hand of the champion of Protestantism in an ecstasy of fondness, the king exclaimed, "We have got you now, and you shall escape no more,"—*nous vous tenons maintenant, et vous ne nous échapperez plus*. In France now, as in England, there were few who doubted that the great cause of religious reform had conquered another throne, and that another mighty foe had come to beard Rome. Burleigh himself appeared for a moment to entertain the fond belief, and while opposing all further movements for the punishment of Mary Stuart, advised Elizabeth to marry one of the brothers of the king of France, thus offering to Protestantism the noblest sacrifice it was in her power to give. But the queen was as unwilling as ever, and the nation seemed unwilling, too, for the marriage. With that dumb instinct running through masses, the reformers of England, while deeply sympathizing with their

brethren abroad, looked with suspicion upon the old enemies and new patrons of the persecuted Flemings and Huguenots. The holy league of Bayonne, apparently forgotten by the Huguenots themselves, had not yet escaped the memory of the people of England, sharpened by constant rebellion, by threats of invasion, and by the living presence of the arch-conspirator who had signed, together with Philip and Catherine de Medici, the hellish pact for the extermination of Protestants and of Protestantism.

A month was sufficient to show that these dark fears were but too well-founded, and that the serpents of the holy league were not slumbering, but only hiding their fangs. But the concealment was clever to perfection. The whole of the Huguenots of France, with Coligny in front, were crowding around the king and Catherine de Medici, making preparations for chasing the Spaniards from the Netherlands, for establishing an intimate alliance with the Protestants of every country in Europe, and for sending missionaries all over the world to preach the Gospel of Christ. The great event destined to form the first permanent connection of the royal family of France with the Huguenot cause, and the basis of the spread of religious reform throughout the kingdom, came off at Paris on Sunday the 18th of August. On this day Henry of Navarre was married at the cathedral of Notre Dame to Princess Margaret, in the presence of both the Huguenot leaders and all the members of the royal family, the king himself giving his sister away, and the cardinal de Bourbon, highest dignitary of the Catholic church in France, officiating at the ceremony. The relationship of bride and bridegroom being within the forbidden degrees, the usual dispensation from Rome had been applied for, but the pope refusing to give it on the ground of Henry of Navarre remaining an unconverted heretic, the king had said, laughing, "Never mind the holy father; we can do without him." This in itself seemed to augur little less than a secession from Rome, which was confirmed by the nuptial ceremony—half Protestant in character, the mass being partly dispensed with, and a sermon taking its place. The nuptials completed, King Charles threw himself once more at the neck of Coligny, calling him in the tenderest accents his father, and begging him to give himself up for the rest of the week to joy and merriment, he being resolved to celebrate an event which had brought to his side the dearest and best of his subjects by a course of festivities such as had never before been witnessed in the capital of France. Coligny gladly consented, his heart swelling with pride at the glorious prospects of the church of God after so many years of frightful sufferings. Once more king and admiral embraced each other, after which the former returned to his palace, to transact affairs of state. He held a hurried conversation with his mother, and then sat down to write the following letter to the governor of Lyons. "Monsieur de Mandelot,—I make known to you by this order, which you will receive by a special messenger, that within the next six days, counting from the date of this note, no courier must be allowed to pass through my town of Lyons, except by permit given under my own hand. And I request you on your allegiance to keep it absolutely secret that the

order now given has come from me.—Charles." The sixth day from the date of this note was the 24th of August, a saint's day, dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

The marriage festivities were as brilliant as the king had informed Coligny they would be, but were nevertheless not at all to the taste of the Huguenots. Jousts and masquerades held the chief place, together with theatrical entertainments of a very strange kind. One of these represented hell and heaven, guarded by good and fallen angels, the king and his two brothers representing the chief of the celestial beings, and the parts on the other side being assigned to Protestant nobles. The latter, as in duty bound, had to allow themselves to be repulsed, whereupon there arose a frenetic cry among the spectators that "the king had driven the Huguenots into hell." Coligny paid little attention to these and many other expressions of animosity on the part of the populace, fully aware of the influence of the priests over the mob in all the larger towns; he, however, regretted the time lost in idle play while the highest interests were at stake in the Netherlands, and kept urging the king to set out for the campaign in the north. Charles, laughing, and jesting, begged his father not to be impatient, promising, "on the faith of king,"—*foi de roi*—that he should have enough to do, he and all his friends, before the week was over. To show his earnestness to commence war against the Spaniards, the king ordered the first regiment of his life-guards to Paris; and on Wednesday the 20th of August, three days after the marriage, twelve hundred arquebusemen, long distinguished as grim enemies of the heretics, entered the city. On the same day large sums of money were distributed among the captains commanding the train-bands of the sixteen districts of Paris, all being ordered to hold their men in readiness to suppress, on the first sign, a conspiracy for overturning the government. For the moment there were no appearances of it, for both the Wednesday and Thursday were spent in jousts and carousals by the king and his courtiers, and the festivities were interrupted only by an "accident" on Friday the 22nd of August. It was an accident nigh upsetting all the arrangements which Catherine de Medici had made to celebrate the day of St. Bartholomew.

Coligny, besides his public, had many private enemies, the greatest of them being the duke de Guise, son of the general assassinated before Orleans, and consequently first cousin of Mary Stuart. Not being let into the secret of all the fêtes prepared by the king and queen-mother in celebration of the nuptials of the head of the Huguenots, Guise thought the opportunity favourable for executing his own revenge, and determined to slay Coligny. Having hired an assassin, a wretch called Maurevert, famed for many murders, he installed him in a house close to the Louvre, where the admiral was passing frequently on visits to the king. Maurevert saw him go by, as usual, on foot, on the morning of Friday the 22nd of August, and, awaiting his return from the royal palace, he stationed an old woman in front of the door to hand a paper to Coligny, while he himself took his post, gun in hand, behind the curtain of the window. Before long the admiral approached, and on seeing the poor petitioner he, with gentle kindness, ap-

proached her and commenced reading her paper. At this moment a shot fell, and the sound of a bullet was heard whistling through the air. The bullet had carried off the forefinger of Coligny's right hand and lodged in the upper part of his left arm, and when his servants came running up he lifted his mutilated hand against the window from which the shot had come, bidding them to search for the assassin. The house was broken into, and the arquebuse was found; but the arquebuseman was gone. A swift horse of the duke de Guise had carried Maurevert away, and while he was galloping towards the Porte St. Antoine, his victim, faint from loss of blood, had to be led to his residence, not far off, in the Rue de Béthisi. The report of their great leader having been shot by an assassin at once spread among the Huguenots at Paris, and caused general consternation. They hurried up in crowds to his dwelling, but were greatly reassured on learning that his wound was not dangerous, and that the deed was owing, not to religious hatred but to private revenge. While yet the friends of Coligny were lingering round his house, the king, his brothers, the queen-mother, and chief dignitaries of the court came hurrying up to pay the admiral a visit, and express their deep sorrow for what had happened. At the first report of the event, Catherine de Medici had trembled at the consequences of an act likely to put a stop to the great undertaking on which she had been labouring for months past; neither the king's life-guards nor the train-bands of the city, she knew, could protect her against the rage of the terrible Huguenot knights, once her scheme should become known. Thus she hurried with the crown-bearing lad and her other sons to the admiral's bedside, to stifle possible suspicions, and was delighted to see that the compliments to "my father," the kisses and caresses, were as effectual as ever. All the Huguenots had been greatly alarmed by the attack upon their leader, fearing a general outbreak of the priest-ridden mob, but they allowed themselves to be reassured by Coligny. A few days more, he told them, and they would march forth to a great enterprise, bent to free Protestant brethren from the grip of the bloodhounds of Rome, and to establish the church of God. The Huguenots sat listening round his couch while their great captain poured forth his enthusiasm, his eyes full of the fire of youth. The whole day long and far into the night they sat talking and reading the Bible, after which they went home, each to his humble dwelling, dreaming of the kingdom of God upon earth. And the king of France with his mother were dreaming of the night of St. Bartholomew.

The night came at last—the night from Saturday the 23rd to Sunday the 24th of August. Late in the evening of Saturday a meeting of nobles and members of the royal family, presided over by Catherine de Medici, was held at the Louvre, and all were informed that the time for annihilating the enemies of the true faith had come. The parts were then distributed. The duke de Guise was told that to him was left the commencement of the "enterprise" by killing his enemy, Admiral Coligny; and that he might not fail in the task of slaying the old man, already wounded, the duke of Angoulême, bastard of Catherine's husband, was placed at his side. A little after midnight

the regiment of life-guards was called together in deep silence, and the twelve hundred arquebusemen were posted along the bank of the river and around the quarter in which Coligny and nearly all the Huguenots were residing. At the same time the king summoned the chief commander of the city train-bands, Jean le Charron, and told him, in the presence of his mother and his two brothers, that the time had come for guarding the crown of France against the attack of its enemies. He was informed, the king said, that "those of the new religion" had formed a conspiracy for murdering him and his whole family, and that the only means to prevent the catastrophe would be to kill all Huguenots the same night, the signal to commence to be given by the tolling of the great bell at the palace of justice. A list was then given to him stating the name and dwelling-place of every Huguenot within the city, and, "to prevent errors," he was ordered to tie a white ribbon or handkerchief around the left arm of every one of his men, and to recommend all good citizens, faithful sons of the church, to do the same. Jean le Charron bowed and retired, promising faithfully to execute his orders, after which the two captains of the regiment of life-guards, Cosseins and Goas, entered the chamber of the king. To them Charles repeated the commands already given, and handing a copy of the list of names, enjoined strict silence till the tolling of the bell, and prompt action afterwards. It was now two o'clock in the morning—morning of the Lord's day. The "enterprise" had been fixed for three o'clock; but the king seemed restless, and Catherine was more restless still, impatient at the slow creeping of the minute-hand over the gilded dial on the wall. She beckoned a page to her side: "Tell the duke de Guise to commence." A few minutes more, and a shot was heard breaking the deep stillness of the Sabbath morning.

Coligny was lying in bed, feverish from the burning of his wounds, with a minister, Merlin, at the foot, reading the Psalms, when a knocking was heard at the gate. The admiral paid little attention: "Read another prayer," he whispered softly to Merlin, who had been startled at the interruption. But the knocking grew louder, and suddenly a crash was heard at the gate, and the admiral's valet rushed into the bedroom. "Monseigneur," he cried, in wild terror, "the assassins have come; we are lost." "I am prepared for death," quietly rejoined Coligny; "but you and my other servants save yourselves with all speed." In another minute, and the room was full of grim figures, armed with daggers, swords, and muskets. "Art thou the admiral?" cried one of them, a servant of Guise, named Besme. "I am," replied Coligny, raising himself in bed, and looking calmly around; "you are engaged in work hideous in the sight of heaven; but I have no fear, for my death, as my life, is in the hands of God." The words had scarcely flown from his lips when the servant of Guise sprang upon him with tiger fury, plunging a dagger into his breast, and then, drawing his sword, dealing frenzied strokes at face and neck. A thick crowd pushed on from behind, following the example, till the body of Coligny was hacked to pieces and swimming in blood. A loud voice was now heard crying from below—that

of Guise, waiting with the bastard of Angoulême in the courtyard. "Have you done, Besme?" cried the voice. "Yes," replied the assassin; "it is finished." "Then throw him out of the window," ordered Guise, "for we must look with our own eyes." Besme and a soldier seized the horribly mutilated body and cast it into the yard. The royal bastard approached, wiped the blood-covered face, and crying, "It is all right," kicked the body into the gutter. "Now away," shouted Guise, addressing his followers; "we have commenced well and shall end well. Long life to the king!" With this the crowd started, amidst howling and clashing of daggers, the body of the admiral, tied to a rope, being dragged along with them through the mud. When the troop of assassins issued into the street, the tolling of a bell was heard from the palace of justice.

At the sound of the bell the train-bands rushed onward, followed by an immense rabble, scenting plunder and thirsting for blood. Armed with rusty swords, hand-guns, daggers, butchers' knives, sledge-hammers, pickaxes, bars of iron, and other instruments of murder ready to hand, the shrieking, blaspheming, hell-haunted mob sallied out into the darkness of the night to begin its carnage. Never since Christ brought into God's fair world his Gospel of peace and love did men called Christians go forth to murder so fierce and foul. The carnage commenced in the Louvre itself, under the eyes of the king and his mother, who had invited a number of the most distinguished Huguenot gentlemen to take up their residence in the royal palace. One by one, they were dragged half-naked from their beds, pushed into the courtyard, and hacked to pieces by the mob. For more than an hour the butchery in the Louvre continued, till all were wading in gore, and the frenzy of murder had seized every head. "Kill! kill!" the king screamed, his features distorted with rage; and "Kill! kill!" shouted the furious crowd issuing from the palace. Yells and groans, shrieks and laments, curses and prayers, firing of guns and tolling of bells, sounds indescribable and horrors unimaginable now began to fill the whole vast city. To despatch the handful of Huguenot knights marked in the lists was mere play to the infuriated mob, soon in search of other victims. Whosoever had an enemy could kill him with impunity; whosoever knew a rich man could lay hold with the greatest ease of his treasures, together with his life. The opportunity was not lost by the robbers, thieves, and assassins of the capital of France. Children were strangled in sight of their parents to force them to reveal their possessions; old men had their eyes torn out; pregnant women were ripped up by monsters, and girls violated over corpses. The king himself set the example of plunder as of murder. He had purchased, but not paid for, a large quantity of diamonds and other precious stones from lapidaries reputed to be heretics, and to pay the bills sent out his guards to murder all, not leaving alive the children in their cradles. The example was largely followed by the subjects of Charles IX. A debt was easily paid with a stab of the dagger, and a lawsuit decided by the pull of a trigger. The carnage lasted all the night long, and all the day, the Sunday, and all the next night. How many were mur-

dered none knew; some counted five and some ten thousand within the city walls. The Seine alone carried nearly two thousand corpses to the sea, netted along its course by fishermen; while the grave-diggers of the "Cimetière des Innocents" got paid for putting eleven hundred mutilated bodies under ground. But before the bodies of the chief of the Huguenots were given up to the grave-diggers or cast into the river, the queen-mother, great author of the massacre, enjoyed a private view of the same. By her orders the corpses, as far as they could be found, were set, entirely naked, against the wall in the inner courtyard of the Louvre, and Catherine de Medici, accompanied by her ladies of honour, passed them in review, indulging in the most obscene remarks. This queen-mother and these "ladies of honour" were the early companions of Mary Stuart.

The massacres at Paris finished only to begin afresh in the provinces. Two days before the St. Bartholomew, messengers were despatched by the king to the governors and mayors of all the towns and villages in which Huguenots were known to live, ordering them to seize and kill as many as could be caught, with special injunction not to spare the leaders. The command was deemed so frightful by many of the officials that there was hesitation to execute it; but the news from the capital put an end to all wavering, and wherever the authorities were not quick enough to lay hold of the heretics, the lowest rabble, goaded on by priests, took the task in hand. At Lyons, Toulon, Bordeaux, Orleans, Rouen, and numerous other cities, the horrors of Paris were repeated on a more or less extended scale, according to the number of Protestants within the grip of priests and mob. The carnage, resulting in the death of about a hundred thousand persons all over France, was fiercest at Lyons, the huge piles of corpses carried down the Rhone forming such hideous sight as to frighten even the Jesuits of Avignon. Here, as in all the large cities, the rabble reigned supreme; the soldiers in garrison at the citadel of Lyons refused their assistance, saying their trade was that of killing armed opponents in the open air, and it was no part of their duty to murder men, women, and children while asleep. But in other towns, the halberdiers and arquebusemen were less scrupulous. At Bordeaux the governor, Count Montferrand, put himself at the head of the mob, slaying with his own hand a councillor of state, his personal enemy, and ordering his guards to instruct the crowd of assassins, who were wearing red bonnets and called themselves the "band of cardinals," in the art of murdering heretics under the greatest amount of tortures. Here, as elsewhere, cruelty, greed, and lust went hand in hand; infants were dashed against walls in sport; houses burnt down by sets of thieves, and women ravished by crews of yelling demons. While these scenes were repeated all over France, the king, on the 26th of August, went in state to the cathedral of Notre Dame, returning thanks to God for having delivered the realm from schism and heresy, and protected the holy Catholic faith. At the suggestion of the archbishop of Orleans, Cardinal Morvilliers, whether it would not be well "to institute some kind of proceedings against the dead"—*de faire aux morts quelque sorte de procès—*

Charles, the same day, assembled his parliamentary council, and requested the judges to draw up an act of accusation against the chief of the Huguenots, whose murder, the king admitted, had taken place by his order. Only one member of the council, the advocate-general, Pibrac, had the courage to inquire, in guarded phraseology, whether his majesty intended to issue his commands for stopping further bloodshed, the reply to which was that "proper instructions" had been given already. The streets of Paris having been somewhat cleared from gore, the king walked through them in procession on the 28th of August, surrounded by his guards, and returning to the Louvre, ordered that two medals should be struck in honour of the great event that had taken place on the previous Sunday. In conformity with the command, the director of the mint, Favier, laid the medals before his majesty five days after. The first represented Charles IX. sitting on his throne, a sceptre in the left, and sword and palm-branch in the right hand, with his feet on a heap of corpses; at the back were the arms of France, with "Virtus in rebelles" underneath. The second medal contained the effigy of the king, with the legend around, in French, "Charles IX. conqueror of rebels: 24th August, 1572." and at the back Hercules destroying the hydra. Copies of both medals were sent to all the Catholic princes of Europe, as everlasting memorials of what can be accomplished by kings acting in concert with priests.

The report of the great deeds achieved by Charles IX., or rather his mother, was received differently at the various courts of Europe. King Philip laughed aloud at the news that a hundred thousand heretics had been killed in France—it was said to be the first and only time he ever laughed in his life. What seemed so funny to his majesty was that a woman should have managed to suck so much blood in so short a time without any perceptible effort; he had held Catherine de Medici in high respect before, and now felt that his Alva and other generals, his grand inquisitors, archbishops, and presidents of blood tribunals were but miserable blunderers by her side, achieving very little at a very great expense. Diplomatic relations between the courts of France and Spain had been interrupted for some time, owing to the short-sightedness of Philip, who fancied the queen-mother in earnest in toying with her Huguenots; but, recognizing his want of judgment, he now was the first to reopen intercourse in an autograph letter to Catherine, expressing both his high admiration of her policy and his intense gratification at the results obtained. The joy of King Philip, however, was pale and insignificant to that felt and expressed by the vicar of Christ. The news of the massacre had no sooner reached Rome when the holy father ordered the cannon to be fired from the castle of St. Angelo, and bonfires to be lighted in all the principal streets and public places. On the following day he walked in procession through the city, followed by all the cardinals, the ambassadors of the Catholic powers, and an immense train of priests, carrying crosses, banners, and images of saints. After kneeling and praying at the high altar of St. Peter's, the pontiff went to perform mass at the churches of the Dominicans and the Jesuits, giving thanks to

heaven for the destruction of the enemies of the true religion. Following the example of the ruler of France, the pope also commanded a medal to be struck, showing his own effigy in front, and, on the reverse, that of the king of the infernal regions crushing heretics under feet, with the legend "Hugonotorum strages." A counterfeit of the medal was put forward soon after at Geneva, exhibiting the two images on the same side, with the pontifex in the grip of the enemy of mankind.

In England the massacre of the Huguenots produced an indignation passing all bounds. Foreseeing it to some extent, and most desirous to keep on good terms with Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici instructed her ambassador at the English court, La Mothe-Fénélon, to represent the frightful scheme of murder which she had originated as partly an act of justice to subdue rebellion, and partly the result of a great feud between the rival houses of Coligny and the Guises. Though bearing the stamp of absurdity on its face, the explanation was not altogether refused by Elizabeth, who could not help feeling that her own conduct in the long-continued marriage negotiations with the French princes, leading to the belief of a firm political alliance between the governments of the two countries, had tended not a little to lure the chiefs of the Huguenots to destruction. A cry of horror and rage arose from one end of England to the other as soon as the news of the massacre became known, and the people demanded as with one voice that the treaty with France should be torn to pieces, the ambassador be expelled from the country, and war be declared against the nation of assassins. The queen felt but little sympathy with this healthy rage, her deep dislike of Calvinism inclining her to listen patiently to the tale of rebellion invented by Catherine de Medici, with whom she had been in correspondence, discussing the great matrimonial farce, till the very moment that the echo of the bell which stirred up the fanatics of Paris had flown across the Channel. Great as were the horrors perpetrated under the instigation of the queen-mother, Elizabeth felt yet unwilling to give notice to quit to her ambassador, a most accomplished gentleman and courtier, although Burleigh insisted on the necessity of this act, and that of recalling the English envoy at Paris. As a compromise, and to offer some gratification to public feeling, a sort of masquerade was finally hit upon by Elizabeth, and carried out with great effect. Towards the middle of September, while the court was at Woodstock, on its way from Warwick to Windsor, an intimation was sent to the French ambassador that an audience, which he had demanded some time before, would be granted to him by the queen. At the appointed morning, Monsieur la Mothe-Fénélon presented himself before her majesty, whom he found dressed in deep mourning, with the ladies of the court standing around in a vast circle, in like sable garments. The Frenchman was too perfect a courtier to be at all abashed by this little scene, and taking the hint as to the expression of his face from the queen, approached her with a grave air, as being included among the mutes of the procession. This was more than Elizabeth was prepared for; so she drew La Mothe into a window, inquiring whether the king of France had really given his consent to the

massacre. The ambassador, who had learnt his lesson well, repeated the story of the conspiracy, dwelling on the necessity of overcoming a formidable evil by desperate means; and the queen had nothing to give in answer but the tame remark that she hoped his master would not desert his foreign allies the same as he had deserted his Protestant subjects in their hour of need. Thereupon she swept out of the room, and stripping off her black dress, fancied she had revenged the murder of a hundred thousand Huguenots.

The Woodstock masquerade did not contribute in any way, as Elizabeth had hoped, to allay the intense excitement of the people; and Burleigh began to fear that war with France, though not desirable from a political point of view, would be inevitable. His own feelings were so strong that he told the French ambassador, in presence of the privy council, that the murder of the Huguenots was the most horrible crime committed in the world since the crucifixion of Christ. He could not say, Burleigh added, on whom the chief guilt rested, but had no hesitation in condemning the king, who had sanctioned by his presence and demeanour a deed of unexampled infamy. The words were sharp enough to rouse the spirit of the ambassador, who hinted that such remarks, if repeated, would lead to his departure, and was informed in reply that there was no objection to such a step. The attitude of the English envoy at the French court, Sir Thomas Smith, gave not much hope for the preservation of amicable relations between the two countries. Sir Thomas Smith having been instructed by Burleigh to ask for a full explanation of the causes of the massacre, reported, without reservation, that the basis of the whole was a hideous plot of the queen-mother, and that the tale of the conspiracy was without foundation. "If the admiral and his friends were guilty," he wrote, "why were they not apprehended and tried? So is the traveller slain by the robber; so is the hen by the fox; so the hind by the lion; so Abel by Cain. And grant even that they were guilty, and that they dreamt treason in their sleep: what crime committed the men, women, and children murdered at Lyons, at Bordeaux, at Orleans? What did the infants killed at the breasts of their mothers at Rouen, at Caen, at La Rochelle? God knows the assassins." Burleigh felt as deeply, yet hesitated to embark in war against the murderers of the Huguenots, still holding to his old belief that the great enemy, as of Protestantism so of England, was not France but Spain. Thus the English envoy remained in France, and the French ambassador in England, to the great satisfaction of Elizabeth, who could not bear the idea of losing such a courtly ornament as Monsieur la Mothe-Fénélon. The mourning comedy over, he made himself a greater favourite than ever, to the extent of being able to bring the queen to outrage public opinion by consenting to stand godmother to a newly-born French princess. King Charles, after leading a life of the wildest debauch, had married the year before a German princess, who had brought him a daughter, to whom the maiden queen of England was now invited to be sponsor. The report of the queen having accepted the invitation, and appointed the earl of Worcester to go as special ambassador to the court of France, created a storm of indignation throughout

England. It seemed no less than a crime to all good Protestants that the queen should connect herself thus publicly with a monarch whose hands were still reeking with the blood of the best of his subjects, and there came numerous petitions to put a stop to the embassy. But Elizabeth was determined to have her will, and the earl of Worcester had to leave for Paris at the end of October, two months after the massacre. He tried to make his departure as secretly as possible, yet notwithstanding his precautions he was attacked midway between Dover and Calais by a boatful of armed men, who killed four of his suite and wounded seven, but were beaten off at last, after vainly attempting to capture the ambassador. It was the first loud protest of the people against the course of policy taken by Elizabeth.

That the queen could not long continue in this course without raising, in the excited state of the nation, a terrible storm, not easily to be subdued, was clear to Burleigh, and he frankly said so to his mistress. Daily, from all parts of the country, came letters announcing an imminent rising of the Protestants against all suspected of sharing the opinions of the holy father in respect to the French massacre; every Roman Catholic was looked upon as an assassin in disguise, and the more violent of the reformers were crying aloud to give them "Paris justice." Even the bishops addressed a request to the government for immediately putting to death all Catholics retained in prison for refusing the oath of allegiance, which petition was backed by the report that attacks upon the gaols containing recusants had been made in several places. The demand was sternly refused by Elizabeth; but she listened with more approval to a proposition brought forward by Edwin Sandys, bishop of London, speaking not only in the name of his clerical brethren but of the people of the capital, to the effect that "the queen of Scots' head should be struck from her shoulders." There was more than one reason to induce Elizabeth to shield Mary Stuart no longer. The hatred of the Protestants against her had risen, both on account of the revelation of her crimes in Buchanan's work, and her relationship to the French royal family, to such a height that it seemed almost impossible for the queen to continue her protection without seriously endangering her own popularity; besides which the state of parties in Scotland had become such as to make it imperatively necessary either to revive her influence, or to render it harmless for ever. A civil war, horrible in all its aspects, had desolated the unhappy country, with but slight intervals of rest, since the assassination of Murray. The earl of Lennox, lifted into the vacant regency by the arquebusemen of Berwick, was known from the commencement to be too feeble a character to maintain himself long in a position requiring the highest physical and mental energy; but he fell even sooner than expected, after little more than a year's nominal tenure of office. On the 4th of September, 1571, while at Stirling to see the young king, he was seized by a detachment of brigands from the Border, led by the laird of Buccleugh and some of the Hamiltons, and shot in the open street. The deed was committed partly for political objects, and partly in private revenge, Lennox having hung, some months before, the archbishop of St. Andrew's,

whose loss—though he deserved hanging better than any other man in Scotland—was deeply deplored by his clan. But the assassination of Lennox proved no gain to either the Hamiltons or the friends of Mary Stuart. The day after the murder, the nobles assembled at Stirling, last remnant of the band of confederate lords, elected the earl of Mar, governor of the infant king, to the regency, chiefly in the hope that he might succeed in gaining English assistance, and thus end the terrible anarchy under which the country was suffering. Scotland had got so exhausted by this time, that the great political factions had become incapable to decide their struggle for power in the open field. Singly, like famished wolves, the men of each party attacked each other and tore each other to pieces. The foul deed of the assassin of Linlithgow was bearing terrible punishment to a whole nation.

With the accession of the earl of Mar to the regency there came to be three principal factions in Scotland, each of them looking to foreign help to get the upper hand. Mar and his friends, known as the king's party, and representing the overwhelming majority of the nation, but powerless in the general state of anarchy, put their trust in England; while their chief opponents, the Hamiltons, allied with Border lairds such as the Scotts and Kers, calling themselves the queen's party, had opened communications with King Philip, who seemed not unwilling to assist them. Besides these two, a third party had grown up since the murder of Murray known as the "Castilians" for being in possession of the castle of Edinburgh. The leaders of this faction, which looked to France for help, were Kirkaldy of Grange and Lethington, long minister of state, the shrewdest man in all Scotland and the most unprincipled. Lethington had come to quarrel with his former friends the Presbyterians, and succeeded in drawing the stanch old warrior, the laird of Grange, companion of John Knox since the days when Archbishop Beaton met his doom, over to his side, although there was a gulf between them as deep as that between himself and Knox. The reformers held up "the will of God" as their supreme guide; Lethington did not mind telling his friends in confidential hours that God was "ane Bogill of the nursery." Broken down by illness, his body half paralyzed, but his intellect as keen as ever, Lethington was a formidable man to both the king's and the queen's parties; and perched on the battlements of Edinburgh Castle, like in an eagle's nest, he seemed to hold the scales between either of the factions. Having vainly sought to gain him over by promises, the earl of Mar had no choice left in order to establish his government, if only in name, but to lay siege to Edinburgh Castle. He accordingly moved with the handful of men which his friends were enabled to raise from Stirling to the capital; but, before beginning siege operations, implored Elizabeth once more to send him some troops and money, so as not to risk the breaking down of the last remnant of an established government in the destruction of his small force. But while he was writing to the queen of England, Lethington was in active correspondence with the queen-mother of France, and the Hamiltons with King Philip and Alva, and in the race of messengers and messages fortune appeared to incline

more to the party of Mary Stuart and the castilians than to the regent. Elizabeth, irresolute as ever, would promise nothing, while Catherine de Medici assured Lethington that a French fleet would sail for Leith in a few months; and the duke of Alva informed Lord Seton, envoy of the Hamiltons, that the northern coasts of Scotland had been already surveyed, and that a Spanish force would land in Aberdeenshire as soon as his friends had made all preparations for a campaign. This was a spur to the queen's party to set themselves in movement at once. The week after the regent had gone from Stirling to Edinburgh, the Hamiltons with their allies the Border troopers marched into Aberdeenshire, burning and plundering along the road, and killing indiscriminately men, women, and children. The clan of Forbes, old foes of the Hamiltons, were specially marked out for destruction among the rest, and orders were given to slay even the infant at the breast of the mother. Sweeping down the valley of the Don, the horde of murderers were stopped by Towie Castle, in which Lady Forbes, with her children and servants, had shut herself up. Defence there could not be, the country having long been drained of armed men, and when the troopers, headed by Adam Gordon, came under the walls, they made a breach with hammer and pickaxe, and flung in blazing faggots of wood. A loud wailing now rose up to heaven, and through fire and smoke the little children came rushing to save their lives; but they had no sooner got outside when they were caught on pikes, and tossed back into the flames. It was a suitable preparation of the queen's party for the reception of the duke of Alva in Scotland.

The horrors of Towie Castle made but little impression in a country bleeding from all the wounds of protracted civil strife. Finding it impossible to reduce Edinburgh Castle with but a few hundred men under his command, and not even money to pay these, the earl of Mar returned to Stirling, where he died, not without suspicion of poison, on the 28th of October, 1572. Just before his death, the long negotiation for assistance with Elizabeth, which had been the principal occupation of his regency, had entered a somewhat important phase. On Burleigh's advice, who could see no other way of getting rid of the arch-plotter disturbing the peace of the realm, the queen proposed to the earl of Mar to deliver Mary Stuart up to him, on the implied condition that she should receive due punishment as a murderess. It was a proposal evidently advantageous to the Scottish government, inasmuch as after the death of Mary Stuart the Hamiltons could not continue their murders and robberies under the dignified title of the queen's party, and the ground would be taken away for the threatened invasions of both the French and the Spaniards. Nevertheless, the regent hesitated in accepting the offer unconditionally, justly thinking that the execution of the captive queen would be at least as great an advantage to Elizabeth as to his own party, and that the odium of awarding punishment to a royal malefactor, the same as to any other vulgar creature, should not be cast upon him and his friends without some equivalent advantage. He therefore stipulated that Elizabeth, in return for being freed of her dangerous prisoner, should take the young king

under her protection, entering upon an agreement that his rights to the throne of England, as well as to that of Scotland, should not be invalidated by any judicial sentence passed upon his mother, and that, moreover, she should assist his adherents to establish a firm rule, beginning with the reduction of the fortress of the capital. These were clearly fair conditions; but the queen felt little inclined to agree to them, the old fear of acknowledging a successor, even in the person of an infant, still haunting her mind. However, Burleigh, anxious to bring the negotiations to a successful end, induced her not to reject the proposals of the regent altogether, and she consented to despatch Sir Henry Killebrew as special envoy to Scotland. Sir Henry, brother-in-law of Burleigh, arrived at Edinburgh in the middle of September, to behold a sight such as he had never witnessed in his life.

The report of the massacre of the Huguenots had just reached Scotland, stirring the great heart of the nation to its deepest depths. To the Protestant churchmen of England the night of St. Bartholomew appeared as a great crime against humanity; to the Presbyterians of Scotland it was like the murder of near and dear relations. John Knox called Calvin his father; and John Knox's pupils looked upon Calvin's disciples as their brethren, closer to their souls than mere brothers connected by the ties of flesh. For a moment, when the news of the hideous murders reached Scotland, there was dumb despair, but followed quickly by a cry for revenge. Knox, lying ill at St. Andrew's, attacked by a stroke of paralysis which left him unable to move, and heart-broken by the misery of his unfortunate country, gathered strength at the wild cry, and moving his frail body by a gigantic effort of the mind, arose and went to Edinburgh. He went into the pulpit and preached as he had never preached before. Words of fire, words of holy rage, words of heavenly exaltation came from his lips. It was the last sermon delivered by John Knox. From the pulpit he was carried back to his bed, seized by another paralytic stroke, which set his mind wandering. He recovered consciousness a few days after, to learn that his hours upon earth were numbered, whereupon he sent for the elders of the kirk, exhorting them to be constant in the faith under whatever trials God might send. From religion the thoughts of John Knox reverted to his country. He resolved, before quitting the world of the living, to make a last attempt to restore peace and harmony among his friends and countrymen, and with this great object in view sent a message to his old disciple and companion, Kirkaldy of Grange. "Go," he said to David Lindsay, minister of Perth, who was watching at his bedside, "go to yon man at the castle: tell him I warn him in the name of God to leave that evil cause. Neither the craggy rock in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of the man whom he esteems a demigod, shall avail him against being dragged from his nest with shame and hung on the gallows against the sun." Lindsay did as ordered, and being admitted into the castle moved the heart of the old laird till he promised to do as bidden by John Knox. But before opening the castle-gates he led the messenger to Lethington, who, crouching, lame, and

broken by disease, was yet keeping the stout commander of the fortress in absolute thralldom. Lethington laughed aloud when hearing of his friend's intention to surrender. "We will not surrender," he cried, with shrill voice, and, addressing Lindsay, "Go and tell Master Knox that he is but a drytting prophet." The words were carried to the great reformer. "Well, well," said he; "I have been earnest with my God anent the twa men. For the one, I am sorry that sa should befall him, yet God assures me there is mercy for his soul: for the other I have na warrant that ever he shall be well."

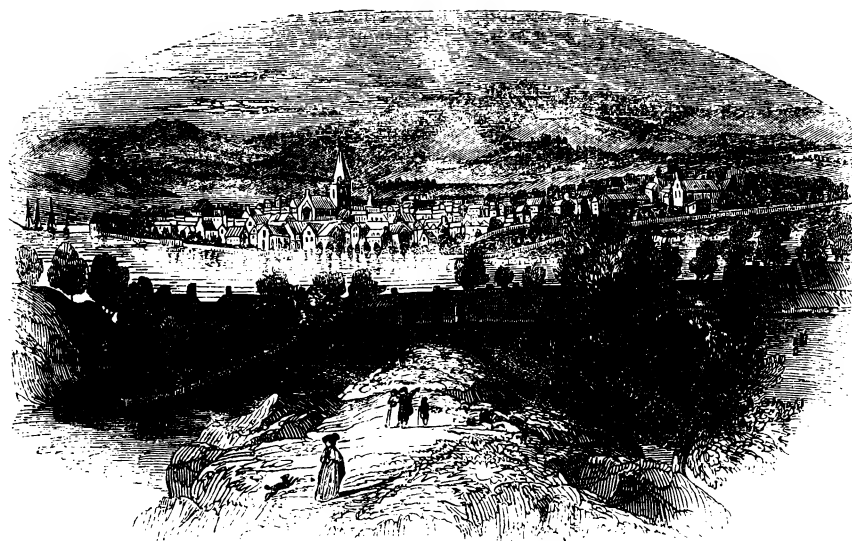
While Knox was lying on his deathbed at Edinburgh, the regent, the earl of Mar, was put into his coffin at Stirling. On the 27th of October, the earl was walking about, steel-capped, the sword at his side, in the fulness of strength, and on the 28th he was lying on the floor, cold, stiff, and stark. That Mary Stuart had ordered him to be poisoned for negotiating her surrender was the general opinion of the people, and seemed probable enough; but it mattered little in the general chaos of things, with every man's life at the mercy of any other man possessed of a firelock or an old piece of iron. Regent of Scotland or beggar at the roadside, it was all the same: no man could hope more, rising in the morning, than to get his six feet of earth before the evening sun had set. The friends of the earl, Morton, Ruthven, Glencairn, and others, had his grave dug and put him low and said a short prayer; then they drew their sharp swords, buckled their armour tighter, jumped on their horses, and rode off to Edinburgh. Who should be regent in Mar's place was the great question to be solved, and there was but one man in all Scotland able to solve it. That man, too, was but a span removed from death; the riders knew it, and pressed the spurs into the sides of their steeds till the blood ran down the quivering flanks. Late at night on the 19th of November, Morton and his companions arrived at Edinburgh, and applied for permission to see John Knox. The earls were admitted, and after a long secret conference with the reformer retired to their homes. Five days after, on the 24th of November, 1572, Morton was proclaimed regent of Scotland at the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The same day, with the sinking sun, the greatest and noblest of Scotchmen—greatest and noblest of the age and of all times—went to his eternal rest. John Knox died as he had lived, with the name of God in his heart and on his lips. His friends read to him the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, wherein, he said, he had first cast anchor, and with the last verse, "And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them," his head sank back on the pillow. Then his eyes closed, he prayed, and the shadow of death swept over his face.

The first care of the earl of Morton on assuming the regency was to take up the thread of the negotiations with Elizabeth, dropped by the death of his predecessor. Sir Henry Killebrew, as earnest a Protestant as his brother-in-law Burleigh, had been greatly affected by the scenes he had witnessed at Edinburgh, and promised to do all in his power to gain the much-needed assistance of the English government. His

letters had the effect of inducing Elizabeth to send a supply of money to the regent, which, and the reiterated promise of the queen that under certain conditions she might be induced to adopt the young king as her successor, had an immense influence in strengthening the hands of the government. Far more energetic than his predecessor, and with a vigour amounting at times to ferocity, Morton lost no time in handling his newly-acquired power. Determined to overcome his enemies, either by force or intrigue, he began by summoning the chiefs of the queen's party to surrender, or to prepare themselves for a war of extermination. The Hamiltons well knew his character, and being fully acquainted with the change in the attitude of Elizabeth effected by Killebrew, offered to negotiate with the regent. Aberdeenshire was theirs, but no Spanish fleet had yet set sail for its coast, and Alva's promises to Lord Seton got more and more vague, leaving but the slightest hope of King Philip's banner flying over the head of Border troopers. It was thus they offered to treat, and Morton, to aid their good-will, raised with Elizabeth's money a few troops, and marched upon them, hanging as many peace-disturbers by the way as he could lay hold of. Arrived at Perth, he sent a

the throne of Scotland. In return for these concessions and the acknowledgment of his regency, the earl of Morton consented to grant a complete amnesty for all past offences, and the reinstalment of all the leaders of the rebellion in their former honours and possessions. The important document embodying these stipulations was signed at the lodgings of the English ambassador at Perth, on the 23rd of February, 1573; and with its signature vanished the last shadow of power flickering around the name of Mary Stuart.

All Scotland now acknowledged the government of Morton, except the small piece of rock towering above the capital. The "castilians," fighting for personal rather than general objects, were more than ever in hopes of aid from France, the queen-mother having given positive assurance to Lethington that a French fleet would cast anchor at Leith before the midsummer of 1573, to "restore order" in the name of Charles IX. To this assurance both Lethington and Kirkaldy were the more inclined to trust, as French assistance had already supplied them with provisions enough to last for nearly a year, also with plenty of guns and ammunition, and with everything required to withstand a lengthened siege. The fortress, besides, was held to be impregnable, situated as it was on the extreme end



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final summons into the camp of the enemy, which brought the leaders to propose a conference. Sir Henry Killebrew, who had accompanied the regent in his march—greatly strengthening by his presence the general belief that an English army was coming to his aid—assented to the conference taking place under his mediation, the result of which was the conclusion of a treaty of peace after but short deliberation. By the terms of this treaty the earl of Huntly and Sir Adam Gordon, in the name of the Hamiltons and Gordons, and the lairds of Buccleugh and Johnston, as chieftains of the borderers, consented to submit to the government, to recognize as illegal everything done in opposition to the king's government since the coronation of James VI. at Stirling, and, finally, to declare null and void all the claims of Mary Stuart to

of a steep ridge of rock, falling off vertically on three sides in precipices above two hundred feet deep, and accessible only by a narrow causeway about a mile long leading from the city, which was fortified by immense walls and earthworks, with guns rising tier above tier. Morton himself knew the castle to be impregnable by the forces under his command, and conscious that his rule was but a mockery as long as the capital of the kingdom was under the guns of an antagonistic power, constantly striving to attract a foreign army, he exhausted himself in promises to Lethington and Kirkaldy to surrender a possession which

they were holding only on trust, as supposed friends of the established government. The laird of Grange felt inclined to accept the proposals of the regent, offering to him and his adherents the highest honours in the state, but Lethington again resisted. He hated Morton, and, firmly persuaded that a few thousand French troops would not fail to place the supreme power in his own hands, he had no trouble to bring Kirkaldy to share in his views. The regent now was left to his last resource, that of seeking help from Elizabeth. He implored her, for the sake of his unhappy country, exhausted by internal strife, to lend him soldiers and guns sufficient to reduce the last spot in which rebellion was hiding, and thus to give peace to Scotland. Sir Henry Killebrew warmly seconded the request of Morton. "If the castle be

not recovered," he informed the queen, "and that with expedition, there will be the beginning of sorrows, and foreign interference may put in danger the throne of your majesty and the realm of England." Elizabeth was not frightened by mere words, but the report of her envoy was backed by another piece of news which gave it an unexpected importance. Burleigh learnt through his foreign spies that the Lady Mar, widow of the late regent of Scotland, who continued to have the custody of the young king at Stirling Castle, had entered into a secret correspondence with Catherine de Medici for delivering up her precious charge as soon as a French fleet should appear on the coast. Knowing that Lady Mar, a Roman-Catholic, was not at all unlikely to carry out such a bargain if once concluded, Burleigh pressed upon Elizabeth the necessity of sending the aid demanded by Morton. The queen wavered but a moment; Edinburgh Castle was little to her, and for the regent she cared still less, but the person of the boy-king, her own probable successor, was a prize not to be put in jeopardy. Towards the end of March, Sir William Drury, governor of Berwick, received orders to set sail for Leith with five hundred hackbutter, one hundred and forty pikemen, and a train of heavy siege guns, nick-named "her majesty's peace-makers." The command was duly obeyed; and on the 17th of April the little force, insignificant in number, yet carrying in its hands the fate of a kingdom, marched into Edinburgh, welcomed by the enthusiastic cries of the citizens.

The siege of Edinburgh Castle commenced on the 17th of May, it having taken just a month to dig the trenches and put the big guns, the peace-makers, into the right position, facing the fortification on the narrow ridge leading from the city to the top of the rock. Within the castle there were nearly two hundred men, and the attacking party without consisted of about fourteen hundred soldiers, including seven hundred men furnished by the regent; but whatever inequality there was in numbers was fully made up by the advantage of position. The "castilians" seemed so certain of victory that even when the English batteries had been planted, under the cross-fire of the castle guns, they refused all offers of accommodation; and to the last summons of the regent, offering a complete amnesty, Kirkaldy replied that he did not mean to surrender as long as there was one stone upon the other. Further parleying being evidently useless, the big guns on the 17th of May began to spit fire. Their effort was directed mainly against the bastion known as the David's Tower, considered the centre of the fortress, and known to be of great strength. David's Tower was tough indeed, for it took six days, and more than two thousand balls of iron, to shatter it to pieces and bring down the guns on the walls, together with the gunners, into the dust. On the 23rd the huge bulwark which had stood the storm of centuries fell with a crash heard for miles around, and the red flag on its summit sank amidst clouds of dust. But the besieged yet held out, though Lethington, unable to stand the furious cannonading, which threatened to shake his frail body into atoms, had to be carried down into the vaults below the fortifications. On the 24th another bastion, the Wallace Tower, riddled

like a sieve by incessant firing, fell into dust; and the next day the outer defences of the citadel were occupied by the English artillerymen with little resistance. A flag of truce was now stuck out from the battlements, and an officer came down to parley with Sir William Drury. Referred to the regent, he made to him the offer, in the name of the laird of Grange, to surrender the castle on condition of a complete amnesty being granted. But Morton refused, telling the messenger that the time for amnesty had gone by with the death of two hundred brave men, killed during the siege, and that henceforth nothing could be accepted but unconditional surrender. Once more the batteries commenced firing, and once more the English artillerymen advanced, taking possession of the second line of defences. On the morning of the 28th Kirkaldy himself, a white rod in his hand, came upon the ramparts he still called his own, and demanded a free departure with all his men, declaring that if not granted, the ruins of the fortress should bury besiegers and besieged. He was told that his soldiers might pass out free, but that as regarded himself, Lethington, and three others, they must surrender unconditionally. The laird knew what it meant, and returning to his men prepared to die a soldier's death. But now rebellion arose in his own camp. The garrison, having overheard the offer made to their commander, and seeing further resistance utterly hopeless, opened the gate for themselves; and in the evening of the 28th of May the flag of King James waved over the ruins of Edinburgh Castle. For the first time since that other May evening, five years before, when Mary Stuart fled from her prison in Loch Leven, all Scotland obeyed one ruler.

There was not much uncertainty regarding the fate in store for Lethington and the laird of Grange. The former made desperate efforts to save his life by imploring the aid of Elizabeth; but although the queen interceded in his favour with the regent it was of no avail. The rage of the people against Lethington was so great that he had to be protected by a strong guard of soldiers to save him from violence, which hatred, together with the shame of the gallows, had such an effect upon his mind that he committed suicide in his prison, eleven days after the surrender of the castle. "Lethington died at Leith after the old Roman fashion," Sir James Melville noted down in his diary. After the death of the man who had looked upon God as a nursery boggle, there remained only the laird of Grange for punishment. The friends of the latter exerted themselves for him in a manner profoundly touching. Eighty men, some relatives of the laird and others connected with him by ties of friendship of long standing, offered to become perpetual servants to the house of Angus and Morton "in bond of manrent," and to give up all their lands and chattels and whatever else they possessed in exchange for his pardon. But the regent was inexorable; he had the reputation of being grasping, yet the immense bribe offered served but to fortify him in the stern path of duty. "Considering," he wrote to Sir Henry Killebrew, who continued pleading in the name of his mistress for the life of the old soldier, "considering what hath been daily spoken by the preachers that God's plague would not cease till the land was purged

of blood, and considering the demands of those who, by the death of their friends, the destruction of their houses, the taking away of their goods, cannot be satisfied by any offer made to me in particular, I have deliberated to let justice proceed." Accordingly, on the 3rd of August, Kirkaldy of Grange, whom Lethington had flattered that he would become a second Wallace, was placed in a low cart and drawn from his prison to the gallows erected in the High Street of Edinburgh. The minister who, at his own wish, attended him to whisper in his ear the last comforts of religion was David Lindsay, the same who had carried to him the final message of John Knox. It was four in the afternoon when the mournful procession arrived at the place of execution, all Edinburgh looking on in breathless silence. By order of the regent, the hangman fastened the rope round the neck of the laird so that he might look eastward towards the castle, place of his great crime; but as the cart moved on from under the doomed man, the body swung slowly round, till the evening sun was streaming full upon his face, now livid in the agony of death. Then David Lindsay remembered the words of Knox: "He shall be dragged from his nest with shame, and hung on the gallows against the sun."

Elizabeth's troops had withdrawn from Edinburgh long before the execution of the laird of Grange. Careful not to incur unnecessary expense, Sir William Drury received orders to reship his hackbutters, pikemen, and great guns as soon as the castle was taken, with special injunction to gather and bring home as many of the three thousand balls which had been hurled against the old walls and towers as could be picked out of the ruins. Sir Henry Killebrew also went back to England a month after the troops had left, conveying the thanks of Morton to the queen, and the expression of his hope that she would carry out the proposal made to his predecessor of sending the murderess of Kirk o' Field for trial before her judges. Elizabeth accepted the thanks, but professed to be almost angry at the offer. In the first excitement following the massacre of the Huguenots she had been willing to sacrifice Mary Stuart to appease the wild cry for vengeance raised throughout the land; but since that time the waves had subsided, and her grim purpose had subsided with them. Her horror of bloodshed was sincere, and, combined with her high notions of royal privilege, made her utterly unwilling to punish the fallen queen more than absolutely necessary for her own protection. Mary Stuart, too, had given signs of repentance of late which even Burleigh believed sincere. Unable to conspire by reason of her strict confinement, and with no more time to expend upon dictating letters to all the princes of Europe, and inventing and changing ciphers for secret correspondence, she had taken to needlework, millinery, and the rearing of turtle-doves. "My lord of Glasgow," she wrote to her representative at the French court, while Edinburgh Castle was being besieged, "I beg you to obtain for me some turtle-doves and Barbary fowls, that I may bring them up in this country. I should take pleasure in feeding them in their cages, as I do all the little birds I can find: these are the only pastimes of a poor prisoner." The archbishop of Glasgow was too good a diplomatist

not to hand the letter to Elizabeth's ambassador, who sent it on to his mistress. The queen appeared touched by the little piece of comedy, and was more touched still when Mary sent her some tablets and other descriptions of fancy work which she had made with her own hand. Monsieur la Mothe-Fénélon had to deliver these presents; and when he informed Mary Stuart that they had been well-received, she broke forth in a lively strain of thankfulness. "I feel the greatest satisfaction," she told the French envoy, "at the good news you give me, that it has pleased the queen to accept my tablets, for I desire nothing so much as to be able always to please her, in the least as well as in the most important affairs. I am desirous to make her a head-dress as soon as I can; but if you think some articles of network would please her better, I will make them." Edinburgh Castle had fallen and the laird of Grange had been hung when this letter was written. For months Mary Stuart was in mortal fear of being delivered up to the regent, her bitterest enemy; and while the fear lasted she remained energetically attached to tablets, needlework, and turtle-doves. It was partly in consequence of this useful occupation that, towards the end of the year, Sir Henry Killebrew informed Morton that her majesty had no intention to deliver into his hands the late queen of Scots.

The re-establishment of peace in the northern kingdom left Burleigh's hands free to act in another direction. The great object of his foreign policy, that of aiding in the establishment of Protestantism on the continent of Europe, had received a terrible check in the French massacre, and to repair the defeat suffered thereby became his most immediate task. But here again he met with resistance on the part of Elizabeth. She professed deep sympathy with the unfortunate Huguenots, yet would not on this account give up her intercourse with the perfidious monsters who had deluged France in blood, and continued persecuting the Protestants in the most horrible manner; and while sending kind letters to many of the followers of Coligny who had escaped from the scene of murder and found a refuge on English soil, she at the same time corresponded in a still more friendly tone with the murderers. All that Burleigh could do under these circumstances was to give his help in a more or less covert manner, meeting the ambassador of Catherine de Medici in the morning in the queen's apartments and the envoys of the Huguenots in the evening in his own house. The cause of the French Protestants after the massacre was desperate, but not altogether hopeless. They had lost the whole of their leaders, and with them all organization as a political body, as substitute for which they had nothing but their indomitable courage and the strength of their religious convictions. That they possessed both to a supreme degree they soon proved. Rallying together in such towns and fortresses where they were forming a majority, and making, as before, the province of Aunis, with La Rochelle for a centre, their head-quarters, they succeeded in the course of a few months in forming themselves once more in a body, asserting their inalienable right to worship God after the dictates of their consciences. However, full confidence as they had in their own good cause and the strength of their arms to

defend it until death, the Huguenots were perfectly aware that they would have to succumb to numbers unless receiving foreign assistance, and one of their first objects, therefore, after some kind of reorganization had been effected, was to despatch envoys to the other Protestants of Europe requesting help. But nations as yet had no voice but in their princes, and there were but two powers able to assist the Huguenots—the Protestant princes of Germany, united in confederation, and the queen of England. The former, stirred into unwonted energy by the report of the horrors enacted in France, immediately collected troops and money, placing both at the disposition of the Count Palatine, whose possessions on the left bank of the Rhine afforded the greatest facility for giving the demanded succour. But though welcome as diverting a part of the forces of the enemy in another direction, the German troops could offer no direct assistance to the Huguenots grouped in the west of France, and their chief hopes rested with Queen Elizabeth, whose fleet alone was able to cover La Rochelle, and whose word alone had power to stay the grip of that religious fanaticism which threatened to crush Protestantism for ever. Unfortunately for these hopes, the queen refused even to see the Huguenot envoys, though on Burleigh's intercession she gave them secret aid in money, as well as permission to arm a number of small vessels at Plymouth and Falmouth. The fleet thus equipped, consisting chiefly of fishing-boats, and commanded by count de Montgomery—the same who had accidentally killed at a tournament the husband of Catherine de Medici—left England at the beginning of April, 1573, to relieve La Rochelle, closely invested by the royal troops. On the 19th, Montgomery's vessels appeared in the roadstead of La Rochelle, awaking the enthusiasm of the Huguenots, who, ranged on the walls in battle order, set to singing the sixty-eighth psalm, "Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered." But while they were exulting, the batteries on shore opened their guns upon Montgomery's fleet, which was scattered in all directions, vainly seeking shelter under the protection of ten large men-of-war, which Elizabeth had sent to cruise in the Channel. While secretly aiding Montgomery, the queen had openly informed Monsieur la Mothe-Fénélon that his government would be at liberty to treat the men embarking from her realm in aid of the Huguenots, whether Englishmen or Frenchmen, as pirates.

La Rochelle was saved by the valour of its defenders, notwithstanding the abandonment of Elizabeth. After more than thirty thousand men had perished under its walls, one-half under the swords of the Huguenots, and the other half from pestilence and want, Catherine de Medici withdrew her troops, and entering into a treaty with the hated heretics, promised them once more complete religious liberty. What the promise was worth the Huguenots knew fully; but they signed the treaty laid before them, and then set to perfect their organization and their armaments. Misfortune had taught the Protestants of France its own severe lesson, and they were beginning to see that extermination would be their inevitable fate should they continue to place nationality above religion, and while striving to obtain freedom of conscience at home should forget linking themselves

arm in arm with the men of other countries fighting the same battle. Already Germany had sent them assistance which, though unavailable for the moment, was precious; and it now remained to draw closer these bonds, and to form others connecting their interests with the Protestants of England, Scotland, and the Netherlands. The people of the latter country were continuing their protracted struggle against the despotism of Spain and of Rome, with not much immediate advantage before them, but success looming grandly in the future. As to the Huguenots, so to the Flemings, the sea was the great bulwark to fall back upon, the last refuge of liberty; and having more of the vast sea at their back, the Dutch Protestants possessed an immense natural advantage over the French in the battle for freedom. To connect hands across the ocean was evidently a gain to both, and acting upon this plan an intimate union was established before long between the defenders of La Rochelle and the citizens of the maritime towns of Flanders and Holland. A fleet of small vessels, manned by daring seamen, soon covered the Channel from the isle of Ushant to the Texel, and not an enemy's ship was allowed to pass without the protection of men-of-war. The Dutch and French privateers, working hand in hand, mostly carried their prizes into English ports; but this having been interdicted by Elizabeth, through the representations of the Spanish government, they established markets of their own at the coast of Holland, on islands and outlying peninsulas beyond the reach of Alva's soldiers. It was in vain the Spaniards attempted, at immense expenditure of blood and treasure, to drive the heretics from these sea-bound fortresses. Breaking down the dykes and opening the sluices, the fighters for freedom erected walls not to be destroyed by guns; and while annihilating the inheritance of their fathers, painfully gained from the ocean, cut themselves adrift for ever from Rome, the inquisition, and the Council of Blood.

The first aggressive movements of the allied Huguenots and Flemings met with considerable success. After hiding for nearly a year among the Channel islands, supplied with funds by Burleigh, and threatened with imprisonment by Elizabeth, Count Montgomery made a bold attempt of invasion in Normandy. With the help of Dutch sailors he effected a landing at the coast opposite Jersey, and marching straight inland made himself master of Valognes, St. Lô, Carenton, Domfront, and other towns in western Normandy inhabited by Protestants. By a preconcerted plan, the Huguenots of La Rochelle, likewise aided by Flemish auxiliaries, together with a small number of English volunteers, seized Fontenay, Lusignan, Royan, St. Jean d'Angely, Rochefort, and two or three other strong places in the provinces of Poitou and Saintonge, expelling the royal troops with extraordinary facility. The movement was well timed, the wild excitement of the St. Bartholomew murders having been followed by a deep reaction among the more intelligent men of the Catholic middle and upper classes, who, fearing the establishment of a despotism viler than that of the inquisition if Catherine de Medici should be allowed to continue her career much longer, began to range themselves silently at the side of the Huguenots. The party thus formed, known as "the Politicians," or moderate Catholics, numbered

some of the most influential men in France, among them the duke of Montmorency, son of the great constable; marshal de Damville, one of the best of the royal generals; and, above all, the duke d'Alençon, youngest brother of the king, and approved suitor of Queen Elizabeth. The latter was brought over to the new party by Henry of Navarre and the young prince de Condé, the hereditary chiefs of the Huguenots, whose life had been spared in the night of St. Bartholomew on condition of their embracing the Roman Catholic faith and attending the mass. They consented to do so, but remained Protestant at heart, awaiting only a fitting opportunity to rejoin their old friends. This opportunity they considered had arrived with the landing of Count Montgomery on the west coast; and the report of it had no sooner arrived at court when Condé and Henry of Navarre resolved to fly into Normandy. It was easy for them to induce Elizabeth's lover, a rather weak-minded youth, to join them in their flight; the scheme being held out before him that he should be proclaimed king of France, Charles, his brother, suffering under incurable illness, having been previously declared unfit for government, as well as the duke of Anjou, heir-apparent, the latter on the ground of holding the crown of Poland, which he had received by the election of the nobles a few months before. The plan was deep-laid, and not without considerable chances of success; but it failed for want of courage of the chief actors. The arrangement, settled in a secret correspondence with Montgomery, was that the three princes should leave Paris early on the morning of the day before Easter, Saturday the 10th of April, 1574, on the pretence of hunting in the forest of St. Germain, where they would be met by a strong force of Huguenot officers clad in the garb of royal soldiers, who were to conduct them by way of Mantes and Evreux to St. Lô, guards, likewise in the king's uniform, being stationed all along the road. Everything seemed drawing to the successful issue of this scheme, when, two days before the appointed excursion to St. Germain, the duke d'Alençon revealed the great secret to one of his mistresses, who, having long acted as a spy, forthwith communicated it to the queen-mother. Catherine de Medici was never wont to hesitate. In less than an hour Alençon, Condé, and Navarre found themselves arrested, while the queen-mother hurried to Charles, inciting him to kill the three princes with his own hand, as they were conspiring against his throne as well as his life. But the king, without giving a reply, turned away his face. He felt that he was dying, and the dark shadow approaching his soul, his hand began to shrink from murder.

The discovery of the great conspiracy created a momentary terror at the court of France. Catherine de Medici loved but one human being—the duke of Anjou, the son most like herself; and he being far away in Poland, her fears were that a sudden revolution, before or after the death of the king, now expected to be sudden, would snatch the crown away from him to be placed on the head of d'Alençon. Shrinking from nothing, she would gladly have destroyed the latter although her own son, but that her instruments for once refused their service. Real friends she had none, and could not have; and her own power depending in reality but upon the breath of the bearer of the crown,

the adherents she possessed looked about with wary eyes not to compromise themselves, rather inclined to turn their daggers against herself than against the possible future king. Catherine had to find, with grief and bitterness, that even the guards which she had placed around the three princes, composed though they were of her own creatures, could not be trusted. Aware that Charles was dying, and doubtful whether d'Anjou would come back from Poland in time to grasp the vacant crown, they bowed in the dust before d'Alençon, offering to let him go where he liked, and even putting their swords at his service. However, the young prince had neither his mother's nor his brother's spirit, and trembling for his life which he knew was in danger, refused all offers of assistance. Henry of Navarre likewise refused to fly, deeming it prudent to remain near a throne between which and him there stood, besides a dying man, but two dissipated youths not likely to revel long in the glare and temptation of supreme power. Condé alone, fearing more and hoping less, accepted the offer of his guards, and determined to seek safety in escape. On Easter morning, three days after having been made a prisoner by Catherine, he made his way out of the Louvre, threw himself on horseback, and with a few friends rode away to the east. Before the week was over, he had succeeded in reaching Strasbourg, free city of the Germanic empire, from which he sent circulars to all the Huguenot towns of France, declaring that he had been forced to become a nominal convert to popish superstition, but that, having recovered his liberty, he intended to devote heart and soul to the great Protestant cause. Once more now the French Calvinists had a leader, an advantage the more important as Condé inaugurated his new career by taking command in the army of the prince of Orange, as if to show his friends that the enemies of the Huguenots had to be fought in the Netherlands as well as in France.

Condé's flight greatly exasperated the queen-mother, and, to vent her rage, she ordered the chief confidants of d'Alençon, a Piedmontese count named Coconas, and another nobleman named La Môle, to be put on the rack in order to extract from them the secrets of the conspiracy entered into with the Huguenots. The revelations they made amounted to little; but in consequence of them the duke de Montmorency, and several other distinguished men among the "Politicians," were sent into the Bastille, and several others ordered for execution. Coconas and La Môle were likewise put to death, after undergoing the most frightful tortures, their limbs being plucked to pieces bit by bit with red-hot pincers. Catherine ordered these atrocities out of personal vengeance, the two victims being known to have scorned her own advances, and become subsequently the highly-favoured lovers of two of the royal princesses, the young duchess de Nevers, and her still younger daughter Margaret, married to Henry of Navarre a few days before the St. Bartholomew massacre. Margaret, who even after her marriage figured openly as the mistress of La Môle, got so enraged at his death that she attempted the life of her mother, but not succeeding in her murderous design, was shut up in her room. Here she was joined by her frail sister, the duchess de Nevers, and the two princesses having procured from the

executioner the heads of their lovers, they embalmed them with their own hands. In the meanwhile Catherine kept on killing and torturing the attendants of her son, with the effect of getting at last all the particulars of the plot in which he had been engaged. Making use of the knowledge, she invented a scheme for seizing the leader of the Huguenots in Normandy, Count Montgomery, who continued entertaining hopes that both d'Alençon and Henry of Navarre would free themselves from their confinement and come to join him. The scheme succeeded to perfection. Her spies passed into the fortress of Domfront, where Montgomery was waiting with a handful of men, and opening the gates in the night—night of the 26th May, 1574—let in a strong force under General Matignon, who after desperate resistance carried the whole of the Huguenots away as prisoners. The men were hung on trees along the roadside, but Montgomery was carried in chains before the queen-mother, who received his prayer for pardon with curses and looks of rage. It was he who had killed her husband, and it was he who had attempted to take the crown from her favourite and only worthy son to put it upon the head of another she despised. Catherine resolved to exhaust all the tortures ever invented by hell upon the Huguenot leader.

While these horrors were taking place at the court of France—a mother attempting the life of her son, and the daughters dreaming murder and embalming the skulls of their paramours in the presence of their husbands—the crowned head of the family, chief of the illustrious house of Valois, was breathing heavily in the agony of death. In a narrow room of the royal palace, scene of murder, of debauch, and of crimes unutterable in their hideousness, near a window overlooking the courtyard where he himself had helped assassinating the Huguenots, King Charles IX. was lying on his death-bed, on the 30th of May, attended by a Huguenot nurse who had fondled him when a baby, the only being upon earth that ever loved him. All his courtiers had fled, Catherine having obtained the day previous his signature to a deed nominating her regent of the kingdom; and now even the most devoted of the royal servants had quitted the chamber of death, unable to bear the frightful odour of the room, accompaniment of the dire disease which destroyed a dissolute life at the age of twenty-four. The Huguenot nurse alone remained at the side of the dying king, attempting to allay with kind words the dreadful pain which was racking his body, and trying to lead his maddened soul up to the calm of heaven. But his shrieks drowned her prayers: his agony was too great to be allayed by supplication. At length, the end drawing nigh, his bodily tortures ceased, and the mental anguish commenced. "What blood do I see all around," he cried, "what blood and what murder! Where am I? What will become of me? Merciful God have pity upon me." The nurse, kneeling in prayers at the bedside, again tried to console the dying king. "The blood," she whispered, feebly, "may fall on the head of those whose bad counsel drove you into murder." But his anguish increased; his breath was getting thick and heavy. "Merciful God have pity upon me!" he cried once more; "I am lost! I am lost!" Then his head sank back upon the

pillow: King Charles IX. of France was no more. The nurse of the king kept kneeling and praying at the bed; and in the room above the mother of the king was busy examining a locket which she had taken from her bosom. Catherine de Medici had no particular faith in heaven or in hell; yet she put trust in earthly demons, and the talisman which she held in her hand, and which never left her body, enshrouded, she believed, the essence of demoniacal power, together with her own fate. It had been given to her by a great magician and astrologer, passing under the mundane name of Regnier, and was made, as he had told her, of human blood partly, and partly of the blood of a sacred ram, and partly of crystallized gold, the whole melted together under the constellation ruling her nativity. Catherine, her son lying dead beneath her feet, looked fixedly at her talisman, till the future arose from out its magic lustre. Long before she had been told that every one of her sons was destined to wear the royal diadem, and now it was being fulfilled. Already two had worn the crown of France; but to Anjou now, worthiest of her blood, the task was given to perpetuate the ancient lineage of Valois, and to be father to generations of kings. There was no room left in France for d'Alençon, her youngest-born; but his crown, too, the queen-mother saw in her talisman. Fate willed it, and Catherine determined that d'Alençon should have the crown of England, as husband of Queen Elizabeth.

Catherine's taste in aspiring for her son to be Elizabeth's partner was not to be blamed, the throne of England having become, for the time being, the most enviable in Christendom. While all the sovereigns of Europe were engaged, without one exception, in fighting with each other, or with their subjects, the realm of Elizabeth was enjoying profound peace, flourishing beyond precedent, and constantly progressing in the arts of civilization. The oppressed of all nations, after vainly battling in their own country for the privilege of addressing heaven without going to Rome; after seeing their houses burnt down and their friends killed for questioning the right of an old man in Italy to call himself the representative of God upon earth, came flocking in crowds to England to seek an asylum, and to build a new home. To this influx of foreign immigrants—the best, most industrious, and the most intelligent men of France, of Germany, and of the Netherlands—the material prosperity with which Elizabeth's realm was blessed was owing to a great extent; and the queen knew it so well as to neglect no means to develop this source of wealth as of civilization. By her directions, based on the wise counsels of Burleigh, the Calvinists of France, the Lutherans of Germany, and the reformers of the Netherlands, were settled comfortably in the towns and villages of eastern, south-eastern, and southern England, where they established new trades and manufactures, spinning the wool of native growth, formerly exported at low prices, into costly cloth, and forging the crude ore dug from the soil into shining swords and battleaxes, and more glorious spades and ploughshares. It was the essence of Elizabeth's greatness as a ruler that she was ever anxious to encourage the arts of peace, detesting war even for the highest of objects; so that while the rulers on the Continent were busy outrooting the homes of

industry, she planted them anew in the realm under her sway. The queen's interest in the well-being of the Protestant settlers was not confined to giving general orders, but descended into the details of their life. She ordered regular reports to be forwarded of the progress of the industrial colonies established by her, and the welfare of every individual inhabitant, and though economical to parsimoniousness in other respects, she never got tired of spending in their behoof, firmly persuaded that the seed thus sown would be repaid a hundredfold. Finally, in the summer of 1574, while Catherine de Medici was planning new murders, and Philip of Spain sending fresh soldiers into Flanders to strengthen the Council of Blood, Elizabeth set out on a journey through the kingdom to inspect with her own eyes the progress of industry. It was the first industrial journey ever undertaken by a sovereign of England.

Elizabeth left her palace at Greenwich, accompanied by Burleigh and a numerous train of courtly gentlemen, on the 14th of July. Travelling by way of Croydon, to visit Archbishop Parker, the royal party entered Sussex at the end of the month, to proceed towards Rye and Winchelsea, seats of various Huguenot colonies. What she saw on the way of the state of the country, could not fail to impress upon her the conviction that there was room for a great many more busy hands, foreign or home-grown. "In these parts of Sussex," Burleigh informed his friend, the earl of Shrewsbury, "there are more dangerous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground than in the Peak." Of roads there was not a trace; pack-horses carried the merchandize, whatever little there was to be carried, and files of armed men had to protect it against the attacks of robbers and footpads. The contrast of entering the foreign settlements from these wilds and deserts, with not a house to be met with for dozens of miles, was great indeed, and such as to impress the queen most forcibly. She tarried at all the towns with evident satisfaction, proceeding through Sussex to Folkestone, from thence to Dover, and further on to Sandwich. Here was the largest of the settlements established by Huguenots; and Elizabeth's delight in seeing its flourishing condition was so great that she threw off all the restraints of etiquette, wandering about like an old friend among the stern Calvinists, whose creed she still held in deep aversion. The foreigners at Sandwich had made great efforts to please the majesty of England. The whole town was neatly gravelled and strewn with rushes and flowers, all the houses newly painted, garlands stretching across the streets, and rich silks and tapestries hung out of the windows. More marvellous still to a royal traveller fresh from the "dangerous rocks" of bucolic Sussex, the Sandwich colonists had their town-poet and town-orator, delivering verses and speeches in classic Greek and Latin—the lyrics so profuse as to be hung up in long strips at every street-corner, and, in terrible magnitude, at the walls of the dwelling prepared for the maiden queen. Elizabeth was charmed with all these attentions, quite after her own heart; and the public orator having presented her with a Greek Testament produced in the town, she gave vent to her delight, exclaiming, "*Gaudeo me in hoc natam esse, ut vobis et ecclesia Dei prossim,*"—happy I to be born in

this age, to be able to aid you and the church of God. Then the queen sat down to a dinner at the school-house, prepared by the mayoress of Sandwich and her sister—good Latin scholars as well as capital cooks—and feasted as she had never feasted before. So great was her joy and her confidence, that she ate the meals set before her "without any assay," a thing at which the courtiers stood aghast as unparalleled in boldness. After remaining three days among her Calvinist subjects, Elizabeth, at her departure, witnessed a sight which pleased her above all others. On a grassy slope, among flowery arches, garlanded with vine branches, some hundred children were sitting in their holiday clothes, spinning baize and other textile fabrics. Elizabeth watched the little weavers till tears came into her eyes, and then gave a glance at Burleigh which he but too well understood. He appreciated not less than the queen the sweets of peace, and hated not less than she the horrors of war; yet his larger brain comprehended better than hers that but for the stout vessels in the Channel and the stout swords opposing the rush of Rome's legions down the Rhine and the Seine, the industrious little heretics could not spin baize at Sandwich.

Returned from her peace progress, Elizabeth had various special embassies waiting for her—from Catherine de Medici, now more than ever ruler of France, from the Huguenots, and from the revolted Flemings. Catherine announced the accession of her son as Henri III., and the advance of d'Alençon to the dukedom of Anjou, the title borne by the heir-apparent to the throne. For the latter she now solicited most earnestly the hand of the queen; offering that if she would but give her permission, he should come to England and prefer his suit in person. The proposal was flattering enough to Elizabeth's vanity, yet she was not at all in the humour to accept it, under the new aspect of things in France. With the accession of Henri, who had quitted his Polish throne—which he had filled only a few months—in the most disgraceful manner, running away like a thief in the night, and, like a veritable thief, carrying off crown jewels to the value of a million of livres, a fresh persecution had set in against the Huguenots. The young king, whose reason was fast giving way under the effect of the most horrible debauches, declared openly to the envoys of his Protestant subjects, who had come to offer their congratulations, that he left them the choice between becoming orthodox Catholics or being exterminated; and the effect of it was that the Huguenots sprang to arms once more, determined to sell their lives and their liberties as dearly as possible. Waiting to be attacked every moment, they made another attempt to gain the assistance of Elizabeth, imploring her in the most pathetic manner not to look on quietly while they were being massacred by their enemies. The queen felt touched, yet refused to swerve from her peace policy. To Catherine's ambassador she spoke somewhat sternly about the new persecutions of his mistress, comprising the murder of Count Montgomery, who, after promise of a safe-conduct, had been put to death under hellish tortures; but afterwards was as friendly as ever to Monsieur la Mothe-Fénélon, whose smiles and bows seemed irresistible. The Flemish envoys were not

much more fortunate than those of the Huguenots. Elizabeth told them that she deeply sympathized with their efforts, but that it was out of her power to assist them, King Philip being her old ally, and she having no cause whatever to interfere between him and his subjects. At a private audience following the interview, the queen allowed her sympathy to show itself more tangibly in the promise of a large sum of money to the Flemings. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the supplies forwarded in due course to the prince of Orange, who was generous and far-sighted enough to hand the greater part over to Condé, for distribution among the Huguenots, telling him that joined hands only could fight the battle of freedom.

In the struggle of the Protestant Netherlands, Elizabeth felt more deeply interested than that of Protestant France, for the all-sufficient reason that the former promised success far more than the latter. In France it was the fight of minority against a majority, the latter commanding all the resources of established power; while in the Netherlands it was the rising of a whole population against foreign yoke, which, though possibly protracted, could not but end in victory. The issue foreshadowed itself clearly in the course of a few years. Slowly but irresistibly the insurgents pushed the Spanish armies before them, foot by foot, and almost inch by inch. With the sea at their back, and moving onward with a sort of hydraulic force, the Dutch "beggars," as King Philip called them, and as they were proud of calling themselves, reconquered the land of their fathers, sowing a great crop of liberty with their own blood and that of their enemies. Alva was too good a general not to see, at the lapse of some five years, the ultimate result of the tremendous campaign in which he was engaged; and unwilling to lose at the end of his career the bloodstained laurel crown which he had won in a life of battles, he begged the king to release him from command. Philip could not refuse, and appointed in his place, in 1573, Don Luis de Requesens y Zunega, governor of Milan, a Spanish noble of some fame as general, but with more repute as a statesman. His first efforts were directed to come to a peaceable understanding with the revolted subjects of Philip; but seeing the uselessness of all negotiations with a people claiming nothing less than their liberty, civil as well as religious, he began the war anew, with more ferocity than even Alva. But the result was still the same; foot by foot the heretics advanced, and foot by foot the Spanish troops had to fall back. Most of the veteran soldiers of Philip and his father, seasoned in a hundred battles all over Europe, had already found their graves in the marshes of Holland, and a constant stream of fresh troops was pouring down the Rhine from over the Alps, yet the sea swallowed them all—the sea, and the "beggars" from off the sea, claiming to wear their rags in freedom. For a moment Don Luis de Requesens entertained hopes of victory, in stealing, after the sudden breach of negotiations, upon the city of Leyden, which had conquered its independence, and laying siege to it with an overwhelming force. There were scarce any other defenders but cripples, maimed in battle, within the city, but even these resolved to resist the enemy. After terrible suffer-

ings from famine and pestilence, they succeeded in breaking the dykes which kept off the sea, and the furious waters drowned another Spanish army, while the one-eyed, legless, and armless cripples paddled about in little boats on the stormy waves, a terror to the panic-stricken soldiers, who saved their lives in rapid flight. Much sooner than Alva, Don Luis found that he was opposing a foe that could never be conquered, and grieving overmuch at his ill-success, he died after little more than two years' command. Six months after his death, on the 8th of November, 1576, the representatives of the whole of the revolted provinces, which had hitherto been fighting separately for freedom, signed a treaty of union at the city of Ghent, solemnly declaring the independence of the Netherlands.

The victory of Protestantism was nowhere more welcomed than in England. In the first flush of enthusiasm, even Elizabeth felt inclined to throw off her habitual prudence, and Burleigh obtained permission to place himself in official communication with the new government formed at Ghent. The consequences of this step were somewhat unexpected. At the commencement of 1577, it was announced to the queen that a special embassy had arrived from the Netherlands, headed by the Count St. Aldegonde, friend of the prince of Orange, to offer her the sovereignty of the country, nominally as descendant of the ancient rulers of Flanders, through Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. It was felt by the prince of Orange and the other civil and military leaders who had succeeded thus far in releasing the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke, that the people were too weak as yet to establish a commonwealth of their own, and that the only means of entirely conquering their independence, as well as the still greater task of maintaining it, could be found in attaching themselves to some greater state. England naturally offered itself as both near in geographical position and sympathizing in religion; and St. Aldegonde left Ghent in the firm hope that Elizabeth would not refuse the tempting offer laid before her. But it was too tempting for an over cautious queen. The way in which the new diadem was held before her eyes, as descendant of a long line of kings, was well calculated to arouse both her vanity and her higher ambition as a ruler; but it was not sufficient to make her overlook the fact that the crown of the Netherlands meant war with Spain, and war to the knife. That, some day or other, the great Catholic power would rise against her, do what she might, Burleigh had long told her, yet without enforcing conviction; and she was now less than ever inclined to fear Spanish aggression, seeing how patiently Philip had borne and continued to bear the petty insults directed against him. Open war was the only thing, the queen felt, that could rouse him into action against England, and for this extremity she was not prepared. She therefore informed St. Aldegonde that she must decline, though with deep regret, the brilliant offer made to her by the prince of Orange and the people of the Netherlands, and that she could not offer any other assistance to their cause but diplomatic interference at the court of Spain. The reply was given against the advice of Burleigh, who foresaw that England would be com-

pelled to help the Flemish insurgents, whether willing or not. A few months showed that in this case, too, his sagacity was not at fault.

To succeed Requesens, Philip despatched Don Johan of Austria, his half brother, bastard son of Kaiser Charles V., into the revolted provinces. Don Johan, though not more than thirty years, had the reputation of being both the greatest military and naval commander of the age, and as ambitious as famous, he had lifted his eyes already to a crown. It was at his especial request that his royal brother had sent him into the Netherlands, he having formed in his imagination the great scheme of invading Britain after having conquered the Flemish rebels, and of offering his hand to Mary Stuart, to rule at her side two kingdoms. Wild as seemed the plan, it was less so in Don Johan than it might have been in any other man less favoured by fortune, for his life had been a romance from the beginning, and to himself appeared at times like a dream. The son of a beautiful girl of Ratisbon, Barbara Blomberg, he was early taken away from his unhappy mother, to be educated in the house of a Spanish nobleman as son of the latter; he was then presented, in the midst of a forest high on the Pyrenees, to King Philip, and after that taken to court as a page, and suddenly, without any preparation, at a splendid festival at Valladolid, declared the son of the world-renowned Kaiser Charles. Don Johan was next intrusted with the command of an army against the Moors, whom he defeated in many encounters; then made high admiral of the united fleets of Spain and Venice, which he led against the Turks, with the result of gaining the gigantic naval battle off Lepanto; and finally, left to conquer Tunis and the adjoining Barbary states, seriously bent upon resuscitating the empire of Carthage. There was nothing marvellous in such a man attempting to invade England, which object, indeed, and that of gaining the hand of the royal heroine of Kirk-o'-Field and Loch Leven, seemed puny in comparison with Carthaginian dreams of power. One and the other was a vision; but the battle off Lepanto, on the lips of all Europe as greatest event of the age, was a splendid reality, and Queen Elizabeth herself beheld not without terror the arrival in the Netherlands of the son of Kaiser Charles and Barbara Blomberg.

The first proceedings of Don Johan were eminently skilful. He entered into an arrangement with the provisional government established at Ghent, by the terms of which warlike operations were to cease on both sides for an indefinite period, during which the Italian and Spanish soldiers should be sent out of the country, their outstanding pay, amounting to above 6000 florins, being discharged from the revolutionary exchequer. This agreement was doubly advantageous to Don Johan, by supplying him with money, of which he was greatly in want to stop the clamour of the troops, who, not being paid, had begun to break all discipline, plundering Antwerp and other large towns, and also by allowing him time to negotiate with each of the two great parties before him. Though mainly carried on by the Protestant Flemish population, the insurrection of the Netherlands had gradually come to embrace the Walloon race in the south-eastern parts, Roman Catholic in the main; and to

detach the latter element from the former became one of the great objects of the new commander. Deeply impressed with the importance of the maxim "divide et impera," Don Johan carried out the policy based thereon to the full, and in a very short time saw his exertions meet with due reward. By a liberal distribution of gold and of honours, the bastard of Kaiser Charles succeeded in a very few months in splitting the forces of the revolution into three factions, violently opposed to each other. The first, embracing the purely Flemish population of the northern provinces, at once gathered around the prince of Orange, nominating him regent of Holland and Brabant, upon which the Walloons on their part chose the Austrian Archduke Mathias for their ruler. These two elections had scarcely been made when a third group, composed of a mixture of the Flemish and Walloon elements, formed itself in the south-western provinces, Flanders, and Hainault, and invited the duke of Anjou to assume the government. Don Johan, established at Namur with but a handful of German troops, quietly watched the development of the disunion, calculating the time by which the three sections of the insurgents would turn their swords upon each other. In the meanwhile he kept up an active correspondence with the pope, who had been informed of his plan of invading England, and had approved it with passionate energy, offering everything in his power to assist in the great enterprise. The preparations for it soon occupied Don Johan entirely, for to him the Netherlands appeared but a stepping stone to further conquests. Having gained one of the greatest naval battles ever fought, he deemed himself the fit king of the greatest maritime nation upon earth.

Elizabeth was filled with alarm at the sudden change of affairs in the Netherlands. The vast plans of Don Johan were made known to her, as far as they could be discovered by spies at Rome and at Namur, through the prince of Orange, whose agents kept flying to and fro between the Hague and Greenwich, entreating the queen to prevent the invasion of her own country by giving active assistance to her friends abroad. There was sufficient danger to overcome all further timidity on Elizabeth's part, and she accordingly signed, on the 7th of January, 1578, a treaty of alliance with the regent of Holland and Brabant, binding herself to assist him with an army of five thousand foot and one thousand horse, to be maintained at his charge, and to lend him, at the same time, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, on condition that the principal towns of the Netherlands should give security for the repayment of the loan, as well as all other charges in the conduct of the war incurred by the English government. No sooner had Elizabeth concluded this treaty when she became afraid of its consequences, and to soothe King Philip despatched a special envoy, Sir Thomas Wilkes, to represent to his majesty that it was for his own special benefit that he was going to be attacked by a British force, inasmuch as the queen feared that if she did not send an army into the Netherlands, the duke of Anjou would make himself master of the country to annex it to France. Philip did not acquiesce in this innocent view, unable to see that it would do him any good to be beaten by an English army; however, he concealed his deep

resentment to Sir Thomas Wilkes, contenting himself with rapidly forwarding troops to Don Johan, ordering him to attack the rebels without a moment's loss of time. The conqueror of Lepanto had already entered the field, and his fortunate star again presiding, he defeated the Flemings, who had brought the whole of their forces together, in a tremendous battle at Gembloux, near Namur. In it perished the flower of the troops of the prince of Orange, bringing the Netherlands at the foot of Don Johan, whose dreams of power kept soaring higher than ever. But all the visions of a wondrous life of romance were now touching the finale, destined to be cut down at a stroke. On the last day of September, 1578, the son of Kaiser Charles, in the fulness of health and strength and glory, passed his army in review, for the great march down to the sea; and on the following morning, the first day of October, he was lying in his coffin. A grain of some mysterious powder had finished in a few seconds the career of a man for whose ambition empires seemed too small.

The grain of powder was believed to have been sent by King Philip. He had long been jealous of the fame of his brother, and it was said that the jealousy had risen into hatred through the discovery of a great plot which Don Johan had formed in concert with the duke of Guise, head of the ultra-papal party in France. The latter faction, getting more powerful with the decay of royal prerogative, the wretched king being despised alike by the Huguenots and their enemies, had been knit together strongly in a Catholic League, presided over by Guise, aiming at the extermination of Protestantism by the means set in operation at the day of St. Bartholomew. Guise was high-soaring in his ambition, almost as much as Don Johan; and after much ciphered correspondence, a far-reaching secret pact was concluded between the two "for the mutual defence of the crowns of France and Spain." Seeing that Henri III. had no children, and was not likely to have any, and that his heir was a weak-minded youth, and the next individual in the line of succession, the king of Navarre, a confirmed heretic, Guise kept his eye fixed upon the throne of France; while Don Johan, remembering that but one man, with two babies in the cradle, stood between him and the grand heritage of his father, aspired to set on his brow one day the diadem of Spain with its vast dependencies, adding to that of the other kingdoms within the grasp of his ambition. Visionary as were these schemes of world dominion, even in the son of Kaiser Charles, he hesitated not to embody them in ciphers, which, falling into the hands of the Spanish government settled his doom. In Don Johan of Austria, King Philip lost the greatest of his generals, and Queen Elizabeth the greatest of her enemies.

As successor of Don Johan in the Netherlands, Philip appointed Prince Alexander Farnese of Parma, a shrewd man, full of the Italian spirit of intrigue. Following in the steps of his two predecessors, he made it his first object to detach the Catholic Walloon population entirely from the Protestant Flemings, in which he succeeded to the extent that they not only separated entirely from the party of the insurrection, but ranged themselves under his banner. Archduke Mathias, who had hurried up from Austria,

against the wish of his illustrious parents, to fill his post as leader, was discharged without ceremony, and Farnese at once prepared to march with his new allies against the enemies of King Philip. These were still divided into two factions, the first comprising the overwhelming majority of the people, the men struggling for religious as well as civil liberty, ranged under the prince of Orange, and the second representing the Catholic inhabitants of the south-western provinces, bent chiefly upon regaining their old political independence, under the duke d'Anjou. To strengthen themselves in the final contest for freedom, the Protestants of the north, soon after the arrival of Alexander Farnese, elected representatives to a great congress, which met at the city of Utrecht, to deliberate on the future of the country. The discussion was short and action immediate, for after a few conferences the deputies representing the provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, and Groningen concluded a solemn pact for the establishment of a commonwealth, under the name of "the United Netherlands." The important document, forming the basis of a new state great in the annals of Europe, was signed on the 2nd of January, 1579, and adhered to, shortly after, by three more provinces, Friesland, Drenthe, and Overijssel, thus raising the number of confederate states to eight. William of Orange was elected to be ruler of the united provinces under the title of Stadholder, pending negotiations with Queen Elizabeth, who had been invited by fresh embassies to accept the sovereignty wrested from King Philip. But the queen felt as little inclined as ever to embark in so perilous an undertaking. She sent supplies and a few hundred soldiers, under the command of Sir John Norris, to the prince of Orange, but professed to do so in secret, not interrupting official intercourse with the Spanish government, but attempting, on the contrary, to draw Philip nearer to her by the continued assertion that she had solely his own interest at heart. It was a policy essentially feminine, not made by any means to raise respect for England either in the Netherlands or in Spain, and the only effect of it was that of postponing for a short time a war that had become inevitable, and in the meanwhile giving rise to conspiracies far more ruinous and demoralizing than the clash of armed hosts meeting on the field of battle.

It was not to be expected that Philip should submit tamely to the attacks directed against his power for years, and which were aggravated rather than softened by the smooth speeches of English envoys, whose arguments presupposed him to be a semi-idiot. To humble the queen, whose insults had become unbearable, was the one great object he had most at heart; and he would have declared war at once had not his deep caution constantly overruled his fiercer instincts. After the discovery of the Ridolfi conspiracy an invasion of England was not to be thought of, and discountenanced by even the most warlike of the king's advisers, the unanimous opinion of the Spanish privy council being that the landing of an army in Elizabeth's dominions should be preceded by an insurrection, more or less general, of her subjects. To effect this, crowds of emissaries were constantly despatched into England to preach revolt in the name of religion; but

their success was not great, both Burleigh and Elizabeth giving distinct proofs of being determined to oppose persecution to sedition. Burleigh, on whom the cares of government were beginning to tell, his shoulders having borne now for half a lifetime the chief burthen of rule, had strengthened his position, soon after the break up of the Scotch anarchy in the fall of Edinburgh Castle, by admitting two friends into the cabinet, whose assistance proved of the greatest value. These were Sir Francis Walsingham and Dr. Thomas Wilson, both of whom had served as ambassadors in France, who were sworn in as "her majestie's principal secretaries of state" in the last days of 1573, Burleigh advancing to be, as lord high treasurer, the nominal, as he had for years been the real head of the government. Of these two "secretaries," Walsingham was the most important to the queen in the great war which King Philip was waging against her in her own realm. Sir Francis, besides being a stanch Protestant and loyal to the core of his heart, had acquired, in a long sojourn on the Continent, a knowledge of many languages, together with an extraordinary talent for intrigue; and however mole-like the movements of the Jesuits despatched from Rome and Madrid to overthrow heresy and prepare the way for another fête of St. Bartholomew, he almost invariably succeeded in laying hold of them in their haunts before they could do any mischief. According to the testimony of one Lloyd, who stood up as his panegyrist, Walsingham employed not less than seventy spies abroad, and thrice the number at home, to keep himself well informed of the machinations of the enemies of his sovereign and of Protestantism. "He would cherish a plot," master Lloyd proudly remarks, "for some years together, admitting the conspirators to his and to the queen's presence familiarly, but dogging them out watchfully: on some men his spies waited every hour for three years." It was a wretched system of preserving peace and governing a great country, but Burleigh and his friends had not much choice of other means. Open attack might have been met by open resistance; but an army of Jesuits could only be fought by an army of spies.

King Philip's emissaries met with no very great success in England, but they found a better field for their operations in Scotland. Under the energetic rule of the earl of Morton, who kept down revolt with a high hand, ruthlessly punishing all disturbers of the peace, whether rich or poor, noble or villain, the country was fast recovering from the miseries of years of anarchy, when a new source of discord was imported by the ever active agents of Rome. The signal defeat which Mary Stuart's party had suffered on the establishment of Morton as regent had discouraged the leaders for a moment, but not broken their spirit, and they only awaited a favourable opportunity to come forward again. Mary herself quietly watched events from her Sheffield prison, working embroidery for her royal sister of England during the day, and actively corresponding with her friends at Rome, Madrid, and Paris during the night. There was plenty of opportunity to carry on the correspondence, for the rigours of her confinement had been almost done away with in consequence of her industry in manufacturing presents for the maiden majesty of England, the gift of

three splendid nightcaps in particular producing the effect of throwing open to her for a while the gates of Sheffield Castle. The captive queen had been allowed to go and drink the waters of Buxton for her health, and had met there, as if by accident, the head of the English government, charming him, like everybody else, by her manners and conversation. Burleigh, having seen Mary Stuart, and admired her skill in working nightcaps and table ornaments, was so much thrown off his guard as to advise the queen to grant her as much liberty as compatible with safety, there being little reason to fear that she would again embark in plots against the peace of the realm. The facility thus acquired to receive old and new friends Mary turned to the best use. She had one great hope left before her, that of seeing her son rise to power above all her enemies, and to this she clung with the tenacity of despair. How to handle the lever of this force was a subject constantly filling her mind, the solution of which finally shaped itself in a correspondence with her cousin, the duke of Guise, who, since he had become chief of the Catholic League, had shown a warmer interest in her fate than even King Philip. Guise proposed to introduce some of the most accomplished of his secret agents, versed in all the arts of flattery and courtly wiles, to the notice of the boy-king of Scotland, and by their means to overthrow the regency of Morton and power of the Protestant party. It was a plan hailed with delight by Mary Stuart, and she not only agreed to use all her influence to bring her son under the domination of Guise's emissaries, with the chief object of making him renounce the faith in which he had been educated, but offered to enforce their action by a document under her own hand. The paper, which received the full approbation of the head of the Catholic League, was in the form of a last will and testament.

"In order," Mary Stuart willed, "not to contravene the glory, honour, and preservation of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church, in which I wish to live and die, if the prince of Scotland, my son, shall be brought back to its creed in spite of the bad education he has received, to my great regret, in the heresy of Calvin, among my rebellious subjects, I leave him the sole and only heir of my kingdom of Scotland, and of the right which I justly claim to the crown of England and its dependent countries; but if, on the other hand, my said son continues to live in the said heresy, I yield and transfer all my rights in England and elsewhere to the Catholic king, or any of his relations whom he may please, with the advice and consent of his holiness, to appoint. And I do this, not only because I perceive him to be the true supporter of the Catholic religion, but also out of gratitude for the many favours which I, and the friends recommended by me, have received in my greatest necessity; and, furthermore, out of respect for the right which he himself possesses to the said kingdoms and countries. I beseech him, in return, to make alliance with the noble house of Lorraine and of Guise, in memory of the race from which I sprung on my mother's side." The object of this singular document, in which Mary Stuart disposed of kingdoms very much in the same fashion in which she distributed her embroidered nightcaps, was both to gain the favour of Philip for the head of the Catholic

league, and of frightening her son into obedience to the behests of Guise's agents. The latter made their appearance in Scotland in the month of September, 1579. The head of the mission, Esuré Stewart, commonly known by his French title of count d'Aubigny, a relative of Mary Stuart, boldly presented himself at court, announcing that he was the bearer of a secret message from the chief of the Catholic League, and would have to confer with the young king in private. It was in vain the earl of Morton opposed the demand, and attempted to chase the popish emissaries. The king, who, by an intrigue of the Hamiltons and other of the old friends of his mother, had been declared of age the year previous, when not quite thirteen, insisted upon seeing d'Aubigny; and the meeting had no sooner taken place when a change, all but marvellous in its rapidity, became visible in him. Young and handsome in person, and hiding under graceful manners all the licentiousness of the most licentious court in Europe, the agent of the duke of Guise in a few weeks gained an ascendancy over Mary Stuart's son which left him deaf to all other influence, and absolutely mutinous to the behests of Morton. The latter felt thoroughly alarmed, and not knowing how to help himself in this unexpected turn of affairs, implored Elizabeth to send somebody to the young king, to counteract the progress of the great papal intrigue that was going on. The queen, advised by Burleigh and Walsingham, appreciated the greatness of the danger; and a diplomatist of experience, Sir Robert Bowes, got orders to proceed to the court of Scotland and to tell James VI. that his succession to the throne of Elizabeth would be in serious danger unless he discarded his new favourites.

Sir Robert Bowes was presented to the youthful majesty of Scotland at Stirling Castle in the spring of 1580, and delivered his message; but had the mortification to see that it had no effect whatever. So far from neglecting his French friend and counsellor, James VI. took a pleasure in showing his regard for him by giving him the appointment of lord chamberlain, at the same time elevating him to the vacant earldom of Lennox, and investing him with the command of Dumbarton Castle. The latter step came to make an end to further indecision on the part of the earl of Morton. Having good grounds for fearing that it was the intention of Mary Stuart to entice the king from Stirling to Dumbarton, where ships were waiting to carry him off to France, he organized measures, in concert with Sir Robert Bowes, for staying the plot by the arrest of the chief conspirators. But this only accelerated the crisis prepared by the emissaries of Guise. Masters in intrigue, d'Aubigny and his allies, chief among them Captain James Stewart of Ochiltree, a continental soldier of fortune, commenced organizing a vast conspiracy against Morton, and, gaining over some of the leading nobles by promises and others by threats, soon found themselves at the head of a band determined to ruin, by any means in their power, the man who had saved the country from anarchy, and healed the wounds inflicted by the fiercest of intestine wars. Blinded both by the confidence of his own power and the trust that his cause was not only that of Scotch but also of English Protestantism, Morton was little on his guard against the conspirators, and ignorant of the mine they were digging under his feet.

It exploded suddenly and with terrific force. On the last day of the year 1580, a meeting of the privy council was held at Stirling Castle, presided over by the young king, whose education in deceit and unscrupulousness had made rapid strides under the instruction of the accomplished teachers from the court of Catherine de Medici. The earl of Morton was sitting quietly at the council-table, discussing affairs of state, when suddenly the captain of Ochiltree strutted into the room, accusing him of complicity in the murder of Lord Darnley. On a sign from the boy-king, who played the part assigned to him to perfection, the guards approached and dragged the earl off to prison on the charge of murder. It was the first public act of the son of Mary Stuart, auguring well for his future career.

When the news of Morton's arrest arrived in England there was a general cry for war. There was no secret as to the origin of the plot which, in carrying the earl to prison, had overturned the Protestant rule in the northern kingdom; and seeing the claim of the boy-king to the English throne, there appeared cause enough to withdraw him by force from the hands of the agents of the Catholic League. Both Burleigh and Walsingham declared themselves strongly in favour of armed interference in Scotland; but Elizabeth was as unwilling as ever to proceed to this extremity. To all her old aversion of war there was added, temporarily, another cause for opposing measures likely to offend the court of France, in the rise of an ardent affection for the duke of Anjou. This hopeful son of Catherine de Medici, who had been dallying for years with the maiden tenderness of Elizabeth, had roused himself at last to a desperate effort in courtship by coming to England in person, to woo for the hand of a queen now verging towards fifty. The effort was due partly to the instigation of Catherine, whose determination to see the English crown on the head of the youngest of her children seemed to grow stronger with the increase of her own difficulties; and partly to the demands of his political friends among the Huguenots, who wished to see him established in the Netherlands. Here the influence of Elizabeth was paramount; and Anjou shrewdly judged that if he could but gain her goodwill, the United Provinces would accept him for a ruler, as well as the districts adjoining France, where he had been already elected, thus enabling him to satisfy his ambition to become the leader of a great nation emerging into freedom. Full of this idea, which had originated, however, not in his own brain but in that of the prince of Condé, who found him a useful though somewhat dangerous tool in the Protestant interest, the son of Catherine de Medici determined to risk the dangers and unpleasantnesses of a trip across the Channel in a visit to Queen Elizabeth. Previous to starting he despatched a "herald of love" to the queen, in the person of one Monsieur Simier, an individual of the most bewitching character. He arrived at Greenwich Palace in the summer of 1579, and proved so irresistible to the maiden queen that she at once admitted him into the circle of her most highly-favoured courtiers, and seemed never happy but when in his company. In return for so much condescension, Monsieur Simier told her majesty an in-

teresting piece of news, which, by reason of his superior attractiveness, he had come to learn from the maids of honour, namely, that the earl of Leicester had been secretly married of late to a young widow, the countess of Essex. It drove Elizabeth into a towering rage, in which she so far forgot herself as to order the arrest of the handsome earl on whom she had lavished so many tokens of affection. He would have been sent to the Tower but for the intervention of Burleigh, who represented to her the danger of exhibiting her jealousy by such a step, which might serve as a confirmation of all the scandalous rumours that had been spread about her connection with the favourite. The counsel was too wise not to be acted upon, and Leicester was set free again, but banished from the queen's presence. To pay the "herald of love" for his amiable gossip, Leicester attempted to shoot him, but failed, only hitting a poor bargeman. The irresistible individual was greatly frightened, and demanded permission to leave the court, pleading that he had to return to France to give an account of his mission. Elizabeth graciously allowed him to depart, informing him at the same time that his master should meet with the warmest welcome whenever it should please him to come to England. Two weeks had not elapsed when a foreigner, in dusty attire, attended by only two servants, presented himself at the gate of Greenwich Palace, announcing that he had come to pay a visit to the queen. Elizabeth started in joyful surprise when learning that the heir-apparent of France had arrived, ready to sink at her feet and attempt to win her love.

All that was woman in Elizabeth was stirred as scarce ever it had been before when Francis duke of Anjou came to stand in her presence. He was far from being handsome, but had all the grace of manners and suavity of speech distinguishing the most voluptuous court of Europe, which, together with his easy consciousness of exalted birth, made a deep impression upon the queen. Her strong good sense had never yet been drowned under the sea of adulation that kept constantly flowing around her; the kneeling courtiers, pouring forth flatteries without end, could give but small satisfaction to that deep instinct in the female breast seeking to look upward and not downward to the bearer of manhood. Above all, the duke of Anjou presented himself as the first man who ever wooed her as a woman desires to be wooed, for her own sake. Big-headed Austrian archdukes, represented by sharp-witted diplomatists, and other lovers admiring by proxy, with a sharp look-out for doweries, were but slightly more satisfactory than the courtiers kneeling in the dust, eager to coin riches and honours out of her smiles. But Francis of Anjou, heir to a great throne, not inferior to that of England, arriving in humble disguise to seek her love, facing the dangers of travel by land and sea, was an apparition coming upon Elizabeth like the sound of romance which her heart had never known before. He stayed but three days at Greenwich, but the time was enough to win the queen, and before he left Elizabeth gave him a distinct promise of her hand. At the beginning of October, immediately after Anjou's departure, the privy council met at Whitehall to deliberate upon the marriage of the queen. The debates were far different

from what Elizabeth expected. Remembering that the parliament, together with all her advisers, had been constant in their endeavour to persuade her into matrimony, the address of the commons formally declaring that she might marry "where it should please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her," the queen fancied that her privy council would joyfully assent to her contemplated union, praying her not to delay it; and great was her astonishment, therefore, when she found that the majority of her ministers were strongly opposed to the match. Elizabeth, while well remembering the past, had forgotten for the moment that fourteen years had elapsed since the commons had sent in their last petition, that she was now forty-seven, and her lover only twenty-three, and that he was the son of the woman-monster who had prepared the horrors of St. Bartholomew. This last was the chief reason why the privy council, clearly expressing the feeling of the people of England, declared itself opposed to the marriage with the duke of Anjou, hiding, however, the objection under the milder and more diplomatic ground of disparity of years. "In years the queen might be his mother," Sir Ralph Sadler blurted out; "there is more than doubtfulness of issue: few old maids escape." The words were never forgotten nor forgiven by Elizabeth.

The opposition of the members of her privy council was not enough to deter the queen from following the bent of her inclination; and having listened to their reasons she began to look for advice in another direction. After the lapse of a week, in which she had various proofs that her proposed marriage was highly unpopular, she asked the advice of Sir Philip Sydney, known to her as one of the noblest and most independent of her courtiers, and, by the testimony of William of Orange, "one of the ripest and greatest statesmen in all Europe." Sydney, with remarkable boldness, indicated the dangers of the French matrimonial alliance to Elizabeth. "The heart of your people will be galled," he told the queen in a letter, "if not aliened, when they shall see you take for husband a Frenchman and a papist, of whom the common people know this chiefly, that he is the son of the Jezebel of our age, and that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage the easier to massacre our brethren in religion. As long as he is but a younger prince in might, and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you, and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bore it." Elizabeth's reply to those manly observations, which she had herself provoked, was to order Sydney to leave the court, after which, with ever rising dissatisfaction, she summoned the privy council for further deliberation. But renewed discussion of the Anjou marriage did not do away with the strong objections against it, which so much excited the queen as to lead her into a most mean and spiteful act. A luckless barrister of Lincoln's Inn, of the name of Stubbs, presuming from what he had heard that the maiden majesty of England was in want of advice concerning her love affair, wrote and published a pamphlet on the subject, entitled "The discovery of a gaping gulf wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French

marriage, if not the Lord forbid the banns." The book referred to Elizabeth in terms full of adulation as "the crowned nymph of England," and was only hard upon the duke of Anjou, spoken of as "an imp of the crown of France," and "a son of that Henri II. whose family, ever since he married with Catherine of Italy, are violent enemies of the Gospel of Christ, and whose successors have been, one after the other, as a Domitian after a Nero." To punish the man who dared to call her lover an imp, Elizabeth ordered Stubbs, as well as the publisher of his pamphlet, to be arrested and proceeded against under a barbarous statute passed during Mary's reign of terror; and both were condemned to a long imprisonment, and the loss of their right hands. The sentence was carried out in the most cruel manner, the hands being chopped off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place of Westminster. Poor Stubbs, with very unnecessary loyalty, had the courage, when the torture was over, with the warm blood gushing from his arm and his right hand lying on the ground, to lift his cap with his left hand, crying "God save the queen." But he fainted immediately after, was then thrown into a dungeon, and let out only to die as a beggar, his bones being finally buried in the sands of Boulogne.

Engrossed by thoughts of her lover, Elizabeth had no time nor wish to interfere in the affairs of Scotland. After his arrest by D'Aubigny and his co-conspirators, the earl of Morton was at once brought to trial for the murder of Darnley, the avowed intention of his accusers being to annihilate in him the head of the Protestant party as well as the friend of England. During his regency of nine years the earl had shown himself the stanch friend of Elizabeth, keeping in active communication with Burleigh, and doing everything in his power to sow friendship and goodwill between the two realms, so as to prepare the people for the hoped-for union of the southern with the northern kingdom. In return for these great services, redounding to the advantage of England quite as much as that of Scotland, the earl could well claim the help of Elizabeth in the hour of need; but she had nothing to give but vain promises. Instead of marching a few hundred soldiers across the Border, and chasing the agents of the Catholic League back to their haunts on the Continent, she sent a couple of diplomatists, who were laughed at by the emissaries of Guise and openly insulted. The trial of Morton was a mere farce. He confessed freely that Bothwell had desired him, in the name of the queen, to murder Darnley; but he proved likewise that he had distinctly refused to undertake the deed, and not connected himself in any way with the perpetrators of the crime of Kirk-o'-Field. The examination tending to prove more completely than it had yet been done the guilt of Mary Stuart, it was brought to a sudden close; and on the 2nd of June, 1581, the earl was condemned to be beheaded for a murder which, as known to all the world, had been committed at the instigation of the king's own mother. Morton met his doom with the stern courage of a disciple of Knox and the indomitable pride of a Douglas; but his execution raised such a storm that even the favourites of the boy-king, though holding the entire armed force of the country at their command, and supported by

French ships of war, quailed before it. They put themselves in a defensive attitude, enlisting as many men as could be had, and freely distributing gold and honours among their adherents, while their opponents, comprising the leaders of the Presbyterian party, gathered together for attack. Once more Elizabeth was entreated to come to the aid of her friends in the north; but once more she refused. She was deeper than ever entangled in the net of the adroit son of Catherine de Medici.

The queen-mother of France had been delighted with the report of Anjou's affectionate reception; and determined to bring to an immediate conclusion what had now become the most anxious desire of her heart, she prepared a splendid embassy to proceed to England and formally claim the hand of Elizabeth for her son. The embassy, consisting of an immense train of knights and nobles, the flower of the French aristocracy, headed by the prince-dauphin of Auvergne, arrived in the Thames in the summer of 1581, and was received by bands of music and salvos of artillery from the Tower. To entertain the distinguished visitors in a becoming manner, Elizabeth for once neglected all her rules of economy, ordering festivals and entertainments of the most prodigal kind. A new banqueting-house, furnished in the most sumptuous manner, was erected expressly for the accommodation of the prince of Auvergne and his brother nobles; and while the regent of Scotland was led to the block by Frenchmen for the crime of being a Protestant and ally of the English queen, the French visitors of Elizabeth, many of them intimate friends, and nearly all sympathisers of D'Aubigny, made merry in dances, drinking-bouts, and masquerades. In her infatuation, the queen scarcely noticed the threatening aspect with which the people looked at these doings, and it was only when informed that a tournament, preparing by her order, could not be held for fear that it might lead to a riot, and, probably, an attack of the mob upon her guests, that she seemed to awaken to a sense of the public feeling on the subject. But this did not prevent her from continuing the more serious part of the business which had brought the envoys of Catherine de Medici into England. The treaty of marriage proposed by the queen-mother was discussed point by point, and notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the majority of the privy council, finally accepted by Elizabeth. It was settled that the nuptials should take place six weeks after the ratification of the treaty on both sides; that the duke of Anjou should assume the title of king of England immediately after the marriage; that he together with the members of his court, should be allowed the free exercise of all the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion; and that he should superintend the tuition of all the children, offspring of the marriage, till the sons had attained the age of eighteen, and the daughters that of fifteen. According to the terms of the treaty, the number of children expected from the marriage was very great. To the eldest son was assigned the crown of France, and to the second that of England, while the others were to be provided with large domains in both countries. There was not a voice raised to remind the love-sick queen that she was but two years from fifty.

It had been arranged that the treaty should be formally signed by the queen and her ministers at the end of August, just before the departure of the French embassy; but before the fatal day arrived Elizabeth, happily for herself, if not for her people, had sobered down sufficiently to perceive that she was standing on the brink of an abyss, and that one step in advance might lead her to destruction. That her marriage with the duke of Anjou was looked upon with more than aversion, she was unable to doubt, after reports received from all parts of the country and through the most trusted of her servants, and nothing was left, therefore, to her but the choice between her lover and her people. Cold and calculating as was Elizabeth's temper, the struggle was great, and to lighten it, Burleigh, who could not help looking with commiseration upon the spectacle before his eyes, managed to get the embassy away without the treaty, the signature of which was neither refused nor promised absolutely. His argument was that the queen should have a longer personal acquaintance with the duke of Anjou before committing herself definitely to the marriage, the few days he had stayed at the court of Greenwich being altogether insufficient to decide upon so important a step. Acting upon this understanding, the greater part of the magnificent crowd of nobles quitted, with some regret, the Westminster banqueting-house, and went their way back to France, intending to return with the lover in their midst. Burleigh's fervent hope was that the illustrious youth who had turned the head of his poor mistress would never show his face again in England; but he was grievously disappointed in his expectations, based though they were on good grounds. Owing to the sudden influence gained by his courtship of Elizabeth, the duke of Anjou had just been elected regent of the Netherlands, William of Orange gladly quitting his own position for the advantage of his country, reserving to himself the hard work, and leaving to others the glory. Anjou had so far answered the expectations set upon him that, with the help of a number of Huguenot generals and a large army, he had seized the important town of Cambray, which he entered in triumph on the 18th of August, 1581. It was Burleigh's hope that, having become a great conqueror, and with his vanity stimulated to the highest pitch, the dangerous lover would remain in Flanders to earn fresh laurels, or at least would do his simple duty as governor to the country, which in electing him to a post of honour could not spare his services for a moment. Such, perhaps, would have been Anjou's course, he being not altogether devoid of the chivalrous feeling innate in every French breast, had his actions been under his own control. However, he was but a puppet in the hands of Catherine, and as she was bent upon the English alliance, he had to quit his command, his warlike glory, his host of new admirers, and, saddest of all, his mistresses, to go on another voyage to foggy England, with no better object than to woo a lady nearly old enough to be his grandmother. Anjou, whatever his other failings, was an obedient son, and shaking off all feelings of discomfort, he braced himself for the undertaking. After a rapid sail across the Straits of Dover and a fast ride to Greenwich,

he presented himself, on the first day of November, 1581, once more before the maiden queen, who seemed fairly overwhelmed with joy at his sight.

In his second visit the son of Catherine de Medici more than completed the conquest made in his first. Regardless of the advice of her ministers, and of the freely-expressed opinion of her subjects, Elizabeth showed an obstinate determination to give her hand to the French prince, whom she declared, on the first day of his arrival, to be "the most deserving and constant of all her lovers." Her visible fondness for him increased so much at the end of a few weeks as to give rise to a great deal of slander, to end which the queen took an opportunity of declaring Anjou publicly her affianced bridegroom. On the 22nd of November, anniversary of her coronation, which was celebrated as usual with great pomp, Elizabeth, in the presence of the whole court and all the foreign ambassadors, took a ring from her finger and put it on that of the prince; and, to leave no doubt that she considered herself fully betrothed, gave orders the same day to Walsingham to draw up for her signature the articles of union previously settled. The report of the queen's marriage, which appeared now fixed beyond revocation, gave rise to the liveliest demonstrations of joy in the Netherlands, bonfires being lighted at Antwerp, Brussels, and other towns, where the alliance was looked upon as a victory of Protestantism over Romish aggression. However, the people of England, without exception, remained stanch in taking the opposite view, as Elizabeth was forced to see before many days were over. The murmurs of all classes of the population got so loud that both Burleigh and Walsingham were compelled to become their mouthpiece, and they frankly told the queen that the nuptials with the hated Frenchman, unanimously held guilty of a share in the massacre of the Huguenots, might lead to a revolt, and even place her throne in danger. Walsingham, expert in intrigue, backed the remonstrance by a cleverly-arranged piece of acting. He instructed the ladies of the court, among whom the match with the French prince was not more popular than among the London mob, to sing a chorus of despair on the same evening on which the queen had been preached at in the privy council, so as to heighten the effect of the one by the other. The maids, and others of honour, played their parts to perfection. On a given signal they surrounded Elizabeth, and throwing themselves at her feet, began sobbing and crying as if all their hearts were going to burst at once at the prospect of ruin impending upon their mistress. Amidst floods of tears, the fair speakers reminded the queen of the wretchedness of her sister in the union with Philip of Spain, imploring her not to enter upon a similar alliance, and "not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a Protestant queen by vowing obedience to a Catholic husband." These lamentations, curiously enough, had more effect upon Elizabeth than all the arguments of Burleigh and Walsingham. The wailings of the court ladies were followed by a sleepless night, and the next morning Anjou found the queen pale, broken-hearted, and in tears. She told him she had passed hours of anguish, and "two more such nights as the last

would bring her to the grave." Then, summoning courage for the final declaration, Elizabeth informed the prince "that, although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her subjects." The words seemed to take Anjou by surprise; he tried to remonstrate, but was interrupted by Burleigh, who, seeing the agitation of the queen, politely asked him to withdraw from her presence. It was too good an opportunity for dramatic display to be lost by the son of Catherine de Medici. Rushing to his apartment, he tore the queen's ring from his finger, and dashing it to the ground, informed his hearers "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island." While delivering this fine tirade, Anjou felt overjoyed at being released from the prospect of a marriage utterly hateful to his mind.

Having nothing more to do in England, Elizabeth's lover was anxious to make his way back to his friends, male and female; but she absolutely refused to let him go. More enamoured than ever of her prince after the report of the ring scene, which she considered a burst of love on his part, she entreated him to remain with her, passionately declaring "that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment, though for the present compelled to do violence to her feelings." Anjou's plea that he was bound to return to his duty as governor of the people of the Netherlands had not the slightest effect, the queen only railing at the "villains" who would wish to withdraw him from her side. To retain the beloved prince, Elizabeth exhausted her ingenuity in devising festivals, masquerades, and pastimes of all imaginable kinds for his entertainment. One round of amusements followed another; hunts and tourneys filled up the day, and concerts, dances, and theatrical entertainments the night. On New-year's day a grand tournament was held in the quadrangle of Greenwich Palace, in which the prince got several hard knocks, which so much excited Elizabeth that she took him by the arm and led him to his own chamber, repeatedly kissing him on the way. The next morning she visited him before he had risen, and, with a burst of passion, told him once more that she was determined to marry him. Anjou now thought that it was high time to be gone. He made his preparations to start in the first week of January; but she managed to postpone the departure under various pretences, and finally told him that she could not bear the idea of his leaving her, and that he must promise to return in a month, after having settled the most urgent of his affairs in Flanders. The promise was given, Anjou feeling more and more anxious to get away from Greenwich. At last, when his departure could no longer be stayed, Elizabeth told her lover that she was going to accompany him part of the way. Accordingly, on the last day of January, 1582, the whole court, the members of the government and of the privy council, set out to accompany the French prince as far as Rochester. Here they stopped the night, the solemn farewell being arranged to take place the next morning; but when the time had come the queen was more un-

willing than ever to part, and insisted that Anjou should see her fleet at Chatham. The inspection took a day, and, amidst the thunder of the guns from the whole fleet, Elizabeth declared to her prince that "all the ships and their ordnance were ready to do him service." Staying another night at Rochester the queen felt terribly sad, and decided upon pushing on, in company with her beloved, to Canterbury. A great banquet was set out here, at the end of which Anjou, now fairly frightened at the perseverance of the aged maiden who was leading him about, almost tore himself away, galloping off on the road to Sandwich, and leaving Elizabeth behind in tears. He did not leave empty-handed, for his sufferings had been compensated by the gift of one hundred thousand crowns, and the promise of an English auxiliary army to aid in freeing the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke and establishing him as ruler. On the 8th of February, Anjou embarked at Sandwich, together with the earl of Leicester, appointed to the command of Elizabeth's forces abroad, and accompanied by a numerous fleet under the lord high admiral of England. The two illustrious personages landed thirty hours after at Flushing, where they were received with great demonstrations of honour by the people and the prince of Orange. Led on to Antwerp, Anjou was proclaimed here with vast pomp, on the 19th February, reigning duke of Brabant, to which title were attached a great many dignities, but very limited powers of sovereignty. William of Orange, called the Silent, had taken his measure of the French prince long before Queen Elizabeth.

The United Netherlands had entered upon a great period of their history when proclaiming the lover of Elizabeth duke of Brabant. Seven months before, on the 26th of July, 1581, the states-general, assembled at the Hague, had declared by a solemn act the dethronement of King Philip, and the establishment of a commonwealth of citizens not subject to any born sovereign. The declaration, published to the world, was startling in its boldness; nothing so grand, from a political point of view, had yet come out of Protestantism. "The people," said the act of the 26th July, "are not made by God for the use of a prince, nor are subjects bound to obey their ruler in everything commanded by him, whether it be just or unjust, and to serve him like slaves. We hold that the prince solely exists and is established for the good of his subjects, to govern them according to reason and to justice. If the prince does not his duty, if he oppresses his subjects instead of defending them, and takes away their natural privileges and ancient rights, he ceases to be a prince and becomes a despot: the subjects, when finding that such a prince cannot be turned from his evil ways by petitions and remonstrances, must no longer recognize his authority. We, therefore, the people of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, bound together in the defence of our persons and our rights, our ancient privileges and customs, the liberty of our country, and the honour of our wives and our children, declare that we will no longer obey the king of Spain, and that we will be governed according to the law of nature." Like a torch hurled aloft, the declaration of the Flemish

heretics startled all the Catholic powers of Europe. Protestantism, becoming a protest against civil as well as ecclesiastical infallibility, had lost its last claim on tolerance, and nothing but fire and sword was left to outroot it from the face of the earth. The prince of Parma, who had hitherto treated the Flemish rebels with much indulgence, received immediate orders from Philip to prepare for a great campaign, and fresh armies were sent from over the Alps for the subjugation of the Netherlands. They pushed onward from victory to victory, crushing all resistance before them. Maestricht was taken by storm, and every inhabitant put to the sword, not a child being left alive; Tournay followed, with Oudenarde, and other fortified towns, and the Reiters of Alexander Farnese massacred heretics up to the gates of Antwerp and Ghent. While the Spaniards were thus advancing, the new ruler of the Netherlands, lover of Queen Elizabeth, kept amusing himself with grand shows and ceremonies. He made pompous entries into the chief cities, laurel-crowned like a hero from the battle-field, and amidst the wailing of the people, mourning for the loss of their dear ones, spent his time in dancing and noisy entertainment. The Spanish general treated him with supreme contempt, not admitting him even to be a rebel, but ordering that if caught he should be whipped back into France. Concentrating his armies, Farnese at the same time made a great effort to lead William of Orange into battle, feeling secure of being able to smother him under the weight of his forces. King Philip, less confident of victory than his general, did not lose the occasion to aid him by his favourite means, by offering 30,000 ducats to any individual ready to assassinate the prince of Orange. A Spaniard named Jauregui, clerk to a banker at Antwerp, attempted to earn the money, at the instigation of a Dominican monk; but he only succeeded in wounding Orange, and, seized on the spot, was hung for his trouble, together with the monk. The courage of despair now seized the Protestants of the Netherlands once more. Unable to resist the steady onward tramp of the Spanish armies, they again cut the dykes and broke down the sea-walls, preferring to be buried under the waves rather than submit to foreign yoke.

The handful of men which Elizabeth had sent in aid to the Flemish rebels had proved of very little use hitherto, being ill equipped and badly directed. Sir John Norris, their first commander, had treated them so badly that many deserted to the enemy, while the earl of Leicester, acting as general after his arrival with Anjou, showed himself even more incapable than his predecessor. But ineffectual as was Elizabeth's weakly effort to assist the insurgents, it gave rise to deep resentment on the part of King Philip, and long brooding on the means of taking revenge against her, his subdued hatred at last broke out into open flame. Instigated by the pope, who never ceased preaching a crusade against England, and by the duke of Guise, head of the Catholic League and virtual ruler of France in the place of the imbecile Henri III., Philip roused himself into action, and at the beginning of 1582 firmly determined to chastise the English heretics, together with their queen. It was arranged between the king, Guise, and the pontiff that Elizabeth should be assassinated and her realm be

attacked from three sides, Philip taking upon himself to land an army on the coast opposite Holland; Guise, aided by his Scottish agents, invading England from over the northern border, and the holy father despatching, at his own cost, a large force into Ireland. The scheme, as vast as clever, and a signal improvement upon the old plan of Ridolfi, was not of King Philip's making or that of his allies, but had been invented by English brains. Great as was the exasperation of pope and king against the heretic sovereign of England, it was pale and feeble compared with the hatred borne against Elizabeth by those of her own subjects who had become exiles on account of religion, and who were nursing their wrath in daily intercourse with each other at various places on the Continent. The English papists, chiefly priests, who had fled their country soon after the death of Queen Mary, unable to serve heaven any longer by carrying faggots and turning the rack, had congregated chiefly in two cities, where they established seminaries, at Rheims, the Canterbury of France, and at Rome. The seminary of Rheims, originally established at Douay, in Flanders, but transferred to the former city in 1575, was under the direction of Dr. William Allen, formerly principal of St Mary's Hall, Oxford, a learned but most bigoted theologian, who had gathered around him a hundred and fifty priests, some of whom travelled about as emissaries, while others educated English pupils in all the branches of knowledge taught by the Jesuits. Similiar to this establishment at Rheims, though less numerously attended, was the seminary at Rome, liberally endowed, in 1579, by Pope Gregory XIII., from the revenues of two hospitals, and employing its funds mainly in sending agents into England to distribute inflammatory tracts against the government, to disseminate the papal bull of excommunication fulminated against Elizabeth, and, in general, to stir up revolt and civil strife. The influence of the emissaries from Rheims and Rome was the greater, as many of them were very remarkable individuals, distinguished alike for their erudition and their energy in the cause they were preaching. It was among these men that originated the great scheme for the tripartite conquest of England and overturn of the Protestant religion.

The first two emissaries of note, active in promulgating the plan, were Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons, both educated at Oxford, and both admitted, after their flight to the Continent, into the order of the Jesuits. They met at Rome in the beginning of 1580, and interchanging their ideas, and submitting them to the general of the Jesuits, they received orders to proceed to England, to investigate the state of the country, and discover the best means of stirring up a general insurrection, simultaneous with the projected foreign attack. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Campian and Parsons, accompanied by eleven other persons, started before the spring was over, receiving at their departure the solemn benediction of the pope. Their movements were very secret, but not enough to escape the vigilance of Walsingham's seventy foreign spies, some of whom, snugly ensconced in the English seminary at Rome, sent early notice of the expedition. To stop the inroad of the Jesuits, all the ports were ordered to be

watched; but they landed nevertheless, Parsons, nominal leader of the band, in the garb of a swaggering captain returning from the wars in Flanders, and his companions in various disguises, as merchants, sailors, soldiers, and Huguenot immigrants. Dispersing all over the country, their presence was soon known to Walsingham, who set his vast internal police organization in movement to lay hold of the dangerous missionaries. But although issuing many proclamations, threatening with the severest penalties all who should harbour them, the Jesuit leaders eluded his grip for more than a year, till the summer of 1581, when Campian was caught, and Parsons fled back to Rome. Led from his hiding place in Berks, where he had been arrested, to the Tower, with the inscription on his hat "Edmund Campian, a most pernicious Jesuit," the unfortunate emissary was put to the torture, and, confessing little, was condemned to suffer the death of traitors. He was hanged at Tyburn on the 1st of December, 1581, after a vain attempt of several Catholics of high rank to interest the duke of Anjou in his favour. With his immense influence over the queen, the French prince could have obtained a pardon without the least difficulty; however, when told that an act of mercy would be most beneficial towards softening religious hatred, and filling the wide gulf between Catholicism and Protestantism, he drily retorted that "he cared for none of these things." Elizabeth was said to have admired the words; but Anjou's sister, Margaret, not by any means a pattern of morality, remarked, in reference to them, that "if all infidelity were banished from the face of the earth, her brother could supply the void."

Campian's death did not in the least discourage the indomitable fanatics of Rheims and Rome. Parsons had no sooner reported to the general of the Jesuits the result of his expedition, when two other members of the order, William Holt, and William Creighton, offered their services in the same dangerous undertaking. England having been well explored, it was resolved to send Holt and Creighton to Scotland, of which the latter was a native. It was not an unwise determination, for the state of the northern kingdom at the moment seemed more dangerous to England than it had been ever since the dethronement of Mary Stuart. After the execution of Morton, the whole power of the state had fallen into the hands of the two favourites of the boy-king, the count d'Aubigny, elevated to the earldom of Lennox, and the captain of Ochiltree, converted into an earl of Arran, both of whom received pensions from the pope and the head of the Catholic League. The danger of this situation, which left the realm open, on the side of Scotland, to the invasion of any enemy, while encouraging revolt among her own subjects, was too great for Elizabeth to be borne quietly, and, pressed by her council, she was on the point of sending an army across the Border, when the great love affair interrupted further proceedings. However, Burleigh did his best to repair the vagaries of his enamoured mistress by despatching Sir Thomas Randolph to the north, with the special object of working, together with Sir Robert Bowes, previously appointed, at the reconstruction of a new and strong Protestant party, the leaders of

which were to be chosen among the friends and adherents of the late regent. The attempt was very successful, and before many months were over d'Aubigny and his ally saw opposed to them a strong phalanx of bitter foes, who openly threatened to hurl them from their high position, and cut off their heads as traitors. Loudest in their threats were the leading ministers of the Presbyterian kirk, who hesitated not to denounce the new rulers from the pulpit as conspirators against the commonwealth and agents of "the devilishe pope." To intimidate his enemies, d'Aubigny exiled the boldest of the preachers, John Durie, minister of Edinburgh, and threw others into prison; but this had no effect but that of making the denunciatory sermons more loud and vehement than before. It was at this moment, when an outbreak seemed imminent, that the two Jesuits, Holt and Creighton, appeared at the court of Scotland, well furnished with letters of introduction. They brought with them a curious proposal, sprung from the fertile brain of Mary Stuart, and highly approved of by the pope and the king of Spain, to the effect of liberating the captive queen by a rapid raid across the Border, and reinstalling her on the throne in association with her son. It was a brilliant stroke for revolutionising England, and sowing the seeds of a mighty civil and religious war at the smallest possible expenditure.

The two Jesuits warmly recommended their scheme to d'Aubigny, and succeeded in gaining him over by their reasoning, although before he had shown no great desire to see Mary Stuart in Scotland, fearing that he should not keep his position after the reinstallation in power of the king's mother. But while consenting to serve King Philip and the holy father, d'Aubigny told the emissaries that he had neither sufficient funds nor soldiers at his command to execute the enterprise demanded of him, and therefore desired them to go back to Paris, to deliver a letter to Jean Baptiste de Tassis, Spanish ambassador at the court of France. The letter, circumspect and cautious in tone, and somewhat in the shape of an inquiry, ran as follows:—"Your king and the pope, according to what I am told, appear to desire to make use of me in the design which they have conceived of restoring the Catholic religion and of delivering the queen of Scotland. Being persuaded that this enterprise is intended to promote the welfare and safety of the said queen of Scotland, as well as of the king her son, to whom the crown will be preserved by consent of the queen his mother, I am ready to employ my life and possessions in the undertaking." This note, dated March 7, 1582, the Jesuits took to Paris, where, immediately after their arrival, they had a secret interview with the Spanish ambassador, at which the duke of Guise, head of the Catholic League, the archbishop of Glasgow, Mary Stuart's representative, and Dr. Allen, chief of the English seminary at Rheims, were present. Philip's envoy showed himself less anxious than the others invited to the meeting to further the deliverance of Mary Stuart, and even gave rise to some distrust by asking Creighton whether he might communicate the scheme to the king of France. "By no means,—*en ninguna manera*," the Jesuit burst forth; "everything would be lost by so doing, for the whole plan would be com-

municated immediately to the queen of England." The suspicious question of Jean Baptiste de Tassis, evidence of diplomatic incapacity, prompted Holt and Creighton to write at once to the general of the Jesuits, asking him to induce King Philip to nominate his ambassador in England to conduct the enterprise, instead of his French envoy. Philip was willing, and thereupon the central direction of the great undertaking, which was to serve as the first step for the overthrow of Protestantism in England, was transferred from Paris to London.

Philip's envoy at the court of Queen Elizabeth, appointed after a lengthened interruption of diplomatic intercourse, consequent upon the expulsion of Don Gerald, was Don Bernardino de Mendoza, a Spanish noble of ancient lineage, bold and haughty, as well as a master in intrigue. He had been for some time in secret communication with Mary Stuart, and being appointed to direct the plan for her deliverance, he entered into an animated correspondence, the captive queen promising to put herself entirely under his guidance. She showed her confidence at once by sending him the original of a long and very curious letter addressed to her by d'Aubigny, with the consent, it was stated, of her son, the young king. In this letter the ruler of Scotland for the time being promised to raise an army of 15,000 men, with the help of the pope and the king of Spain, and after freeing her from bondage to overrun the realm of Elizabeth and to seat her on the throne of two kingdoms. Mary Stuart, in forwarding this communication to Don Bernardino, added her own remarks on the great project in a ciphered note. She told the ambassador that she approved the plan of d'Aubigny entirely, but that to insure its success it was absolutely required that the Catholic king should send his succour at once, so as to leave no time for preparation to her enemies. "I will arrange," she wrote, as if sitting on a throne, instead of in the darkness of a prison—"I will arrange with all diligence to strengthen and increase the number of armed adherents in my kingdom, and will appoint the ports and harbours necessary for the reception of the troops of his majesty." Next to speed in executing the scheme, Mary recommended extreme care and prudence. "My life is in danger," she continued, "and so is the entire state of my son, if this enterprise should be discovered; but I trust you will not allow it to be proved in any way that I am personally engaged in the undertaking. If necessity requires that I should come forward, I have other means at hand, much more convenient, which I may employ for the purpose. But for you, all cautions are requisite to secure the end." Mary Stuart had good reason to preach caution, for her letter was deciphered and copied for Sir Francis Walsingham before it reached the hand of Don Bernardino de Mendoza.

The envoy of King Philip sent his reply promptly by the messenger who had brought the letter—a priest, disguised as a travelling dentist, hiding his ciphered notes in the inside of a little looking-glass. But before the messenger had got to Sheffield Castle, a courier, despatched by Walsingham, had sped across the Border to carry the particulars of the whole plot to Elizabeth's ambassador. Sir Robert Bowes, with-

out losing a moment, unfolded the web of the great intrigue to the leaders of the Presbyterian party, already united in common action against d'Aubigny, urging them to take a decisive step for freeing the country from the thralldom of the foreign adventurers before it was too late. The appeal was effective, and a league was forthwith organized for overthrowing the hated agents of the pope. The bond was signed by the earls of Gowrie, Mar, Glencairn, Rothes, Argyle, Eglinton, and Montrose, Lords Lindsay and Boyd, and a number of the leading Presbyterian ministers, the general agreement being that the revolution should be effected without bloodshed. This appeared difficult of performance, d'Aubigny having at his command a numerous force, and making mien to arrest his enemies, of whose proceedings he was aware to some extent. However, a stratagem, devised by the earl of Gowrie, son of that Ruthven who had played so conspicuous a part in the murder of Riccio, brought the whole undertaking to a fortunate issue. While hunting in the neighbourhood of Perth, in the last days of August, the young king was invited by Gowrie to pay him a visit at his castle of Ruthven, and d'Aubigny not being present for the moment, he accepted the invitation. He had no sooner entered the castle when the confederate earls, at the head of a thousand men, surrounded it, disarmed the royal guards, and informed James VI. that he must consider himself a prisoner until his favourites had been chased from the land. He was then carried to Stirling, notwithstanding his tears and entreaties, while d'Aubigny threw himself into Edinburgh, calling upon the pope and King Philip for help. But long before a Spanish ship could sail up the Forth, the citizens drove him out of the capital, and he had to fight his way, with a few hundred followers, to Dumbarton. Here he embarked on board a vessel despatched by his patron, the duke of Guise, which carried him to France, where he died soon afterwards, as was generally believed of poison. Catherine de Medici justly considered him an obstacle in the marriage of her son with the maiden queen of England.

The victory of the confederate earls having made Elizabeth virtual ruler of Scotland, Mary Stuart once more set to making embroidered nightcaps, and playing poor injured innocence. Unaware that her active participation in the plot for invading England was as well known to the queen as to herself, she began writing humble letters of supplication, representing herself as entirely estranged to the affairs of this mundane world, and given up wholly to prayer and meditation. To make herself more completely a nun, she begged, in the most innocent manner, to be allowed to go to some quiet place abroad—to Rheims, or to Rome. "I beseech you," she wrote to Elizabeth, a month after the flight of d'Aubigny, "for the honour of the grievous passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to permit me to withdraw out of this kingdom to some place of rest, to seek solace for my poor body, worn out with constant grief and pain, and to prepare my soul for God who daily summons me. Give me this contentment before I die, that, seeing all things well set at rest between us, my soul, delivered from my body, may not be constrained to pour out its

complaints before God for the wrong which you have suffered me to be done here below, but, on the contrary, in peace and comfort with you departing from this captivity, it may proceed to Him who knows the hearts of men." This very touching prayer had the less effect as Walsingham had just received information that the Jesuits, not in the least discouraged by the failure of their last scheme, were making fresh efforts towards the invasion of England, the murder of Elizabeth, and the elevation of Mary Stuart to the throne. Impelled by Dr. Allen, who had acquired a great influence over him, as well as by the duke of Guise, the Spanish envoy at Paris showed greater energy than before in the enterprise, and warmly recommended to his master a new arrangement, coming from the seminary at Rheims. "The duke of Guise," Tassis wrote to the king, "has resolved, since the change which has occurred in the affairs of Scotland, to rely more upon the Catholics of England, so as to commence the undertaking in that country. He thinks that he has brought matters into so forward a state that he may be able soon to put his plans into execution." These plans, detailed in the letter of the ambassador, were that Elizabeth should be assassinated, and that England should be invaded at the same time from four different sides, an insurrection having been previously stirred up, with a simultaneous attack upon Ireland to divert the attention of the government. There seemed only one obstacle in the way, which was the as yet incomplete reconquest of the Netherlands. It was from here only the invasion could be launched, the state of France, divided almost equally between the Huguenots, including the "politicians," and the adherents of the Catholic League, with the king reduced to a cipher, making any attack from this side impossible. Consulting with the general of the Jesuits, Philip arrived at the decision that before carrying war into England he would crush the last embers of the rebellion in the Netherlands.

Among the exiles at Rheims and Rome the determination of the Spanish king caused some dissatisfaction, but they consoled themselves by sending fresh emissaries into England to prepare the great revolt while the Flemish heretics were being exterminated. The latter task appeared to be getting less difficult at the commencement of 1583, when an event hailed with delight by Philip took place in the Netherlands. Elizabeth's lover, the duke of Anjou, after having exhausted triumphal entries into cities and other novelties, bethought himself of becoming a traitor to the people which had elected him for their ruler, by throwing French garrisons into Dunkirk, Bruges, Ostend, Antwerp, and other fortified towns, with the intention of annexing these places permanently to France. The plot, carefully elaborated, succeeded in regard to Dunkirk, but at all the other places Anjou's soldiers were beaten back by the citizens—at Antwerp, after a desperate resistance, in which more than two thousand Frenchmen, who had succeeded in entering the city, lost their lives. Thereupon Anjou tried to enter into negotiations with the Spanish general, but these leading to no result, the prince of Parma very reasonably mistrusting him as deeply as the Flemings after his treacherous behaviour, nothing remained for him but to retire to France, execrated by a whole

people. Fortunately for himself and for his country, his inglorious career was now nearly at an end. Broken with disease, consequence of his debauches, he arrived at his estate of Château Thierry in the middle of June, and before twelve months were over had laid himself down to die. Elizabeth felt, or professed to feel, utterly overcome by the report of the death of her wooer, refusing to enter the apartments at Greenwich and Whitehall where she had been at his side, and exhibiting other tokens of deep grief. But the queen had political reasons, besides personal causes, for being affected by the loss of the amiable, if deceitful, prince of France. Hitherto, Catherine de Medici had upheld the alliance with Elizabeth to the best of her power in the councils of the Catholic League, hoping steadfastly that her son might yet wear the crown matrimonial of England; but henceforth she had no ground for sacrificing herself any longer, thus becoming another powerful enemy ready for the invasion of the kingdom.

The great enterprise made considerable progress during the year 1583. While an army of Jesuits were overrunning England, kept in check partly by Walsingham's army of spies, another file of the soldiers of Rheims and Rome had been despatched into Scotland, and achieved a great success. James VI., not yet fifteen, but intelligent and deceitful far beyond his years, had made immediate efforts, after his capture by the confederate earls, to re-enter into communication with the friends of his mother, and, opposing cunning to force, offering plentiful promises and shedding abundant tears, had managed to gain the goodwill of some of his keepers to the extent of being allowed intercourse with strangers. Among these was a Frenchman named Méneville, one of the agents of the Catholic League, who had no sooner gained access to the royal youth when he promised to secure his deliverance from restraint. Several other priests and Jesuits were called in to assist, who, having put themselves in communication with the archbishop of Glasgow, Mary Stuart's representative at Paris, obtained through him from King Philip the sum of eleven thousand crowns, "to be employed," as marked in the note accompanying the money, "in certain affairs of importance." With this large sum at their command, Méneville and his friends saw their road smoothed before them. They bribed the ever greedy Hamiltons, enlisted Border troopers, and corrupted the guards of Stirling Castle; and all being ready, the young king, on the 27th of June, 1583, was led from his place of confinement by the earls of Huntly, Argyle, and Crawford, and conveyed to the fortress of St. Andrew's. The first step of James VI., on having regained his liberty, was to recall his favourite, the captain of Ochiltree, nominal earl of Arran, as his chief adviser; and the second to write a letter to the duke of Guise, offering his renewed participation in the plan for the invasion of England and the overthrow of Protestantism. "The great affection and friendship," the king wrote to the head of the Catholic League, under date of the 19th of July, 1583, "which you do not cease to manifest to the queen my mother and liege lady, as well as to myself, which I have learned from your letters, and from those in which my mother told me of the extreme confidence which she places in you, whose advice and

counsels she desires me to follow, induce me to accept the overtures which have been made to me on your behalf. All that you have planned for the liberation of my mother and for the furtherance of our claims appears to me very good, and the means prepared seem to be suitable, provided that matters are adroitly conducted." This letter had the effect of once more altering the preparations for the attack upon England, in so far as the landing of the Spanish troops was concerned. A march from over the Scottish border clearly offered the least difficulties, and was accordingly determined on in the councils of the Catholic League.

The invasion of England, so long under discussion, now seemed imminent. At the end of August the duke of Guise despatched one of the shrewdest of his emissaries, a Jesuit named Richard Melino, to Rome, to inform the holy father that the great enterprise was on the point of being launched, and that nothing more was wanted but money. "The queen of Scots," Guise told the pontiff, "has written to me, as well as the king and some of the principal nobles, all giving information that things are in readiness on the frontier of England, and on the coast where the Spanish fleet is to disembark. By present arrangements, it will be sufficient for his Catholic majesty to supply four thousand soldiers, if means should not be found to send a greater number. But it is indispensable that there should be money enough to maintain an army of ten thousand men for some months, and also cuirasses, pikes, and arquebuses sufficient to arm five thousand soldiers. As the preparations and dispositions of the undertaking are subject to great changes, and as the secret of affairs, which necessarily pass through many hands, runs the risk of being discovered if any delay takes place; and farther, as the king of Scotland has written that, unless he receives prompt assistance it will be difficult for him to maintain himself in the liberty which he has so miraculously regained—being hard pressed by the English queen, who neglects no means of restoring her faction in Scotland—your holiness is besought, in the name of all the Catholics, liberally to grant a supply of money, which is the only thing now needed, and to furnish, for once, a sum proportionate to the greatness of the enterprise." After dwelling again on the absolute necessity of losing no further time, the head of the Catholic League proceeded to give the details of the proposed invasion. He informed Gregory XIII. that the army destined for the purpose would embark at Dunkirk, recently occupied by the troops of the Catholic king, and would land on a convenient point between Dunbar and Berwick, to march at once across the Border. "In this part of England," Guise apprised the holy father, "the Catholics are so numerous that in a few days twenty thousand of them will join the invading army on horseback," the nobles specified as furnishing troops being the earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Worcester, Arundel, and Rutland, Lords Daere, Montague, Wharton, and several others. "To facilitate the success of the enterprise," the duke of Guise continued, "your holiness is besought to renew the bull of Pius V. against the queen of England, to grant indulgences to all who engage in the expedition, and to appoint Dr. Allen as bishop of Durham to act as apostolic nuncio." The

last sentence lifted the curtain hiding the prime movers of the "great enterprise." Without Dr. William Allen and the seminarists of Rheims and Rome, neither King Philip, nor the pontiff, nor the head of the Catholic League, would have mustered pluck to invade the seagirt realm of heresy.

Fully aware of the danger threatening England by the doings of these fanatics, Elizabeth's ministers did everything in their power to counteract their efforts. On the demand of Burleigh, a number of severe laws against all who should enter into communication with the inmates of Anglo-Catholic seminaries on the Continent were passed during a short parliamentary session held at the commencement of 1581; and other statutes to the same effect, but conceived in a still more rigorous spirit, were promulgated by the next parliament, which met on the 23rd of November, 1584. It was enacted, among others, that all "Jesuits and popish priests" still in the kingdom should leave it within forty days; that those remaining beyond that time, or returning subsequently, should be deemed guilty of treason; that those who harboured them, or furnished them relief in any shape, should be guilty of felony; and, finally, that all subjects of the queen in course of being educated in Catholic schools on the Continent should return to England within six months, if called upon, and present themselves before a bishop or two justices of the peace, and refusing to do so, should be deemed guilty of treason. Besides these laws, designed to uproot the seminaries of Rheims and Rome with all their branch establishments, the parliament of 1584 passed another aimed directly at Mary Stuart. By the latter statute, government was empowered to name commissioners for the trial of any "pretender to the crown" who should attempt or imagine any invasion or insurrection, and should encourage the assassination of the queen. The latter deed was held to be so far within the range of probability that, in case of its taking place, a council of regency was appointed to govern the kingdom, to settle the succession, and to take vengeance for the act. In order to give immediate force to this law, a number of zealous reformers, headed by Sir Francis Walsingham, organized an English Protestant association as a grand opponent of the French Catholic League. The members of this association, the statutes of which were solemnly confirmed by parliament, engaged to defend the queen with their lives, to revenge her death or any injury committed against her, and to exclude from the throne all claimants, what title soever they might possess, by whose suggestion, or for whose behoof any violence should be offered to her majesty. Aware that the Protestant association was mainly directed against her and her friends, Mary Stuart, with wonderful self-confidence, demanded to be enrolled a member—an offer politely refused by Walsingham, who held clear proof in his hands that she was once more plotting, in concert with the Jesuits, the assassination of Elizabeth.

The fear of a violent death of the queen, which had taken possession of all minds, strongly manifesting itself in the rise of the association, as well as the new enactments of parliament, was not solely due to the continued machinations of popish emissaries, but aggra-

vated by an event which filled the whole of Europe, as far as it had not succumbed under Jesuit morals, with profound horror. On the 10th of July, 1584, William of Orange, noblest and most valiant hero of Protestantism produced on the Continent since the reformation, had been foully murdered at Delft, in South Holland, by an assassin paid by the king of Spain and encouraged by the holy father. After several previous attempts of ridding himself of his great adversary by secret murder, which failed for want of proper tools, King Philip had found the right man at last in one Guion, or Gerhard, a native of France, who, after having been properly moulded by priests, with promises of riches in this world and the heavenly crown in the next, was sent into the Netherlands to execute the design. Representing himself as a zealous Protestant, he got access to the prince of Orange, who received him in the most kindly manner, and even allowed him to stay in his own house. This gained, the wretch posted himself among the servants in the dining-room, and on the prince rising from his meal, he approached, shot him through the body, and escaped in the wild confusion that ensued. The assassin was seized soon after and executed; but the wound he had inflicted was mortal, and the murderer's confession that the deed had been committed at the incitement of Jesuit priests, while it heightened the rage, could not lessen the deep grief with which the people of the Netherlands heard of the death of their great leader, looked upon by all as the father of the country. King Philip reaped nearly the whole of the benefits he expected from the murder. Bereft of their genial chief, the republicans had to retreat everywhere before the forces of Alexander Farnese, who successively occupied the entire southern provinces, from the River Maes to the mouth of the Scheldt. In less than three months after the assassination of William of Orange, Brussels, Ghent, Malines, and all the other cities of Flanders and Brabant, had opened their gates, Antwerp alone holding out by opening the sluices and calling the sea in for defence. It was clear that without foreign assistance, Protestantism would have to succumb in the Netherlands in blood; once more, therefore, the people despatched an embassy to England, imploring the queen in the name of all that was dear to them and to her, that she would throw her sword in the balance against the sword of Philip.

War against Spain had now ceased to be an aggression, and become a mere question of self-defence. Notwithstanding all the exertions of Burleigh and Walsingham, and the unsparing use of rack and gallows, England swarmed with Jesuits, let loose by King Philip and the pope; and many of those who were caught openly avowed that their immediate object was the assassination of the queen, which deed was to be the precursor of the invasion. Under these circumstances Elizabeth hesitated no longer, and in the spring of 1585 signed another treaty of alliance with the people of the Netherlands, stipulating to send an army of eight thousand men, under the command of the earl of Leicester, to their aid. Before the signature of the treaty, the queen took the bold step of chasing the ambassador of Philip, centre of all the intrigues against her, from the realm. On the

18th of January, Don Bernardino de Mendoza was summoned before the privy council to be informed of the decision of the queen. Walsingham, addressing him in Italian, told him "that her majesty was ill satisfied with his behaviour, he having kept up a secret correspondence with the deposed queen of Scots, with the object of delivering her from prison, of overthrowing the government, and of procuring a foreign invasion, and that, therefore, he was ordered to leave the country within fourteen days." Nothing abashed, Mendoza retorted by giving accusation for accusation, telling the members of the privy council "that they had kept up for years hostilities against the Catholic king his master, while professing to be at peace with him, and that he was glad to leave England, but could not do so before he had received the instructions of his government." At these words both Burleigh and Walsingham rose from their seats, informing the ambassador, in earnest tone, that he must leave the country without delay, or he would expose himself to punishment. Mendoza drew himself up to his full height, a sarcastic smile overspreading his dark features. "It does not belong," he exclaimed, darting a fierce glance at Burleigh, "either to the queen of England, or to any other person in the world, except the Catholic king my master, to judge of my conduct, and I defy any of you to proceed further, unless it be sword in hand. But though I laugh at your threat of punishment, I will depart with pleasure if you send me my passports. Since I have not been able to please Queen Elizabeth as a minister of peace, I will endeavour to give her satisfaction as a minister of war" — 'Pues no le havia dada satisfaccion siendo ministro del paz, esfuerzana de aqui adelante para que la trievise de me en la guerra.' With this burst the Spaniard swept out of the room, and eleven days after, on the 29th of January, quitted England. Henceforth Elizabeth had no enemy so fierce, next to her own subjects at Rheims and Rome, as Don Bernardino de Mendoza.

The army sent in aid of the Netherlands sailed in the autumn of 1585, and was landed safely at the mouth of the Rhine, taking possession of the fortified town of Brielle, sixteen miles west of Rotterdam. But its further course was ill-fated, as indeed was all but inevitable from the incapacity of the commander-in-chief. Whatever object Elizabeth had in view by appointing her favourite the leader of the expedition, whether it was secret dislike of the Dutch republicans, and Calvinists to boot, or mere infatuation for the handsome but brainless earl, the end was equally sad for the fame of English arms. Received at his arrival with the wildest enthusiasm, Leicester had not been three months in the country before the people found that he was but another Anjou. After gaining some slight advantage in an action against the Spaniards, and relieving the little town of Grave, he gave himself the airs of a conquering hero, travelled up and down the country with a magnificent retinue, including the young earl of Essex, his son-in-law, Lords Audley and North, Sir William Russel, Sir Thomas Shirley, Sir Gervase Clifton, and numerous other English nobles, and on the strength of this brilliant suite and of his own valour, demanded to be invested with the supreme power of government in the United Provinces. Had he but showed a grain

of genius, or only of good sense, the people would have been only too glad to appoint him regent, and so gain the invaluable goodwill of his royal mistress; but this being absolutely impossible in view of his total incapacity, it became the difficult task of the actual leaders of the revolution to curb his narrow vanity without giving offence, and to protect the troops under his command against the effects of his own ignorance. The task was mainly in the hands of the successor of William of Orange in the civil government of the country, John van Olden-Barneveldt, one of the shrewdest politicians of the age, and whose counsels had steered the course of the insurrection from the commencement. But though he managed the royal favourite with all the tenderness and skilfulness requisite under the circumstances, it was impossible to counteract entirely the effect of his combined pride and stupidity; and the English troops, so far from rendering any assistance to the insurgents, only hampered their movements. Their total want of success was only redeemed by the individual bravery of most of the men and nearly all the officers, foremost among the latter Sir Philip Sydney, model knight of the age. But even he, worth an army had he been in the right place, was sacrificed to Leicester's imbecility. Ordering an attack upon the vanguard of the prince of Parma in a dense fog, without knowledge of his own position or that of the enemy, Leicester caused the death of Sydney, who was mortally wounded at the head of a body of horse which he was commanding. The greatness of his soul was strikingly shown even in the hour of agony. Lying on the bare field, bleeding, and parched with thirst, a bottle of water was brought to Sydney by one of his friends, when at the moment of raising it to his lips, he perceived a common soldier near, likewise wounded, glancing with deadly eagerness upon the welcome drink. "That man's necessity is greater than mine," exclaimed the dying hero, resigning the water for which his feverish body was thirsting to his fellow-sufferer. Perhaps nobler words never ascended to heaven amidst the hideous carnage of the battle-field.

Elizabeth was little affected by the ill-success of her arms in the Netherlands, her own safety and the condition of the realm engrossing her whole attention. Walsingham had discovered through his host of spies that the long-intended blow was about to be struck, and that the assassination of the queen, to be followed by the invasion of the realm, had been firmly settled among the arch-conspirators abroad. After many vain attempts of the duke of Guise and the Jesuits to induce Philip to carry out the old scheme of attacking England from three sides, and after constant promises, never fulfilled, that he would land troops in Ireland, in Scotland, and on the coast of Norfolk, all the plans engendered at Paris, Rheims, and Rome finally reduced themselves to the certainty that the Catholic king would not move before Elizabeth was killed and an intestine war had broken out. Of the exceeding value of assassination Philip had received a new proof in the case of William of Orange, and feeling sure that the stab or pistol shot which should put the queen of England out of the way would save him a million in money, and, perhaps, a couple of armies, he distinctly intimated to the emissaries of the

Catholic League, who were urging him towards what the pontiff had been pleased to call the "sacred expedition," that before filling a throne in accordance with the wishes of the holy father the throne must be vacant. This being fully understood, the English exiles who had plotted for years the overthrow of Protestantism in their own country could hesitate no longer. The difficulty of murdering the queen had become greater with every succeeding year; but the obstacles in their way served but to rouse their energy, and they determined, in order to accomplish the deed, to engage a number of assassins at the same time, so that if one should fail another might succeed. The first man who offered himself for the task was an English Catholic named John Savage, who had served for several years as officer in the prince of Parma's army in the Netherlands. Having been examined sufficiently to leave no doubt of his zeal, Savage was taken to Rheims, sworn to service by Dr. William Gifford, one of the sub-directors of the seminary, and then despatched into England, well provided with money and arms. It was arranged that he should shoot the queen when going to chapel at Whitehall, stationed in a gallery through which she was known to pass, and that the bullet failing, his poniard should finish the work. In the wake of Savage, and with the double object of watching him and seeking other assassins, followed John Ballard, a Jesuit who had travelled in England for many years under various disguises, and had now adopted military costume and the name of Captain Fortescue. Savage steadily made his way to Whitehall, and Ballard closely followed his steps; but in the track of both, unknown to either, crept two other men, secret agents of Elizabeth's minister of state. Burleigh had saved England from one great plot of murder and invasion, and it was the high ambition of Walsingham to rescue the kingdom from another not less terrible conspiracy.

It was a frightful battling of spies against traitors, of bloodhounds against assassins, of hangmen against Jesuits, that now ensued in the realm of Elizabeth. While the emissaries from Rheims were gliding about in the dark, murder in the breath of their nostrils, Walsingham's secret agents, villains most of them of the darkest dye, kept sneaking behind, ready at any moment to pounce upon them, and lead them to the rack and the gallows. Whether he could trust the wretches he employed, Elizabeth's minister had not the slightest means of knowing; however, he confided in the superiority of numbers, and pitching two spies against one Jesuit, and the power of gold against the strength of fanaticism, he hoped to succeed in the end. Sir Francis Walsingham had acquired a great knowledge of human nature, heavenly and beastly, in the course of his long travels, and soon found that he was not mistaken in his calculations. His agents proved to be far more sharp-witted than the priestly emissaries, and in a very short time unravelled a plot, which, in magnitude and chances of success, far exceeded that spun by Ridolfi fifteen years before. John Ballard arrived in London on the 22nd of May, 1586, and five days after put himself into communication with a young gentleman named Anthony Babington, possessed of considerable landed property at Dethick, in Derbyshire. Babing-

ton had got acquainted some years previously at Paris with the archbishop of Glasgow, and through his persuasion become an enthusiastic adherent of Mary Stuart, undertaking the dangerous task of carrying letters to and from the captive queen. But the idea of serving her otherwise than in an honourable manner had never entered his mind, and when Ballard informed him that it had been resolved to murder Elizabeth in order to put Mary on the throne he received the proposal with a show of indignation. However, to change the current of thought of the enthusiastic youth, and to demonstrate the absolute necessity of the assassination for the success of the "great cause," was not difficult to the keen Jesuit, trained to play upon human hearts and brains like a skilful performer on a musical instrument. Babington, won over by the specific arguments of the priest, consented to associate with Savage in the work of murder; and, to make success all but certain, proposed to admit five of his most intimate friends, all good Roman Catholics, into the conspiracy. This was readily assented to by the Jesuit, and Chidioc Tichbourne, a young gentleman of Hampshire; Patrick Barnwell, scion of a noble Irish family; John Charnock, a Lancashire squire; Edward Abington, son of a royal treasurer at Whitehall; and Charles Tilney, one of the queen's gentlemen-pensioners, swore a solemn oath on the crucifix, before Ballard, that they would kill Elizabeth or perish in the attempt. Many as had been the plots against the queen's life, never before had there been such a terrible band of the highest and most unselfish class of fanatics with their daggers directed against her breast.

Babington and his friends, made bold by their enthusiasm, held regular meetings at a lonely house at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near London, to deliberate on the execution of their great scheme. To these meetings the conspirators admitted several of their friends, sworn to secrecy by dreadful oaths. But this did not prevent the introduction of Walsingham's agents. The spies had never left Ballard in all his journeys; they dogged every step of Savage; and they had wormed themselves, under profession of the most ardent attachment for Mary Stuart, into the confidence of Babington. One of these secret agents, named Gilbert Gifford, specially attached to Ballard, and who had come with him from Rheims, having played his part so well as to be admitted even into the seminary as a candidate for holy orders, soon gained the confidence of all the conspirators to a supreme degree, so that he was not merely allowed access to the meetings, but intrusted with the details of the great plan as settled by the chiefs. These were in substance that Savage, assisted by three others, should murder the queen, while Babington and his friends on the same day were to liberate Mary Stuart, to proclaim her sovereign, and to take her into Norfolk, in order to place her at the head of the army of invasion which was to be despatched from the Netherlands at the moment the report of Elizabeth's death had arrived. All the particulars of this arrangement having been approved of at the meetings held at St. Giles's, it became necessary to enter into correspondence with Mary Stuart, so as to gain her consent and co-operation in the important events

which were to lift her from a prison to a throne. The correspondence, absolutely necessary as it was, at the same time was attended with the very greatest difficulty. Mary had been transported, on the 25th of August, 1584, from Sheffield to Wingfield Castle; and not being deemed safe enough here, the captive queen had been conveyed, on the 13th of January, 1585, back to her old prison at Tutbury, the gloomy gates of which had closed behind her exactly sixteen years before. Three months after her arrival at Tutbury, Mary Stuart received a new keeper in the person of Sir Amias Paulet, a rigid Calvinist, who kept watch over her in the strictest manner, not allowing her to go a step beyond the prison walls without his company and that of the guard, consisting of eighteen armed men chosen among his own retainers. Not believing her secure even at Tutbury, Paulet obtained permission to carry the queen to Chartley, in Staffordshire, where she arrived at the commencement of 1586. A report was spread soon after that the royal prisoner was preparing for flight, upon which Mary's keeper wrote to Burleigh to impress upon him the fact that she was more than safe in his custody. "The queen cannot escape," Sir Amias drily informed his friend and patron, the lord treasurer, "without great negligence on my part. But if I should be violently attacked, I will be so assured, by the grace of God, that she shall die before me." It was no easy task, under these circumstances, to Babington and his co-conspirators to enter into communication with Mary Stuart.

But great as were the obstacles, they were overcome by the fierce determination of the captive queen. The severe treatment under which she was suffering had embittered her spirit more and more, and the bitterness was increased by the course of events that was taking place in her own country, and which left of all her hopes none but the final one, of freeing herself from captivity by some desperate act. After having been thrown like a shuttlecock from the hands of his Calvinist tutors into those of papal agents, then back again to the grip of Presbyterian lords, and after that once more into the embraces of Jesuits, the boy-king of Scotland had finally fallen, apparently beyond rescue, into the hands of the Protestant party anxious for the union with England, and had placed himself directly under the orders of Elizabeth's ambassadors. Mary Stuart had come to understand by this time somewhat of the character of her son—like herself an accomplished hypocrite, though without either her fire of passion or her mental energy; and perceiving that, young as he was, he had turned his eyes already to the dazzling prospect of two crowns, and had sunk his filial duty entirely under the cravings of his vanity, she was beginning to look upon him with deep resentment approaching to hatred. To all the other causes impelling her to burst her bonds, there was added now one more in the desire for revenge against her own son. There was nothing more to hope from him, and the wrath of seeing him in close alliance with her greatest enemy was in itself enough to rouse her into the last energy of despair. For some time before Ballard and Babington had laid the foundation of their great conspiracy, Mary Stuart had been in correspondence on the same subject with Don Ber

nardino de Mendoza, appointed Philip's envoy at Paris after his expulsion from London; and he having given her a hint of the meetings that were taking place at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, she was all anxiety to enter into communication with the men who exerted themselves in her behalf. Strictly as she was watched at Chartley, the captive queen had still the use of a large number of servants, as well as of two private secretaries, the one a native of Scotland called Curle, and the other a Frenchman of the name of Naou. By the aid of these assistants, on whom she could rely absolutely, Mary was able to receive and answer a great number of letters, which, however, all had to pass through the hands of Sir Amias Paulet, so that the main difficulty was to discover a mode of conveyance beyond the reach of his keen supervision. The means so anxiously sought, the royal prisoner at last found, with the help of her friends outside, in the casks in which a brewer of the neighbourhood supplied at regular intervals the ale for the consumption of her household. Paulet, while carefully examining every article that came in and passed out of the castle, did not think of the beer-barrels, and Mary easily converted them into letter-carriers by placing her papers in a wooden box, small enough to be passed through the bung-hole. Unfortunately for the captive queen, her very shrewdness and circumspection had no other effect but that of accelerating her ruin. Her letters passed in perfect safety the gates of Chartley Castle, unknown to Sir Amias Paulet; but once out were delivered into the hands of Gilbert Gifford, whom Babington had appointed his chief agent in the intercourse with Mary Stuart. The spy discharged his office by carrying every piece of paper he received first into Walsingham's secret cabinet, and forwarding it afterwards to the deluded victims who had put their trust in him. The astute minister had perfected his police system by employing two men expressly in opening and copying letters; one of them, Arthur Gregory, possessing extreme skill in undoing the seals of papers and closing them again, without leaving the slightest trace of their having been tampered with, and the second, called Phelipps, an adept in deciphering correspondence. Thus a huge net was weaving around the conspirators at the very moment when they were preparing to apply the match which was to set all England in flames.

Mary Stuart's first letter to Babington, dated the 25th of June, was very cautious, she contenting herself to thank him for the great affection he was showing towards her, and begging him to continue in the same course. Being addressed as "my dear friend" in this note, the youth's head got all on fire, and he replied in a fervent strain of mixed loyalty and love, informing the queen, his "very dear sovereign," of all that he had been doing for her, in conjunction with Ballard and other trustworthy adherents. After telling her that he was engaged in a plan for her deliverance, "in conformity with the wishes manifested by his holiness the pope, the Catholic king, and the chief Christian princes," he proceeded to enumerate the details of the conspiracy for liberating her, invading England, and assassinating Elizabeth. "Myself in person," he wrote, evidently impressed with his own importance, "with ten gentlemen and a hundred

others of our company and suite, will undertake the deliverance of your royal person from the hands of your enemies. As regards getting rid of the usurper, from subjection to whom we are absolved by the act of excommunication issued against her, there are six gentlemen of quality, all of them my intimate friends, who, for the love they bear to the Catholic cause and to your majesty's service, will undertake the tragic execution. It remains now that, according to their great desert and your majesty's goodness, their heroic enterprise should be honourably recompensed in themselves, if they escape with their lives, or in their posterity if they fall, which assurance I would gladly give them by your majesty's authority." Finally, Babington requested the captive queen, whom he pledged himself to serve unto death, to appoint persons to act as her lieutenants, and to raise the populace in Wales and in the northern and eastern counties. This terrible letter, written on the 6th of July, was placed on the evening of the same day in the hands of Gifford, with instructions to carry it immediately to Tutbury, and forward it to Mary Stuart by the usual channel, awaiting the reply. Gifford proceeded straightway to Walsingham, and before midnight was past, Babington's note had been deciphered in the secret cabinet. Walsingham felt that the crisis was now approaching, and ordering Gregory and Phelipps to accompany Gifford to the neighbourhood of Chartley, so as to open and copy all letters without a moment's loss of time, he impatiently awaited the reply of Mary Stuart to the proposals made to her by the leader of the conspiracy.

The imprisoned queen had not the faintest idea of the snares surrounding her on all sides when opening Babington's letter. To watch her more closely, Phelipps had installed himself in the castle, to the infinite disgust of Mary, who suspected him to be a spy, and did not fail to advertise her friends of his arrival. Walsingham's decipherer had the pleasure of seeing his own portrait in the first letter put into his hands. "The man," she described Phelipps, "is of low stature, slender every way, dark, yellow-haired on the head and clear yellow-bearded, pitted in the face with the small-pox, short-sighted, and, as it seems, about thirty years of age." Notwithstanding the presence of this forbidding personage, Mary Stuart confided to her former channel of communication, only taking the precaution of composing the reply to Babington's letter at intervals, in the middle of the night. She received it on the 12th of July, and on the 17th had the answer ready, and put it into the beer-barrel—vulgar beer-barrel, big for the nonce with the fate of a queen. If the youth chosen to head a conspiracy of boundless import had been imprudent, Mary Stuart was a thousand times more so. In her reply to Babington she did not hesitate to approve fully the details of the great plot, going so far as to give advice regarding the better accomplishment of the scheme of assassination. Her anxiety was to have Elizabeth killed before her friends should make the attempt to liberate her from prison, fearing that otherwise she herself would perish under the sword of her guards. She counselled to watch the movements of the queen very closely, and "all affairs being prepared, then shall it be time to set the six gentlemen

to work." The "six gentlemen," or, in other words, the six assassins, were recommended to act as reporters of the deed as soon as perpetrated, so that there could be no error in the matter. "There can be no certain day appointed," Mary continued, "of the accomplishing of the said gentlemen's designment; and to the end that others may be in readiness to take me from hence, I would that the said gentlemen had always about them, or, at the least, at court, four stout men furnished with good and speedy horses, ordered, so soon as the said design shall be executed, to come with all diligence, to advertise thereof those that shall be appointed for my transporting." Touching her own deliverance, the royal prisoner had no less than three plans ready. "The first," she informed Babington, "is that in my walking abroad on horseback on the moors, betwixt this and Stafford, where ordinarily very few people do pass, a fifty or threescore horsemen, well armed, come to take me, as they may easily, my keeper having with him but eighteen horsemen. The second mean is to come at midnight, or soon after, to set fire to the barns and stables, which are near to the house, and whilst that my guardian's servants rush forth to the fire, your company, having every one a mark whereby they may know one another in the night, may surprise the house, where I hope, with the servants I have about me, to be able to give you correspondence. And the third mean is that some bring carts hither, they ordinarily coming early in the morning, which carts may be so prepared that, having got to the midst of the great gate, they may fall down or overwhelm, whereupon you may come suddenly with your followers to make yourself master of the house and carry me away." It was truly a marvel, and not arguing much for the zeal of her friends that a queen so fertile in resources should have remained in prison for eighteen years.

The fatal letter to Babington was not despatched alone, but the same cask which held it contained ciphered messages for the queen's agents at Paris and Madrid, and for Philip's envoy at Paris, all urging the hastening of the preparations for the invasion of England. Having taken copies of these important documents, Walsingham ordered Gifford to carry them to France and deliver them personally, taking care to bring back the replies. Both the archbishop of Glasgow and Mendoza received the spy, known to them from his connection with the Rheims seminary, in the most cordial manner, his youth, engaging manners, and apparent zeal for religion, disarming all suspicion as to the part he was playing. Philip's envoy, in particular, was so much pleased with the bearer of Mary's letters, that he praised to the king the extreme capacity of the agent the conspirators had chosen, informing his master at the same time that, in order to encourage Babington and his friends, he had sent to them, by two different ways, two letters, one in Italian and the other in Latin, "stimulating them to an enterprise worthy both of their orthodox faith and of the ancient valour of the English, and assuring them that if they succeeded in killing the queen they should immediately be assisted by his Catholic majesty with an army from the Netherlands." "I made this promise," Mendoza continued, "as they requested the assurance, upon my faith and word of honour, and I urged them at the

same time to hasten the execution of their enterprise." King Philip's reply was not long in coming, a service of couriers, with the swiftest horses at their disposition, having been established between Paris and Madrid, for the special purpose of transmitting the correspondence relating to the invasion of England. The king entirely approved of the steps already taken by his envoy, adding that, things having proceeded thus far, not a moment should be lost to carry out his share in the undertaking. "I have ordered," Philip informed Mendoza, instructing him to communicate the facts to the conspirators, "that two bodies of troops shall be prepared to set sail for England, the first from Spain and the second from Flanders. As our success depends mainly upon our secrecy and diligence, the troops will be got ready with little noise, and will not be so considerable as to prevent them from promptly leaving Spain and Flanders, as soon as we hear that the principal execution which Babington and his friends have undertaken has been accomplished in England." To this letter Philip joined two despatches, written in triplicate on account of their importance, directed to the prince of Parma, governor of the Netherlands. By the first of these despatches, which Mendoza was instructed to send directly to its destination, the prince was commanded to make preparations for the attack upon England, and by the second he was ordered to start. This second despatch the king desired should be sent to Farnese by three couriers immediately after receipt of the news that Elizabeth had fallen under the stroke of the assassins. "In this case," Philip wrote, "send it at once and in haste to the prince, that he may set sail with his troops without awaiting any fresh orders from me." Gilbert Gifford copied the despatches and hurried back to England.

Walsingham's net was full, and the time had come to draw it up. Gifford arrived in London late on the 2nd of August, and had a long conference with the minister; and early on the morning of the 3rd orders were issued to seize all the persons known to be connected with Babington, Ballard, and the other conspirators. A number of them were taken at once; but before the arrest of all could be effected, Ballard, who moved about in constant disguises, changing his dress and his dwelling every day, got the alarm, and communicated it to Babington, Savage, and several of their friends. They held a consultation late at night to consult about their safety. "What is to be done?" asked Ballard. "Nothing," replied Savage, "but to kill the queen immediately." "Very well," cried Babington, "then go to court to-morrow and strike the blow." Savage objected on the ground that his court-dress, in which alone he could hope to penetrate to the queen, was not ready, upon which Babington gave him his ring and all the money and valuables he had with him, to purchase what he wanted. However, the effort to get a court-dress was very vain, for the spies which followed in the steps of the conspirators had seized both Savage and Ballard before many hours were over. Babington and a few of his distracted companions hid themselves for some days longer in St. John's Wood, but they were soon hunted up, and carried to the Tower. Of all the individuals engaged in the plot there remained now only one untouched, the greatest of all. Mary Stuart continued

writing ciphered letters, urging on the murder of the queen and invasion of the realm, till the morning of the 8th of August, when Sir Amias Paulet, looking unusually friendly, proposed to her to join in a hunting party, in the neighbouring park of Tixall. She gladly accepted, and was riding on joyously, swelled with hopes of her speedy triumph, when suddenly Sir Thomas Georges, a royal officer, presented himself before her with a body of soldiers, informing her that the Babington conspiracy had been discovered, and that orders had been issued for her removal to Tixall Castle. The queen got deadly pale, and her lips seemed to tremble; but recovering herself quickly, anger took the place of despair, and she called upon her servants to resist her being carried off to another prison. Sir Thomas Georges could but smile at the useless threat, and ordering Curle and Naou, the two secretaries, who were riding in the suite of their mistress, to be arrested and taken to London, he gave instructions to separate Mary Stuart from all her attendants, and to place her under strict confinement at Tixall Castle, allowing no communication whatever with the outer world. While the unhappy queen was carried off to her new prison, Sir Amias Paulet went back to Chartley to open her desks and those of her secretaries, and seize all the papers contained therein. With extreme imprudence, the queen had not only not destroyed many of the most dangerous letters she had received, but even in many instances kept copies of the replies she had returned, thus proving her participation in the great conspiracy in the most complete manner. As often before in the course of her stormy life, Mary Stuart forged weapons against herself more formidable than any that could have come from the hand of her enemies.

The discovery and annihilation of the terrible plot directed against the civil and religious liberty of the realm caused the most boundless joy in all the towns of the kingdom, particularly in London. Bonfires were lighted in every street, and the bells kept ringing night and day, while shouts of enthusiasm rent the air wherever Elizabeth showed herself, touching her unto tears. Intimately mixed with the exultation of the masses was a general cry for revenge, and for several weeks persons suspected of sympathy with the conspirators could not leave their houses without danger of being torn to pieces. To allay the public excitement, Walsingham ordered that Babington, Ballard, Savage, and their accomplices should be put at once upon their trial for high treason. The evidence against them was so overwhelming that not one attempted a denial of the charges, but all pleaded guilty; nevertheless, to satisfy the craving for revenge of the ferocious multitude, they had to undergo the most frightful tortures before suffering the punishment decreed by law. At last, on the 20th of September, after their bodies had been torn to pieces on the rack, seven of the chief conspirators, Babington, Savage, Ballard, Barnwell, Tilney, Abingdon, and Tichbourne, were taken to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and drawn and quartered in the presence of an immense crowd, their shrieks under the infliction of the hellish cruelties they were made to undergo touching even the stony hearts of the mob, and causing a mitigation of punishment to simple death for the remaining criminals. Of

all of them, the youth Tichbourne met with the greatest sympathy, it having become known that the sole reason of his participation in the plot had been his affection for Babington, the depth of which he described at the trial with touching simplicity. "I had a friend," the youth exclaimed, "and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, whose friendship has brought me to this. He told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it. Yet the love of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified: I was silent, and so consented. Before this thing chanced, we lived together in the most happy manner. We wanted nothing that we could wish for; and, God knows, nothing was less in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustained after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly company my estate to that of Adam, who could not abstain one thing forbidden to enjoy all other things the world could afford. The terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers whereinto I was fallen, I went away, and appointed my horses should meet me in London, intending to go into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was discovered, whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the woods to hide ourselves." It would have well become Queen Elizabeth to pardon this simple, misguided youth, or at least to save him from those hellish tortures inflicted alike upon Jesuits and their victims.

After the despatch of the conspirators in London, the great question, engrossing the public mind as well as the deliberations of the privy council, was the course of proceedings to be adopted against Mary Stuart. The cry that she should be put upon her trial, and, if found guilty, should suffer the punishment awarded to traitors, was general; but Elizabeth still made mien to shelter her under various pretexts. It was not so much sympathy with Mary which induced the queen to extend her protection, but the terror of falling a prey to some desperate fanatic at the moment she was tried for her life, which apprehension was increased by the fierce threats uttered by the English Catholics abroad, duly reported through Walsingham's agents. However, the absolute necessity of getting to the one great centre of all the plots and conspiracies which had endangered and continued to threaten the realm, made itself too powerfully felt to be neutralized by vague fears and anxieties; and both Burleigh and Walsingham told the queen that the trial of Mary Stuart could not be prevented without placing in jeopardy, not only her throne, but the religion, liberty, and independence of the nation. Thus pressed, Elizabeth at last gave her consent to indict her royal sister before a special tribunal, formed in accordance with the parliamentary statute enacted two years before, in view of the very events that had happened. But before putting her upon trial, Mary's two secretaries, who had been kept in separate confinement since their separation from her, were interrogated, and the depositions of both went to make her guilt, if possible, still more clear. Curle as well as Naou confessed to the participation of their mistress in the conspiracy for the murder of the queen.

and the invasion of the kingdom, both furnishing at the same time some curious information as to the method employed by Mary Stuart in carrying on her secret correspondence. Shut up in her closet, mostly in the dead of night, the captive princess had been in the habit of dictating the principal points of her despatches in French to Naou, who, after having reduced them to the proper shape, submitted the papers to her for correction. This accomplished, the letters were given to Curle, the Scotch secretary, who translated them into cipher, ready to be sent off. It was in this way large stores of the most dangerous documents had accumulated in the closet of Mary, all of which fell into the hands of Walsingham on her forcible removal from Chartley, skilfully planned for this object. When, having been shut up for seventeen days in a small room at Tixall Castle, the prisoner was taken back to her old residence, and found all her papers gone, the dread of the fate awaiting her came upon her with crushing force. For a moment, but a moment only, she affected anger and indignation at seeing her property ransacked. "There are two things," she exclaimed, "which the queen of England can never take from me, the royal blood which gives me a right to the succession, and the attachment which makes my heart beat for the religion of my fathers." After this piece of declamation, nature asserted its rights: Mary Stuart sank to the ground, burying her face in her hands.

The commissioners who were to form the special tribunal for the examination and trial of Mary, in accordance with the act passed in the session of 1584, were appointed in the latter part of September. They were forty-six in number, comprising the chief state officers, many of the leading peers, the principal councillors of the crown, and the most eminent judges and lawyers in the kingdom. The list, made up with evident impartiality, included the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, Lord Burleigh, the marquis of Winchester, the earls of Oxford, Shrewsbury, Kent, Derby, Worcester, Rutland, Warwick, Pembroke, Leicester, and Lincoln, Viscount Montague, Lords Howard, Hunsdon, Abergavenny, Zouch, Morley, Cobham, Stafford, Grey of Wilton, Lumley, Sturton, Sands, Wentworth, Mordaunt, St. John of Bletso, Buckhurst, Compton, and Cheiney, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir James Croft, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Francis Knollys, Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Amias Paulet, and Sir Walter Mildmay, Secretaries Davison and Wolley, and Judges Wray, Anderson, Gawdy, Manwood, and Periam. Many of these members of the commission were known to be favourably inclined to the illustrious prisoner over whom they were to sit in judgment, and a few among the peers were held to be her partisans to the extent that King Philip had included them in his list of enemies of Elizabeth. The president of the commission, called the high court of justice, was the lord chancellor, Sir Thomas Bromley, the most learned lawyer in England, and he drew up the indictment on the 5th of October, 1586. On the following day Mary Stuart was conducted by Sir Amias Paulet to Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, a large feudal pile, birthplace of Richard III., which had been chosen to serve for the trial on account of its ample accommodation. Mary made no resistance

to being taken to Fotheringay; but when, on arriving here, a letter of the queen was placed in her hand, enjoining her, in somewhat imperious terms, to answer the charges which would be preferred against her before the high court of justice, she broke out into violent anger. "What!" she cried, addressing Paulet, "does not your mistress know that I am a queen born? Does she think that I will degrade my rank, my condition, the race from which I spring, the son who is to succeed me, the foreign kings and princes whose rights would be injured in my person, by obeying such a letter as that?—Never! Humbled as I may seem, my heart is too great to submit to any such humiliation." It would have been wise on the part of the captive queen to adhere to this resolution, and steadfastly to refuse the jurisdiction of the court, on the good old plea of "rank and race." But her determination did not last a week, being entirely upset by the plausible arguments of Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain of Elizabeth, who had been specially deputed to persuade the royal prisoner to appear before the commission, so as to destroy herself the most formidable obstacle in the way of her trial. "You are accused," Sir Christopher argued, his graceful bearing and his handsome face and figure heightening his eloquence, and leaving a deep impression upon the susceptible heart of Mary Stuart; "you are accused, but not condemned, and it depends but upon you to deny the charges. You are, it is true, a queen, but the royal dignity does not exempt its possessor from replying to the imputation of a crime such as neither the civil nor the canon law, nor the law of nations, nor the law of nature, could save from prosecution. If you are innocent, the queen's commissioners, who are just and prudent men, will rejoice with all their hearts at your proving your innocence. The queen herself will be no less pleased, I assure you. When I left her, she declared to me that nothing ever gave her greater pain than to see you accused of such a crime. Dispense, then, with that vain privilege of royal dignity which cannot now avail you. Appear in court, and maintain your innocence; and do not lay yourself open to suspicion by avoiding the trial, or risk sully your reputation with an everlasting stain." Mary listened to the voice of the charming vice-chamberlain, and allowing her reason once more to succumb under her imagination, consented to plead before the high court of justice.

On the morning of the 14th of October the queen of Scots descended from her apartments, in the upper floor of the castle, into the great hall of Fotheringay, escorted by a detachment of halberdiers, and leaning on the arm of Bourgoyn, her French physician. The hall had been arranged in the form of a court of justice. At the upper end, under a dais surmounted by the arms of England, stood a chair of state, reserved for Queen Elizabeth, to the right of which were circular benches filled by the lord chancellor, the lord high treasurer, the members of the privy council, and fourteen earls, while on the left were similar benches for the other members of the court. In the centre were seated, around a table, the crown lawyers, with several clerks to take the minutes of the proceedings, and opposite them a velvet chair was placed

for Mary Stuart. On making her appearance before this imposing assembly, she saluted the lords with great dignity, which gave way, however, on seeing that her chair had not been placed under a dais like that on the other side. "I am a queen," she cried, with some petulance; "I was married to a king of France, and my chair should be there," pointing to the vacant seat of Elizabeth. The judges took no notice of the exclamation, and when Mary had taken her seat, after a little hesitation, the lord chancellor arose to address the court. In a short oration, replete with arguments, he stated the reasons which had induced the queen of England to bring the prisoner at the bar to trial, declaring his own conviction that, had she neglected to do so, she would have deserved to be accused of slighting the cause of God, and of bearing the sword of justice in vain. The clerk of the crown then read out the royal commission constituting the court, reciting that since the first day of June, in the twenty-seventh year of the queen's reign, "divers matters have been compassed and imagined tending to the hurt of our royal person, as well by Mary, daughter and heir of James the Fifth, king of Scots, and commonly called queen of Scots and dowager of France, pretending title to the realm of England, as by divers other persons, with the privity of the said Mary." The reading of the commission having come to an end, the crown serjeant rose to state the charges brought against Mary Stuart, but she interrupted him suddenly, coming forward to address the court. In a speech of great animation she informed the members of the court that she did not recognize the commission by virtue of which they pretended to try her; that, as a free princess and an anointed queen, she was answerable to nobody but God, and that she would reply to them only under reserve of this protest. These were words of empty sound, the futility of which Mary herself ought to have known, the fact that she had come before the court to be tried being an acknowledgment of jurisdiction far more important than the feeble protest she uttered against it. Burleigh, who rose after her, told her as much, adding that all persons within the realm were subject to the laws of the realm. It was like a faint echo of the far-sounding Declaration of Rights, uttered, five years before, by the people of the Netherlands. The great truth, come into the world with Protestantism, that "subjects are not made by God to serve a prince, but that princes are made to serve their subjects," had grown so far as to be acknowledged by a lord high treasurer, in the trial of a purple-born queen.

The first day of Mary Stuart's trial was taken up with the delivery of the act of accusation by the crown serjeant, acting as public prosecutor. After giving a full account of the conspiracy of Babington and Ballard, he maintained that Mary had actively participated in the plan for invading the kingdom, as well as in that for the assassination of Elizabeth, having not only known and approved, but greatly encouraged these schemes, with a view of raising herself to the throne. In proof, copies of her letters were brought forward, together with numerous others written by Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the archbishop of Glasgow, Dr. Allen of Rheims, Babington,

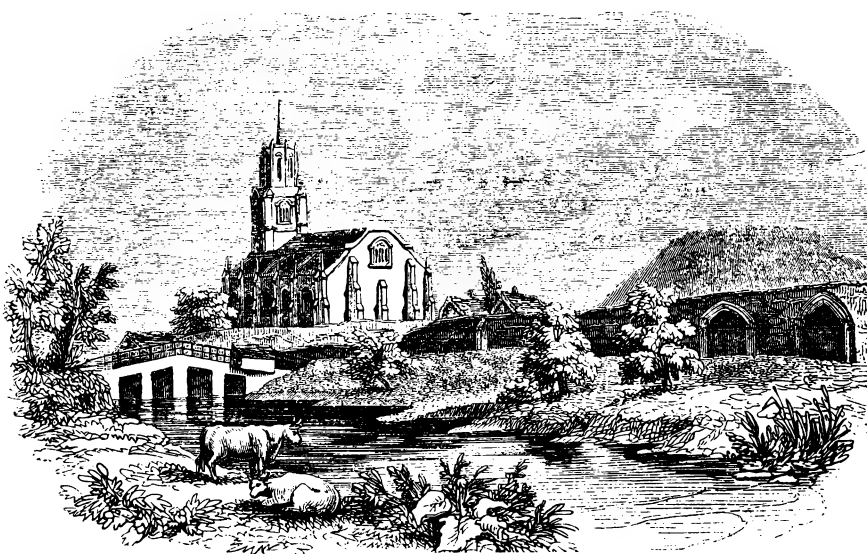
and the English conspirators. The written confessions of Mary's two secretaries, Curle and Naou, and those made by Babington, Ballard, Tichbourne, and Savage were likewise adduced, the whole forming a mass of evidence all but irresistible in its conclusion. However, Mary did not shrink from the attempt of overturning the whole fabric of accusation against her. She boldly denied having either sent or received the letters produced by the crown serjeant, and disposing of them as vile forgeries, called upon the court to admit of no other documentary evidence but her own handwriting. This was a sufficiently safe mode of defence, for having dictated all her dangerous correspondence to her secretaries, and never written a line herself, it was not easy to bring forward any proofs in this respect. There then remained the confessions of Babington and his co-conspirators, which Mary declared to be likewise inventions, either of her enemies, or extorted by the rack; and, finally, the depositions of her own secretaries, which, she could not help feeling, formed the most dangerous part of the evidence against her. The confessions of both Curle and Naou, Mary Stuart was fully aware, had not been extorted by torture, but been freely given, and to get rid of their testimony she adopted a new line of defence. Curle, she said, was an honest man, yet rather simple-minded, and easily led by others, while Naou, on the other hand, was a man of great cleverness and vast natural gifts. From the depositions made by both, Mary argued, she must conclude that Naou had become a traitor to her, and had led away Curle, who had always been under his control. Her two secretaries, she admitted, had written all her letters, and put them in cipher; but she had seldom verified the documents actually sent away, and they had every opportunity of inserting things which she had never dreamt of dictating to them. She declared it very possible, also, that they might have received letters for her without delivering them, and that they might have sent away others in her name, and with her ciphers, without showing them to her. Getting excited in her demonstration, so as almost to believe in her own arguments—"And am I," she cried, "am I, a queen, to be judged guilty on such proofs as these? Is it not manifest that there must be an end to the majesty and security of princes if they are made to depend on the writings and the testimony of their secretaries? I claim the privilege of being judged from my own words and my own writings, and I am certain that no proof of guilt will be found against me." There was something akin to the puerile in this plea, not at all becoming the dignity of the captive queen.

Still more than in charging her secretaries with treachery, and in asking for evidence which she admitted did not exist, Mary Stuart forgot herself when, towards the end of the first day's trial, she turned upon Sir Francis Walsingham with the accusation of keeping spies in his service. Her attack, in which she insinuated even that the secretary had intended to murder her secretly, was so sudden, and so fierce and personal, that Sir Francis sprang to his feet. "I call God to witness," he exclaimed, "that I have done nothing, as an individual, not befitting an honest man; nor anything, as the servant of my royal mistress, unworthy of my office. I have employed

extraordinary means to get at the knowledge of this fearful plot, because of the extraordinary dangers that were threatening the queen and the kingdom. I have traced with the greatest care all the schemes directed against her majesty and against the realm, and I freely confess that even if that traitor Ballard had offered me his aid to discover them, I would not have repulsed them." The words, spoken from the heart, made a great impression upon all the members of the court; and Mary Stuart herself seemed to wince under the defeat which she had suffered in assailing a statesman whose matchless probity even his enemies did not doubt. Soon after Walsingham's speech the sitting was adjourned till the following day, when Mary came into the court as before, leaning on the arm of her physician. Her pale face betokened a sleepless night, and it became evident before long that she had discovered the weakness of her previous defence, and resolved upon a new mode of tactics. Ceasing the useless course of denying everything, and of seeking to clear herself by blackening others, she began to admit part of the evidence against her, trying to construe its purport in a different manner from that of the act of accusation. She confessed to having sent various letters, produced the day before, to Mendoza and the archbishop of Glasgow, and even acknowledged that her secretaries, acting under her orders, had sent several communications to Babington, but she insisted that the whole of these letters were written with no other object than that of gaining her freedom by innocent means, and that any other construction put upon them was false. Unfortunately for herself, Mary, following this course of argument, soon lost herself in a network of contradictions. Thrown off her guard by the skilful questions of the crown lawyers, she gradually came to admit her knowledge of the prepared invasion of the kingdom and overthrow of the government, denying, however, that she had encouraged either, and, still more, that she had been cognizant of the plot for the assassination of Elizabeth. "I have been anxious," she exclaimed, "that the safety of the Catholics should be provided for, but I never wished that it should be obtained by means of bloodshed and murder. I have preferred the part of Esther to that of Judith, seeking rather to intercede with God for the people than to deprive even the meanest of them of life." This sort of declamation, as it meant nothing was worth nothing, least of all as coming from the lips of the murderess of Kirk-o'-Field. Pressed harder and harder by the crown serjeant, by Burleigh, and other members of the commission, Mary Stuart at last acknowledged further letters produced in court as her own, in which she

minutely expounded plans for King Philip "to set on the queen of England," promising to aid in the invasion by stirring up the Catholic lords of Scotland, and by delivering her son into the hands of either the king or the pope. These important and dangerous admissions made, she again sought shelter behind her supposed inviolability as a queen. "With what injustice," she cried, "am I treated. My letters have been picked out and perverted from their original meaning, and no consideration is shown for the religion I profess, and the sacred character I bear as a queen. If my sentiments, my lords, are personally indifferent to you, at least you might consider the majesty of royalty which is injured in my person, and think of the example you are setting." Here, indeed, was the firm ground for Mary Stuart to stand upon. If, as she and her Catholic friends pretended, royalty was sacred and irresponsible, then neither this nor any other tribunal could judge and condemn her; if, on the other hand, as laid down by the Protestants, and distinctly maintained by Burleigh, princes no less than subjects were responsible to the laws of God as well as of the realm in which they live, then all her arguments were vain and futile. Of her guilt in the participation of Babington's plot there could be no reasonable doubt. The commissioners felt all this, and at the end of the second day's proceedings, they adjourned their sittings for ten days, intending to meet no more at Fotheringay Castle, but reassemble at Westminster.

The high court of justice reopened on the 25th of October in the Star Chamber at Westminster, with the chief object in view of hearing the two secretaries of Mary Stuart, and subjecting them to a personal examination. All the members of the commission favourable to the royal prisoner felt that it was the evidence of these secretaries on which her life depended, the rest of the documentary proofs being, to some extent, liable to misconstruction, or, at all events, not sufficiently conclusive to allow them to arrive at a unanimous verdict. Curle and Naou were brought



FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

before the court accordingly, and strictly examined, questioned, and cross-questioned; but neither their words nor their behaviour tended in the least degree to shake the depositions which they had previously made. They declared, too, that their testimony had been freely and voluntarily given, without threat of punishment or hope of reward, but for the sake of truth alone. Having affirmed again on oath the authenticity of the correspondence of their mistress with Babington, and thus placed her complicity in the great plot beyond question, the commissioners had but one duty more to perform. On the same day on which the secretaries had been examined, the members of the high court unanimously pronounced Mary Stuart guilty of high treason. The sentence, signed by all the commissioners, bore that "the Babington conspiracy was with the privity of Mary, daughter and heir of James the Fifth, king of Scots, pretending title to the crown of England," and that "she hath compassed and imagined within this realm divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of our sovereign lady the queen." Added to the judgment was an important declaration concerning the succession to the English crown, signed likewise by all the members of the court, stating that "the sentence does nowise derogate from the title and honour of James king of Scotland, who remains in the same place, degree, and right as if the sentence had never been pronounced." By order of Burleigh, an official proclamation of the verdict of the high court of justice was issued and published in London and throughout the kingdom, giving rise to the most unbounded expressions of joy. According to the report of Pomponne de Bellièvre, French ambassador extraordinary at Elizabeth's court, "the earl of Pembroke, the mayor and aldermen of London, and other persons of quality assisted at the proclamation of death against the queen of Scots, and at the same instant all the bells of the city began to ring. This was followed universally throughout the realm of England, and the people continued these ringings for the space of twenty-four hours, and also made many bonfires of rejoicings." Monsieur de Bellièvre, who had looked, some years before, with great equanimity of mind upon the slaughter of a hundred thousand Huguenots, professed to be greatly shocked at these expressions of joy, which he ascribed to the low civilization of the heretics among whom it was his misfortune to dwell.

To obtain the co-operation of parliament in his efforts to restore peace to the realm, Burleigh had summoned it while the trial of Mary Stuart was pending, and four days after the passing of the sentence against her the session opened at Westminster Hall. The first work of both the lords and commons was to approve the sentence of condemnation, and to urge upon the queen the necessity of carrying it into execution without loss of time. But Elizabeth showed the greatest hesitation to take this extreme step. She feared as much as ever that the dagger of some desperate fanatic would be upon her breast as soon as she had signed the warrant of execution, and she likewise was haunted by the dim consciousness that she was doing wrong, as a queen, in sending a queen to the block. She felt as deeply as Mary Stuart herself the "sacred character" of princes, and the necessity

proclaimed before the commission at Fotheringay of upholding the "majesty of royalty;" and her instinctive hatred of Calvinism was due not a little to the teaching of those daring revolutionists that sovereigns should have no impunity for crime, but that all human creatures should be equal before the law. Nevertheless, with all these time-honoured notions of the right of princes to do wrong, Elizabeth had too much common sense not to be aware that the feeling of the age, as far as her own subjects were concerned, was running against her, and that the immense majority of the people of England were calling for the death of the captive queen from the profound conviction that the "majesty of royalty" ought to succumb under the majesty of the law. It was under the pressure of these conflicting thoughts and feelings that the queen received, on the 10th of November, a parliamentary deputation, come to press Mary Stuart's execution, "because," the members informed her, "upon advised and great consultation, we cannot find that there is any possible means to provide for your majesty's safety but by the just and speedy execution of the said queen." Elizabeth's reply was noble and touching, though somewhat affected. "If my own life alone depended hereupon," she cried, "and not the safety and welfare of all my people, I would, I protest unfeignedly, willingly and readily pardon her. Nay, if England might by my death obtain a more flourishing condition and a better prince, I would most gladly lay down my life. Yet for your sakes it is, and for my people's, that I desire to live." The queen then requested the deputation to subject the matter once more to discussion, with a view of discovering some method for making Mary Stuart harmless without putting her to death. Both houses deliberated for a full week, after which they presented another address. In it two different plans for debarring the prisoner of Fotheringay from further machinations, without carrying out the sentence, were mentioned as having received the attention of parliament. The first was to place her under strictest confinement, and to exact from her on oath the promise of not stirring up sedition; and the second to let her depart out of the realm, on the condition of a like promise, both on oath and in writing. Neither of these measures, the address stated, would guard the kingdom against revolt and invasion of the papists, whose hopes were centered in Mary; "and therefore," it continued, "unless the just sentence pronounced against her be executed, your majesty's person will remain in great danger, religion cannot be long preserved among us, and the flourishing condition of these realms is threatened with early and disastrous ruin." "In sparing her," parliament finally argued, "your majesty not only encourages the audacity of the enemies of God, the foes of your own authority, and of your kingdom, but your majesty dispirits and discourages the hearts of your affectionate people, and provokes the hand as well as the wrath of God."

Elizabeth's reply was strongly characteristic of her own indecision, and not a little oracular. "If I should say unto you," she told the deputation from the lords and commons, "that I mean not to grant your petition, by my faith, I should say unto you more than perhaps I mean. And if I should say unto you I mean to grant your petition, I should then tell you more than

is fit for you to know. And thus I must deliver you an answer answerless." Unsatisfactory as was the response, parliament had to be content with it, making allowance for the exceedingly difficult position of the queen. While her own subjects clamoured for Mary Stuart's death, foreign monarchs hurried ambassadors to England entreating her to stay the execution, not without hints of other consequences that might ensue if it should take place. The two sovereigns most anxious, to all appearance, to save the life of the prisoner of Fotheringay, were the young king of Scotland and Henri III. of France. It was but natural that James VI. should interfere in favour of his mother, and Elizabeth herself approved of it, although her manner showed that she had her suspicions of his filial affections being very hollow. The arguments of James, whose pedantry and hypocrisy, young as he was, had become already conspicuous to his subjects, were chiefly of a theological and philosophical nature. "What thing, madame," the learned youth wrote to Elizabeth, "can greater touch me in honour, that both is a king and a son, than that both my nearest neighbour, being in straightest friendship with me, shall rigorously put to death a free sovereign prince, and my natural mother, alike in estate and sex to her who so uses her, albeit subject, I grant, to a harder fortune, and touching her nearly in proximity of blood. What law of God can permit that justice shall strike upon them whom he hath appointed supreme dispensators of the same under him; whom he hath called gods, and therefore subjected to the censure of none on earth; whose anointing by God cannot be defiled by man, unrevengeed by the Author thereof; who, being supreme and immediate lieutenants of God in heaven, cannot therefore be judged by their equals on earth. . . . In case, madame," the youthful theologian concluded his epistle, "you want to know further of my mind in this matter, my ambassadors have been fully acquainted therewith." The envoys referred to by the son of Mary Stuart were Sir Robert Melville and the laird of Gray. Delivering his message, the latter whispered to Elizabeth: "*Mortua non mordet*,"—the dead do not bite.

Far more serious than the embassy of James VI. of Scotland was that of Henri III. of France. Though as careless about the fate of Mary Stuart as of anything else under the sun not affecting his personal amusements, Henri III. was too entirely under the influence of the Catholic League, the real ruler of France, to be dispensed from exerting himself in favour of the imprisoned queen, and as soon as she had been placed upon trial, he despatched Pomponne de Bellièvre, one of his mother's favourites, on a special embassy to Elizabeth. The envoy, after suffering dreadfully from sickness in the voyage from Calais to Dover, arrived in London just before the publication of the sentence against Mary Stuart, and immediately applied for an audience, but was left to wait several days, the queen observing sarcastically that his utter prostration from the effects of the sea required a somewhat longer rest. Admitted at last to the royal presence, Bellièvre delivered the letter of his master, together with an oration of immense length, going deep into history, down to Adam and Eve, and proving conclusively, to his own absolute satisfaction, that

princes could do no wrong, and that therefore Mary Stuart could not be guilty. Elizabeth listened patiently, and answered pleasantly; but some not altogether agreeable remarks about Catherine de Medici escaping her lips, she did not get rid at once of Pomponne de Bellièvre. The ambassador extraordinary reporting to his court all that happened, with a few malicious additions, not long after applied for another audience, and on the 6th of January presented himself once again at Greenwich Palace, where the queen was spending the Christmas holidays. Bellièvre's speech this time was very brief, and with a strong threat at the end. "The grand rule for governing well and happily," said the friend of Catherine de Medici, "is to avoid the shedding of blood: one execution leads to another, and they are followed by a never-ending train of evil consequences." After this moral exhortation, singularly becoming in the envoy of a sovereign who had originated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Bellièvre brought forward his menace. "If it be your majesty's good pleasure," he exclaimed, "to set at nought such high considerations, and to disregard the prayers of the king my master, then he has charged me to tell you, madam, that he shall resent your proceeding as a thing adverse to the common interest of kings, and most especially offensive to him." It was enough to rouse the queen into violent anger. "God's death, Monsieur de Bellièvre," she cried, swearing her usual oath, "are you charged by the king to hold this language to me?" "Yes, madam," replied the envoy, somewhat frightened; "I have been expressly commanded to do so by his majesty." "Then have you," interrupted Elizabeth, "the order signed by his hand?" "Yes, madam," Pomponne cried, more and more alarmed, "the king my master, your good brother, has expressly charged me, in letters signed by his own hand, to address this remonstrance to your majesty." With which words he presented a copy of the orders he had received. The queen looked at the paper, and briefly telling the ambassador that she would reply to his master, swept out of the room.

Pomponne de Bellièvre got his passports and left London on the 13th of January, and the day after Elizabeth penned a letter to King Henri III. "Sir, my good brother," the letter ran, "the old ground, on which I have often based my letters appears to me so changed at present, that I am compelled to alter the style, and, instead of returning thanks, to use complaints. Good God! How could you be so unreasonable as to reproach the injured party, and to compass the death of an innocent one, by allowing her to become the prey of a murderess? But, without reference to my rank, which is nowise inferior to your own, or of my friendship to you, most sincere—for I have well nigh forfeited all reputation among the princes of my own religion, by neglecting them, in order to prevent disturbances in your dominions; exposed to dangers, such as scarcely any prince ever was before, expecting, at least, some ostensible reasons and offers for security against the daily danger, for the epilogue of this whole negotiation—you are, in spite of all this, so blinded by the words of those who, I pray, may not ruin you, that, instead of a thousand thanks, which I had merited for such singular services, Monsieur de Bellièvre has addressed

language to my ears, which, in truth, I know not well how to interpret. For to tell me that if I did not save the life of that woman I should feel the consequences, seems to me the threat of an enemy, which, I assure you, will never put me in fear, but is the shortest way to make me despatch the cause of so much mischief. Let me, I pray you, understand in what sense I am to take these words; for I will not live an hour to endure that any prince whatsoever should boast that he had humbled me into drinking such a cup as that. Monsieur de Bellièvre has, indeed, somewhat softened his language by adding that you in nowise wish any danger to accrue to me, and still less to cause me any. I, therefore, write you these few words, and if it please you to act accordingly, you shall never find a truer friend; but, if otherwise, I neither am in so low a place, nor govern realms so inconsiderable, that I should, in right and honour, yield to any living prince that would injure me, and I doubt not, by the grace of God, to make my cause good, for my own security. I beseech you to think rather of the means of maintaining than of diminishing my friendship. Your realm, my good brother, cannot abide many enemies. Give not the rein, in God's name, to wild horses, lest they should shake you from your saddle. I say this to you, out of a true and upright heart, and implore the Creator to grant you long and happy life.—ELIZABETH."

For several weeks after the departure of the French embassy, the indecision of the queen continued to increase. There were daily meetings of the privy council, in which the augmenting danger of postponing the execution of Mary Stuart was debated upon, so as to induce Elizabeth to put her sign-manual to the death-warrant. But all the persuasion of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Davison—the latter secretary of state in place of Dr. Wilson, former colleague of Sir Francis—had little effect; and it was not till the first of February that, after a long conversation with Lord Admiral Howard, she roused herself into action. Howard told her very plainly that, whatever she might do, the invasion of the kingdom by the Spaniards was a settled affair; the armaments of Philip for the purpose having become a matter of public notoriety; and he earnestly inquired of her whether it would be compatible with her duty as a sovereign to nourish a dangerous foe at her back while facing another in front. Elizabeth had a high opinion of the integrity and wisdom of the lord admiral, and his words made such an impression upon her, that she asked him to tell Secretary Davison to prepare the death-warrant at once, and bring it to her for signature. The order was executed immediately. It was not yet ten o'clock in the morning when Davison presented himself before the queen with the warrant, which, after careful perusal, she signed with a firm hand, desiring the secretary to get the seal of state affixed to it by the lord chancellor. This was done in the course of a few hours, during which Burleigh assembled the members of the privy council for another earnest deliberation. The question was whether the execution should be any longer delayed, and the whole of the preparations for it be made only under the express sanction and approval of the queen, or whether they should take it upon themselves to make the fatal arrangements.

The latter was finally decided upon, chiefly through the influence of Burleigh and Davison, both of whom insisted that the painful hesitation of her majesty, though honourable to her feelings, should not be unnecessarily prolonged, and that as she had done all that her duty required by signing the death-warrant, it would be cruelty to distress her still further by bringing before her mind the details of the tragedy about to be accomplished. These arguments having prevailed, Elizabeth's warrant for the execution of Mary Stuart was handed to Robert Beale, clerk of the privy council, together with a letter signed by Burleigh, Leicester, Hunsdon, Knollys, Walsingham, Derby, Howard, Cobham, Hatton, and Davison, instructing the keepers of the condemned queen to erect the scaffold and make the other needful preparations for the fatal act, and ordering the earls of Kent and Shrewsbury to be present at the execution as representatives of the government.* Armed with these two documents, the clerk of the privy council set out for Fotheringay Castle on the evening of Saturday the 4th of February. He did not leave London alone, but in his company travelled a man of sinister aspect, dressed in black from head to foot. It was the hangman.

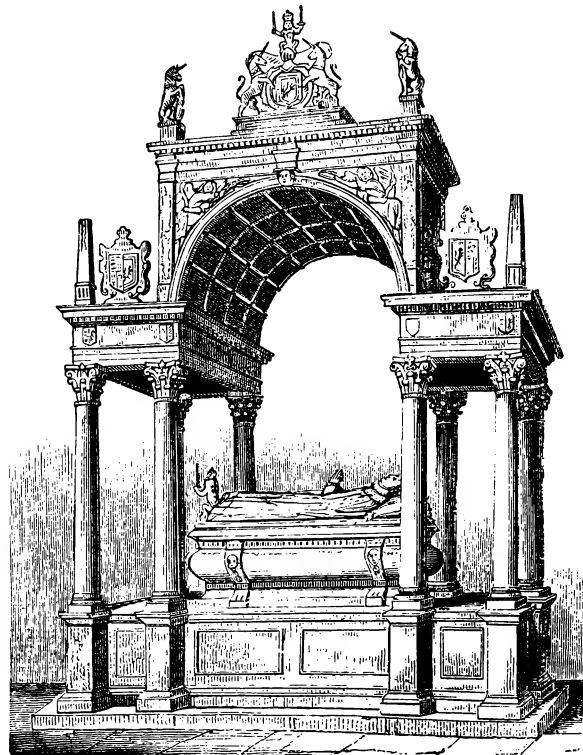
Mary Stuart received the first announcement of her condemnation on the 10th of November, through Lord Bathurst, specially despatched for the purpose by the queen. He told her that the judges had unanimously pronounced her sentence, and that both houses of parliament had ratified it, urging, moreover, her immediate execution; to all which she listened with great outward calmness, remarking merely that she was prepared to shed her blood for the holy Catholic religion. In this mood she continued for the next two months, evidently resigned for death, but still behaving like a reigning queen, with a kingdom to dispose of. In a long letter to the pontiff, Sixtus V., she formally made Scotland over to him, remitting to him, at the same time, her own authority over her son, beseeching his holiness to act the part of a father to him, and, above all, to bring him over to the faith of Rome. She further desired that her son should intimately connect himself with the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, and, if possible, marry a daughter of King Philip. The secret messenger to whom this letter was intrusted had to carry others for Mendoza, the duke of Guise, and the archbishop of Glasgow, in all of which she spoke of herself as a martyr of religion, unjustly condemned by the enemies of the true faith. She also requested Mendoza to inform his master, King Philip, that she transmitted her right to one crown and her claim to another to him, in case her son should not allow himself to be converted to

* Among the many tales, invented by Jesuits and others, to the detriment of Elizabeth, is one, published in most modern histories, which charges the queen with planning the secret murder of Mary Stuart after she had signed the warrant for her execution, and with inducing the two secretaries, Walsingham and Davison, to write a letter to that effect to Sir Amias Paulet. There are copies of this pretended letter, with Paulet's reply—very clever papers both, if not too clever for the purpose for which they were manufactured. Suffice it to say that these novelistic productions were not put forward till the year 1722—the hottest period of Jacobite plots, when it became the fashion to malign the Protestant queen, and to raise the murderess of Kirk-c'-Field on a pedestal as an innocent saint.

the Roman Catholic faith. While thus handing Scotland and England, like insignificant chattels, over to a foreign despot, she spoke in a different strain to Elizabeth. "I supplicate you," she wrote, "to permit me to send a jewel and a last adieu to my son, with my dying benediction, for of my blessing he has been deprived since you sent me his refusal to enter into a treaty from which I was excluded by his wicked council." Being able to keep up epistolary communication with the pope and the Spanish king, the captive queen might well have found means to forward letters to Scotland without special permission, and the request addressed to Elizabeth could be meant for little else than a blind to hide her other designs. Such also, probably, was the purport of a concluding sentence, running: "I would wish that all my papers should be brought to you without reserve, that it may be manifest to you how much I had your safety at heart." The letter, dated the 19th of December, 1586, remained without the reply earnestly requested by Mary Stuart, it having come previously to the knowledge of the privy council that she continued in clandestine correspondence with Mendoza, Guise, and other declared enemies of the realm. But the pride of the captive queen, which led her into a continuation of political intrigues at a moment when the salvation of her soul ought to have been her sole object, was abated somewhat at the end of two months after the announcement of her condemnation, when she seemed to become for the first time aware that the sentence passed against her was no more threat, but a dire reality. By permission of Elizabeth, her former chaplain, a priest named Préau, was allowed to offer her the last consolations of religion, and he finally succeeded in drawing her mind away from the vanities of earth. At the end of January she appeared to have become absolutely reconciled to her fate, so much so as to express more than once a wish that the fatal hour would come. The wish was soon to be accomplished.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday the 7th of February, the servant in attendance on Mary Stuart announced to her that several visitors had arrived at Fotheringhay Castle who wished to speak to her. Mary told her attendant that she felt unwell, but that if the business on which the strangers called was pressing she was ready to see them. The reply was that the business admitted of no delay, and a minute after the visitors, three in number, were ushered into the presence of the queen of Scots. She was sitting at the foot of her bed, before a small work-table covered with books and embroidery. Bowing respectfully, the new-comers advanced towards her, when she recognized in them the earls of Shrewsbury and of Kent and the clerk of the privy council. Addressing Mary, bareheaded and with low voice, Shrewsbury informed her that the sentence of the high court of justice, which had been signified to her more than two months before, would be carried into execution the next morning. "God be praised for the news you bring me," the queen cried, a slight pallor overspreading her face; "I could receive no better report than that announcing me the end of my miseries, and the grace which God has granted me to die for the honour of His name and of His Catholic

apostolic church." Then worldlier thoughts again crossed her mind. Inquiring of Shrewsbury what had become of Curle and Naou, her two secretaries, and learning that they were still alive, and likely to be pardoned for their misdeeds, having acted under compulsion, she exclaimed with bitterness, "What! I am to die, and Naou is not to die! I protest that Naou is the cause of my death." After a pause she continued: "Born a queen, the daughter of a king, the granddaughter of Henry VII., the near relation of the sovereign of England, and queen-dowager of France, I must protest against the indignities and injuries to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country, though I am a free princess, subject to nobody, and recognize no superior in this world except God." The earl of Kent, zealous Protestant, deemed this burst sufficient to offer Mary Stuart the aid of the dean of Peterborough, who, he said, would teach her the true faith, and prepare her for death. She indignantly rejected the offer, requesting to be attended in her last hours by her own almoner, which, however, was refused, both earls protesting that it could not be done, it being against their religion and their conscience. Then she asked at what time she was to die. "At eight o'clock in the morning," Shrewsbury replied, and bowing once more, the earls and their companion withdrew. Mary now ordered supper to be brought, earlier than usual, and, calling all her attendants round her, sat down to table, Bourgoyn, her physician, waiting upon her. The supper finished, she poured some wine into a goblet, and drank to them, asking they might pledge her in return. They all fell on their knees,



TOMB OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

crying bitterly, but she bade them be of good cheer, and, assuring them of her love, distributed her jewels, trinkets, and dresses among them. After this Mary retired to her room to write a number of letters and her will, in which she appointed the duke of Guise her chief executor. It was past midnight when she had finished, whereupon she went to bed, and slept soundly till six o'clock in the morning. By her express orders her servants dressed her with great magnificence, and she herself picked out one of her handkerchiefs, having a thick fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold. Fully dressed, she kneeled before her private altar, reciting with great fervency the prayer for the dying, but before she had concluded there was a loud knocking at the door. Not noticing it, still kneeling before the altar, the door opened, and the sheriff of Northamptonshire, holding a white wand in his hand, advanced close to the praying queen. "Madam," he said, softly, "the lords await you, and have sent me to you." "Yes," replied Mary Stuart, rising from her knees, "let us go."

At the lower end of the great hall of Fotheringay Castle a scaffold had been erected, thirty inches high and twelve feet square. It was covered with black frieze, as were also a block in front, with a low chair close to it, and a cushion on the ground. Up the steps of this scaffold Mary Stuart walked, a few minutes after eight o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 8th of February, 1587, carrying herself with queenly ease and dignity, as if ascending a throne. She wore a long gown of dark crimson velvet, the train of which, lined with sable, was carried by Sir Andrew Melville, and over it a cloak of figured satin of the same colour, with standing-up collar and hanging sleeves. Round her neck hung a mass of chaplets, crosses, and scapularies, the whole enveloped by a thin white veil, covering her figure from head to foot. Thus attired, the queen of Scots stepped to the front of the scaffold, sitting down on the dismal black chair behind the block. On her right were seated the earls of Shrewsbury and of Kent; to the left stood the sheriff of Northamptonshire, with his white wand of office, and in front of him a man in black, leaning on a glittering axe. The ground below the scaffold was filled with soldiers, commanded by Sir Amias Paulet, at whose back were ranged several hundred gentlemen and labourers, inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Deep silence pervaded the hall after the queen had taken her seat on the low chair, till, at the end of a minute, Robert Beale, the clerk of the privy council, stood forward to read the death-warrant signed by Elizabeth. When he had finished, Mary Stuart arose, and, making the sign of the cross on head and breast, began to address the earls near her and the people at the foot of the scaffold. "My lords and others," she exclaimed with a firm voice, "I am a queen born, a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws, a near relation of the queen of England, and her lawful heiress. After having been long and unjustly detained prisoner in this country, having endured much pain and suffering, though nobody had any right over me, I am now brought to forfeit my life. I thank God for permitting me to die for my religion; but I must protest before my death, in presence of this company,

who will bear witness, that I never contrived any means for putting the queen to death, nor consented to any injury being done against her person." Dwelling at some length on the wrongs inflicted upon her, she began to get more and more animated; but on a sudden, as if remembering her position, sank down to pray. Upon this the earl of Kent made a sign to a clergyman who was standing in the background, and Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, approached Mary Stuart. "Madam," the dean exclaimed, "the queen, my most excellent sovereign, has sent me to you." Before he could say another word Mary, interrupting him, cried: "Master dean, I am firm to the ancient Roman Catholic religion, and I intend to shed my blood for it." But the dean, paying little attention to her protest, continued to exhort her to repent, to renounce her superstition, and to have no faith in the Roman pontiff, but in Jesus Christ alone. Getting excited, Mary at last told the preacher that she would hear him no longer, and with a resolute tone of voice, as if still a queen, commanded him to be silent. The earl of Kent now interfered, and speaking in his own name and that of his colleague, cried: "We desire to pray for your grace, that God may enlighten your heart at your last hour, and that thus you may die in the true knowledge of Jesus Christ our Saviour." Mary Stuart hastily answered, "My lords, if you wish to pray for me I thank you for it, but I cannot join in your prayers because we are not of the same religion." For nearly an hour the struggle between the new faith and the old continued on the scaffold, with the dark man in front grimly looking on, leaning upon his axe.

Mary Stuart's determination was equal, even in her last hour, to that of her antagonists. The dean of Peterborough having commenced to read the English liturgy, she forthwith attempted to drown his voice by reciting loudly the three psalms of penitence and mercy of the Roman church, commencing, "*Miserere mei Deus*," "*In te Domine speravi*," and "*Qui habitat in adjutoris*." After that she commenced praying in English for the pope, for the holy apostolic faith, for the Catholic kings and princes, for the king her son, for the queen of England, and for the restoration of the true religion to Scotland and to England. The long prayer ended she arose, signifying her readiness to meet her doom. On the hangman approaching to unloosen the upper portion of her dress, she turned him off, exclaiming, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to such "*valets de chambre*," and beckoned two of her maids, who were kneeling at the foot of the scaffold, to come and assist her. The trembling girls, their eyes suffused with tears, were unable to perform the office, on which she tore off her veil, laid down her purple cloak, and stripped herself of her gown, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety flowered with velvet. Then, her eyes being bandaged, she knelt down on the black cushion, and clasping the crucifix to her breast, stretched forth her neck to the executioner. Groping for the block, her lips kept uttering prayers, "*Miserere mei Deus*," and "*In manus tuas Domine*." While the heavy axe was flashing through the air Mary Stuart moved slightly, and the blade fell upon the back of the head instead of upon the neck. She uttered no sound of grief or complaint, and a long sigh only

seemed to steal from her breast. Once more the executioner lifted his axe; then there was another flash, and a long spirt of blood, and a queen's head was rolling on the ground. Lifting up the gory head by the hair, the executioner held it forward over the scaffold, calling out, "God save Queen Elizabeth." "Thus," added the dean of Peterborough, running forward, "may all her enemies perish." "Amen!" cried the earl of Kent.

The gates of Fotheringay Castle were kept closed for several hours after the execution, and nobody was allowed to leave the place till noon, when Henry Talbot, son of the earl of Shrewsbury, had taken his departure as queen's messenger. He carried the report of Mary Stuart's death, drawn up by the clerk of the privy council, and signed by the two earls as chief witnesses, which paper, riding hard, he placed into Burleigh's hands on the morning of the following day. The news that the realm had been freed at last from its arch enemy spread rapidly through the city, and in the afternoon the bells of all the churches of London were set ringing, while when the evening approached, the streets were lighted up by bonfires, the rich went feasting the poor, and joy was spread on every countenance. Among the few who did not share in the general joy were Burleigh and the chief members of the privy council. For some days past the queen had dropped ominous words, which made them fear that they had taken too bold a step in ordering the execution of Mary Stuart without her reiterated consent, which fears were increased by her behaviour immediately after the arrival of the messenger bringing the news that the fatal act had been accomplished. On having the report communicated to her, Elizabeth affected excessive grief, shed tears in abundance, ordered mourning habits to be made for herself and her whole court, and, behaving as if the execution had taken place entirely against her wish, reproached her ministers in the most violent terms. Burleigh, who knew his mistress intimately, fully appreciating her high qualities, yet by no means blind to her extraordinary defects and weaknesses, saw at a glance the whole drift of her behaviour. Afraid as ever of war, and fearing that the death of Mary Stuart might lead her into an armed contest not only with Spain, but also with France, and, perhaps, with Scotland, she had conceived one of those weak, womanish notions, in which she was prone of indulging sometimes, of being able to change hard facts by putting on a stage costume. Not wiser through the failure of former exhibitions of this kind, as that in which she degraded herself in the eyes of the Protestant world by repudiating the earl of Murray and the Scotch reformers, she now once more took refuge in a masquerade, with the belief that it would avert the evils threatening her and her country. After putting herself in mourning for Mary Stuart, and ordering pompous funeral obsequies in her honour, she wrote a wonderful letter to James VI., assuring him that the decapitation of his mother was the effect of "a miserable accident," on account of which she felt "extreme dolour." Not content with this piece of dissimulation, or, to take the most favourable view, extreme self-deception, she banished Burleigh, Leicester, Hatton, and the other privy councillors who had signed the letter accompanying

her death-warrant, from her sight, and ordered Davison, as the most guilty of all, to the Tower. The unfortunate secretary was actually tried before the Star Chamber, and sentenced to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds and to be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure. The judge who condemned him, Sir Roger Manwood, did so on the technical ground that the warrant for the execution of Mary Stuart which Elizabeth had signed "was not so peremptory and irrevocable as he held it," and that he ought not to have taken it upon himself to send it to Fotheringay without further orders. Though a point in law, it was scarcely so in justice, and Davison's condemnation did not add to the fame of Elizabeth, either among her friends or her enemies.

The tragi-comedy which the queen was performing met with some success, though it was more apparent than real. King James VI., who on the report of his mother's execution had talked loudly of war, pretended to be satisfied by the explanation of the "accident" given to him by the sovereign of England, and humbly excused his rashness in thinking or speaking about hostilities. But this did not prevent him from entering into secret correspondence with the prince of Parma in the Netherlands, offering to assist him in the case of an English invasion, and at the same time to allow the Jesuits free access to all parts of his kingdom, to prepare for the coming of a papal nuncio. The eyes of the young king were bent in one direction — towards the crown of Elizabeth; he was quite ready to accept it from her hands, if given freely, but he was no less ready to accept it from the pope or the king of Spain, should other means fail. Thus the alliance with Scotland was secured, as Elizabeth believed, by her own cleverness; and she had the satisfaction, soon after, of finding that her political relations with the French king, which threatened a rupture for the moment, were preserved in the same manner. Mary Stuart had numerous friends in France, above all the mighty head of the Catholic League, the duke of Guise; and the report of her execution created such a burst of rage that Henri III. was compelled to send a letter of defiance to Elizabeth threatening war. It was an exceedingly vain threat from a king scarcely powerful enough to protect his own person from insult, whose country was torn to pieces and utterly exhausted by internecine war, and whose only policy, in maintaining the mere shadow of regal authority, was to take alternately the part of one of the two great factions opposing each other in the field, allying himself at one moment with the Huguenots and the moderate Catholics, the so-called Politicians, and the next with the fanatics of the Catholic league. Elizabeth was fully aware of this state of things, yet thought it necessary to coax and flatter Henri III., to avert his simulated wrath. Inviting the French envoy, Baron Aubespine de Chateaufort, to Greenwich, she overwhelmed him with the most flattering attentions, talked of the deep grief which the death of Mary Stuart had caused to her, assured him that she had signed the warrant for her execution only for form's sake, to satisfy her people, and never meant to have it carried out, and, finally, swore a great oath that if the members of the privy council who "had played her that trick" had not

been so long in her service, she would have their heads cut off. The baron was too good a diplomatist and too well acquainted with the resources of his royal master, not to make mien to believe every word uttered by the queen, in consequence of which her intercourse with Henri III. soon became as cordial as that with James VI. Elizabeth did not doubt having achieved a wonderful success through clever acting, and the two kings, her faithful allies, had reason to think the same of themselves.

Philip of Spain now was the only enemy in the field threatening vengeance for the execution of the queen of Scots. That he would not succumb to a piece of masquerading seemed tolerably certain; nevertheless, Elizabeth, elated by the prodigies of her policy, made an attempt to turn off his anger by compliments, and gain his goodwill by promises. The war in the Netherlands had been languishing for some time, owing to the utter incapacity of Leicester, who, instead of taking the field against the prince of Parma, kept quarrelling with the Protestant leaders, Maurice of Orange, son of the murdered chieftain, and John van Olden-Barneveldt, who prudently declined to make the supreme power over to him. Being under mere nominal command, bereft of discipline, suffering from want of food, and cut down under disease, the English troops which had been sent in aid of the distressed insurgents soon became bands of freebooters, and a number of them even went over to the Spaniards, not singly, but in a body with flying standards, guns, and ammunition. The disgrace might have easily been averted by appointing a general fit for his post; but Leicester was too great a favourite of the queen to make such a course possible, and he choosing, from motives of vanity, to retain his command, it was impossible for Burleigh to get rid of him. While the trial of Mary Stuart was going on, the handsome earl was summoned to England as one of the judges, but he returned soon after to the Netherlands, to the despair of the Flemings, who, greatly as they valued the English alliance, felt almost inclined to relinquish it on his account. Under these circumstances, Elizabeth met with little opposition in her privy council when proposing, as part of her great plan of theatrical diplomacy, to enter into negotiations for peace with the Spanish commander in the Netherlands. Commissioners were appointed accordingly to proceed to Flanders and meet the agents which Philip, on the desire of the queen, had nominated as his representatives to treat for peace. A master in deceit and cunning, the king seemed to feel a sort of grim delight to play another short game of dissimulation with the maiden queen, persuaded that, however clever she might be as a royal actress, he would beat her in hypocrisy.

While receiving Elizabeth's peace envoys, King Philip was actively preparing for war. Slow in coming to a resolution, the son of Kaiser Charles was obstinate in adhering to it when once made; and he was fully determined now to launch an army against England, and to stake all his immense resources to snatch the crown from the head of Elizabeth. For seventeen years the great scheme of invading England had been before his mind, and for more than four years he had made active preparations of carrying it into execution,

until now he saw that postponement was no longer possible. The execution of Mary Stuart had little to do with spurring his slow mind into action, though it served to increase the energy with which the pope and the chief of the Catholic League sought to impel him towards the last decided step. Philip himself had other reasons, far more weighty in his opinion, to start his legions for the long-prepared attack. He was on the pinnacle of kingly fame, yet everywhere the power of England crossed and thwarted his designs. English gold, if not English valour, upheld the struggle of his rebellious subjects in the Netherlands; English influence and English gold, again, braced the arms of the Huguenots, preventing him to make himself master of France by means of his allies of the Catholic League; and English hands, not with gold but with good English steel, opposed him in the most cherished of his possessions, the kingdom of Portugal. This last was the point where Philip's honour, pride, and ambition felt most touched. He had made himself master of the Portuguese kingdom in 1580, at the death of the last of the monarchs of the house of Avis, and continued to hold it, in spite of the resistance of the people proclaiming itself in constant insurrections. The legitimate ruler of Portugal, Don Antonio, had flown to England at the entry of thirty thousand Spanish troops into Lisbon; and though not much encouraged by Elizabeth, who as usual made large promises, but scarcely gave him money enough to buy food for himself and a couple of servants, his mere existence was deemed by the king the greatest source of danger threatening his new authority. Owning an empire fabulous in wealth west of the Atlantic, the possession of Portugal, with its splendid harbours facing this empire, was of extreme importance to Philip, and he was prepared to risk the utmost to keep it under his sway. But here, as elsewhere, England opposed the stretch of his ambition, fostering the rebellion of the Portuguese, and sending its cruisers across the seas in the name of Don Antonio. Ruler of two continents, Philip was made to feel that his arm could not hold them both, and his power over one at least was a shadow as long as the greatest of his foes were masters of the intervening space. It was for being kings of the seas as much as for being Protestants that Philip determined to conquer the people of England.

He had, without doubt, some real and grave complaints to make about the doings of the sea-kings. Nominally, Philip had been at profound peace with England from the day of his accession; he had shown himself for many years most kindly disposed towards Elizabeth, at a time she most required help; and he had even borne quietly insults from her hands which he would have accepted from no other monarch without instantly declaring war. Notwithstanding this peaceable attitude, the subjects of Elizabeth, with the tacit consent of the government, had made war against him almost from the moment he ascended the throne. The whole Atlantic, from the banks of Newfoundland down to the Gulf of Guinea, was swarming with pirates sailing under the English flag, banded together so as to form fleets of war, and strong enough to attack every Spanish convoy carrying treasures from the west to the east. All the complaints of Philip about this

wholesale piracy, unheard of among civilized nations not at war with each other, had proved utterly vain, ending in little else but insult being added to injury, by Elizabeth and her ministers professing, in a softly innocent manner, to be absolutely unaware of the doings of the sea-rovers. Among these foes, sweetly ignored by the English government, there had arisen two names more formidable to the king of Spain than whole armies. John Hawkins, equipping fleets with the scarcely concealed assistance of the queen, had ruined half the commerce with the West Indies; and his kinsman and pupil, Francis Drake, treading in his footsteps, bid fair to destroy the other half. To free himself of foes like these on their own element was impossible to Philip; he had armies and generals in abundance to fight battles on land, but not a boatful of men nor a captain in all his dominions fit to face the Hawkinses and Drakes of the sea. To a man like Philip, accustomed to hurl vast armies from one end of Europe to the other, and calmly indifferent in shedding the blood of thousands and tens of thousands to gain his own ends, the idea of getting rid of these storm birds by laying hold of their nest was but natural, and the moody reflection of seventeen years only increased the determination. He could not but feel deeply humiliated at the thought of having been beaten by the sea-rovers on all occasions, even in the field of intrigue; of having made Hawkins a grandee of Spain, and of having for thanks his fleets destroyed and commerce annihilated by his kinsman Drake. Hate of Francis Drake, far more than love of Mary Stuart, impelled King Philip in his great preparations for the invasion of England.

Francis Drake to a very great extent deserved the hate with which King Philip honoured him. Born in 1546, the son of a naval chaplain, he had taken to the sea as soon almost as he had left his mother's lap, and from the moment his hands could hold a sword had swung it against Spain. The little fortune he possessed he had risked in Hawkins's great expedition to the West Indies, which ended so unfortunately to all concerned, except Elizabeth, who cleverly reimbursed herself by laying hold of the golden ducats of Philip in Plymouth Harbour. Not being able to do the same, Drake swore hatred against what he considered Spanish tyranny, resolved to repair his losses upon King Philip or his subjects whenever and wherever he could. "The case was clear in sea divinity," according to Thomas Fuller, and Drake acted like a man possessed of a very good case. In 1572, having obtained a commission from Elizabeth, he set sail with two small ships, manned by only seventy-two persons, for the isthmus of Panama, captured the town of Nombre di Dios, then invaded Mexico, stormed Vera Cruz, loaded his vessels with treasure to the brim, and returned to England in little more than a year. In 1577 he started again, this time with a fleet of five small vessels and one hundred and sixty-four men, passed the straits of Magellan, ravaged and plundered the Spanish possessions in Chili and Peru, and crossing the Pacific Ocean, returned by way of the Cape of Good Hope, performing the voyage around the world in two years and ten months, and bringing back spoil worth a million sterling. On his return to England, the Spanish ambassador violently demanded his punish-

ment as a pirate; but the queen, as always, pretended to know nothing, declared her great affection for King Philip, and, a week after, visited Francis Drake on board his ship at Deptford, conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. "A more false and deceitful woman than this queen does not exist," Mendoza informed his master, speaking of the Deptford trip.

All the previous exploits of Drake had been more or less on his own account, but in the spring of 1587 he resolved on a kind of public undertaking against King Philip. As if trying how far his majesty might be driven into exasperation by the never-ending attacks of his sea enemies, he chose the very moment of Mary Stuart's execution, while all the priests of the Continent were cursing the island heretics, to fall upon the most Catholic king. With a strange faith in the perfection of her diplomacy and the blindness of those whom she believed dupes, Elizabeth at one and the same time despatched envoys to the Spanish king to treat for peace and encouraged Drake to attack Philip, going so far as to give him four of her own ships, and consenting to the city of London furnishing him with twenty-four more vessels, well stocked with guns and ammunition. All this was done nominally in secret, and against the orders of the government, but was in reality so much a public affair that the ministers in many of the churches preached about the enterprise "against Antichrist and his members." The pirate fleet of the citizens of London and the queen set sail from Plymouth Sound on the 2nd of April, 1587; and seventeen days after, on the 19th of April, Sir Francis Drake with his twenty-eight vessels dashed into the harbour of Cadiz, defying the guns of the fortress and the large men-of-war at the entrance, and laid hold of the entire shipping. After securing everything valuable, and sinking, burning, and destroying more than a hundred vessels, in the course of two nights and one day, he went off as he had come in, the mere terror of his name being sufficient to keep the big galleys of Philip in the distance. From Cadiz, Drake sailed to Cape St. Vincent, where he took three forts, burnt the shipping along the coast to the mouth of the Tagus, and then challenged the commander-in-chief of the Spanish navy, the marquis of Santa Cruce, whose war vessels were lying in the river, to come out and fight him. The marquis politely declined, whereupon Drake, to lose no time with cowards, started for the Azores, expecting something good to turn up in that direction. He was not mistaken in his hopes, for before he had reached the islands, he fell in with a marvellous good prize in the shape of a huge ship, called a carrack, coming from the Spanish main, loaded with gold, silver, diamonds, and other treasure almost to overflowing. Though accompanied by several men-of-war, Drake seized the ship, called the *St. Philip*, without any trouble, and then bethought himself of returning to England, considering that the joint-stock enterprise of the citizens of London and Queen Elizabeth had paid itself by this time. The undertaking was looked upon by all concerned as a very good joke, and very profitable in the bargain, and Drake humorously observed that he had been "singeing the king of Spain's beard." Elizabeth herself seemed to be under the impression that Philip's beard would stand a great deal of singeing before getting on fire, and having taken

her share of the useful Spanish carrack, she earnestly continued the peace negotiations.

It suited the grim mood of Philip to play and be played with a little while longer. He amused the earl of Derby, Lord Cobham, and several other commissioners whom Elizabeth had sent into the Netherlands to treat for a suspension of hostilities, with propositions and counter-provisions, continuing all the while in the most zealous manner his preparations for the invasion of England. The plan, originally formed on but a small scale, had grown in his mind with every successive injury which he had suffered from the English government or English privateers, until it reached the most colossal proportions. To chastise the race who had insulted him in a manner no nation had ever dared before, Philip had resolved to gather the warlike power of all his immense possessions, and concentrating it upon one point, hurl it upon the doomed realm of Elizabeth. The grand decision was arrived at in the summer of 1587, after the report of the expedition of Francis Drake had reached the king. Just previous to it, in a council of war held at Madrid, Philip seemed inclined to fall back upon the old scheme of attacking England from three sides, which was strongly recommended by most of his advisers. Among these were Sir William Stanley, an English refugee, friend of Babington, who offered to make himself responsible for the success of a landing in Ireland, and a firm establishment in that kingdom of Spanish rule. This counsel was backed by Colonel Semple, a Scotchman in Philip's service, and Plato, an Italian engineer, the latter of whom had constructed a chart of the British coast, travelling for the purpose in the course of several years around the whole shore of Scotland and England. The king attached much weight to these opinions; but still more to those of the marquis of Santa Cruce and of the prince of Parma, both of whom advised that the invasion should take place simultaneously in Ireland, Scotland, and England, the necessary forces to be assembled in Flanders, and to be started from some large harbour on the coast of Holland or Zealand. All these plans were overturned by Philip after the attack of Drake, in his desire to be not only revenged upon England, but to have a great, a speedy, and a signal vengeance. He determined to collect all the ships at his service in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to put an army composed of the most select of his troops on board, and to throw the whole force, aided by auxiliaries from the Netherlands, into the Thames, right upon the capital of England. The depth of Philip's hatred was to be measured by the greatness and boldness of the enterprise, immeasurably above any other he had conceived in his life.

All through the spring, the summer, and autumn of 1587 the wharfs and ports of Sicily, Naples, Catalonia, Andalusia, Castile, and Biscay resounded with the noise of shipwrights, sailmakers, carpenters, smiths, and a legion of other artisans, building the great navy, or "Armada," of King Philip. The object of the Armada, ostensibly, was the conquest of new empires beyond the Atlantic; and to spread this belief printed reports were everywhere distributed dwelling upon the riches of the countries about to be annexed to the crown of Spain, and inviting adventurers to

join in the undertaking. Not a few doubted the assertions thus made, but were none the wiser for the doubt. The entire secret of the enterprise, with all its details, King Philip had communicated to only four persons—the pontiff Sixtus V., the prince of Parma, Mendoza, and the duke of Guise. Sixtus V., among all the associates of Philip, was the most resolute as well as the most powerful. The king, to increase his chances of success, was desirous not to put religion too much in the foreground, and to hold out the prospect of toleration to the people he intended to subjugate; but the pontiff insisted that it should be otherwise, and that the attack upon the island heretics should be a fierce crusade. Philip was compelled by the superior energy of his ally to assent to this demand, and the pope thereupon appointed a legate for England in the person of Dr. Allen, chief of the Rheims seminary, to whom he also gave a cardinal's hat. The new legate entered upon his duties at once by preparing a furious manifesto against Elizabeth, reproaching her with the disgrace of her birth, the shamelessness of her heresy, the duplicity of her character, and the dissoluteness of her manners and morals. This manifesto, together with a new papal bull renewing the anathema fulminated against the queen by Gregory XIII., was to be profusely distributed in England on the landing of the Spanish troops, Cardinal Allen declaring himself persuaded that his paper alone would have the effect of upsetting the throne of Elizabeth. In return for the concession granted to him by the king, Sixtus V. made over to him the two crowns of Scotland and England, regarding them as fiefs of the holy see. Previously, the bishop of Ross, acting as executor of Mary Stuart, had issued a declaration in French, English, and Latin, informing the world that Philip was the only legitimate ruler of the two realms, the king of Scotland having rendered himself incompetent by his heresy both to govern his own country and to succeed to the right of his mother. Thus the claims of King Philip were amply secured, legally and ecclesiastically, and all that remained was the formality of taking possession of his property.

The general plan of the Armada, which Philip's courtiers called beforehand "the Invincible," was that all the ships should meet in the roads of Lisbon to embark the greater part of the army of invasion, and that the rest should join on the coast of West Flanders with the prince of Parma, nominated the military chief of the expedition. Having no strong confidence in the wisdom or power of perseverance of the king of Spain, the pope persuaded him to leave a great part of the management of the vast enterprise in the hands of his able commander of the Netherlands, as being nearer to the seat of operations. This was assented to after some hesitation on the part of Philip, and Parma received orders to enter upon the double task of preparing an army for the invasion of England in the south, while prosecuting the war against the insurgents in the north of the Netherlands. Farnese entered with immense zeal upon the undertaking. By his command the great forest of Waes was cut down to build flat-bottomed boats, which, floating down the rivers and canals to Antwerp, Nieuport, and Dunkirk were to carry a force of sixty thousand men to the mouth

of the Thames, under the escort of the Armada. In addition to the troops which he was able to spare in the campaign of the Netherlands, the army embarking for England was to be formed by five thousand men from northern and central Italy, four thousand from the kingdom of Naples, six thousand from Castile, three thousand from Arragon, and five thousand from Austria. While these hosts, drawn together from the ends of Europe, as far as Philip's sceptre reached, were putting themselves in movement; while an army of workmen was building flat-bottomed boats, and another army busy in making gun-carriages, fascines, and all the material requisite for building bridges, besieging castles, and forming camps, the envoys of Elizabeth continued energetically in their peace negotiations. Sitting in the shade of the great Waes forest, which was being felled to span the British Channel, the earl of Derby, Lord Cobham, and their brother commissioners kept debating with the envoys of Philip the exact wording of the various paragraphs in the treaty of everlasting peace and friendship which was to bind Spain and England. They had got close to each other the representatives of both nations, and all that was wanting to complete harmony consisted in slight shades of difference, to be got over by a very little more talk. Lord Derby thought that ten or eleven more sittings would settle all the trifles still under discussion.

The report of the great armaments of the king of Spain could not fail to alarm Elizabeth, but her hopes in the success of her diplomacy had not altogether ceased. One great source of her confidence was in the attitude of both the rulers of Scotland and France. James VI., who had now been declared of age, expressed himself ready to come with an army in aid of England should a foreign invasion take place; while Henri III., scarcely less liberal in promises, offered the queen to fall upon the Spanish troops in the Netherlands in case Philip should attack her. Elizabeth was confident that, with these allies, she would be more than a match for all the forces the Spanish king might send into the field; and, knowing his timidity and his irresolute character, she felt assured that, however willing to ruin her, he would shrink back, if only at the last moment, from an enterprise all but certain to result in defeat. These calculations would not have been altogether unjustified, had not the queen left two important elements out of account. She had forgotten, seemingly, that the king of France was a mere nominal king, under the absolute control of Guise, and that Philip himself, with all his immense power, might arrive at a point where it would be impossible for him to stop, carried away by the mere impetus of the tremendous forces he had set in movement. It was not long before the first of these facts made itself manifest in a startling manner. At the commencement of 1588, when all England was full of rumours of the coming invasion, and the queen alone appeared confident that it would not take place, the envoys accredited at the court of Henri III. reported threatening signs of an approaching revolution. The king himself was as full as ever of promises to assist Elizabeth, offering to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with her; but the political situation of France had made it too evident to the

English commissioners that such a treaty would be mere waste paper. Even the shadow of power which had hitherto clung to Henri III. was fast falling away. In the early part of April, a splendid Spanish embassy crossed the Pyrenees, not accredited to the king but to the duke of Guise, chief of the Catholic League. The head of the embassy, Don Juan Iniguez Moreo, came to offer to Guise, in the name of his master, the sum of three hundred thousand crowns, and an army of six thousand infantry and two thousand horse, to take possession of the throne of France and expel the shadow-king. A formal treaty was concluded on these conditions, and on the 12th of May the duke of Guise, at the head of the forces of the League, marched into Paris, and drove out Henri III., making it impossible for him, as was said by the prince of Parma, "to assist the queen of England even with his tears, as he needed them all to weep over his own misfortunes." A fortnight after the flight of Henri III. the Spanish Armada left the Tagus with full sails, its course directed towards the British Isles.

The queen of England as yet had made little preparation to parry the stroke of the tremendous double sword uplifted at the borders of the Tagus and the Scheldt. While Philip was arraying half the power of Europe against her realm, Elizabeth had contented herself to assemble a few troops in the neighbourhood of London, and to erect some insignificant fortifications on various parts of the coast and on the river Thames, leaving the chief defence of the country to the people themselves. It was a noble trust, and one fully warranted, yet as far as the queen personally was concerned, was the result of weakness rather than strength. Deeply impressed with the belief that the negotiations of the earl of Derby and her other commissioners in the Netherlands would result in a peace being concluded between her and the king of Spain, and fearful, in the meanwhile, to throw away money upon useless armaments, she kept more awaiting events than preparing for them, with, perhaps, the dim consciousness at the bottom of her mind of her subjects being republicans, fully able to take care of themselves without the intervention of crown and sceptre. The queen's advisers did nothing to destroy this belief. Burleigh to a great extent shared the hopes of his mistress in peace, and Walsingham, better informed by his spies of the extent of Philip's preparations, entertained an utter contempt for the naval power of Spain. Both, however, did not for a moment forget the immense responsibility resting upon them, and to gather all the advice that could be had under the circumstances, they convoked a sort of general council in the autumn of 1587. The council, which met on the 27th of November, consisted chiefly of men known for their military experience, such as Lord Grey, Sir John Norris, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Roger Williams, and Sir Richard Bingham; but it included also a personage known partly as an unsuccessful adventurer in expeditions to America, and partly as a most successful courtier. This man was Sir Walter Raleigh. The son of a Devonshire gentleman, born in 1552, Raleigh, though only thirty-five years of age, had led a most eventful life, fighting with the Huguenots of France and the "Beggars" of Flanders, defending the

English rule in Ireland against Catholics and Spaniards, and crossing the Atlantic more than once in search of unknown worlds. Introduced at court by one of his friends, Elizabeth had taken a fancy to the bold and far-travelled adventurer, as handsome in person as courtier-like in manners, and, giving him several lucrative offices, had attached him to her person. It was by the special desire of the queen that Raleigh was made a member of the council meeting to deliberate upon the probabilities of a Spanish invasion, and at the very beginning he took a leading part in the discussion. He asserted, with the confidence of a man fully acquainted with the facts of the case, that English troops could never hope to contend successfully on shore with the old warlike, highly-trained legions of King Philip, and that the only way to oppose an attack of Spain would be to meet it on the sea. With this opinion for basis, Raleigh advised to arm not only the ships of the royal navy, but all the craft that could be gathered around the shores of the kingdom, to turn fishing-smacks into war-vessels and sailors into soldiers, and to destroy the fleets which Philip might send against England in a number of small fights, rather than one great encounter. The counsel was so eminently practical that Burleigh, whose wisdom was common sense in its highest perfection, immediately became a convert to Raleigh's plan, and recommended it warmly to the queen and his colleagues. It scarcely needed the recommendation to Elizabeth, she being able to see at a glance that the proposed scheme of defence was not only the simplest and most expeditious, but the cheapest. The national forces which Raleigh proposed to raise would cost her nothing, while her own navy, small as it was, consisting of only twenty-eight sail, had become so expensive that she seldom hazarded to put the ships in commission, preferring to let them lie in harbour at Chatham, Portsmouth, or Plymouth. These considerations had no little weight with a queen looking upon public economy as one of the first principles of good government; and her chief counsellors assenting, she resolved to adopt the plan of a naval defence of England in its chief features. The high admiral, Lord Howard, obtained orders to guard the Channel with the vessels of the royal navy, while to Raleigh was intrusted the command of the maritime forces of Devon and Cornwall, and to two other famous sailor-adventurers, Hawkins and Drake, that of portions of the south coast. One more great navigator, Martin Frobisher, who had plucked fame by seeking a ship's passage to ancient Cathay through the polar seas of Northern America, was installed as captain at the side of Raleigh, Hawkins, and Drake. Never before in the history of England had the defence of the country, and its fate for all times to come, been left in the hands of the sons of the people as it was at this moment, when assailed by the combined forces of the greatest monarch of the world and the head of Catholic Christendom.

It was well for Elizabeth to leave the people to defend the people, for no other power, royal or oligarchical, could have done it half so effectively. Of the real dangers threatening the realm neither Elizabeth nor her ministers had any true conception till almost the time it was past; and but for the deep

instinctive feeling of the nation and the nation's best sons, the old legions of Philip, steel-hardened in battle, might have set their foot upon the soil of England, lighting the fires of the inquisition once more from one end of the kingdom to the other. The great Spanish fleet which left the river Tagus a fortnight after the flight of Henri III. from Paris, on the 28th of May, 1588, represented the most formidable armament ever borne on the broad waters of the Atlantic. The Armada, called the Invincible, consisted of the enormous number of one hundred and fifty-four ships, carrying an army of 21,855 soldiers, besides 8766 sailors, and 2088 slaves chained to the oars of the galleys. There were also on board the Armada 3165 guns, most of them of large calibre, besides 20,000 muskets, 10,000 halberds, 100,000 quintals of gunpowder, and everything else required for the invasion and conquest of a kingdom. Of provisions of all kinds there was the greatest abundance, one hundred and forty-seven thousand pipes of wine being stored alone for the service of the officers and of the volunteers, many of the latter belonging to the noblest families of Spain. All these were attended by their suites of servants, by chaplains and physicians, less as if going into battle than of taking possession of a realm already conquered. This view was still more indicated by the representatives of the church which the pontiff, by the wish of Cardinal Allen, had sent on board the Invincible Armada. These were one hundred and eighty priests and monks, most of them members of the society of the Jesuits, who carried with them vast numbers of copies of Cardinal Allen's manifesto against the queen of England as well as of the papal bull of excommunication, besides several cargoes of chains, wheels, racks, whips, and other instruments for bringing back heretics to the bosom of the true apostolic church. The immense fleet of war, attached to which hung a multitude of trading vessels, was divided into seven squadrons, each with a separate commander. The first detachment, forming the vanguard, consisting of twelve tower-like galleons, propelled by slaves, was under the command of the duke of Medina Sidonia, who was accompanied by the prince of Ascule, Philip's illegitimate son, special representative of the mighty king, owner of the Armada. The second division, called the fleet of Biscay, was commanded by the vice-admiral, Juan Martinez de Recaldo; the third, the fleet of Castile, was under the orders of Don Diego de Valdez; the fourth, the Andalusian squadron, under those of Don Pedro de Valdez; the fifth, the squadron of Guypuscoa, under those of Don Miguel de Oquendo; the sixth, called Levanticas, or the Eastern fleet, drawn chiefly from the harbours of Venice, was commanded by Don Martin de Bertendonna, and the seventh, the South-Italian squadron, by Hugo de Moncada. Commander-in-chief of the whole fleet was the duke of Medina Sidonia, appointed by Philip just before the start from the Tagus, on the sudden death of the marquis of Santa Cruce, the most distinguished naval officer of Spain. The death of the marquis was the first great misfortune that happened to the Invincible Armada. His successor, the duke of Medina, possessed no other fitness for the high post to which he was nominated by the king than that of being a grandee

of the first class. Absolutely ignorant of naval matters, and unaccustomed even to the sea, the first thing that happened to the high admiral after leaving the yellow waters of the Tagus was to fall a victim to the *mal de mer*.

On the day of the sailing of the Armada, the commander-in-chief issued a proclamation, declaring the destination of the great fleet to be England and the purpose a religious crusade. "I do ordain and command," ran the proclamation, signed "Don Alonso Perez de Guzman, duke of Medina Sidonia, count of Niebla, marquis of Casheshe, lord of the city of St. Lucar, captain-general of the ocean and of this armament of his majesty," "I do ordain and command that the general officers of the fleet and the army, all captains, lieutenants, pilots, masters, soldiers, mariners, and whatsoever other people for the land or sea service cometh in this armament, all the time that it endureth, shall be governed by these my rules. First, and before all things, it is to be understood by all the above-named, from the highest to the lowest, that the principal foundation and cause that have moved the king his majesty to make and continue this armament hath been and is to serve God, and to return unto His church a great many contrite souls that are oppressed by the heretics, enemies to our holy Catholic faith, which hold them subject to their unbelief and unhappiness. And for that every one may put his eyes upon this mark, I do command and desire that all shall duly confess themselves, and receive the sacrament with full contrition for their sins, by the which contrition, and zeal to do God competent service, He will carry and guide us to His great glory, which is that which particularly and principally is intended. In like manner, I do charge and command all officers to have particular care that no mariner, soldier, or other that serveth in this armament do blaspheme or rage against God, or our Lady, or any of the saints, upon pain of being sharply corrected and well chastised. Likewise I do command that all quarrels, defiances, and injuries that are and have been before this day, shall be suppressed and suspended, so that none goeth in this armament for the time that it continueth and lasteth, although they be old quarrels. Also, for that it is known that great inconveniences ariseth, and offence groweth unto God by consenting that common women and such like go with armies, I do ordain and desire all captains and masters of ships not to consent that any such be taken on board, and whosoever doeth, or dissembleth therewith, shall be grievously punished. But I do command that the company of every ship, at the break of every day, on the tolling of the bell on the main-mast, shall say the morning prayers, and at night the 'Ave Maria,' with sometimes the 'Salve Regina,' and, at least the Saturdays, the litany." After further instructions, in great detail, for the management of the Armada, the "captain-general of the ocean" furnished the sailing orders. He directed that all the vessels of the fleet, in due order, should "set their course for the Scilly Islands, having good care of their soundings; but if, by chance, any ship or ships do lose the fleet they shall not return into Spain, in any manner, upon pain of death of all concerned, and being declared traitors." As general meeting-place for the Armada, the duke of Medina

appointed Mount's Bay, "which is betwixt the Land's End and the Lizard: there shall you seek the whole navy, or find pinnaces with order what shall be done." These instructions were drawn up by Philip himself, under the advice of his ministers and of several Englishmen sent to him by Cardinal Allen. The king finally ordered Sidonia not to offer or accept a battle on any account until he had effected his junction with the army and fleet of the prince of Parma, on the coast of the Netherlands. The order was destined to be fatal to the success of the Invincible Armada.

The immense fleet dropped down the Tagus with a fair wind, amidst the sounding of trumpets from every vessel, the ringing of bells from all the churches of the Portuguese capital, and the jubilation of countless multitudes who were lining the hills on both sides of the river, gazing upon a sight such as human eyes had never beheld before. For several days the voyage was highly prosperous, a soft southerly breeze drifting the Armada towards the Bay of Biscay, aiding the fierce labours of the two thousand slaves whose oars propelled the huge "galleons," and "galleasses," floating towers of a floating city. But suddenly, before the fatal bay—stormy graveyard of the Atlantic—was reached, a hurricane arose from the west, dashing the floating towers against one another like tiny leaves in a forest, and scattering the crowd of smaller vessels in all directions. Had the duke of Medina Sidonia been a few miles further north, it might have saved all further trouble to Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the white-capped billows of the Biscayan sea doing most effectually the work for which they were preparing; but fortunately for the duke, if not for England, the winds arose when he was near a sheltered port, and before great mischief was done the Armada had dropped anchor in the land-locked harbour of Corunna, or, as called by English sailors, the Groyne. A few vessels only, running before the storm, were unable to attend to the signals from the duke of Medina's ship, and made their course straightway to the Scilly Isles, as prescribed in the sailing-orders. Their arrival here created great consternation, and the report that the whole Spanish fleet was approaching was forthwith carried to the high admiral, who had been driven into Plymouth by the same tempest which scattered the Armada. He left the port at once, to look out for the enemy, but soon learnt that the Spanish ships were fugitives, anxious to return to their country with the first wind. The report of the misfortune of Philip's armament reached London, in a greatly exaggerated state, almost before it came to Plymouth; and the queen had no sooner received it when she despatched orders to Lord Howard to dismantle the largest vessels of the royal navy, and to send the crews on furlough, so as to save the expenses of their board and wages. For once Elizabeth's economy might have proved fatal to the kingdom, had not the high admiral taken upon himself the bold step of disobeying her orders. Howard informed her majesty, in all humility, that he preferred maintaining the sailors at his own expense to discharging them; and this done, and fearing further remonstrances, he called a council of war of the chief officers of the navy, to deliberate whether it would be wise to look for the Armada in Spain instead of waiting for it on

the English coast. Daring as was the proposal, all were in favour of the Spanish trip, and on the 8th of June the English fleet left the Channel with a fair north wind. But after forty-eight hours' sail, before reaching Cape Finisterre, the wind wheeled round to the south, with the effect of not only staying Howard's progress, but making him consider the fearful imprudence of leaving his country unprotected, in a wild chase after an unknown enemy. The reflection was serious enough to make him reverse his course, and with the south wind full in his sails he hurried back to England, reaching Plymouth once more on the 10th of June. Nothing more had been heard in his absence of King Philip's fleet; and some of the sceptics among the sailors were beginning to think that the wonderful Armada might turn out a mere phantasm, like the sea-serpent and other ocean mysteries. Lord Howard himself held the belief that the enemy would not make his appearance during that year at least, so that he commenced laying up his ships, and took to playing at bowls with his officers, thinking no more of the Armada than of the Flying Dutchman.

The lord high admiral of England was playing merrily at bowls with Drake, Hawkins, and other friends on the afternoon of Friday the 19th of July, when a messenger came rushing up to the playground at the Hoe in furious haste. The Armada was coming, he gasped forth. A Scotch sea-rover, named Fleming, had seen at sunset on the previous evening, when off the Lizard, the approach of the gigantic fleet, its outline so vast as to darken the horizon. The report brought the game of bowls to a premature end, Drake being the only one who desired that the contest should be played out, insisting that there was plenty of time to finish the match and to beat the Spaniards. Lord Howard did not think so, but hurried off to his post, issuing orders to all the ships to leave the harbour immediately. The departure was not easy, the wind blowing right ahead; but by dint of strenuous efforts, continued all through the night, the whole of the vessels were warped out, and, pushing forward with all haste, the high admiral found himself in view of the Spanish fleet on the evening of Saturday the 20th of July. It was an imposing sight. The great Armada was drawn up in a vast semicircle, like the crescent of a moon, the length from horn to horn spanning more than seven miles, and the huge galleys, with the regular dip of their slave-driven oars, appearing like strange monsters of the sea. Facing this mighty armament, the English fleet looked almost insignificant. It consisted of not more than ninety-six vessels, the greater number of them merchantmen, with a few guns on board, and but four, the "Triumph," the "Victory," the "Ark Royal," and the "Revenge," of a size approaching that of the larger Spanish ships. Sailors less bold and experienced than Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, and their companions might have lost courage on comparing their forces with those of the enemy, but they only rejoiced at the sight. They knew that the floating towers were formidable merely in appearance, being unwieldy in the extreme, dependent in their movements entirely on the labour of the poor slaves who were sitting at the bottom exposed to shot and shell. Against these galleons and galleasses their own little vessels, short of build, and rigged so as

readily to tack, were more than a match, as the English sea-rovers had found in many a previous encounter, and as they fairly trusted now to find again. But still more than in their vessels the commanders of England's fleet trusted to their men. They knew that they were fighting for life, and liberty, and religion, and home, and wife, and children; they knew that the people of the big Armada were all, from the princes and dukes on the deck of the high galleys, to the chained oarsmen at the bottom, but the slaves of a vile despot. It was with a stout confidence and a cheerful heart that the free men of England took to battle with the slaves of Spain.

Without hesitating for a single moment, the English commander gave the signal for the attack upon the Armada as soon as the huge mass of ships appeared in sight. Not counting the merchantmen, the high admiral had under his command but thirty-four ships, of an aggregate burthen of 11,820 tons, manned by 6279 sailors, all of them acting likewise as soldiers. This force was divided into four squadrons, Lord Howard, in the "Ark Royal," of 800 tons, commanding the centre; Drake, in the "Revenge," of 500 tons, directing the right wing; Hawkins, in the "Victory," of 800 tons, having the left wing in charge; and Frobisher, in the "Triumph," of 1000 tons, the largest vessel of the fleet, bringing up the rear. Before setting upon the enemy, the high admiral sent a pinnace, the "Disdain," commanded by Jonas Bradbury, an old sailor, to the commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleet, challenging him to battle. The duke of Medina Sidonia, in compliance with the orders received from his master, declined the contest, sailing grandly along the coast, his course directed towards the Straits of Dover. With a calm sea, and a wind entirely in his favour, the duke might have steered right towards Plymouth, crushing the little navy before him under the weight of his big ships, and landing his twenty-two thousand soldiers on the soil of England. All the more experienced officers of the Armada, notably the vice-admiral, Martinez de Recaldo, and the commanders of the Castilian and Andalusian squadrons, strongly urged the necessity of this course upon their chief; however, the duke of Medina, strongly conscious of his own incapacity, was afraid to disobey the orders of the king, and instead of using his forces under the most favourable conditions he could hope to find, led them into destruction. From the moment the huge fleet set sail towards the narrowest point of the Channel, its ruin was all but certain. Unable to keep closely together under all circumstances, the Spanish ships were attacked one by one by their bold little foes; and whenever a big galley lagged behind, it was pounced upon by them in an instant, as eagles might pounce upon a sheep strayed from the flock. Thus, in the first day's sail along the coast, the 22nd of July, the flag-ship of Pedro de Valdez, leader of the Andalusian division, and one of the best sailors of Spain, was taken by Drake, after an obstinate resistance. Drake's men found 55,000 ducats on board, which they divided among themselves like brethren, and then set cheerfully to work to capture more galleons and galleasses. On the day following, Tuesday the 23rd of July, the Armada had advanced opposite to Portland, when, unable to

bear the vexation of constant attacks from the crowd of foes in his rear and at his sides any longer, the duke of Medina resolved to face them. On a signal from the flag-ship the great fleet formed in battle order, amidst the intense anxiety of thousands of spectators who were watching its proceedings from the shore. To them it seemed that the fate of the kingdom was hanging in the balance.

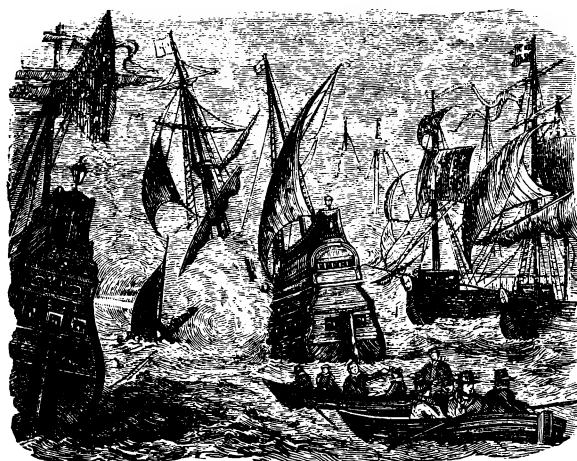
Drake, Hawkins, and all the young officers of the English navy were eager for battle, but the high admiral did not feel warranted to engage in the contest without summoning a council of war. It met in the morning of the 23rd of July, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who arrived just at the moment from the Cornish coast where he had been stationed, took part in it. His opinion, given in the teeth of the majority, was strongly against a regular battle, and in favour of irregular warfare after the mode already commenced. He argued it would be madness "to clap ships together" under the particular circumstances, with vessels of the largest size on the one hand, and comparatively small, swift boats on the other: for which reason he eloquently recommended his friends and companions to "fight loose." The advice was so eminently sensible as to convince all but the most hot-headed of the English sailors, and it was decided accordingly to follow the counsel of Raleigh, and to turn the battle offered by the duke of Medina into a series of skirmishes. The resolution had scarcely been come to when the whole Spanish fleet was seen bearing down upon them, leaving Lord Howard scarcely time to disengage his vessels and send them in small divisions upon the rear and wings of the enemy. Frobisher, commanding the "Triumph," the largest and most unwieldy of all the English ships, was unable to get out of the way sufficiently soon, and had to sustain for more than two hours a hand-to-hand fight with some of the huge galleasses, assisted by only five merchantmen. But the English fought like lions, and the little vessels, ever in motion, pouring in a broadside and then sheering out of range of the Spanish guns, effectually kept the big galleys at bay, and the result of the day's contest was entirely in favour of Howard's fleet. After disabling nearly every ship on the western wing of the Armada, the high admiral, with his valiant aides-de-camp, Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh, went to the assistance of Frobisher, and, having disengaged him from his foes, swept round to the rear of the Spanish fleet, scattering destruction to right and left. When the approach of night made an end of the struggle, the duke of Medina found that he had lost one of the finest of his Venetian galleys, a large number of men, and vast stores of provisions and arms, captured on board several transports. The English, on their part, had scarcely suffered at all, the day's tussle being looked upon by most of them as mere sport, "a morris-dance upon the waters." They would have gladly danced a little longer, if necessary by starlight, but were prevented doing so for a very curious reason. Queen Elizabeth, whose economy was not checked even by the danger of invasion, had provided her fleet in the most sparing manner with gunpowder, and for want of this indispensable article the English navy had to beat an ignominious retreat on the

evening of the 23rd of July. The duke of Medina, while grimly brooding over the day's misfortune, was happily ignorant of the tremendous fact that no greater enemy was lying between his mighty fleet and the shore of England than five score vessels without ammunition, as helpless to defend themselves as lions without teeth.

All through Wednesday, the 24th of July, the English navy was lying idle, crouched against the shore, and abstaining from any movement. Lord Howard, while waiting for fresh supplies of gunpowder, was glad enough to see that the Armada was getting under weigh again, its course directed to the east. Slowly the gigantic crescent of floating towers moved onward, till, on the morning of Thursday, the 25th of July, it stood opposite the Isle of Wight. Now, again, Lord Howard gave the order to attack, having previously divided his ships into four squadrons, the first commanded by himself, the second by Sir Francis Drake, who had been appointed vice-admiral, the third by John Hawkins, and the fourth by Martin Frobisher. Hawkins shot ahead at once, his eagle eye having perceived a large Portuguese galleass, disabled in the fight off Portland, dropping behind the rest of the fleet, like a wounded elephant too weak to join the herd. To attack the huge ship, to pick off the wretched slave-rowers at the water's edge man by man, and to make the rest of the crew prisoners, was the work of less than an hour, and although three other galleasses came rushing up at the full speed of their oars to attempt a rescue, the prize remained in the hand of the victors. But in the meanwhile the heavy "Triumph," Frobisher's ship, had got again into difficulties, set upon by several galleons; and but for the ready assistance of a couple of brave little merchantmen, who took her in tow, carrying her swiftly beyond the reach of the Spanish guns, the duke of Medina would have had the satisfaction of seizing the largest vessel of the English navy. As it was, the result of the day's skirmishing was again highly unfavourable to the Armada, a number of transports being captured, besides the great Portuguese galleass. The finest vessel of the Spanish fleet, the "San Martino," flag-ship of the commander-in-chief, would have been taken by Drake and Howard, but for the fatal parsimony of the queen in doling out gunpowder and ammunition to her brave sailors. Already the mainmast of the "San Martino" had been shot away, and most of her rowers killed, when Drake, just before attempting to board the ship, found that he had no powder left. Nearly all the other vessels of the English navy were in the same condition, and, therefore, instead of following up the advantages gained during the day, they had to sneak back in all humility into the shelter of the shore. The next morning, Friday, the 26th of July, Lord Howard held another council of war, in which it was resolved to attack the Spanish fleet no more till having got to the narrowest point of the Straits of Dover. Until that time, a lapse of at least twenty-four hours, her majesty, it was hoped, would take pity upon the defenders of the realm, and let them have some more gunpowder and a few "pellets." The day of Friday, Lord Howard, not being able to shoot Spanish grandees, employed in making English nobles. He knighted

Hawkins, Frobisher, and three other brave sailors, after which, with a fair breeze from the south-west, he followed on the skirts of the great Armada, which went sailing majestically along, close to the shore of England.

Thousands of anxious eyes were watching the gigantic fleet from off the coast of Sussex, and thousands of eager hands were grasping swords and muskets, daggers and lances, oars and paddles to aid in driving back the hated enemy. To see the huge crescent of Spanish ships sailing proudly along, with



SPANISH ARMADA.

the English fleet following humbly in the rear, seemingly afraid to meddle with the great foe, filled the multitude on shore with alarm and despair, and wildly patriotic, regardless of everything else but the honour of the country, the people of the coast came rushing on to attack the Armada. From every harbour, from every port, from every creek and every inlet of the sea, vessels great and small, yawls and pinnaces, cobbles, sloops, and fishing-boats, shot forward to have a thrust at the Spaniards. Learning that the English fleet was short of powder and ammunition, the earl of Sussex, Lord Buckhurst, Sir George Carey, and a number of other gentlemen, Catholics as well as Protestants, set to work to procure the necessary supplies from private stores and the forts and castles along the coast, and before the dawn of another day Lord Howard was enabled to follow closer in the rear of the Armada. In the meanwhile all England was in the highest state of excitement. The immense danger threatening the realm, while it heightened the courage of some, filled others with dismay, the silent fear that the government had not done its full duty towards protecting the country having seized many thousand minds. It was evident from the first that the queen vastly underrated the formidable power of the floating armament hurled against England. Neglecting her fleet, the chief bulwark of the kingdom, Elizabeth concentrated all her efforts in gathering and drilling some sixty thousand militiamen for the defence of her own person and of the capital. The queen's body-guard, commanded by her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, consisted of rather more than one half of this force, mainly raw recruits got together in haste, while the other half, to whom the defence of the metropolis was

intrusted, had been put under the orders of the handsome royal favourite, the earl of Leicester. To think of opposing such a vain and silly courtier, whose past career had fully shown his absolute military incapacity, to the most experienced generals of Europe, commanding veterans seasoned on a hundred battlefields, was a monstrous infatuation approaching to madness, for which the queen might have dearly paid had her people been less patriotic, her sailors been less skilful, and her great sea-rovers been less zealous and daring. Leicester's army was quartered in a camp formed at Tilbury, on the river Thames, opposite Gravesend; and while the Spanish fleet was sailing up the Channel, Elizabeth, with her ladies and gentlemen of honour, amused herself passing these troops in review, and delivering fine orations—greatly praised as models of wisdom by an admiring posterity. What Leicester, the persons of honour, and the orations would have done for England had the grip of the Drakes and the Hawkinses into the flesh of the huge Armada been a little less firm, so as to allow the duke of Medina and the prince of Parma to throw a hundred thousand Spanish veterans against the silken tents of Tilbury, admiring historians have seldom found time to calculate.

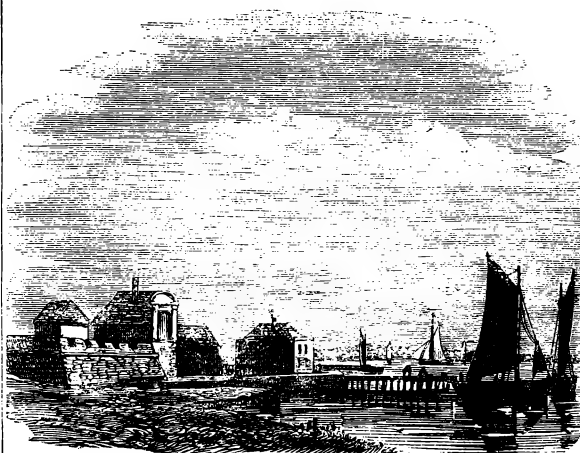
Towards the evening of Saturday, the 27th of July, the Spanish fleet cast anchor in the narrowest part of the Strait of Dover, its right wing leaning against Calais Harbour, and the left stretching forth some five miles west, right opposite to Dunge Ness. The object of the duke of Medina in thus suddenly coming to a halt was to put himself into communication with the prince of Parma, who had been anxiously awaiting for more than a month the arrival of the Armada to carry his army of invasion over to the English shore. The month's delay, caused by the tarrying of the great fleet in the harbour of Corunna, had brought a Dutch blockading squadron, commanded by Count Justin of Nassau, a relative of Orange, before Dunkirk and Nieuport; and the mouth of the river Scheldt being likewise closed by Flemish vessels, the prince of Parma found himself shut off from the sea. To reopen the communication, the duke of Medina, immediately after throwing anchor before Calais, despatched messengers to the prince of Parma, inviting him to join the forces under his command with his own. The reply was discouraging in the extreme. The prince informed the commander of the Armada that the boats made to transport his troops into England had become warped and leaky from lying on shore exposed to the sun; that his provisions were all but exhausted through the long delay that had occurred, and that a great portion of his soldiers were suffering from disease, aggravated by want. But notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, Parma promised to get his troops ready for embarkation at Nieuport and Dunkirk in the course of a week or ten days, if receiving proper assistance, including the levying of the blockade. The contents of this important despatch became known immediately, through vigilant Dutch spies, to Lord Howard, who saw that not a moment was to be lost to frustrate the designs of the enemy. He had kept with his fleet within a mile westward of the Armada, hoping to be able to renew the guerilla warfare, and to take advantage of any

weak point in the arrangements of the Spanish ships. However, no such opportunity offered, the vessels of the Armada being stationed admirably in close phalanx, knit together in one formidable mass by the towering galleys. Even the boldest of Howard's officers pronounced an open attack out of the question; and opinions were greatly divided as to what should be done next, when Drake proposed a bold scheme for loosening the tight embrace of the floating fortifications. It was a stratagem old as naval warfare, that of sending "fire-ships" into the ranks of the enemy, leaving the wind and the flame to seek its own victims. The proposal was adopted at once, and Drake's men set to work forging new weapons for the destruction of the mighty Armada.

All through Sunday, the 28th of July, the sailors and carpenters laboured energetically to convert eight small barks into "fire-ships." The vessels, stripped of all unnecessary gear, were loaded with resin, pitch, brimstone, and other highly inflammable materials, after which volunteers were called for to man them. Scores were anxious to take part in the dangerous task, and the due number being chosen, with two old sailors, Captains Young and Prowse for commanders, all was found to be ready soon after midnight. The wind was not quite favourable at the moment, but as if to favour the action of the fire it shifted in an hour after, and then, near two o'clock in the morning, the order was given to start. Onward went the eight fire-ships through the stillness of the night, every soul on board the great Armada being asleep, save the sentinels pacing the decks. When right among the Spanish ships, Drake's sailors applied their torches, and jumping into their boats, paddled back with all speed to their companions. Another minute, and huge flames went shooting up into the sky, while the quiet of the waters was broken by fierce screams of horror and despair. Drifting along among the big galleys, tossed from one to the other, and carrying death and destruction everywhere, the eight fire-ships in a few moments spread intense terror among the Spanish fleet; the sleepers rushed from their berths, and the slaves rattled their chains, while the voice of the officers seemed powerless to stay the overwhelming fright and disorder. To save themselves from destruction, most of the ships cut their cables and slipped their anchors, attempting to get free of each other, though with but indifferent success. Some were driven ashore near Gravelines, others on the coast of Picardy, and others in Flanders; and in the course of a few hours the proud Armada, the shadow of which but the day before had hung darkening over the realm of England, had been scattered to all the winds. The morning sun of Monday, the 29th of July, rose upon a crowd of big ships flying in every direction, with another crowd of smaller vessels close on their heels. Some of the largest of the galleasses took refuge in the port of Calais, but even thither they were followed by Howard's men, notwithstanding the threatening attitude of the French governor, who directed his cannon upon the English vessels. The daring act so much alarmed the prince of Asculé, son of King Philip, who had hitherto remained in the flag-ship of the duke of Medina, one of the few which had not slipped its anchor, that he went on shore, to despatch couriers to Paris and

the Netherlands. Returning in the evening, the flag-ship, too, was gone, and the prince had to embark in a smaller vessel, called "Our Lady of the Rosary." It was a fatal change, resulting in the moody lord of the great Armada never setting eyes again on his much-beloved son.

The duke of Medina Sidonia bore himself bravely during the fatal day of the 29th of July. Helpless to repair the terrible confusion into which his whole fleet had been thrown by the approach of the fire-ships, he made attempts to summon at least the larger of the galleys around him, and to range them in battle order between Calais and Dunkirk. In this he was partly successful; but before he had been able to take up a good position, the wind, which hitherto had been blowing south-west with moderate force, changed into a north-westerly gale, which threatened to throw him upon the dangerous shore of Flanders. The duke now summoned a council of war to deliberate upon the state of the Armada. Two courses offered themselves for consideration: to make further attempts to rally the dispersed ships and effect a union with the prince of Parma, or to sail back to Spain. The latter was unanimously resolved upon by the war council, the general demoralisation and dread of the enemy having spread to such an extent that all despaired of being able to remain any longer on the offensive. The terror which had taken possession of all minds drove the Spanish officers to the further resolution of not returning by way of the Channel, but, to prevent another encounter with the English navy, to sail into the North Sea, and seek the Atlantic again by doubling Scotland and Ireland. Absolute despair only could prompt to the adoption of such a route, the natural dangers of which could not fail to represent themselves, even to sailors as unskilled as the duke of Medina Sidonia, as infinitely more serious than the losses to be encountered in a battle. However, the resolution to risk the utter destruction of the great Armada by a sail round the iron-bound coast of Britain, through waters utterly unknown to Spanish mariners, was no sooner adopted than carried out. On the evening of the day on which the English admiral had sent out his fire-ships, King Philip's fleet—still a mighty fleet, counting, after all the losses suffered, not less than one hundred



TILBURY FORT.

and twenty sail—was steering northward, a fresh shifting of the wind to the south accelerating its flight. The sight was one to rejoice the hearts of English sailors. “We have the armament of Spayne before us,” Drake wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, on the evening of Monday, the 29th of July, “and I mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. There was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a south wind to the northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the prince of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary among his orange-trees.”

Drake and his companions expected confidently either to annihilate every vessel of the great Armada in its wild course towards the Arctic regions, or to force it to surrender. The task would have offered no vast difficulty but for a repetition of the great evil through which the English navy had lost already so many advantages, the want of powder and shot. Elizabeth continued doling out gunpowder to her sailors as if it had been gold; and while everything was in abundance in the royal camp at Tilbury, where Leicester, thick in velvet and jewelry, assumed the airs of a great conqueror, seemingly impressed with the idea that the Spaniards were keeping out of the river Thames solely in fear of his terrific sword, the men who continued bearing the brunt of the fight, and whose brawny arms were holding the fate of England, got neglected and almost despised. It was the more unwarrantable as the greater part of the fleet which was keeping the Spaniards at bay had been furnished and was maintained at the expense of private gentlemen, merchants, and shipowners, little more being expected from government than the supply of these vessels with arms and ammunition of war. But this was grossly neglected, and the consequences, which twice before the flight of the Armada might have been fatal had there been a true admiral instead of a mere first-class grandee at the head of Philip's fleet, became a fatal detraction of England's glory when witnessed for the third time. Arrived off the coast of Aberdeenshire, distracted by the thought of the perils before him in unknown seas, and beholding the enemy close at his heels, snatching off his stragglers to right and left, the duke of Medina made up his mind to surrender to the English admiral, deeming it better to fall into the hands of honourable adversaries than to encounter the horrors and miseries of shipwreck and death on a foreign shore. The resolution was formed during the second day of the flight, but the duke imparted it to no man but his confessor, who implored him to postpone the execution for at least twenty-four hours, and to attempt to rally his ships during this time. Before the twenty-four hours were gone, the English navy, as if by enchantment, had fallen away from the skirts of the Armada, which once more sailed proudly alone on the northern seas. There was much rejoicing on board the Spanish fleet, the priest declaring the retreat of the enemy to be due to a legion of saints descended from heaven and hovering over the waters—not dreaming of anything so mundane as the want of gunpowder. The duke of Medina fairly thought himself saved; but the con-

fidence was short, for an enemy infinitely more terrible than the English fleet was on the point of spreading his fangs and laying hold of the doomed Armada.

Five days after the departure of the English ships a storm arose, which lasted from four in the afternoon till ten o'clock next morning. It once more scattered the great Armada, the van of which, headed by the flag-ship of the duke of Medina and twenty-seven of the fastest of his galleys, succeeded in rounding the north coast of Scotland, passing by Cape Wrath, while the rest lagged behind, some drifting northward to the Arctic regions, and others cast against the shores of Caithness and Sutherland. When the gale had abated, the ships still able to keep under weigh pursued their course, the direction of the commander-in-chief being that all should try to make for the nearest or readiest harbour of Spain or Portugal. To facilitate their voyage, they threw overboard the whole of their live stock and vast quantities of guns and ammunition, hoping to fly swifter across the waters in their unburdened vessels. But even this precaution proved fatal to many of the huge ships. For ten days the captains groped their way through the unknown seas, tossed hither and thither, but on the eleventh, when the majority of the ships had passed the western islands, and come in sight of the coast of Connaught, a furious gale sprung up once more, threatening every vessel still afloat with instant destruction. The gale lasted, with short interruptions, for nearly a week, strewing the Irish coast with wrecks, and casting but a few Spanish sailors ashore to tell the final story of the proud Armada. Their tale, as given in examination before the magistrates, was piteous in the extreme. The deposition of one Joan Antonio, a native of Genoa, made on the 15th of September, furnished a startling picture of misery and suffering. “He saith,” the examiners reported, “there were in all seven hundred men in his ship, called ‘Our Lady of the Rosary,’ at their coming forth; he saith, there were about five hundred in the ship as she sunk: the rest perished by fight and by sickness. He saith, his ship was shot through four times, and one of the shot was between the wind and the water, whereof they thought she would have sunk, and the most of her tackle was spoiled with shot: the ship struck against the rocks in the Sound of the Bleskies, a league and a half from the land, upon Tuesday last at noon, and all in it perished except he, who saved himself upon two or three planks that were loose. He saith, the gentlemen in his ship intended to save themselves by the boat, but found it so fast tied that they could not get it to move.” Among the “gentlemen” who thus perished in “Our Lady of the Rosary” was one for whom King Philip mourned deeper than for the loss of his whole Armada—his son, known as the duke of Ascule.

Of this duke of Ascule, the man saved from the wreck, together with other witnesses, gave some interesting particulars. “He saith,” the examiners further reported of Joan Antonio, “the prince of Ascule, the king's base son, came in the company of the duke [of Medina Sidonia] in the duke's ship, called the galleon of ‘St. Martino,’ of a thousand tons; but at Calais, when the English navy came near them, the prince went to the shore, and before his return the duke was driven to cut off his anchors and to depart,

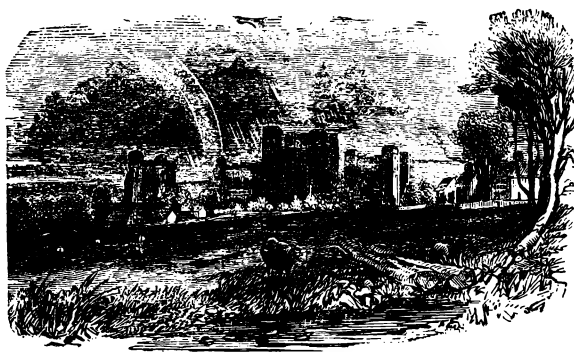
whereby the prince could not recover that ship, but came in the ship called 'Our Lady of the Rosary;' and with him there came in also one Don Pedro, Don Francisco, and seven other gentlemen of account that accompanied the prince. He saith, the captain of this ship was Villa Franca of St. Sebastian's, and Matuta was captain of the infantry of the ship. There were also in her Captain Suares, a Portuguese, and one Garrionero, a Castilian captain; Lopicho de la Vega, a Castilian captain; Captain Montanase, a Castilian; Captain Francisco, a Castilian; and Michael d'Oguendo, who was general of the ship. There was also in the ship an Irish captain called John Rise, about thirty years of age, and another Irishman called Francis Roche. He saith, the prince was of about eight and twenty years of age." Another wrecked sailor, called Antonio de Moneco, cast ashore a couple of days after the native of Genoa from "Our Lady of the Rosary," gave a full description of the personal appearance of King Philip's son. "He saith," his examination ran, "the prince of Ascule was a slender made man, and of a reasonable stature, of twenty-eight years of age; his hair of a brown colour stroked upwards; of a high forehead, a very little beard, marquesotted; whitely-faced, with some little red on the cheeks. He was drowned in apparel of white satin for his doublet and breeches, cut after the Spanish fashion, with russet silk stockings. When the prince came into the ship at Calais, he was apparelled in black raised velvet, laid on with broad gold lace. He saith, that when they were at Calais the prince passed in a little felucca with six others from ship to ship, to give orders." The report that his son had perished, together with twenty thousand of his best sailors and soldiers, was brought to King Philip at the end of September, when the duke of Medina ran into the port of Santander, in the Bay of Biscay, with fifty-three shattered, leaky vessels, manned by half-starved, diseased, ghastly-looking crews, last representatives of the Invincible Armada. For a few days the ministers of Philip hesitated to break to him the terrible news, till one of his favourites, bolder than the rest, undertook to do so. The king was writing despatches when the favourite entered his cabinet; he lifted up his pen, listened quietly to the fearful tale of woe, and then continued his work as if nothing had happened.

Before the shattered remnant of the Armada had found its way into Santander harbour, Elizabeth broke up her camp at Tilbury, discharging the common soldiers, and rewarding the officers. The queen seemed to labour more than ever under the impression that the design of Philip had been frustrated less by her brave sailors than by the army under her own and the earl of Leicester's command, and her rewards were measured out accordingly. While Drake, Hawkins, and all the bold men who had fought with and under them, got barely thanks for the immense success that had crowned their efforts, the handsome earl was treated as if he had been the absolute saviour of the realm. Elizabeth ordered a patent to be made out creating for him the new office of lord-lieutenant of England and Ireland, which invested Leicester with almost royal power, raising him higher than ever an English sovereign had placed a subject. It was enough to frighten Burleigh, and

he energetically opposed the wishes of the queen, pleading with so much effect as to induce her to postpone the signature of the patent. But this again greatly offended the favourite, who, to show his anger, withdrew from the court in a huff, without awaiting the completion of the great preparations on hand in the capital for celebrating his triumph as conqueror of the Armada. He left London on the first of September for his splendid seat, Kenilworth Castle, but fell ill on the road, and on the fourth of September expired at Cornbury Park, Oxfordshire—of fever, as stated officially, but of poison administered by his wife, according to the firm belief of the multitude. Elizabeth's grief for the loss of her old favourite, to whom she had been attached for more than thirty years, was remarkably slight. She cried somewhat when she heard of his sudden death; but her next step was to order his effects to be seized and sold by auction, so that she might repay herself for a loan made to him some time before in a fit of generosity. On the whole, the queen seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the exit of the noble earl, for the twofold reason that he was getting visibly old, and that she had enjoyed for some time the society of another favourite, in every way more attractive, in the person of Robert Devereux, earl of Essex. The latter, born in 1567, or just twenty-one years of age, was Leicester's stepson—offspring of that lady whom rumour made his murderess, accusing him in return of having poisoned her first husband, the earl of Essex,—and being early introduced at court, his handsome person and high accomplishments at once attracted the attention of Elizabeth, so that, young as he was, she did not hesitate to lavish upon him all imaginable honours and dignities. In 1587 Essex succeeded his stepfather as master of the horse, and in the year following, while the Armada was sailing along the English coast, the youthful earl was made captain-general of the cavalry, in which capacity he shared with the queen and Leicester the glories of the camp of Tilbury. For his deeds on this occasion Essex was created a knight of the order of the Garter, and Leicester dying soon after, he succeeded him as premier favourite of the queen. Having now arrived at the mature age of fifty-five, Elizabeth was fully old enough to figure as the grandmother of her new darling, yet this did not at all prevent her from toying with him like an amorous maiden of sixteen. Extraordinary as were Elizabeth's high qualities, her weaknesses were scarcely less extraordinary.

The great festival for celebrating the queen's victory over the Armada, long planned, but postponed for some weeks on account of the death of the Tilbury commander-in-chief, was carried out with vast pomp on the 24th of November. On this day, a Sunday, Elizabeth went in procession from Whitehall to St. Paul's Cathedral, seated alone in a triumphal chariot, drawn by milk-white steeds, and preceded and followed by an immense train of glittering courtiers, nobles, judges, public functionaries, pensioners, and halberdiers. Close to the throne-like chariot, which was surmounted by a high canopy raised on pillars, with lions and dragons supporting the royal arms, rode the earl of Essex on a prancing courser, and behind him trotted on foot a long file of ladies of honour, splendidly

attired, and not afraid to soil their pretty shoes in the bottomless mud of the metropolis. The whole of the streets in the city through which the procession passed were lined by the guilds with their banners, while the houses were hung with blue cloth, every window from top to basement filled with enthusiastic spectators, anxious to burst in hurrahs for their sovereign. Arrived at the great west door of St. Paul's, the queen descended from her chariot-throne, while the whole of the clergy were singing the litany, and marched under a rich canopy of state to a closet prepared for her near the pulpit-cross. Here the queen listened to a sermon, or rather fulsome address of praise, delivered by Dr. Pierce, bishop of Salisbury; after which she sank on her knees, returning thanks to "the God of battles." The service concluded, her majesty dined with the bishop of London, whose residence adjoined the cathedral, and then returned to Whitehall in the same state she had come, amidst the glare of thousands of torches swung aloft by the city companies. The good Protestants of the capital were fairly beside themselves with loyalty and enthusiasm, and Elizabeth, acting the queen to perfection, raised these feelings to the highest pitch by her manners and behaviour. An eye-witness, Bishop Goodman, living as theological student "in the Strand, near St. Clement's Church," at the royal visit to St. Paul's, left a record of the impression made by Elizabeth upon her faithful subjects. "We stayed an hour and a half," says he, "there being a vast number of torches, when the queen came up in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your majesty!' when the queen turned to us, exclaiming, 'God bless you all, my good people.' Then we cried again, 'God save your majesty!' whereupon the queen said to us, 'Ye may well have a greater prince, but ye shall never have a more loving sovereign.' And so the queen and the crowd there, looking upon one another awhile, her majesty departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk of what an admirable queen she was, and how we would all adventure our lives in her service." None of her predecessors on the throne of England had studied the high art of kingship so well, and to so much advantage, as Queen Elizabeth.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Three months after the queen's triumphal procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 14th of February, 1589, a new parliament assembled at Westminster. It

had been called together chiefly for the purpose of voting supplies, the royal exchequer being in a very exhausted state; but the first meetings showed that the representatives of the people did not mean to resign themselves entirely to play the passive part of tax-imposers. The great truth proclaimed to all the world by the Dutch Protestants, that princes exist for their subjects and not subjects for the princes, was penetrating more and more the heart of the people of Protestant England, and exhibited itself strikingly in the parliament of 1589. Before entertaining the great question of supplies which had brought them to Westminster, the majority of the new members commenced the session with the discussion of a subject which sounded ominous to Elizabeth's ears—the "redress of grievances." The list of these was long and almost interminable, the one which presented itself in the first instance, though not being the most important, occupying several weeks. This was the ancient royal prerogative known as the right of purveyance, which enabled the officers and servants of the crown to levy provisions at a fixed rate, and to make use of the horses and carts of the agricultural population whenever they thought fit to do so. The rates, fixed centuries before, were merely nominal; and the whole privilege, liable as it was to endless abuse, was little else than a species of serfdom for a large portion of the people. Nevertheless, the queen got exceedingly angry on the commons beginning to discuss her right of purveyance, and peremptorily ordered them, in a message delivered by Burleigh, not to touch her royal prerogative. If there were any abuses, the message stated, either in imposing purveyance, or in the practice of carrying it out, her majesty was both willing and able to provide due reformation, but would not permit the parliament to meddle in matters far above its sphere. A few members found courage to remonstrate strongly against this right royal view of the functions of parliament, yet they were not backed sufficiently by the feebler spirits; and in the end it was resolved to decide upon nothing, but to send a deputation to the queen. This was all that Elizabeth wanted. She received the deputation in the most gracious manner, assuring the members of her "great inestimable loving care" towards her faithful subjects, asserting, with an oath, that her solicitude for her people was "greater than of her own self, or even than any of them could have of themselves." She told them, moreover, that she had already, long before the meeting of parliament, given orders for an inquiry into the abuses attending purveyance, but that the dangers of the threatened Spanish invasion had impeded her design, for the execution of which now not another day should be lost. To such arguments, coming from royal lips, alternately threatening and coaxing, the commons had no reply; and the issue of the matter was the same as that of all previous contests between the queen and her parliaments. Wishing to atone for their little rebellion like good children, the representatives of the people, who but a moment before had got eloquent over the exceeding poverty of the tax-paying population, voted the queen two subsidies instead of one, and then separated to their homes, kindly dismissed by a speech from the throne.

During the short parliamentary session the warlike mood of the people, engendered by the defeat of the Armada, had risen to the highest pitch. The government did all in its power to discourage it, Burleigh especially feeling with increasing age the blessings of peace, and the wisdom of maintaining it whenever possible; however, the fever which had seized the nation was too violent to be kept under, and there was no remedy but to let it burst forth. At first the aim of the popular leaders who clamoured for war, chief among whom were Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, and Essex, was somewhat undecided; but it settled gradually in the determination of wresting from the lord of the Armada the jewel of his crown which of all others he prized most, the kingdom of Portugal. The scheme offered considerable chances of success, inasmuch as Philip held the country by mere physical force, being hated by the people, who had lost their ancient liberties under the Spanish occupancy, and declared themselves anxious to be again placed under the rule of the descendant of their old kings, Don Antonio, a refugee in England since the year 1580. Poor Don Antonio, a quiet unassuming old gentleman, had been treated for years with woful neglect by Elizabeth, who, not forgetting the importance of his person for political objects, contented herself with doling out to him a few meagre alms, just sufficient to keep him alive. Brought into prominence now by the openly-expressed desire of the nation to make war upon Spain, the queen altered her demeanour towards the royal refugee, and inviting him to court, treated him as a real king. At the same time, she signified to Drake and his friends her pleasure at their patriotic intentions, and her concurrence in the scheme prepared by them, stating her readiness to assist them in every way, except in giving them money. "She was too poor," Elizabeth declared, "to bear the burthen of war herself; but her brave subjects were welcome to fit out an armament for the liberation of Portugal from the Spanish yoke, provided they would do it at their own expense." This was just to the taste of Drake and his companions, who, full of the spirit of their age, their training, and their profession, could not think of anything more glorious than a buccancer expedition for conquering a kingdom, and one of the richest kingdoms, too, of the civilized world. They set to work at once with immense energy to collect sailors, troops, ships, arms, ammunition, and, above all, money. The cash flowed in freely, and all the rest was easy; even Elizabeth thought the speculation so good that she invested sixty thousand pounds on her private account. In the spring of 1589, before the parliament, of which Drake with his friends took very little notice, had been dismissed, everything was ready for conquering the kingdom of Portugal by public subscription.

The common fund was found sufficient to raise sixteen thousand volunteers, and engage a fleet of nearly two hundred small vessels, which set sail from Plymouth on the 14th of April, Drake figuring as admiral, and Sir John Norris, famous for his failures in the Netherlands, as commander-in-chief of the land forces. Before starting, Drake in his flag-ship was joined by Don Antonio, who embarked in great state as king of Portugal, his new friends having fitted him out with a full stock of ermined robes, gilded head-

coverings, and other upholstery things needful for the maintenance of royalty. The two hundred little vessels were not found sufficient at the last moment to hold all the eager volunteers who wished to join Drake, and a number of them having been left behind at Plymouth, they forcibly seized some ships of the Hanse Towns, turned out the crews, and started in the wake of their friends. All England for the time seemed in the throes of the war fever, and there was scarce a youth in any of the seaport towns who did not wish to leave his home and sail for the golden land of Portugal. Even Essex, the queen's favourite, upon whom honours, dignities, and riches were flowing down in constant showers, could not withstand the temptation of running away from his courtly paradise. Elizabeth had strictly forbidden him to join the expedition; but it had no sooner started from Plymouth when he broke loose from his soft bondage, and chartering on his own account a fast-sailing vessel, called the "Swift-sure," made off to the south, every inch of canvas set. The queen got into a terrible state of excitement at the news that her darling had made his escape, and at once despatched the earl of Huntingdon after him; yet Essex was already beyond the reach of pursuit, and in a few days joined the fleet of the adventurers, while crossing the Bay of Biscay. When Essex arrived, a cloud had already fallen over the prospects of the expedition. Drake's ships had been becalmed for several days, and being insufficiently and hastily fitted out, were short of provisions; but, what was worse than this was, that in consequence of it the two commanders had fallen out and were engaged in a hot quarrel. The original plan of the undertaking, as laid down by Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh, was to achieve victory at one great stroke, by pushing up the Tagus and seizing the capital of Portugal. It was the best scheme possible, for the twofold reason that Lisbon contained more friends of Don Antonio and more enemies of Philip than any other town of Portugal, and that, besides, the possession of the capital involved to a great extent the possession of the kingdom. However, Sir John Norris, appointed to his high post at the desire of the queen, insisted when the fleet was nearing the coasts of Spain, that on account of their want of provisions the plan settled upon beforehand should not be carried out, and that instead of going direct to the mouth of the Tagus they should sail, in the first instance, to the nearer seaport of Corunna, or the Groyne, where they would find abundance of food and stores. Most unwillingly, and entirely against his own better knowledge, Drake was forced to give way, compelled as much by the persistence of Norris as the clamour of his republican crews, to whom the question of victuals was one of all-absorbing importance. Acquiescing in these views, well knowing that want of discipline was one of the drawbacks to the pleasure of conquering kingdoms by private subscription, the admiral altered his course for the Groyne, and on the first of May cast anchor in the Bay of Ferrol, in sight of the famous Tower of Hercules.

If personal bravery alone could have insured the success of the expedition, it could not have failed to be achieved. Corunna was strongly defended on all sides, and garrisoned by some of the best troops of

Spain; but leaving everything out of account but the promptings of their courage, the English volunteers had no sooner come in sight of the shore when they insisted on being led to battle. The earl of Essex was the first to land, stalking through the surf sword in hand, the waves reaching up to his neck; and followed by a gallant company of friends and associates, he chased the Spanish troops who had come to oppose his landing by the mere daring of his act, which they looked upon as that of some demon of the sea. Under the weight of this first impression, the soldiers of Philip evacuated the lower town of Corunna, and were defeated with great loss in a pitched battle at Puente de Burgos, one of the main entrances to the upper town. But here the tide of fortune suddenly turned. Being without heavy artillery to effect a breach, and the rocky foundation of the upper town resisting all attempts to conquer it by mining, Sir John Norris saw when it was too late his folly of throwing himself with his volunteers upon a strong fortress; and to remedy his error if possible, he now proposed to fall into Drake's plan and sail for Lisbon. The decision had scarcely been arrived at when a pestilential disorder, aggravated by dearth of food, broke out in the English camp, and before the troops could be re-embarked nearly one-fifth of them had to be buried on Spanish soil. The plague continued on board ship, and when the Tagus was reached at last the spirit of the volunteers, broken alike by want, disease, and failure, had sunk so low as to make success all but impossible. Drake had told his colleague in command, when insisting that the expedition should first turn upon Corunna, that this would give time to King Philip to fortify Lisbon beyond reach of a surprise, and his prediction was found but too true when the fleet arrived in the Tagus. A month before, the road by water into the capital of Portugal had been entirely open; but now formidable batteries were planted along the shore on each side of the river, making the attempt to force a passage all but madness. The only means remaining to get to Lisbon was to attack it from the land side, and to do so the expedition sailed again northward, throwing anchor in the harbour of Peniche, about forty miles from the capital. Undaunted as ever, though nearly breaking down under sickness, want, and fatigue, the volunteers, headed by Sir John Norris, marched forward by way of Torres Vedras to Lisbon, and actually reached the gates of the city, but only to see that its capture was absolutely hopeless, defended as it was by a powerful army, abundantly supplied with war material, while they themselves were almost without cannon. The terror of the English name alone prevented Philip's soldiers from striding forth and annihilating the handful of men who had dared to invade the country; and so great was their awe, that they did not stir from their fastness, allowing the pale, plague and hunger-stricken foreigners to creep back to the ships. Nothing remained now for Drake and his volunteers but to return to England, which they did accordingly, though not till after they had disgraced themselves by plundering several open towns on the Portuguese coast. At last, after five months' absence, Drake cast anchor once more in Plymouth Harbour, landed the poor old Portuguese gentleman with all his royal trappings, and then

proceeded to make out his death-list. He found that of the sixteen thousand men that had sailed with him not less than seven thousand had been buried on the shore of Spain, or let down, with upturned face, a bullet in their winding-sheet, to the bottom of the sea.

Elizabeth, against all expectation, did not show any anger at the fatal ending of the expedition, but received the unhappy leaders in a very friendly manner, going so far as to present Drake, Raleigh, and others who had personally distinguished themselves, with gold chains as marks of her favour. Her good-humour appeared to some to be mainly owing to the pleasure of seeing her beloved favourite again safe and sound; but there was a deeper cause, more worthy of the queen, in the fact that in the interval in which the expedition had taken place she had ceased to care much for the humiliation of the king of Spain, and had her whole attention directed towards the events that were taking place in France. These events, indeed, were as striking as important. The long struggle between the old faith and the new religion had come at length to a climax, and to all appearance a few months more, if not a few days, were to decide whether France was to be ruled for the future by a Catholic majority, imbued with strong physical force and full of the traditions of bygone ages, or by a Protestant minority representing the loftier moral aspirations and finer intellect of the nation. The mighty contest between the rival creeds had gone through some extraordinary phases during the time that the shadow of the great Armada was passing over England. After the duke of Guise, head of the Catholic League, had driven Henri III. from Paris, an assembly of the estates of the kingdom was called together at Blois to frame a new constitution and settle the laws of succession. The weak and imbecile king, a mere cipher in the government, having no children and representing the last of the line of Valois, the question mainly agitated between the two great religious and political parties dividing France was whether the crown should devolve, in the natural course of succession, to Henry of Navarre, or whether, he being a Protestant, it should fall upon another head, elected by the representatives of the people and confirmed by the head of the Catholic church. Simple as was the question, it had brought about already a singular complication of political and religious interests, the orthodox Roman Catholics becoming, in their zeal for religion, upholders of republican doctrines, and the democratic Huguenots making themselves, for the love of their brave leader, Henry of Navarre, champions of ultra-monarchical doctrines. According to the principles laid down by the chiefs of the Catholic League, and adhered to seemingly by the mass of the French people, as far as they could express their opinions, it was indispensable that the head of the state should be at all times head of the national religion, and the heir apparent of the crown being a dissenter, his claim lapsed "*ipso facto*," leaving to national sovereignty the right of filling the vacancy of the throne. In reply to this, the Huguenots, with whom were united the defenders of strict legitimacy, chiefly enrolled under the banner of the moderate Catholics or "*politicians*," maintained that by the ancient law of France there could not be any vacancy of the crown as long as there were heirs, direct

or collateral, the maxim at all times being "le roi est mort : vive le roi !" The dispute was clearly one not to be settled by discussion, seeing the greatness of the interests involved ; and the estates of Blois had not been assembled a week before it became apparent that their meeting was but the prelude of another great civil war. The contest, as had often before happened in France, was accelerated by the dagger of the assassin.

When seizing the sovereign power and driving Henri III. from his capital, the duke of Guise committed the vast imprudence to leave his weak and despised antagonist still the title of king, against the advice of Bernardino de Mendoza, who warningly told him that "subjects who draw the sword against their sovereign must throw the scabbard away." The counsel was neglected, for Guise not only kept the scabbard at his side, but put his sword into it again, and Henri III., false and cat-like as his mother, was not long in taking advantage of the terrible blunder. On the invitation of the head of the Catholic League, the king repaired to Blois to be present at the deliberation of the estates of the realm, almost entirely composed of the adherents of Guise. Being in the midst of his own friends, the duke felt so secure as to neglect even the ordinary precautions of safety, and hating him as much as his weak soul could feel hatred, Henri III. thought this a favourable opportunity for ridding himself of his great enemy. On the morning of the 23rd of December, 1588, Guise attended as usual the meeting of the council of ministers, all his own friends, when in the midst of their deliberations a message arrived from the king, summoning the duke to the royal presence. Guise obeyed without the least suspicion ; but he had no sooner passed the short gallery which separated the council-chamber from the apartments of Henri, when he was pounced upon by half a dozen soldiers of the royal body-guard, and after a desperate resistance slain on the spot. The deed was witnessed by the king, who watched it through a hole in the wall from his well-secured cabinet, and seeing his great antagonist lifeless on the ground, rushed forth to rejoice in his victory. Kicking the dead body with his foot, he exclaimed exultingly : "Now, I am king again !" He then fell into a contemplative mood : "Mon Dieu, qu'il est grand ! Il paroist encore plus grand mort que vivant." Full of frenzy inspired by terror, the king next rushed from one end of the palace to the other, brandishing a dagger, and screaming, "Morte la bête ! Morte la bête !" At length he came to his mother's room, situated immediately below that in which the duke of Guise had been assassinated. Catherine de Medici was lying ill in bed, suffering from the gout ; she had heard the struggling overhead, the cries for help, and the heavy thump on the floor, but all her inquiries as to what was going on had met with no reply, her attendants assuming an air of absolute ignorance. At last her son burst into the room. "Madame," Henri cried, full of bravado, "this morning I have made myself king of France : I have killed the king of Paris !" "Malheureux !" screamed Catherine, "the dagger which has fallen upon the king of Paris will spring back upon the king of France." Uttering these prophetic words, the terrible woman who had ruled

France for thirty years sank back upon her pillow. Twelve days after, on the 5th of January, 1589, Catherine de Medici was a corpse.

The assassination of the duke of Guise, which was followed by that of his brother the cardinal de Guise, likewise massacred by the king's guards, created the most tremendous excitement throughout the whole of France. In Paris, where the popularity of the duke had been highest, the people appeared almost mad with grief and fury, vast crowds parading the streets night and day, kneeling before pictures of Guise as before a saint, and heaping curses upon his royal murderer. The priests did their best to keep up this excitement by preaching violent sermons against the enemies of the Catholic League, the effect of which was that before many weeks were gone a popular army had arisen ready to tear the king to pieces, and to appoint as his successor any member of the house of Guise. Henri III. was utterly amazed by the tumult engendered through the scene enacted at the palace of Blois. For years, before and after the great night of St. Bartholomew, murders and assassinations had become so very common in the kingdom reposing under his sceptre, that he did not for a moment imagine the stabs directed against the two brothers Guise would make much noise ; and the news, therefore, that the friends of the slain men were raising an army against him took him completely by surprise. He would not have believed in the reality of the thing, but that daily reports told him the army of the League was coming nearer and nearer ; till at last, at the beginning of March, the sound of the cannon against the walls of Blois announced that the revengers had arrived. Henri fled in great haste, scarce knowing where to go, hesitating between the fortified places of Bourges and Moulins, and finally throwing himself into Tours. But even here, approaching closely the territory occupied by the Huguenots, the king was not safe, and another week showed him that he had no choice left to save his head but to fly from France, or to beseech the assistance of those heretics whose persecution had been the chief feature of his reign. The king hesitated not, but sending a messenger to Henry of Navarre implored him to come to his aid against the Catholic rebels. Twenty-four hours after receiving the summons the Huguenot prince was at Tours, face to face with the king of France, telling him to be of good cheer, and to let the crown of the kingdom rest for awhile upon Protestant swords. The words and the whole appearance of Henry of Navarre—or, as his foes called him, mockingly, "the Bearnese," as native and sovereign of the province of Bearn—made a deep impression on the feeble monarch, who since he had lost his mother was drifting about helplessly like a feather in the storm. As the Bearnese stood before him, a long scarlet mantle thrown over his heavy steel armour, and his keen grey eyes looking out smilingly from under his wide slouched hat, the wretched king, trembling for his life, felt as if this was the only man left whom he could trust, and he unhesitatingly threw himself into his arms. Being successor to the crown, as well as leader of a great party, the Huguenot prince now proposed a plan to King Henri distinguished for its simplicity. It was that of marching upon Paris, of casting out the troops

of the Catholic League, and of re-establishing the fallen royal power by encouraging industry, protecting all good citizens, and hanging all bad, peace-disturbing priests and monks. Henri III. accepted the proposal, the energy of his heir having imbued him with never-known enthusiasm; and at the beginning of May, 1589, while Drake was preparing to wrest Portugal from King Philip, a Huguenot army went tramping along the dusty highway from Tours to Paris to install the first Protestant sovereign of France.

Henry of Navarre did not find the road from Tours to Paris entirely open, but he had little difficulty to cleave his way. After defeating the duke of Mayenne, younger brother of the murdered Guise, and his successor as chief of the Catholic League, in several battles, and storming a number of fortified places, he found his progress unencumbered, and in the evening of the 30th of July had reached the hill of St. Cloud, looking down upon the capital of France. Within the city there was intense consternation. Since the night of the St. Bartholomew massacre the name of Huguenot had become a by-word in Paris, expressive of horror no less than of fear, the guilty consciences of the rabble who had partaken in the frightful scenes of murder trembling at the idea that retaliation might reach them some day. The priests had given them absolution from sin and punishment in the world to come; but there was no guarantee that the hard steel of earthly Huguenot swords would not reach their throats, or the lash of heretic provosts not be felt by their backs. Thus when the Bearnese approached the gates of the capital the despair was great, and when his stalwart soldiers were actually seen from the walls, universal fear and discouragement seized the people. The train bands, foremost in the work of carnage during the dread Bartholomew night, were the first to refuse service; and when, on the morning of the 31st of July, the Huguenots had taken possession of all the villages round Paris, and were making preparations for a storm, the general cry of the mob was for a capitulation. To the priests and the chiefs of the League this sounded like a death-knell, rousing them to a last supreme effort. They were fully aware that their dispirited, demoralized followers could not withstand the Huguenots for a moment, and to save themselves they resolved to have recourse once more to assassination. At a secret meeting, held at the residence of the duke of Mayenne, it was decided to murder both the king and Henry of Navarre, and to accept the services of two monks of the Dominican order, dwelling in the convent of the Rue Saint Jacques, who had offered their daggers for the purpose. The king, as the most important personage, was to be the first victim, a monk named Clement, a former soldier, undertaking to despatch him. On the evening of the 31st of July, Clement had a long interview with the duke, and afterwards with the duchess his wife, who hated Henri III. with fierce violence, arising from personal motives. The duchess promised Clement a cardinal's hat, and, moreover, as stated by contemporary writers, granted him "ce qu'il y avoit de plus capable de tenter un moine debauché."

It was late at night when the monk left Paris, a poisoned dagger hidden in the sleeve of his coat, and his pockets full of forged letters, purporting to be from

friends of the king, who wished to open the gates of the city to him and his troops. Arrived at the outposts of the besieging army, Clement delivered his letters, and was led for temporary accommodation into a guard-house, where he was closely watched till the next day, the 1st of August. In the meanwhile the letters—very clever fabrications—did their work. The king, in concert with Henry of Navarre, had resolved to take Paris by storm on the 2nd of August; but the liberal offer of his pretended adherents of opening the gates of the capital made him waver, and he entreated his Huguenot protector to postpone the assault. To this the Bearnese would not consent without having good proofs that the proposed capitulation was made in all sincerity, to get which he ordered the bearer of the message to be strictly questioned. The monk was proof to all interrogations, talked little, assumed a mysterious air, and wound up by saying that he had a great secret to communicate, but could tell it to none but the king himself. This being reported to Henri, he desired that the Dominican should be brought into his presence. Clement accordingly was led into the royal cabinet, where the king was standing surrounded by a number of the officers of his life-guard. Assuming an air of the deepest humility, the monk now begged to be allowed to whisper a few words into the ear of his majesty, stating that he was sworn to communicate his secret to him alone. The royal officers strongly opposed this demand; but Henri, whose curiosity was deeply aroused, insisted upon listening to what the holy messenger had to tell him. Stepping forward a few paces, the king bent his ear to the Dominican, but almost at the same instant uttered a short, sharp cry, and fell to the ground. Clement had drawn the dagger from his sleeve and plunged it into the stomach of the king, close to the navel. "Ah, le meschant moine, il m'a tué!"—Oh, the false monk, he has killed me!—Henri exclaimed, and then fainted. Some of the officers, with more zeal than wisdom, at once drew their swords, rushed upon the Dominican, and hacked him to pieces, while others lifted up their bleeding master. After a while the king recovered consciousness, and his physicians having examined the wound pronounced that it did not appear dangerous, not having touched any vital parts. They did not count upon the dagger being poisoned; but Henri suspected it, and at once told the prince of Navarre, who was standing at his bedside, that he was dying. With more earnestness and dignity than he had ever shown in the course of his kingly career, he next desired that all the members of the government and the chief dignitaries of the court should assemble around him; and they having taken their places at the foot of his couch, he proceeded to administer to them a solemn oath that they would accept Henry of Navarre as his successor. "I beg you as my friends," he exclaimed, "and I order you as your king, that you will recognize after my death my brother whom you see there—mon frère que voilà—as your sovereign; and I desire that, both for my satisfaction and your duty, you tender him at once the oath as subjects." The dying king stretched forth his hand, grasping that of the Huguenot prince, whereupon all the bystanders sank on their knees, tendering the oath of

homage to Henry of Navarre. A few hours after, and the last monarch of the race of Valois—a race which had given thirteen kings to France, in the space of two hundred and sixty years—had ceased to breathe.

The sudden death of Henri III. was a great misfortune to the Huguenot cause. France was far from being prepared to accept a Protestant king, however legitimate his claim to succession, and however great his personal merits—claims and merits alike sinking into nothingness when balanced against fierce bigotry and the superstition of ages. Henry of Navarre was fully aware of the strength of the elements opposing his accession; and deeming it indispensable to increase his party before fighting his way to the throne, he entered at once into negotiation with the more moderate of his antagonists. He was driven to this step the more readily, as a few hours had sufficed to show him the extent to which his recent successes had depended upon the spell of ancient royalty which had clung to his weak and helpless predecessor. The morning of the 2nd of August had been appointed for the storm of the capital; but when the sun arose over Paris, four hours after the death of the last of the Valois, the new king found that the army which was to make the assault was in a state of dissolution. His own trusty Huguenots formed but the kernel of the vast cohort prepared to scale the walls of the great city, and they alone appeared inclined to remain attached to him, while all the rest took to flight. Even the men who had sworn fealty to him in the hand of the expiring monarch seemed to forget their oath in the general consternation that seized the army when the death of Henri III. became known; and twelve hours after the event, the besieging force under the walls of Paris, instead of being able to make an attack, had to prepare for the defence. The situation of Henry of Navarre would have been desperate but for the cool courage which animated himself and his Huguenots. While entering into negotiations with his opponents, Henry at the same time despatched an envoy to a body of Swiss mercenaries who had been fighting under his orders, paid by the late king, but who seemed doubtful now whether it would not be better to join the Catholic League, as the surer paymaster. It was known to all that the Bearnese and his friends were poor men, not possessing much else in the world but their Bibles, their good swords, and their stout hearts and arms; nevertheless, the Swiss allowed themselves to be persuaded to throw in their fortune with that of the new king, trusting that, if not at once, he would pay them at some time or other. This decision all but saved Henry of Navarre from being taken a prisoner by the troops of the League. On the 3rd of August, the day after the death of the king, they made an attack upon his camp; but he beat them with the help of his Swiss auxiliaries, and then prepared for the retreat which had become unavoidable. Not to give it the appearance of a flight, he kept the royal standard aloft for five days longer, and then, on the morning of the 8th August, marched slowly off to the north, carrying with him the corpse of his murdered predecessor. After depositing the body of Henri III. in the abbey of St. Corneille, at Compiègne, the king parted his army, now amounting, including

the Swiss mercenaries, to about twenty thousand men, into three divisions, and directing the left wing upon Rouen and Havre, and the right upon Boulogne, he himself with the centre started for Dieppe. His plan of campaign was to take possession of the sea-board all along the Channel, so as to be able to keep up an uninterrupted communication both with England and the Netherlands. To England's queen and people Henry of Navarre looked above all others to help him to put the crown of France on his head.

Unwilling as Elizabeth ever was to enter into war, she could not help assisting Henry. It was not merely that the cause of the Huguenots excited the sympathy of all England, but there were the gravest political reasons for opposing the progress of the party standing out against the legitimate claimant of the French crown. For years the Catholic League had been little else but the tool of King Philip, who had paid regular salaries to the duke of Guise and the other principal leaders; and the murder of Henri III., so far from loosening the ties connecting him with the priestly party, increased them to such an extent as to induce him to become a claimant of the crown of France. The claim, put forward in the name of his eldest daughter, offspring of his marriage with the sister of the last of the Valois, was all but an absurdity, inasmuch as the fundamental law of the French monarchy excluded the succession of females; but this did not prevent the chiefs of the League from giving in, more or less openly, their adhesion to his pretended title. Philip, in reality, was the only serious counter-king whom the Roman Catholic faction could hope to oppose, with any chance of success, to Henry of Navarre, there being no other claimants of the crown possessed of the shadow of a title, save a poor old priest, the cardinal of Bourbon, who was kept in safe custody by the Huguenots. Under these circumstances, to assist Henry of Navarre meant but to make war upon Spain, on a field of all others the most important to England; and reluctant as Elizabeth was to risk either her gold or the blood of her subjects, she felt the absolute necessity of spending her last coin and her last soldier in keeping Philip from the throne of France. She received an envoy from Henry at the moment when he was burying his predecessor at Compiègne, and with unusual alacrity promised at once to let him have some money, arms, and ammunition. Neither arrived a moment too soon. Henry had taken possession of Dieppe on the last day of August, and established communication with his friends at La Rochelle and the Protestants of the Netherlands; but he had not more than eight thousand soldiers under his command, and the army of the League, increased by Spanish auxiliaries despatched by the prince of Parma, and numbering above forty thousand fighting men, was close at his heels. At Paris, his retreat to the sea-board was considered a flight, and his cause so hopeless, that when the duke of Mayenne, commander of the Catholic army, left the capital, he issued a proclamation engaging to bring "the Bearnese" as a prisoner to the Bastille in the course of a week. It was when Mayenne and his forty thousand had come to within a few leagues of Dieppe that Henry got the first instalment of the succours promised by Elizabeth, consisting of a sum of twenty-two thousand pounds.

Small as was the amount, the poor king was overjoyed at the receipt of it, frankly confessing to the English envoy that he had never seen so much gold in all his life.

A few days after he had received the money, on the 24th of September, 1589, Henry had the intense gratification of seeing twelve hundred English volunteers arrive at Dieppe, which raised his confidence to such a pitch that he resolved to take the field at once against Mayenne, although the forces of the latter were still more than four times as numerous as his own. At the foot of the castle of Arques, where the king had taken up a strong position, the two armies met, and after a tough struggle, which lasted, with short interruptions, for twenty hours, Mayenne had to beat a retreat. The victory, on Henry's part, was not very decisive, but it had a prodigious effect throughout the whole of France. From the accounts spread by the partisans of the Catholic League, the people expected the capture or annihilation of the king and all his adherents as an absolute certainty, and the battle of Arques so much surprised the ignorant multitude of the large towns as to cause a complete panic. Henry took advantage of it by marching straightway upon Paris; and on the last day of October he once more found himself on the hill of St. Cloud, looking down upon the capital of France. His intention was to make himself master of the city by surprise, but his design was frustrated by the watchfulness of the priests, his old enemies; and after holding the suburbs for a week, and seeing the hopelessness of storming the inner fortifications, he marched onward to Tours. From thence he made his way into Normandy, capturing Argentan, Domfront, Falaise, Evreux, and other strong places, the English volunteers distinguishing themselves everywhere by their undaunted courage. Various reinforcements, amounting on the whole to about three thousand men, had in the meanwhile come from England, encouraging the king to try once more the fortune of open battle with his enemy. Mayenne, after his rout at Arques, had been hovering about in the north of France, in communication with the prince of Parma; but pretending to fall again upon the capital, Henry succeeded in attracting him towards it, and on the 14th of March, 1590, the king found himself a second time face to face with the army of the Catholic League. The struggle that ensued was frightful, although the number of men on both sides was comparatively small. Henry had not more than eleven thousand troops under his command, eight thousand foot and three thousand horse, and the Catholics about double the number, but each side fought with a courage approaching frenzy. From early morn till late at night the white plume of the Huguenot king, which he had stuck on the top of his helmet, a mark for his foes as well as his friends, waved in the thickest of the battle; more than once the ranks of the royalists broke under the terrific onset of the soldiers of the League, but again and again Henry rallied them, till at last the troops of Mayenne streamed backward in wild disordered flight, leaving nearly half their number on the field of battle. The victory was the most complete ever gained by the Protestants of France over their enemies.

The important events that were taking place in the

neighbouring country absorbed completely the attention of Elizabeth's government. It was only after the great Armada had been shattered in the northern seas that the queen awoke to the full sense of the immense danger that had hung over England, and that, losing all her old trust in diplomacy, she resolved to face King Philip henceforth in no other way than sword in hand. After the failure of Drake's expedition to Portugal, there were rumours that Philip was making preparations for another invasion of England; but the better information of Burleigh's and Walsingham's spies soon proved that this was not the case, and that all his efforts for the moment were concentrated upon strengthening his influence in France, with the view of adding the crown of the Valois to his own. There was not a statesman in the councils of Elizabeth, Catholic or Protestant, who doubted that Philip would seek revenge, some day or other, for the loss of his great fleet; that he must be fought with somewhere was absolutely certain, and all agreed that it would be best to make France the battle-field. Thus the English government watched with a keen interest the career of the noble and illustrious knight-errant, styling himself Henry IV., who, with his stanch Huguenots, was struggling to grasp the blood-stained crown which the dagger of a Dominican monk had left vacant. As usual, Elizabeth was not in haste to part either with her money or her soldiers; and it was not until she had positive information that Philip was ready to enter into a death contest with Henry of Navarre for the French crown that she resolved upon openly throwing her sword into the balance on the side of the Huguenots. In the spring of 1590, immediately after the battle of Ivry, she concluded a regular treaty of alliance with Henry, stipulating to send an army to his aid, as well as to despatch a fleet to the coast of Brittany, where the Spaniards were expected to land. The first instalment of the English forces, numbering about three thousand men, under Lord Willoughby, an officer of some experience, arrived soon after, and more were promised. Elizabeth was importuned by the earl of Essex, now in higher favour than ever, to place him at the head of the army which was to hold France against the Spaniards, but she refused, although he kept kneeling at her feet for hours. Getting wiser by experience, the queen seemed to have become aware at last that her handsome favourites were not necessarily great commanders of men.

Henry scarcely profited by the arrival of the English auxiliaries. The great victory of Ivry had laid the road to Paris open to him; but instead of following up his advantage immediately, he lost more than two weeks at Mantes, for no other purpose than that of making love to a beautiful lady, Antoinette de Pons, dame de la Roche Guyon. The brave Huguenots, accustomed as they were to the gallantries of their princely leader, were scandalized at his behaviour in this perilous emergency, and demanded with loud cries to be led against the capital. Thus constrained, Henry broke away at last from the enchanting siren—about the fiftieth to whom he had sworn love unto death—and in slow stages marched upon Paris, taking possession of the suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Martin on the 7th of May. Five weeks before, the city gates had stood open to receive the victorious army of Ivry,

but now they were closed, with priests and monks patrolling on the walls. For the first time since the rise of the Huguenots, the fanaticism of the priests had impelled them to forget their calling to the extent of taking up arms; fearing the Parisians would capitulate, they had thrown off their cassocks, armed themselves with rusty swords and muskets, and formed themselves into a regiment, choosing for commander the bishop of Senlis, a stout prelate, with a fine development of muscle. For a few days the citizens laughed on seeing the monkish regiment parade the streets, with crucifixes carried aloft as banners, and rosaries slung across their guns. The firing of the priests was bad enough, destructive only to themselves; nevertheless the example took effect upon the lower classes, and in another week sixty thousand men had sworn on the host to defend the capital against the heretic king or to die the death of martyrs. The people kept their oath as never fanatics did. Henry had no sooner arrived before the city when he enclosed it strictly on all sides, deeming it more politic to force the people into surrender through want of food than to establish his government by bloodshed. But the king, himself wonderfully free from bigotry, little knew what was seething in the hot cauldron before his eyes, in the minds of the two hundred thousand human beings shut up within the narrow walls of the capital. There were scarcely any provisions in the city; but the people resolutely prepared themselves to die of hunger till relief should come from without. Nearly all the corn, flour, and meat was exhausted in the first fortnight of the siege, and then, the beginning of June having arrived, recourse was had to such unusual food as the flesh of horses, dogs, and cats. This, too, came to an end in another fortnight, when rats, mice, and other vermin were seized eagerly and devoured with avidity, together with thistles, nettles, and blades of grass growing between the stones in the lesser thoroughfares. All the while the priests and monks were feasting well, having laid by good stores in the immense granaries of their convents; but fearing now that the people would attack them, they distributed a small portion, taking care, however, to give to none but well-armed men, and preaching in all the churches and at every street corner the new doctrine, that of all martyrs going to heaven none were so acceptable to God as those that had died of hunger. Thus the end of July arrived, and with it horrors of horrors. The streets were strewn with skeleton-like corpses, frightful to look at; and the ghastly rumour spread everywhere that the living had commenced to eat the dead. It was on the suggestion of Bernardino de Mendoza, worthy ambassador of King Philip, that experiments were made to crush the bones of the dead in mortars, so as to convert them into flour; and this once commenced, the starving wretches threw themselves like vultures on the disgusting food, eating the corpses entire. But even this was not the climax of horrors. There were vague stories afloat—all but incredible—of mothers having killed and devoured their own infants; of whole families subsisting upon the corpses of their relatives. Every one that had tasted the nameless food perished soon after; and yet "Mendoza's mortar" continued its work, and the citizens, all but unanimously, refused to surrender. Never in the

history of the world was the power of fanaticism exhibited as it was in this defence of Paris.

Henry looked on with somewhat too much complacency upon the unspeakable sufferings of his deluded subjects. There were two ways open to him to end them, to take the city by storm, or to retire from the siege; but listening both to his political advisers, who told him that an assault upon the capital would endanger his prospects of the crown, and to the preachings of the Huguenot ministers, who exhibited the horrors that took place within the walls of Paris as a picture of heavenly punishment for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he could not make up his mind for either step, but kept hoping the people would surrender. He hoped from day to day, and from week to week, relieving the tediousness of the siege by an intrigue with two beautiful abbesses, of Montmartre and of Poissy, till one morning, towards the end of August, the sentinels reported the approach of an army from the north. It was Philip's general, the prince of Parma, who had come up from the Netherlands with forty thousand men to gain a new title to the crown of France by relieving the capital. Henry marched forward at once to give battle; but Parma skilfully evaded it, and by a series of strategic marches and countermarches enticed his adversary away from the capital, until he had been enabled to throw into it large stores of food, arms, and ammunition. Too late, the king saw that he had been duped; and the continuance of the siege having become useless, he galloped away with his Huguenots to the west. There was abundance of work for him in this quarter of France. A number of towns which had been royalist before had fallen off from Henry through the intrigues of priests, backed by Spanish gold, while a large fleet had sailed from the Tagus to take possession of Brittany. To prevent the landing of Philip's troops, the king hurried onward in forced marches, but without success. At the beginning of October, 1590, the Spanish flotilla threw anchor in the harbour of Blavet, disembarking six thousand men, and establishing a firm footing on the coast. The French Protestants and royalists were greatly alarmed at this movement, but scarcely so much as Elizabeth, whose fears were that Brittany might prove the stepping-stone of a new Armada. She hurriedly concluded another treaty with Henry, engaging to send a fresh body of troops to his aid, on condition that they be solely employed against the Spaniards, and be withdrawn on their expulsion from France. The English auxiliaries, to the number of four thousand, commanded by Sir John Norris, landed at Paimpol, on the northern coast of Brittany, at the commencement of 1591, and with them came a portion of Elizabeth's navy to watch the approaches into the Channel. There were rumours rife in London and all along the southern coast, that another host of big, slave-propelled galleys was about being launched towards the shore of England.

The march of the prince of Parma upon Paris, and the landing of Spanish troops in Brittany, which followed soon after, gave rise to an extraordinary warlike feeling among Elizabeth's subjects. It was embarrassing, in many respects to the queen, but still more so to Burleigh, whose increasing age did not favour any but thoughts of peace, the more so as he

had lost the year before his trusty coadjutor, Sir Francis Walsingham, which made the burden of government hang heavy upon his shoulders. The earl of Essex, as one of the chief leaders of the war party, was most obnoxious to the old statesman, whose aim for more than a generation had been to make England great by peace; and to rid himself of his personal influence, Burleigh persuaded Elizabeth to send him into France as commander of a body of troops. The queen was loth to part from her handsome favourite; however, she could not withstand his own pressing importunity combined with that of her chief councillor, and in August, 1591, some six months after the despatch of Sir John Norris to Brittany, Essex sailed for Dieppe, at the head of a force of three thousand six hundred men, including three hundred gentlemen volunteers. Having thus banished in a convenient manner the chief adversary of his peace policy, Burleigh proceeded to moderate the war-fever by giving it an outlet. There were a hundred schemes afloat for laying hold of Philip's treasure-fleets from the West Indies, and he made the queen sanction two of them, propounded respectively by Lord Thomas Howard and the earl of Cumberland, and which appeared the least mad of the whole. Howard started with seven ships, and Cumberland with eight, and both attacked the Spanish "plate-fleet" on the Atlantic, but met with a signal repulse, Philip having had the wisdom of ordering his treasure to be escorted by a powerful naval force, consisting of not less than fifty-five sail. In the attack of Howard's squadron, a fine ship had to be abandoned—the first English man-of-war that had yet fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. The ship was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, acting as vice-admiral of the fleet, who did not give in till after a desperate fight, lasting from three in the afternoon till midnight, by which time nearly every man on board was either killed or wounded, masts, sails, and tackle cut to pieces, and nothing but a hulk left, lying on the water like a log. The brave commander was mortally wounded in the action, but dying addressed some cheering words to his companions. "Here die I, Richard Grenville," the old sailor exclaimed, "with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour."

The ill success of the naval expeditions against Spain had the consequence of making Elizabeth more cautious in her further proceedings, and King Henry soon began to feel the effect of it. He had been promised fresh succours in the wake of the auxiliaries commanded by Essex; but they failed to arrive, and instead of them came angry letters from the queen. She complained that her soldiers under Essex had not been exclusively employed, as stipulated in former treaties, against the Spaniards, but sent to assist in the siege of Rouen, undertaken in the king's interest alone. "I am astonished that any one," Elizabeth wrote to Henry, in her own energetic manner, "who is so much beholden to us for aid in his need, should pay his most assured friend in such base coin. Can you imagine that the softness of my sex deprives me of the courage to resent a public affront? The royal blood I boast could not brook from the mightiest prince in Christendom such treatment as you have

within the last three months offered to me. Be not displeased if I tell you roundly that if thus you treat your friends, who freely and from pure affection are serving you at a most important time, they may fail you hereafter in your greatest need." Henry was not a little offended at this letter, its boastfulness, as well as its evident injustice. It was sheer absurdity for Elizabeth to pretend that she was aiding him out of "pure affection" to drive the Spaniards from the soil of France; and this and the consideration that his haughty royal ally had hitherto doled out her assistance most sparsely to him, coupling every little service with remonstrances and conditions, made Henry silently resolve to free himself from her ties. He felt the more inclined to do so, as the aid he was receiving from England was gradually becoming more and more useless to him and tending to be dangerous. The forces under the earl of Essex had prevented his own army from capturing Rouen, the headlong impetuosity of the handsome favourite not being tempered by the smallest grain of military genius; while the English troops in Brittany, commanded by Sir John Norris, to whom misfortune clung as to an ancient friend, had met with nothing but a constant series of defeats. Weighing all these facts carefully in his own mind, the king arrived at the great resolution to make peace with the majority of his subjects in the only way he could hope to do, by becoming a member of the state church. It was more a conquest over princely pride than deep religious conviction for Henry to rush to this determination, which was facilitated by the counsel of some of the leading Huguenots themselves. They could not help seeing with him that the wild fanaticism of the multitude could not be kept down even by deluging the country in blood for another generation to come, and that the nominal conversion of their leader to the tenets of the majority, insuring his safe instalment on the throne, would be infinitely more favourable to the cause of Protestantism than a hundred won battles. Swayed by these weighty considerations, Henry publicly declared his readiness to become a convert to Roman Catholicism, and at the same time despatched an envoy to make his peace with the holy father at Rome.

Elizabeth professed great anger at the step taken by her ally, which, however, furnished real satisfaction to Burleigh. More sincerely attached to Protestantism than his mistress, Burleigh yet felt assured that it would be the greatest curse to England to be led into a vast continental war; and aware, at the same time, that the simplest way of driving the Spaniards from France would be the accession of Henry IV., he could not find it in his heart to blame the Huguenot prince for the intended apostacy. The earl of Essex, by the queen's desire, was recalled from Normandy; but to make up for this loss in the opposition to Philip's ambition, Burleigh encouraged the fitting out of several other naval undertakings against Spain. The ill-luck of the two last expeditions had done but little towards checking the desire of English sailors to have a peep into the contents of the wonderful "plate-fleet" which kept crossing the broad Atlantic once or twice a year, and there were scores of adventurers ready to stake their fortunes and their lives in the attempt. Among those most anxious to undertake the task another time

was Sir Walter Raleigh, in momentary disgrace with the queen for having presumed to transfer his homage from her person to that of one of her ladies of honour, a beautiful creature, called Elizabeth Throgmorton; and it was with the double intention of repairing his shattered fortune, and of escaping imprisonment in the Tower, with which his sovereign threatened him for worshipping any other but her aged charms, that he planned a new expedition for seizing the Indian treasure. His name being in high renown as an experienced sea-rover, Raleigh had little trouble in getting the necessary capital for the speculation, so that nothing was wanted but the sanction of government to carry it out. This was obtained through Sir Robert Cecil, eldest son of Burleigh, who had just been appointed to the post of secretary of state left vacant by Walsingham, and being a violent enemy of the earl of Essex, thought fit to patronize Raleigh, who had engaged in many quarrels with the favourite. The squadron of Raleigh, consisting of thirteen ships, well manned but ill provisioned, left the River Medway, where it had been fitted out, in the spring of 1592, and kept cruising about the Azores for several months, without, however, meeting with the great "plate-fleet." Not to go home quite empty-handed, the adventurers kept watching the Portuguese coast till meeting with a good prize in a merchant vessel, called the "Madre de Dios," chartered with jewelry and other valuable goods to the amount of half a million sterling. But the honest sailors who followed the fortunes of Sir Walter pocketed the diamonds before they got to England, and when the shareholders in the expedition came to examine the prize they found it worth next to nothing. To crown his misfortune, Raleigh was thrown into the Tower as soon as he had set foot on shore, together with his fair sweetheart, Elizabeth Throgmorton. It had been reported to the queen that her old favourite intended to marry secretly the too beautiful lady of honour, and in her rage she thought that the crime could not be atoned for otherwise than by cutting off the heads of the two lovers.

There was a sad spectacle of decay of mental powers, and growth of all the meaner passions of the soul, in the declining years of Elizabeth. Though now close upon sixty, the queen was more absurdly vain of her charms than ever in her life, indulgent to none but the most outrageous flatterers, and thereby making her court a hotbed of intrigue and falsehood. Burleigh himself, in whose wisdom Elizabeth believed as in that of no other man, was more than once on the point of falling into irremediable disgrace by not chiming in with the fulsome flatteries of the courtly tribe; and but for the shrewdness of his son, the secretary of state, whose keen eyes, looking out from a deformed body, were bent upon watching every man and every action in the surroundings of the throne, he might have ended his career in prison, if not on the scaffold. This was the fate destined for Sir Walter Raleigh, but he saved himself for the moment by an extravagant piece of adulation. Hearing, a few weeks after his imprisonment in the Tower, that the queen intended to leave London on a journey, he wrote a long letter to his patron, Sir Robert Cecil, passionately asserting that he was dying for love of the royal

maiden. In the epistle, which, as the shrewd son of Burleigh well understood, was meant for the eyes of Elizabeth, the much-experienced sailor drew a startling picture of the effects of the passion of love. "My heart," wrote Sir Walter, "was never broken till this day, that I hear the queen is going away, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were less great. But now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery—I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus; the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess; sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus—behold the sorrow of the world! I am bereaved of all." The ancient royal maiden, sharp-featured, grey-haired, and wrinkled, witch-like more than bewitching, very demurely accepted Raleigh's atrocious flattery, and to reward him and prove herself once more nymph, angel, and Venus, let him out of prison. As a further recompense, Sir Walter obtained, through the interest of the crown, a seat in the House of Commons; and early in the year 1593, a few months after his discharge from the Tower, made his appearance at Westminster as representative of the people. The keen-eyed sailor had discovered a shorter road to preferment than that via Spain and the plate-fleets.

The new parliament which the queen had summoned, and which was opened on the 19th of February, 1593, was remarkable as exhibiting the despotic tendencies of the aged queen. One of the effects of the indulgence of the horde of sycophants which surrounded her was that she had come to believe herself all but infallible, which made her treat the lords and commons in a style unknown since the days of Henry VIII. The haughty demeanour of Elizabeth, approaching the ludicrous in its vehemence and unreasonableness, became apparent on the first day of the session. When the speaker of the commons, Sir Edward Coke, made the three usual requests of freedom from arrest, of liberty of speech, and of right of remonstrance, she replied, by the mouth of the lord keeper, in a kind of invective which absolutely startled the loyal representatives of the nation. She told them that she felt graciously inclined to grant freedom from arrest, provided "that it was not to cover any man's ill doings," but that as to liberty of speech she warned them "that wit and speech were calculated to do harm; that their liberty of speech extended no further than 'ay' or 'no'; and that if any idle heads hazarded themselves by meddling with church and state, the speaker should not receive their bills." This was like a design to reduce parliament to a mere tax-voting assembly—a meaning not at all hidden by her majesty. "They were not called together," the lord keeper expressed himself very clearly, in the name of the queen, "to make new laws, or lose good hours in idle speeches, but to vote a supply to enable her majesty to defend her realm against the hostile attempts of the king of Spain." The majority of the members of the House of Commons were cowed under this show of despotism; and a few who dared to make

a feeble show of opposition were silenced by the simple method of being thrown into prison. This happened to four representatives who had brought in a petition, couched in the most humble terms, entreating her majesty to declare herself regarding the succession, and to two others who had prepared bills for altering some gross abuses in the ecclesiastical courts. The mere allusion to the possible necessity of altering any part of her government machinery put Elizabeth in such a wrath that she sent for the speaker, telling him "to inform the commons that parliaments were the creatures of her will; that she might summon and dissolve them, nullify or give effect to their decisions according to her pleasure; that she was indignant at their presumption, and, once for all, forbade the exhibition of any bills touching the reformation of matters of church or state." This was enough to make all the members still out of prison kiss the rod very humbly. They voted with great alacrity two subsidies at once; and when the queen declared that this was not sufficient they voted three. The voting over, Elizabeth dissolved the parliament in person, severely reprimanding the members for their behaviour. Reprimand was never better deserved.

Elizabeth's arbitrary proceeding, like all despotic violence, was in reality but the cloak of weakness. Never since the accession of the queen had the policy of the government been more unstable, more aimless, and more under the vacillating influence of petty factions than now when she was trampling upon the rights of the nation. The cause of all was visible enough. The great brain that had ruled England for nigh forty years was losing its power: Burleigh was fast succumbing to age, and there was no man as yet to take his place. His son, Sir Robert Cecil, who, as quaintly stated by an old writer, "carried upon his little crooked body a head and a head-piece of a vast content," was still too young and inexperienced in affairs to exert much influence in the government; and above him and around him there was such wild turmoil of intrigue, strife, and ambition as might have bewildered the steadiest and wariest politician of the age. "There was never," Cecil wrote to a friend, "in court such emulation, such envy, such back-biting, as is now at this time;" adding that dishonour had become the best coin for purchasing honour. The result of all this was despotism at home and weakness abroad, the latter visible not only in the relations with France, but still more with the Netherlands. The aid given by Elizabeth to the Dutch Protestants in their struggle for independence had gone on diminishing for years; but the pretensions of the queen in directing their movements to her own advantage remained high nevertheless, and when some little spirit of opposition was shown she suddenly turned round upon them, demanding to be reimbursed for all her previous expenses. It was a harsh and cruel demand, and in reply to it the brave republicans, now under the leadership of Maurice of Orange, son of the murdered stadholder, pleaded their great poverty, and the extreme difficulty in supporting the war against the Spaniards, that made it impossible for them to discharge old liabilities, which, besides, by the terms of the treaties entered upon, were to be settled only

at the conclusion of peace. The arguments had little effect upon the queen, and she continued to insist upon immediate repayment, exhibiting in a striking manner the increasing hardness of a mind soured with age, with hopes unfulfilled, and becoming more and more unsympathising. For a moment there seemed danger of the dispute with the fighting "beggars" of the United Provinces becoming serious; but fortunately for them, and still more for the honour of England, the matter was arranged finally by Sir Thomas Bodley, Elizabeth's envoy in the Netherlands. After long and painful negotiations, he succeeded in concluding a fresh treaty, superseding all former ones, by which the people of the United Provinces bound themselves to pay the queen annually twenty thousand pounds, till the extinction of her debt, to conclude no peace with Philip without her consent, and, in the event of a war with Spain, to assist her with a certain number of ships. These were hard terms for a people that had been struggling for more than a generation for its very existence, and was still in the death-throes of a war carried on against overwhelming odds.

The harsh treatment of the Dutch Protestants, with whom he was intimately allied, quickened the desire of the king of France to free himself from the necessity of the cautious assistance afforded by Elizabeth, by making peace with his Catholic subjects. On the 15th of May, 1593, Henry made the public announcement of his intention to be "instructed" by a number of bishops in the faith of the ancient religion; and the instruction, extending over exactly two hours, having been given, the Huguenot king was solemnly admitted as a member of the church of Rome. The ceremony took place at St. Denis, cradle and burial-place of the monarchs of France, on Sunday, the 25th of July. At eight o'clock in the morning the king, surrounded by an immense train of nobles and high dignitaries of state, and preceded and followed by his Swiss and Scotch life-guards, bent his steps towards the cathedral of St. Denis, through streets covered with flowers, and crowded by a vast multitude, who rent the air with their acclamations. The cathedral was shut when the king arrived; then his trumpets sounded, and he himself knocked at the gate. It flew open in an instant, and the archbishop of Bourges, with seven bishops and a countless number of priests, were seen ranged in a semicircle at the foot of the high altar. "Who are you?" demanded the archbishop, on Henry approaching. "Je suis le roi!"—I am the king!—was the reply. "What do you wish here?" again demanded the archbishop. "I demand to be received within the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church," said the king. On a sign from the archbishop, Henry kneeled down at his feet, to make his public declaration of faith. "I protest and swear," the king exclaimed slowly, "before the face of the Almighty God, that I will live and die in the Catholic religion, which I will protect and defend against all enemies, at the peril of my blood and my life." The archbishop now offered Henry his sacred ring to kiss, and giving him the absolution and benediction, led him to the foot of the altar. Here the king repeated his oath on his knees, while the priests and choir, joined by the vast assemblage within the cathedral, broke forth

into the strains of the "Te Deum Laudamus." After this Henry confessed, attended high mass, and then returned through the flower-strewn streets to his palace, amidst crowds frantic with joy. Rome had conquered, and the faith of reason had lost its last chance of ruling France.

The apostacy of Henry IV. had not the immediate effect he expected from it. The civil war, in which religion was the mere pretext, as far at least as the leaders were concerned, was carried on with more or less intermission, and the chief enemy of Henry, Philip of Spain, got even fiercer in his warlike attitude. While forcing the pope not to acknowledge the conversion of the king as real, he kept pouring troops after troops into Brittany and the northern provinces of France, determined to gain a firm hold in the country for the assertion of his claims. Philip was now sixty-six years of age, and broken under disease; but his ambition seemed to be growing with his wasting body, and with one foot in the grave he continued dreaming of world-dominion. He kept working hard all day, writing despatches to his generals and ambassadors, assisted by none but his eldest daughter, aged twenty-seven, described as "a very lusty, beautiful lady," who had become his favourite child since the death of the prince of Asculé. "Her chief pastime," Mr. Standen, one of Burleigh's secret emissaries, reported, "is the reading of history and writing with her father, the latter being his common occupation, whereby he despatched more than any three secretaries, and in this manner with his pen and purse governeth the world." To seat this daughter upon the throne of France, leaving to his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, "of a fair, sanguine complexion, addicted to music and riding," the rule of all his other dominions, was the great ambition of Philip; and, according to Burleigh's agents at Madrid, he added to it that of seizing the diadem of Elizabeth, and uniting England and France under one crown. The latter scheme, or pretended scheme, wild and visionary as it seemed, met, nevertheless, with general belief; and after the invasion of Brittany by Philip there were few who doubted that another Armada would soon make its appearance on the coast of England. The belief found its expression in the constant organizations of naval armaments directed against Spain and the Spanish possessions. Although the more recent expeditions had turned out very unfortunate to the chief persons concerned, there was a never-ceasing crowd of adventurers ready to embark in new ones; and scarcely a season passed without some fleet or other setting sail from Plymouth or the River Thames to burn the ships and lay hand on the golden ducats of King Philip. The spirit, useful as it was to breed daring seamanship, was not altogether creditable to the English nation; but Elizabeth had neither the force nor the will to put a stop to it, and content of ruling her subjects on shore in despot fashion, she had not a word to say against her sailors turning pirates, as long as she could share in the spoils. "My sister of England does not care for glory unless it is gilded," said Henry IV. to the ambassador of Venice, on the latter proposing to fit out an expedition, with Elizabeth's aid, for exploring the Nile.

The rumours of a Spanish invasion, after subsiding for a while in 1594, when Philip's troops met with

several defeats both in France and the Netherlands, acquired renewed strength in the spring of the following year. It was reported by the English spies at Madrid that the galleys prepared were ready to embark their cargoes of sailors, soldiers, and slaves, and that nothing was wanted to start the new Armada but the arrival of the Indian treasure-fleet. That Philip was in want of funds was already known in England, his enormous wars, and subsidies paid to adherents all over the Continent, swallowing up more than his gigantic revenues from the New World; and his credit had come to stand so low for the moment that even the Genoese bankers, always willing to issue loans to respectable kings at twenty or thirty per cent. interest, refused to honour his drafts. Based upon these facts and rumours, a great plan was brought forward by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins. It was to ruin Philip by taking possession of the harbours in the West Indies, from which the annual "plate-fleets" set sail, and thus deprive him with one stroke both of his immediate supplies of treasure and of those for some time to come. The plan was received with great favour, not only by the people of England, but by Elizabeth, whose imagination was dazzled by the idea of streams of gold diverted from Philip's exchequer into her own. She therefore gave immediate permission to her two naval heroes to engage in the enterprise, promising that six of her own ships should assist in it. Thus encouraged, the preparations made quick progress, and in July, 1595, Drake and Hawkins set sail with a splendid fleet of thirty ships, carrying close upon three thousand men. It was the largest expedition ever sent from England across the Atlantic, and being in charge of two such leaders as Drake and Hawkins, there were few who doubted that the success would be more than adequate to the expectations entertained. But a few months sufficed to dispel these illusions, showing once more that since the defeat of the Armada Elizabeth's subjects were given too much to underrate the valour of their enemies. The adventurers commenced by attacking Porto Rico, but were repulsed with great loss, suffering a thorough defeat, which so much affected Hawkins that he expired of grief soon after. The death of the great sailor took place on the 12th of November; and the same evening Drake had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball that carried the stool from under him as he sat at supper and killed two of his chief officers. Nothing daunted, he pursued his voyage to Panama, which he attempted to take, but again failed, and in revenge burned and ravaged Nombre de Dios and several other towns on the isthmus of Darien. The ignoble warfare was ended by the death of Drake, on the 28th of January, 1596, little more than two months after that of Hawkins. Without leaders, and utterly dispirited, the survivors of the expedition now made their way back to England, where they were received with reproaches by Elizabeth. Grim old age was fast destroying all her nobler instincts, leaving her unable to admire anything but success.

Upon the people of England the defeat of the enterprise which had raised such high hopes had no other effect than that of begetting a loud cry for renewed exertions, greater than any yet made, to curb the power and pride of Philip. The queen

made some efforts to discourage the war-fever, but was carried away by it before long, chiefly through the influence of Essex, whose passion for the pomp and excitement of the battle-field appeared to increase with age, growing into a sort of fury. He now proposed to Elizabeth a scheme of extraordinary magnitude. It was nothing less than that of invading Spain with an army of twenty-five thousand men, and of seizing Cadiz, the strongest naval fortress of the kingdom, and principal station of Philip's fleet. Burleigh declared himself strongly against this expedition, as fraught with enormous cost, and very doubtful of success; and Elizabeth seemed inclined to listen to his arguments, when a matter of very trifling importance threw her over to the side of Essex and the war party. There appeared a book at Antwerp, supposed to be written by Cardinal Allen and some of the English Jesuits at Rome, bearing the title, "A Conference about the succession to the crown of England: divided into two parts, whereof the first containeth the discourse of a civil lawyer how and in what manner propinquity of blood is to be preferred, and the second, the speech of a temporal lawyer about the particular titles of all such as do or may pretend within England, or without, to the next succession." The book attempted to prove, in a very able manner, the right of King Philip to the throne of England, based on his descent from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster; and dwelling strongly on the argued illegitimacy of Elizabeth, on account of the conviction of Anne Boleyn for adultery, it put her into an extraordinary rage. What added to it was that the publication was dedicated to the earl of Essex, who was overwhelmed with praises, being described as "a man like to have the highest part or sway in deciding of this great affair," namely of the succession. The object of this dedication, and of coupling her favourite's name with her own, was too evident to make the queen suspect for a moment that Essex could have had a previous knowledge of it; and while reserving, therefore, all her anger for the unknown authors, she resolved to chastise Philip as their patron or employer. Being printed at Antwerp, under the eyes of his chief representative in the Netherlands, there could be no doubt as to King Philip being the principal originator of the "Conference about the succession," in which his pretended claims were so well sustained; so that when she learnt that the book was distributed in thousands of copies all over the kingdom, she was ready for the invasion of Spain.

The preparations for the great expedition were carried on with much despatch all through the spring of 1596, when the news of another vast stroke of Spanish policy fell startling upon the ears of the queen. For some time past the northern division of the army with which Philip was prosecuting the war against Henry IV. of France had been making considerable progress, chiefly through the energy of a new governor of the Spanish Netherlands, the Archduke Albert, appointed to his high post after the decease of the prince of Parma. The archduke, in the summer of 1595, had taken the city of Cambray by surprise, and spreading his troops from thence westward was threatening the towns of Picardy and the French ports on the Channel, all of them but

thinly protected by garrisons. Henry at once perceived the great danger to which he was exposed in losing these important places; but being engaged in sanguinary warfare in the south of France, against his old enemies of the Catholic League, he was unable to hurry to the relief of his threatened Channel ports, and had to content himself to invoke the aid of Elizabeth. The demand, preferred in the humblest manner by a special envoy, was refused by the queen, who for the moment felt incensed against Henry for several witty remarks which he was said to have uttered about her vanity and ill-temper. But not many days passed before she had seriously to repent the indulgence of such petty revenge. On the 5th of April, while Henry's envoy was still trying to persuade her to assist his master, eight thousand Spanish troops suddenly appeared before Calais, summoning the governor to surrender; and two days after the news reached London that, unless there arrived immediate assistance, the city would have to succumb. Now Elizabeth took the alarm. She at once despatched the earl of Essex to Dover, to cross the Channel with the fleetest ships that were being got ready for the invasion of Spain, and attempt to raise the siege of Calais at any cost and any price. Essex started as soon as he had received the queen's commands; but he had not gone many hours when another express arrived, reporting the fall of Calais as inevitable if not relieved within three days. It was a Sunday morning when the courier, booted, spurred, and dust-covered, made his appearance before Elizabeth, just as she was going to attend divine service at her chapel. She quickly put down her prayer-book, and calling her secretary, dictated an order to the lord mayor and aldermen of London to impress a few thousand able-bodied males, or as large a number as they could seize, and send them off to Dover, before the day was gone. The fathers of the city were listening to a sermon at St. Paul's Cross when the royal mandate arrived, and did not wait for the end to execute it. A brilliant idea flashed through the brain of the worthy lord mayor immediately on receipt of the order from his high, mighty, and most dreaded sovereign. It was no easy task under ordinary circumstances to catch so many able-bodied males at such very short notice given; and it struck his lordship that the very best way to net his victims would be to pounce upon them while lost in the tranquillity of prayer and meditation. The scheme was eminently successful. Before the morning service was over the doors of all the city churches were suddenly closed, and to the intense surprise of the congregations, sheriffs' officers marched in, and collared the stoutest and best-looking of the male worshippers. In the afternoon the pious citizens thus selected had arms put in their hands, and before the evening sun had set they were trudging along the old road to Canterbury. The queen greatly admired the prompt action of the lord mayor and his brethren; which admiration, however, was not shared by all her subjects.

Energetic as were the measures taken by Elizabeth to relieve Calais, they proved completely useless. Before the herd of poor citizens kidnapped for glory had been driven to the sea-shore, the report that the city, English for so many centuries, had fallen into the

hands of the Spaniards had been brought to the queen. Her sorrow was the more lively from the knowledge that but for the refusal of a few men-of-war to her illustrious and brave ally of France the event could not have taken place, and that the hundredth part of the armament preparing to be thrown against Philip's dominions would have prevented him from hoisting his flag in sight of the English shore. But regrets were vain under the circumstances: to save Calais would have been easy, but to reconquer it was all but impossible; and nothing remained but to continue the preparations for the invasion of Spain with redoubled energy. Elizabeth had not been at first inclined to form the expedition on as large a scale as proposed by the earl of Essex; but the advance of the Spanish arms on the Channel decided her, and she seemed inclined for the moment to go rather above than under the estimate. Taking advantage of the treaty concluded just before with the United Provinces, she despatched Sir Francis Vere, a friend of Essex, to Amsterdam, to demand the assistance of the Dutch rebels in the attack upon Spain. The noble-hearted "beggars" responded to the appeal with great liberality by sending twice the number of ships they were bound to by the terms of the treaty, almost forgetting their own position in the desire to aid in the enterprise. To this resolution King Henry, whose influence was great in the Netherlands, contributed much. Philip was the only man upon earth whom the brave and good-natured king hated with all the fulness of his impassioned heart; for inclined as he was to think well of all men, pitying human weaknesses, of which he himself had not a few, he still looked upon the Spanish monarch as a sort of incarnate spirit of evil, full of malign and fiendish passions. It was not for the open warfare made upon him by Philip that he hated him thus, but for his old practices of launching forward assassins. Again and again the life of Henry had been attempted; and whenever he investigated the sources of the crime, he found that he could trace them to the little cabinet at Madrid, where the pale-faced ruler of millions was writing despatches with the "very lusty, beautiful lady," his daughter. To crush Philip, the royal Bearnese would have given half his kingdom, but unfortunately as yet not even the half was under his command; and his counsels to his Dutch friends, together with best wishes for success, were all that he could contribute to the great expedition about to invade Spain. Neither were without importance, for pressed by him, the parliament of the United Provinces decided at once that twenty-two of their best ships of war should be sent into the Channel to join the English fleet. The junction was effected at the end of May, Elizabeth's ships being ranged in the bay of Plymouth, ready to raise their anchors and sail away to the south.

On the morning of the first of June the great armament left the shores of England, favoured by a fair wind. The queen had appointed Essex the commander-in-chief of the troops destined to be landed in Spain, altogether about twenty-four thousand in number, including above a thousand English noblemen and gentlemen serving as volunteers; while Lord Howard, as high admiral, had charge of the sailing

operations and all matters concerning the management of the fleet. It was not by any means a wise arrangement, Essex and Howard cherishing no friendly feeling towards each other; and to counteract the effect of this, and dreading a possible collision, Elizabeth nominated above and aside of the two commanders a council of five, "to keep them in due temper and harmony." The five councillors were Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Conyers Clifford, and Sir George Carew, all brave men and good sailors, but partizans more or less of either Essex or the high admiral. The whole of this elaborate machinery of command reflected but the turmoil and intrigues of Elizabeth's court, and seemed little fitted to advance the success of the expedition; however, the hopes of all were high when it started, and the fortune of the waves smiled upon it to such a degree that after a rapid run across the Bay of Biscay and along the Spanish and Portuguese coast, the fleet threw anchor in St. Sebastian's Bay, at the entrance of the harbour of Cadiz, without the loss of a single vessel. The passage had been so quick that no intelligence of the danger threatening his shores had as yet been received by Philip; and taking advantage of the panic which the arrival of the expedition created at Cadiz, the high admiral and Essex resolved to force their way into the harbour with the whole of the armament under their command. Soon after daybreak on the morning of the 21st of June the English fleet put itself in movement, Sir Walter Raleigh leading the van. The broad and magnificent harbour of Cadiz was protected by the guns of the fortress, as well as by a mass of large cannon upon the ramparts, while the entrance was barricaded by some thirty galleons, argosies, carracks, and frigates, all armed to the teeth, and stretching from one side to the other like a bridge. It seemed all but madness to rush upon such a gigantic bulwark of defences, yet the daring commanders of the English fleet did not hesitate for a moment in their course. Raleigh, leading the way in a vessel called the "Warspite," set the example of intrepidity by pushing right into the middle of the harbour, regardless of the hailstorm of fire from fort, walls, and ships, and hung on to the "San Philip," the hugest of the galleons, as a lion would put his claws into the sides of an elephant. Every captain of an English vessel, great or small, did the same, which frightened the Spanish sailors and soldiers to such an extent that they threw down their arms, while the officers ordered the anchors to be slipped, to gain the shore if possible. It availed them little. The big galleons, before they could run aground, lost most of their men, "tumbling," as Raleigh described it, "into the sea heaps of soldiers like coals out of a sack." Then, all on a sudden, the aspect of the Spanish fleet became still more terrible. A negro slave, full of hatred of his proud taskmasters, set fire to the powder magazine of the "San Philip," just after the big ship had freed herself from the grasp of her bold enemies. Then there flashed forth a broad sheet of lightning followed by thunder, and at the same moment the mainmast of the "San Philip" was seen shooting into the air like an arrow. The flames in a few minutes seized another large galleon, the "San Thomas," with two heavy argosies, and now the whole became a scene of unutterable horror. "The

spectacle," says Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Relation of the Cadiz action," written some time after, "was very lamentable; many drowned themselves; many, half burnt, leaped into the water; many were seen hanging to the ships' sides by the ropes' ends, up to the lips in water, and many swimming, with grievous wounds, stricken under water, and suddenly put out of pain; and withal so huge a fire and such tearing of the ordnance in the great "Philip" and the rest, as if any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there the most lively figured."

Amidst the smoke and flames of the burning fleet Essex landed five thousand of his picked men, and led them to an attack upon the city gate nearest the harbour. There was but slight resistance from within; and in less than an hour Cadiz had fallen into the possession of the English troops, who immediately spread over the great and wealthy city, burning, killing, and plundering. Many of the officers and soldiers got hold of enormous riches, carrying off loads of diamonds, gold, and jewels; and although Essex did everything in his power to stop the plunder, his efforts could effect little more than protect the women and children. The sack of the city lasted the whole day and part of the night following; but in the meanwhile a prize greater than all Cadiz escaped the hands of the conquerors. During the attack of the English upon the great war ships, the famous "plate-fleet," which had just arrived from America, with millions of treasure on board, had prudently retired to the bottom of the inner bay, protected by strong batteries. To follow and to seize the golden argosies, in the first flush of success, while the air was thick with the smoke of the burning galleons, was Raleigh's intention; and though badly wounded in the leg by a splinter, he proceeded to carry it out, when he was called on shore by the commander-in-chief. Essex, noble and generous to a fault, was nevertheless not free from jealousy; and aware that the heart of his royal mistress was thirsting after the substantial contents of the plate-fleet far more than after the ideal glory of capturing cities, he had made up his mind to have no sharer in the renown of grasping the wonderful carracks. But his troops kept sacking and burning within the city, and before the bugle could call them together for fresh work, the chief of the Spanish forces, the duke of Medina Sidonia, had come to a decision of his own. The duke, since the defeat of the great Armada which he had commanded, hated the English with deadly hatred; and he now resolved without hesitation to destroy the vast treasure of his master rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy. While still engaged in the sack of Cadiz, Essex's soldiers, who had been followed by most of the men of the expedition, all at once saw the heavens in a blaze. The great plate-fleet was burning: never before in the memory of men had there been such a costly bonfire. For miles and miles around the air was loaded with the perfume of the richest spices; the jewels crackled and sparkled, and the burning gold shot up in rich green flames. The illumination was said to be worth above ten millions of ducats: King Philip received the report of it with grim satisfaction, but the maiden sovereign of England was ready to cry at the news. She considered the bonfire to be paid out of her pocket.

After the capture of Cadiz and the burning of the Spanish ships, the leaders of the expedition were in some perplexity as to what to do next. An orderly plan of campaign had never been settled upon, and the widest divergence of opinion now began to appear among the seven chiefs among whom the queen had divided the commands. While Essex declared himself strongly in favour of prosecuting the invasion of Spain by marching into Andalusia, and establishing a firm hold upon the sea-board between the Guadalquivir and the Strait of Gibraltar, the lord admiral utterly opposed this scheme as visionary and impossible, and refused even to hold Cadiz itself. The five councillors, appointed to "keep them in due temper and harmony," did little but fan the flame of discord between Howard and Essex, by siding some with the one and some with the other, until an agreement between the conflicting opinions had become utterly hopeless. At last the lord admiral threatened to sail away with the ships under his orders, and leave his rival in command with his adherents alone on the foreign coast, and the threat was actually executed in part before Essex would give way. But his own officers before this had revolted against him; they all had their chests filled with the spoils of the rich city, and anxious to throw their gold and diamonds safely into the lap of their wives and friends at home, they were not in the least want of glory for the moment, but cheerfully ranged themselves at the side of the high admiral. He ordered Cadiz to be burnt, the inhabitants being allowed to quit their homes after paying a heavy ransom; and on the 5th of July, the English forces re-embarked, with the rich city behind them on fire. After taking and sacking the town of Faro, in Portugal, and carrying off, among other booty, the famous library of Osorius, the fleet made all haste homeward, and favoured by wind and waves, threw anchor again at Plymouth on the 10th of August, after an absence of little more than two months. Essex, without waiting an hour, immediately posted to court; he feared that a storm would arise against him, and tried to crush its effect by appealing to the love of her who had lifted him near to a throne.

The fears of Essex were but too well justified. Elizabeth's anger on learning that the expedition had returned with every man enriched, but with no other present for her than the bales of theology and philosophy netted at Faro, passed all bounds; and looking upon her favourite as chiefly responsible for the loss of Philip's golden carracks, she overwhelmed him with reproaches. Refusing to listen to him in private, she ordered that he should undergo an examination before the privy council, to justify his conduct both in allowing the treasures resulting from the sack of Cadiz to be appropriated by his men, and for distributing afterwards other large sums, proceeds of the ransom paid by the inhabitants of the city, among the chief officers of the expedition. It was easy for Essex to explain all, and to show that whatever riches his subordinates had amassed, he himself had come back with empty hands, the glory of England having been the sole object of all his actions. Burleigh, enemy though he was of the royal favourite, was so much impressed by his noble defence that he openly took his

part in the privy council, with the effect of bringing down upon his own head the ire of Elizabeth. She called her aged minister "a miscreant and a coward," telling him that he was "more afraid of Essex than herself," and altogether rated him so fiercely that he fell seriously ill. Not content with this, the queen, whose fury against her favourite seemed to grow with the attempts of others to take his part, forgot herself so far as to strike one of her ladies of honour who presumed to say a few words in favour of Essex. The lady, a Mrs. Bridges, was presumed to be a mark of the gallantries of the handsome earl; and it was both on this account and of her interference in his favour that the queen laid hand on her. The event was gravely represented by contemporary writers as an important affair of state. "The queen," reported one of them, "hath of late used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger, and she and Mrs. Russell were put out of the coffer-chamber. They lay three nights at my Lady Stafford's, but are now returned again to their wonted calling." To make peace with her Mrs. Russell, Elizabeth immediately after presented the important wardenship of the cinque ports to one of her friends. It was but natural that under a sexagenarian maiden queen England should be ruled by maids, or widows, of honour.

In the intrigues which divided the court of Elizabeth, the great question of the succession played an important part. Notwithstanding that it was forbidden, under visitation of the severest displeasure of the queen, even to hint that she would die some day, and would therefore require a successor, the subject necessarily was in the minds of most men, and the engrossing thought of all courtiers. The fact that there seemed but one real claimant to the throne, in the person of the king of Scotland, altered little in the great turmoil of intrigue and speculation; for as long as Elizabeth had not recognized James as her successor his position was more or less doubtful, and there were none that could positively say what the next week, month, or year would bring forward. But very few dared to enter into any communication, open or secret, with James of Scotland; and among the more important personages at Elizabeth's court, Essex was the only one presuming, at very favourable moments, to hint at his claims to the succession. The claims had been strengthened within the last few years by the marriage of the young king with the Princess Anne of Denmark, which had already been productive of offspring. The union, which proved as satisfactory to the people of Scotland, on account of the bride being of an old Protestant house, as distasteful to Elizabeth, furnishing food for her envy, had given rise to a little romantic episode, in which James distinguished himself favourably. He was married to Princess Anne, not quite fourteen years old, by proxy, on the 20th of August, 1589, a year after the advent of the great Armada; and the ceremony accomplished, the juvenile bride was given in charge to Peter Munch, admiral of Denmark, to be carried to her husband across the North Sea.

The bridal voyage was beset with extraordinary dangers and difficulties. Thrice the Danish admiral, with twelve fine ships, attempted to make the Firth of Forth, and thrice he was beaten back by storms,

the last time when already in sight of the coast of Scotland. Peter Munch was a brave old sailor, inured to the perils of the waves, but this was too much for him. He firmly took it into his head that the storms on the North Sea were produced by witches—one witch in particular, known to himself as the wife of a burghess of the city of Copenhagen. Brooding over these matters, Peter Munch, instead of making one more attempt to carry the princess under his charge to Scotland, or of undertaking the other alternative to bring her back to her Danish friends, sailed with her towards the arctic regions, throwing anchor finally at Opslo, a miserable little town of wooden houses—converted, in more recent times, into the Gamla-Byen, or Old Suburb, of Christiania—on the Norwegian coast. From here the Danish admiral despatched a letter to his court, begging the king would graciously hang the old witch of Copenhagen, who, with others of her tribe, was stopping his passage over the North Sea, promising that as soon as she had been tied up he would set sail again for his destination. At the same time Princess Anne, somewhat sceptic about witches, but with a little faith in love, sent a note to her betrothed lord, announcing her unwilling voyage to the northern latitudes, and her misery of being kept away from him. James received the message, carried by a young Dane named Steven Beale, passionately enamoured of the young princess, his mistress, at the beginning of October, and at once determined to dispense with the further services of Peter Munch by fetching his wife himself from Norway. His ministers strongly opposed the resolution; but James was not to be daunted, and setting sail with five small vessels, the biggest of them of not more than one hundred and twenty tons, he safely landed, on the 28th of October, in the bay of Flekkefiord, on the Norwegian coast, some hundred and fifty miles south from the dwelling-place of Admiral Munch and Princess Anne. To discover them was not an easy task; and the king had to stalk about among the pathless mountains of Norway for more than three weeks, till a lucky accident brought him into Opslo. James had forgotten all court etiquette by this time, and, booted, dirty, and snow-covered as he was, stormed into the presence of his poor little bride, whom he greeted with a hearty kiss, "after the Scottish fashion." Two days after there was a royal wedding at Opslo; and having spent his honeymoon in a wooden barn, the storms of the Skager Rack singing the epithalamium, King James and his bride set out on an overland journey through Sweden to Denmark. It was not a pleasant trip, in the depth of a Scandinavian winter, with the snow lying six feet high; but the matter was not to be helped, the royal pair and their suite being impelled onward by the sorest of all wants, the lack of victuals. After a very cold and somewhat dangerous journey of more than a month, bride and bridegroom arrived at last at Copenhagen, where they were once more married with Lutheran rites, the friends of Princess Anne deeming the two previous nuptial ties not sufficiently strong. King James had no objection to be married on for ever, feeling excessively comfortable in the Danish capital, in a life of luxuries he had never before known. Spending his days in discussing knotty theological points, and his nights in getting

drunk, he was not a little sorry when, in April, 1590, a deputation from Scotland arrived to see what had become of him. There was no help for poor James but to turn his face homewards; and, escorted by the fleet under Peter Munch—who, somehow or other, had disposed of all the Danish witches—king and queen safely landed at Leith on the first day of May. On the 19th of February, 1594, Anne of Denmark presented her lord with a son and heir, who was christened, a week after, as Henry Frederick.

The birth of a son was a tower of strength to King James, both among his own turbulent subjects and his friends in England; yet the very event served but to increase the jealousy of Elizabeth. She herself kept up a formal kind of intercourse with her prospective heir, but allowed no one to do the same; and on being made aware, through the report of her spies at the court of Scotland, that the earl of Essex was exchanging occasional ciphered letters with the king, she severely reprimanded him for it. This happened soon after the return of the favourite from the Cadiz expedition, and served to increase the cloud of royal disfavour against him to such an extent that he began seriously to fear for his position. To work upon the sympathy of his aged mistress, the earl had recourse to a remedy he had often before tried, that of pretending severe illness. The design proved effective once more, for no sooner had the queen heard that the life of her handsome friend was in danger, when she hurried to him, and peace was concluded on the fairest terms. But Essex was well aware that the peace would not be lasting unless he should succeed in repairing the Cadiz misfortune, and with this end in view he proposed another expedition to the Spanish coast, for the purpose of intercepting the next "plate-fleet," believed to be of more than ordinary importance and value. Elizabeth readily entered into the proposal; and the knowledge of the wealth amassed by individuals in the last enterprise attracting a vast number of adventurers, the scheme soon came to swell into gigantic dimensions. Early in the summer of 1597, a fleet of one hundred and twenty sail had assembled at Plymouth, of which seventeen were queen's ships, forty-three merchantmen of more or less size, well armed for the occasion, and the rest tenders and victuallers. The fleet carried five thousand newly-levied troops and volunteers, and one thousand veterans from the Netherlands, the latter under Sir Francis Vere. On the urgent demand of Essex, the queen nominated him commander-in-chief of both the naval and the military part of the expedition, investing him with absolute powers, unrestricted by any kind of supervision. Under him, Lord Thomas Howard was appointed vice-admiral, and Sir Walter Raleigh rear-admiral, while the command of the principal ships was given to the most experienced captains of the royal navy, including Sir George Carew, Sir Thomas Vavasour, Sir Richard Lewson, and Sir William Monson. Thus prepared, the fleet set sail from Plymouth on the 9th of July, but had scarcely got out of sight of land when it was overtaken by a storm, and had to return into harbour, with the loss of many men, and great damage to the ships. On learning this mishap, and hearing that it would take a month to refit the

expedition, Elizabeth ordered the disembarkation of all the land forces, except the veterans of Sir Francis Vere. Her majesty, as of old, kept carefully balancing her accounts, and, while investigating the law of chances, was getting afraid that the hunt after Philip's carracks would prove a non-paying speculation.

Essex set sail once more on the 17th of August; and this time was fortunate enough to reach the Spanish coast, with no more serious misfortune than that of scattering his fleet, by blundering directions, over a good part of the Atlantic Ocean. His incapacity to play the admiral, though no more than might have been expected, had become painfully apparent by this time, emboldening Sir Walter Raleigh to take matters to some extent in his own hand. It had been settled to wait for the "plate-fleet" at the Azores, the usual resting place of the Spanish argosies; and on Raleigh arriving there, separated from the rest of the expedition, he took upon himself to capture Fayal, the largest of the central islands. Essex, who arrived some days after, got into a great rage at the exploit of his subordinate, threatening to have him shot for breach of naval discipline. It was with difficulty Lord Thomas Howard succeeded in pacifying the handsome earl and patching up a reconciliation between him and Raleigh, so as to prevent the immediate dissolution of the enterprise. However, from this moment everything failed. Raleigh, conscious of being the true chief of the expedition, was too proud to allow himself to be guided by a man utterly ignorant of naval affairs, and the result was that the great "plate-fleet" escaped once again. But for a lucky accident which drove three small Spanish merchantmen right into the arms of Essex, he would have had to go back empty-handed, with the certainty of falling into utter disgrace. As it was, the earl felt humiliated enough on landing at Plymouth, late in October, and repairing to court to give an account of his expedition. Elizabeth received him with the most violent reproaches. She had learnt already that the vessels he had taken, the largest of which was of but four hundred tons, were not worth sufficient to cover one half the cost of the adventure; and the knowledge that the payment of the other half would chiefly fall upon her was enough to make her forget all her affection for the beautiful master of the horse whom she had turned into an admiral. The fiery nature of Essex could not brook the insults of the mistress who had so long treated him as a spoiled child, and he left the court in great anger, retiring to his country house at Wanstead. From here he sent a challenge to Lord Howard, the high admiral, whom he supposed to have influenced the queen against him, and who in his absence had been elevated to the earldom of Nottingham, "for services," as stated in the patent, "rendered at the taking of Cadiz." Essex considered this a reflection upon his own conduct, and notwithstanding the polite refusal of the high admiral to shoot him or be shot at, talked of murder and revenge in such a strain as to frighten the queen at last. She was getting heartily tired of her impetuous favourite, yet felt not sufficient strength within herself to cast him off entirely. To mollify his anger, she elevated him to a dignity he had long coveted, that of earl marshal of England, with which office he was solemnly invested in

December, 1597. This momentarily suspended the court broils, which, with the increasing age of Elizabeth, began to influence to a high degree the government of the realm.

The return of the favourite to court gave not a little unhappiness to Burleigh. The aged minister, who had guided the vessel of state now for more than a lifetime, was beginning to feel the end of his career approaching; but there was one great desire still in his breast, which was to give a lasting peace to England before closing his eyes. Not unanticipated by him, though quite unlooked for by his colleagues in the government, the offer of such a peace arrived at the end of the year 1597. The man who had made Europe the plaything of his ambition, who had turned whole nations into ferocious savages to establish certain dogmas of his own, and who had shed the blood of hundreds of thousands, and destroyed the peace and happiness of millions to add a little to his imaginary power, the prime motor of all the wars that had afflicted the civilized world for nearly half a century, King Philip of Spain, was getting tired of war. At the age of seventy the fear of death suddenly opened his eyes to what the fear of God had never taught him—that men were something more than fighting animals, made to kill each other for the pleasure of princes or of priests. While writing despatches with his daughter, the only being upon earth he loved, illness suddenly struck the aged despot to the ground, and after lying insensible for several hours, his physicians had the courage to tell him that the disease under which he was suffering was incurable, and that his days were numbered. The effect of this announcement was instantaneous. All the untameable pride and haughtiness of Philip seemed to give way at the moment; and he who but a short time before had scorned the idea of even treating with his rebellious subjects in the Netherlands, as well as with the Bernese ruler of France, humbled himself so far as to go begging for peace. To the infinite astonishment of Henry IV., a special envoy appeared before him, just as he was besieging Amiens, which the Spaniards had taken by surprise, offering peace on terms to be dictated by himself. Henry loved his subjects too dearly not to be delighted by the proposal; however, his feeling of honour forbade his entering into negotiations without his allies, and he therefore replied to the Spanish envoy that he was quite willing to make peace provided he was joined by the governments of England and of the Netherlands. To obtain Elizabeth's consent and co-operation, the king forthwith despatched to her a special ambassador, in the person of Baron du Plessis Mornai, one of the leading Huguenot statesmen. The baron was warmly received by Burleigh, whose delight at the prospect of a general and enduring peace was not less than that of the kind-hearted monarch of France. There seemed little difficulty in arranging matters with Henry's envoy, when all at once Essex, just appointed earl marshal, and in renewed favour with the queen, made the weight of his influence felt. He loudly protested in the privy council against peace being concluded with Philip, and kept talking about battles and glory till Burleigh thought it time to correct him. The aged lord treasurer quietly drew a

prayer-book from his pocket, and pointing with his finger to the last verse of the fifty-fifth psalm: "Men of blood shall not live out half their days," laid it before the passionate favourite. The words were prophetic, though Essex knew it not.

Baron du Plessis Mornai was only partly successful in his mission to make Elizabeth join in the general peace about to be concluded. The influence of Essex, and of the war party which he was heading, was sufficient to keep her from joining Henry heartily; and all that she could be made to promise was that she would send an ambassador to take part in the negotiations for peace. In the choice of the ambassador Burleigh obtained what he believed to be an advantage, by having his son, the secretary of state, appointed for the important post. Sir Robert Cecil took his departure towards the end of February, 1598, to join the Spanish, French, and Dutch plenipotentiaries, who had met at Vervins, in Picardy, to draw up the peace treaty. But most desirous though he was to get England included in the treaty, his efforts were ineffectual, the queen, guided by Essex, laying down the most preposterous conditions. By her order, he had soon after to quit Vervins, drawing the Dutch envoys with him, and leaving Henry to conclude peace for himself. There was no difficulty as to terms, and on the 2nd of May, the representatives of King Philip signed a treaty stipulating the acknowledgment of Henry as king of France, and the restoration of all the towns taken during the war, including Calais. A long series of victories could not have given Henry more favourable conditions than these; nevertheless, the very eagerness of the king of Spain to conclude peace created distrust among the Huguenots, who doubted his death-bed repentance, and continued detesting him, calling him "the demon of the south." To restore confidence among his old friends, and show them that there was no secret understanding between him and "the demon," Henry proclaimed, previous to the signature of the treaty of Vervins, on the 15th of April, 1598, a decree of religious tolerance, celebrated for generations as the Edict of Nantes. "Now that it pleases God to vouchsafe to us the prospect of peace," the preamble of the edict commenced, "we deem we cannot better express our thanks than by providing laws securing the worship of His holy name by all our subjects; so that, until the time when it may please Him to let all men pray in one creed and under one form of religion, they may not hate and persecute each other for seeking the same high object in different ways." Next to the Reformation itself, the sixteenth century world had produced nothing so exalted as this noble law of tolerance, issued by Henry the Great.

The exclusion of England from the treaty of Vervins caused deep disappointment to Burleigh, venting itself in openly-expressed enmity of Essex. The latter was boastfully proud of the victory achieved in this instance, and lost no occasion to return the hostility shown by the lord treasurer and his son, so that before long the war of factions around the throne was raging more fiercely than ever. In the prolongation of this struggle Essex was no match for the two Cecils, as he had to find before many months were over. The great subject of discussion in the privy council, during the

whole of the spring of 1598, while Philip II. was burying his sword and Henry IV. was proclaiming universal toleration, was the state of Ireland. The chronic malady of rebellion which had prevailed for generations in Ireland, making it a nominal more than a real appendage of the English crown, had become so terrible as to render some sort of action indispensable, leaving little more than the choice between giving up the country altogether, or restoring order at the point of the sword. To the constant fights between the native chieftains, who kept devouring each other, ignoring altogether the existence of a distant king or queen, there had been added of late attacks upon the small territory known as the Pale, occupied by English troops, and which formed the only portion of Ireland over which the government of Elizabeth exerted actual sway. Even this was disputed now by Hugh O'Neil, earl of Tyrone, a chieftain risen to power by swallowing some dozen of his brethren, and who dreamt of making himself lord of the whole island, with the help of the pope and the king of Spain. To submit having terms dictated to her by this breechless hero was too much for the proud spirit of Elizabeth, and after taking the advice of the privy council, she determined to send sufficient forces into Ireland to punish Tyrone, so as to reconquer at least the nominal sovereignty of the country. On the recommendation of Burleigh, Sir William Knollys, an experienced old soldier, was nominated to the command-in-chief of the troops; and all seemed on the point of being arranged, when the earl of Essex lifted his voice against the appointment at a meeting of the council held in June, 1598, and presided over by the queen. He insisted, in a very haughty manner, that the nomination of Sir William Knollys should be cancelled, and that one of his friends, Sir George Carew, should be appointed in his stead. This led to an altercation, in which Elizabeth took part, and words grew hot, until Essex, entirely forgetful of the respect due to his royal mistress, jumped from his seat and turned his back upon her with an expression of contempt. Her three score years did not prevent the infuriated queen from instantly punishing the insult. With a "God's death! Go and be hanged!" she rushed upon Essex, treating him to a hearty box on the ear, in good schoolboy fashion. To see the aged queen thus attack her tall lover was excessively droll; but unfortunately the favourite wanted the sense of humour necessary to appreciate the ludicrousness of the action, and instead of kissing the thin fingers that had touched him, he stamped his foot and grasped the hilt of his sword. Several members of the privy council, the high admiral among them, instantly threw themselves forward to prevent the earl disgracing himself by unsheathing his weapon, and he was hurried from the room, though not before giving vent to some vituperation about "kings in petticoats."

Had any other man but Essex ventured to threaten Elizabeth in the manner he did, his head would have instantly paid for the audacity; him she pardoned, but did not absolve. The scene in the privy council was overlooked the sooner, as the queen had little time to think of the misbehaviour of her pouting favourite, an event of infinitely more importance absorbing her whole attention. In the middle of June, Burleigh fell

seriously ill, and before many days were gone, it became manifest that he was dying. He had long suffered from gout, which had enfeebled his whole frame, and, once sunk on his couch of sickness, left him unable even to use his hands for eating. Elizabeth, as soon as she heard of the serious state of her old minister, trustiest of all her servants, began visiting him, though herself far from well, and going day after day, took a sad pleasure in administering to him little comforts, and taking the place of a nurse in giving him his food. These kind attentions greatly cheered the heart of the dying statesman; and when, on the 4th of August, he closed his eyes for the last earthly sleep, it was with a smile on his lips. The loss of Burleigh deeply affected the queen. Her tears flowed fast when the news of his death was carried to her, and nothing for a long while could disturb her melancholy. That she herself was approaching the dark gate dividing the here from the hereafter, Elizabeth poignantly felt at the decease of Burleigh, and felt again, a few weeks after, on the report of another death. On the 4th of August expired her truest friend; and on the 13th of September following died her greatest enemy. King Philip perished on this day, after having suffered for months the most excruciating pains, his body being covered all over with frightful ulcers, and the worms beginning to devour him while yet the last faint flame of life was flickering. The end of the "demon of the south" was a great theme for Huguenot preachers, yet was it not altogether devoid of the coldly heroic element. Not a sound of complaint escaped the lips of Philip under all his horrible sufferings, and not a tear moistened his eye in taking farewell of the world. His indomitable pride never left him for an instant; he thought it unbecoming in a great king to utter complaints, and he complained not. He died as he had lived, silent and impenetrable.

When the queen's grief about the loss of her great minister had somewhat subsided, Essex returned to court. He was too honest to feign sorrow for the death of a man who had been his bitter enemy; but his sympathy with Sir Robert Cecil was real, and he frankly offered him the hand of friendship. The young secretary, whose great ambition was to fill the vacant place of chief adviser of Elizabeth, professed the same feelings, yet mistrusted Essex secretly, both as a rival in the queen's favour, and as absolutely opposed to his peace policy. Cecil hated war even more than his father, and knowing that as long as the imperious earl preserved his influence with the queen there would be no security against England being dragged into battle, at some moment or other, he felt himself compelled in mere self-defence to get rid of him. An opportunity was not long wanting. The proceedings against Ireland, interrupted by the death of the lord treasurer, were taken up soon after; and the question of the appointment of a commander-in-chief coming on again for discussion in the privy council, Cecil artfully hinted at the fitness of the earl of Essex to fill the post. Elizabeth eagerly caught at the suggestion. She felt quite as anxious as the secretary to discard Essex, having got tired of the handsome lover who had amused her for a time, but was now becoming very inconvenient and troublesome in his arrogance. The offer to take the chief command

in Ireland was made accordingly to the earl; and though he appeared to be conscious that it was a snare, meant for nothing else than to lead him into destruction, he deemed it cowardice to refuse the post. His only conditions were to be invested with ample powers, and to have the command of at least thirty thousand troops; and all this being granted to him, together with the right of nominating his own officers, he set sail in March, 1599. Before starting, his heart misgave him once more, and with a consciousness as if ruin was impending over him, he sent a pathetic letter to his royal mistress. "From a mind delighting in sorrow," Essex wrote; "from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel; from a man that hateth himself and all things else that keep him alive: what service can your majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? It is a rebel's pride and assumption that you will give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body, which, if it happeneth so, your majesty shall have no cause to dislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you." Elizabeth received her favourite's romantic address with great indifference, and quietly allowed him to take his departure for "the cursedest of all islands."

The career of Essex in Ireland justified but too much his evil forebodings. He landed at Dublin with an army of twenty-two thousand men, and found ten thousand more in garrison within the English Pale; but considerable as was this force, it was utterly inadequate for the gigantic task assigned to him. Ireland, to be brought under obedience to the English government, had to be not only conquered, but to be civilized. To kill a few thousand natives in battle, or to hang a few score ragged chieftains, calling themselves kings, was clearly useless for achieving the desired end, amounting to little else than lopping off branches of single trees, while a virgin forest was remaining behind. A few weeks' sojourn in the Pale, with an occasional raid into impenetrable bogs and attack upon half-naked people armed with clubs and spears, were quite sufficient to teach Essex not to attempt the task of conquering a country which, even if conquered, could not possibly be held; and he therefore wisely resigned himself to establish orderly rule in the districts occupied by English troops, or more immediately within their reach. With this object in view he left Dublin on the 10th of May, at the head of a force of sixteen thousand men, and defeating the rebels in a number of engagements, with great loss on his part, yet very little actual result, made his way to Waterford, and from thence back again to the capital. Here he remained from the 3rd of July till the 28th of August, and then set out on a march northward into Ulster, to do battle with the earl of Tyrone, the greatest and most dangerous foe of the English government. The two armies met on the road from Drogheda to Louth; but instead of fighting the chiefs entered into negotiations with each other. Sickness and constant skirmishing with the natives had reduced the troops under the command of Essex to less than ten thousand; and finding himself opposed by a force more than three times the strength of his own, stationed

in a very superior position, he gladly accepted the offer of the rebel chief to treat for peace. On the proposition of Tyrone, he and Essex met at the ford of Bellachinche, the Irish earl sitting on horseback in the middle of the stream, with the water up to his hips, and Essex standing on the southern bank, leaning on his sword. The result of this conference was an armistice of six weeks, which had no sooner been concluded when Essex marched back to Dublin, troubling himself no further about the proceedings of his antagonist. A report had reached him that the queen had fallen alarmingly ill, and he was seized by an overwhelming anxiety to get back to England.

Arrived at Dublin, Essex made the government of Ireland over to his friend, Sir George Carew, and without asking the permission of the queen to quit his post, or awaiting any orders of the home government, took passage on board one of his ships for England, accompanied by only six persons, among them Sir John Harrington, a godson of Elizabeth. The travellers reached London before daybreak on the morning of the 28th of September; and learning that the queen was at her palace of Nonsuch, in Surrey, Essex hastily crossed the Thames ferry at Lambeth, and spurred along the miry paths and bye-lanes till he had reached the royal residence. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the impetuous rider stood before the palace gates, and was told that the queen had not yet quitted her chamber. The information was lost upon Essex, for without waiting a moment, breathless, his clothes in disorder, and bespattered with mud up to his very face, he rushed into Elizabeth's bedroom, scattering the frightened maids of honour to right and left. The queen had just risen, with her hair still about her face, when the earl stormed into her chamber, threw himself at her feet, and in a wild burst of passion seized her hands, which he covered with kisses. The sight of the hot lover before her, strikingly handsome even in his travel-stained garments, with the flush of excitement and of the long morning ride upon his face, was too pleasing to the queen not to make her overlook the want of respect of his violent intrusion; and after a lengthened interview Essex retired, loudly expressing his contentment to the courtiers assembled in the ante-chamber. The satisfaction was somewhat premature. Half an hour after the departure of her favourite Elizabeth granted an audience to Sir Robert Cecil; and when the earl returned in the course of the day, having cast off the traveller, and clad in his superb court dress, he found the scene entirely changed. It was with great difficulty he obtained another interview with her majesty, who no longer looked smilingly upon him, but told him in a harsh tone that he would have to justify before the privy council his conduct of leaving his post and neglecting his duty. Cecil was standing at the side of the queen while she addressed the earl, whose agitation made his hands tremble, while an ashy paleness spread over his face. The battle between the handsome and highly-gifted earl and the crooked little secretary with the "big head-piece" was fast drawing to an end, and Essex himself could doubt no longer who would win the game.

The earl was summoned before the privy council the day after his arrival at Nonsuch Palace, the 29th of September. When he entered the council room, at

two in the afternoon, the lords rose for a moment to greet him; but they seated themselves immediately after, while he remained standing bareheaded at the foot of the table. After a short pause Sir Robert Cecil took up a paper, and, requesting the attention of Essex, informed him that he stood indicted on three charges, namely, "his disobedience of her majesty's instructions in regard to Ireland; his contemptuous disregard of his duty in returning without leave; and his over-bold going to her majesty's presence in her bedchamber." The replies of the earl were dignified, though resting on grounds unknown both to civil and military law. He pretended that as commander-in-chief, invested with absolute powers, he had a right to conclude treaties with rebels, even although his orders were to make war upon them, and he moreover argued that the same absolute powers enabled him to leave his post temporarily for the purpose of conferring with his sovereign. As to the charge of rushing unannounced into the queen's bedroom, Essex threw himself at her majesty's mercy. On having the defence of the earl communicated to her, Elizabeth remarked, drily, "that she would pause and consider his answers," giving orders at the same time to confine Essex to his own room. The same evening the queen had an interview with her godson, to whom she very excitedly expressed her feelings concerning the man in whose company he had come from Ireland. Sir John Harrington himself recorded the interview in a letter to a friend. When first espying her godson, "What!" Elizabeth exclaimed, "did the fool bring you too? Go back to your business." The honeyed words of Sir John, thoroughly acquainted with all the arts of courtiership, had little effect upon the angry queen. "She chafed much," Harrington informed his friend, "walked to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, when I kneeled to her, caught at my girdle and swore, 'By God's son! I am no queen: that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' She bid me go home; and I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels I should not have made better speed."

That Essex had finally, and probably for ever, fallen from the giddy height to which the queen's favour had raised him was now beyond doubt; but the real causes of Elizabeth's wrath against her old favourite were as yet known only to herself and Sir Robert Cecil. The earl's treaty with Tyrone, and subsequent flight from his post of duty, though grave facts in the act of accusation, were the mere pretence of his ruin, and still more so his unauthorized intrusion into the royal bedroom. Elizabeth had pardoned the latter crime, not too heinous in her eyes, the moment it was committed; and it was only after the conference with Cecil, which followed in the wake of the earl's unexpected appearance at court, that her feelings towards him seemed to turn, all on a sudden, from love into hatred. It was this conference which decided the fate of Essex. In it the secretary informed her majesty, under proof of many documents, that the earl had been for a lengthened time in constant communication with King James; that his correspondence had grown more and more intimate during his sojourn in Ireland; and that the real reason of his

abrupt departure from his post was to be found in the receipt of news which made him hope that the crown was about to be left vacant, and that he might help to place it on the head of his royal correspondent. There was a considerable amount of truth in these revelations made by Cecil to his royal mistress; but the secretary neglected to add a few important points concerning his own actions. He himself had long kept up an active intercourse with James VI., so contrived, however, that it could not be easily proved; and he himself had sent the report of the desperate illness of the queen to Ireland, and to prevent its immediate contradiction had stopped for a few days all ships but those carrying the false intelligence. The bait had taken exceedingly well, luring the too vehemence and too careless favourite to destruction. Though it could not be charged against Essex as a crime to exchange letters with the monarch of Scotland or his friends, and to harbour intentions for assisting him in securing a succession to which all England held him to be entitled, Elizabeth's anger nevertheless passed all bounds on hearing of the deceit practised by the man nearest to her heart, leaving her decided never to forgive him. The first examination of the earl was followed by another the next day, after which the queen gave orders that he should be committed to the custody of the lord keeper at York House. In the meanwhile there were warm discussions in the privy council, where Essex personally had as many friends as Cecil enemies; and it was decided in the end to acquit the earl from the charges brought against him. Elizabeth showed some exasperation at the report, but soon calmed down, being herself undecided as yet what to do with her discarded favourite. A faint flicker of tenderness for him was still lingering in the bosom of the queen, new hatred being strangely mixed with old love.

For more than eight months Elizabeth wavered between rancour and pity, till at last pity got the upper hand. Thrice she made out the warrant for the committal of Essex to the Tower, and thrice she revoked it, giving finally, as if ashamed of her own indecision, a half secret command for his release from the custody of the lord keeper, with strict orders, however, that he should not venture into her presence. The earl sullenly obeyed, but, as if in revenge of his exclusion from court, at once began to keep open house at his mansion in Essex Street, gathering around him all his friends and admirers, and forming a sort of court of his own. His popularity among the citizens of London had always been great, both on account of his brilliant personal qualities and his unbounded liberality, so that there was no want of ardent followers ready to share in his banquets, to listen to his speeches, and to bestow upon him their enthusiastic applause. The latter went deep into the heart of Essex, ripening a plan over which he had been brooding ever since the commencement of his disgrace at court. It consisted of nothing less than to expel Cecil and his party forcibly from the government, to surround the queen by a number of his own adherents, making her to some extent a prisoner, and, in order to gain a strong hold over the people, sufficient to counteract the affection borne to Elizabeth, to call in the aid of the king of Scotland as heir

apparent of the throne. Wild as was the scheme, the earl set seriously about its execution a few months after his release from custody. Scattering money with open hands, he soon gathered around him a great number of partizans, some of them mere needy adventurers, but others of a better class, who had served under him in France, Ireland, and Spain. They diligently spread the rumour that the queen was not right in her senses, and that, having fallen entirely under the dominion of her crooked little secretary, a conspiracy had been set on foot for depriving King James of his right to the succession, and admitting the claim of the daughter of Philip II., who, being a foreigner and entirely ignorant of the country, would fall under the absolute rule of the Cecil clique. The story found credence, the more so as there seemed real signs that the mental faculties of Elizabeth were on the verge of aberration. "She walks much," Sir John Harrington wrote to a city acquaintance, "in her chamber, and stamps with her foot at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the tapestry in great rage. She always keeps a sword by her table. Her highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her griefs." She had griefs enough, the poor queen, now getting close upon seventy, with crowds of fawning hypocrites around her, with nothing but envy, jealousy, and distrust before her eyes, and without a single true-loving human creature in the world on whose bosom she might rest her grey old head.

The preparations of Essex to possess himself of the government were not carried on in secret, but openly in the light of day. But for her utter prostration of mind and body, Elizabeth might have ended them at a stroke, by despatching half a dozen of her guards, and sending Essex to the Tower. However, she allowed him, with apparent unconcern, to preach insurrection not only in his own house but at every public place in the city; and it was not before the beginning of February, 1601, when he had been playing the rebel for more than seven months, that she sent two members of the privy council, the lord chancellor and the lord chief justice, to remonstrate with him about his undutiful behaviour. It was on a Sunday morning, the 8th of February, that the two lords knocked at the gate of Essex House, demanding admission in the name of the queen. They were admitted into the courtyard after some delay, and finding it full of armed men, looking as if prepared for a fight or a revolt, demanded to know the meaning of this extraordinary assemblage. Essex, speaking with great vehemence, told them that his life was in danger from the machinations of his enemies, and that his friends had gathered around him for his own and their safety. To this the lord keeper replied that the laws of the land would protect him, as all other citizens; but while he was trying to pacify the excited earl, a great clamour arose among the crowd, they crying, addressing their chief, "Away, my lord, they abuse you, they betray you, they undo you." Bravely facing the multitude, the lord keeper made another attempt to appease the earl: "Let us speak with you privately," he exclaimed, "so as to understand your griefs." Essex thereupon led them into the house, as if to hold a conversation; yet instead of doing so locked them up in a

room, while the armed mob behind went crying, "Kill them! kill them!" Having made prisoners of the queen's envoys, the earl rushed forth from his house towards the city, brandishing his sword, and calling upon the people to rise in arms and gather around him.

A madder attempt at revolt had never been made in England. The earl was a great favourite among the citizens of London, and they fully comprehended his griefs of disappointed ambition; but when he stormed through the streets, his naked sword in hand, not a man stirred from his door, all staring at him as at an apparition, or a person seized by temporary insanity. Arrived at Ludgate, with a crowd of his own followers and servants at his heels, Essex found the chains drawn, and his progress opposed by a company of the train bands, called up in haste by the bishop of London. A conflict ensued, in which several men were killed, which appeared to have the effect of sobering the infuriated earl, so that he pressed no further, but making his way to the river, jumped into a barge, and returned to Essex House. Here, in the meanwhile, things had gone against him nearly as much as in the city. By the help of one of his false friends, the lord keeper and lord chancellor, whom he intended to hold as hostages, had escaped, and defection seemed rife among the rabble of his adherents. Essex nevertheless continued in his mad course, resolved to turn his dwelling into a fortress against the government, whereupon Cecil began to think that the game had lasted long enough. Without awaiting the orders of the queen, who had listened to the report of the earl's revolt with the greatest indifference, evidently considering it a mere farce, he despatched a large body of soldiers with cannon and ammunition to attack Essex House, and, if necessary, batter it to the ground. The force, commanded by the earl of Nottingham, arrived at nightfall; but before the preparations for the assault upon his improvised stronghold had been completed, Essex declared his intention to surrender. It was against the advice of his more intimate friends, who argued that he had gone too far to be able to claim a pardon, and that he had no other resource left but to fight his way through his assailants, and seek safety abroad, in France or the Netherlands. However, the earl did not listen to this counsel; his sudden frenzy had been followed by equally sudden depression, and in this mood he handed his sword to Nottingham, with the feeling still strong in his mind of possessing the love of the queen. He seemed to forget that the queen was verging upon three score and ten.

Early on the morning of the 9th of February, the gates of the Tower shut upon Essex; and on the morning of the 19th he was led to trial before the house of peers on the charge of high treason. The guilt of the earl in attempting to stir up an insurrection, and even shedding blood to this effect, was undeniable, and his defence, therefore, was reduced to the plea that he did not intend to hurt the queen personally. "Here I protest before the living God," he exclaimed, solemnly, "as he may have mercy upon me, that my conscience is clear from any disloyal thought of harm to her majesty." This plea naturally could avail him but little, and after a trial, lasting from nine in the morning till six at night, in which

judges and lawyers rivalled with each other to abuse the fallen favourite—a man great in brains and small in heart whom he himself had raised, Francis Bacon, coveting distinction in the rancour of his attacks—Essex was condemned to death. When led back to the Tower by torchlight, with the sharp axe of the executioner turned against his face, half the population of the city streamed forth to see him; but he, as recorded by an eye-witness, “went a swift pace, bending his face to the earth, and would not look upon any of them, though some spake directly to him.” The day after the condemnation of the lover on whom her soul had once hung in raptures, Elizabeth signed the warrant for his execution. She signed it with a firm hand, putting an elaborate flourish around her name, as if determined to keep up the full beauty of her much-admired penmanship. On Ash Wednesday, the 25th of February, six days after his trial, the earl’s head was struck off within the walls of the Tower, in the presence of only a few dozen courtiers and lords, who sat round the scaffold as if witnessing an entertainment. The official report of the execution of her favourite was brought to the queen while she was playing on the spinet; there was intense grief on the countenance of all the ladies in the room, but she affected joyfulness, and launched out into a merry tune.

Among the people, the execution of the earl created a decided feeling against Elizabeth. Though the guilt of Essex in getting up a foolish revolt was undoubted, yet the general belief was that he had been tempted into it by intrigues, and that but for the desire of ridding herself of her old lover, the queen might have put a stop to the whole affair, weeks before its outbreak, by a mere word. The impression seemed justified from the fact that the principal adherents of Essex, including the earl of Southampton, his most intimate friend, and who had been condemned to death with him, received the queen’s pardon, and that some even were admitted into favour at court, and gratified with honours of various kinds. All this served to render Elizabeth unpopular all at once; and whereas it had been her greatest delight before to be greeted wherever she appeared by the joyful acclamations of the multitude, she now was condemned to move about amidst the ominous silence of her subjects. Under this treatment the temper of the aged queen soured more and more, inclining her to cruelty and absolute bloodthirstiness. Not long after the death of Essex, there arrived a special ambassador from France, in the person of the marshal de Biron, to whom the queen, as a pleasant entertainment, showed the rows of skulls of condemned traitors, piked over the gates of London Bridge and on the walls of the Tower. Biron, though having witnessed the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew, yet got somewhat pale on beholding three hundred ghastly heads, half devoured by birds of prey, stuck up over the city entrance, and her majesty riding merrily underneath, with a peep at old friends and acquaintances among the rotten skulls. The report from his ambassador of the sights he had been shown, induced Henry IV. to break off an intended visit to England, which he had been planning for some time. Elizabeth felt greatly annoyed at this change of purpose, being most desirous

to look face to face upon the gallant king and soldier, renowned equally for winning battles and killing ladies’ hearts. To coax him to her court, if possible, the queen went down to Dover, on learning that Henry was on a journey to Calais, taking care to let him know that she was expecting him, and adding, to give a spur to his curiosity, that she had a most important secret to communicate, which could be told to none but himself. But Henry politely excused himself, refusing, almost for the first time in his life, the invitation of a lady. He would not have refused, probably, if the lady had been seventeen instead of seventy.

In the autumn of 1601, the queen summoned a parliament—the last of her reign. She opened it in person, with great pomp, on the 27th of October; but her haggard looks belied the bold words in which she alluded to her health and strength; and when, towards the end of the ceremony, she shivered and trembled under the weight of her golden robes, being kept from falling only by the arms of the bystanding courtiers, it became evident to all that her days were numbered. Her procession to and from Westminster was even more gloomy and sad than the scene within doors; the crowds lining the road, still resenting the death of Essex, were silent as the grave, not a cry uttering welcome to the once idolized queen, whose grey hair, deeply furrowed cheeks, and lustreless eyes, were heralding the end of all earthly pride. As if to make up for this absence of popular sympathies, the members of both houses of parliament exhausted themselves in demonstrations of slavish humility towards Elizabeth. On the question of subsidy being brought up for discussion in the lower house, one Mr. Heyle came forward with the astounding assertion that all England belonged to the queen. “I marvel much,” exclaimed this worthy representative of the people, a lawyer by profession; “I marvel much that the house should stand upon granting of a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty’s, and she may lawfully at her pleasure take it from us: yea, she hath as much right to all our lands and goods as to any revenue of her crown.” Other members followed in the same strain, one of them speaking of the queen as a being endowed with superhuman qualities, and another calling one of her messages to the house “a gospel of glad tidings.” The vote of four subsidies at once followed in the wake of these orations, after which the members of the house of commons begged permission to throw themselves at the feet of her majesty. They went, to the number of one hundred and forty, and prostrating themselves in the dust, the speaker read to Elizabeth an address expressive of the boundless affection of the commons, because “her sacred ears were ever open to hear them, and her blessed hands ever stretched out to relieve them.” After telling her majesty that the attributes most proper to God belonged also to her, that she was all truth, all constancy, and all goodness, the speaker concluded: “Neither do we present our thanks in words or any outward sign, which can be no sufficient retribution for so great goodness; but in all duty and thankfulness, prostrate at your feet, we present our most loyal and thankful hearts, even the last drop of blood in our hearts, and the last spirit of breath in

our nostrils, to be poured out, to be breathed up for your safety." Elizabeth listened very complacently to this profane adulation, as if convinced of its being no more than the truth.

But the time was fast approaching now when all worldly pride and vanity were powerless to fan the last pale embers of a burnt-out life. At the commencement of 1602 the queen fell into deep melancholy, from which all her attendants, courtiers, and flatterers found it impossible to raise her. Nightly she saw visions hovering over her couch, among them "her own body, exceedingly lean and fearful in a light of fire," with other produce of the imagination—and of a diseased liver. The queen suffered under a complication of physical and mental disorders; gout, rheumatism, and dyspepsia alternately racked her body, to all which were added weird phantoms of the mind, culminating in the terror of death. She professed to be weary of existence, yet could not bear even the sight of mourning garments, and fiercely resented any allusion, however faint, to her approaching decease. The shrewd little man, Sir Robert Cecil, cleverly played upon this weakness, and ingratiated himself more than ever with his mistress, by telling her of the prospect of a long life still in store for her, and, to fortify this belief, procuring for her all sorts of elixirs and wonderful talismans. One day, Sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain, and one of Cecil's familiars, presented Elizabeth with a piece of gold, "of the bigness of an angel, full of characters," which, he said, came from a lady in Wales, who had lived to the good age of one hundred and twenty years, and feeling extremely juvenile and in high spirits, was induced to lend her sigil to the queen, assured that as long as she wore it on her body she could not die. Her majesty eagerly "took the piece of gold and hung it about her neck." The event, related by Lady Southwell, one of the favourite maids of honour of the queen, had a strange sequel. Elizabeth, after she had hung the talisman around her neck, got more desponding than before, and, as reported by her maid of honour, "though she became not suddenly sick, yet she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days fell downright ill." "Then," Lady Southwell continues, "in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a *true* looking-glass, which in twenty years before she had not seen, but only such a one as on purpose was made to deceive her sight; which true looking-glass being brought to her, she presently fell exclaiming at all those flatterers who had so much commended her, and they durst not after come into her presence." The courtiers whispered to each other that she was going mad; but there was "system in her madness."

Towards the end of the summer of 1602, Elizabeth somewhat rallied, so as to be able to receive the *marquis de Beaumont*, ambassador of Henry IV., as well as two special envoys from the court of Scotland, bringing congratulations to her birthday. King James was anxiously looking forward to his great heritage, and wondering how it happened that his aged relative did live so long, despatched some of his ministers to look after her and report upon her actual condition. The queen was not for a moment blind to the cause which had brought the gentlemen from Edinburgh, and to spite her dear heir and hopeful

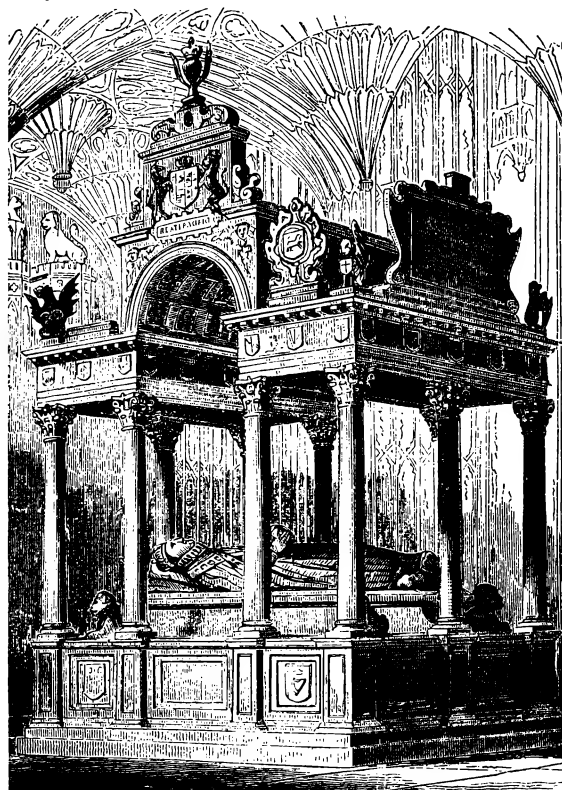
successor, engaged upon an extraordinary performance. When the envoys of James were waiting one day in the royal antechamber, expecting an audience, she dressed herself up in youthful costume, and then went hopping about to the sound of a fiddle, allowing the watchful diplomatists to have a peep at her through the half-opened door. James got nearly as melancholy as Elizabeth had been, on receiving the report of this scene; however, he regained his spirits in about a month, with the arrival of the news that the queen's life was despaired of. It was Cecil who furnished this information, keeping in active correspondence with the king of Scotland, and steadily aiming at the fulfilment of the great task which all the tribe of courtiers kept in view, to worship the rising while not neglecting the setting sun. His doings were not entirely unknown to the queen, who more than once reproved him when perceiving that he was engaged in other service than her own. On one occasion he was near being caught in his dangerous intrigues, and only saved himself by a clever stroke of cunning. While attending at court, a packet of a mysterious nature was put into his hands, and Elizabeth detecting with a quick glance that it came from Scotland, demanded to see the contents. Cecil bowed in the most unconcerned manner, and then, slowly unloosening the strings of the bundle of papers handed to him, broke forth in a kind of monologue. "This packet," he murmured slowly, as if speaking to himself; "this packet has a most strange and evil smell: surely it has not been in contact with infected persons or goods." The queen, terribly afraid of contagion, at once fell back a step, ordering her secretary to take the parcel away, and not bring it into her presence again till thoroughly fumigated. Cecil hastened to obey the order, and returning in the course of the day, had the satisfaction to show his sovereign letters inwardly as well as outwardly clean.

After suffering a relapse in the autumn of 1602, Elizabeth somewhat recovered the following winter, and in the middle of January, 1603, felt so well as to be able to remove from Whitehall to Richmond Palace. The change seemed to be favourable to her for about a month, at the end of which she got again so weak as to be incapable of leaving her room. But feeble as she was, she declined all medical aid, and refused even to go to rest, on account, it was said, of an old prediction which told her that she would die in bed. Cecil, the high admiral, and some of her more immediate attendants, in vain entreated her to take at least some nourishing broth; but she sullenly rejected all offers, telling them that "she knew her own constitution better than they did, and that she was not in so much danger as they imagined." To the admiral, who continued pressing her to seek rest on her couch, she gave a fearful reply. "If he were in the habit of seeing such things in bed as she did in hers," Elizabeth exclaimed, "he would not persuade her to go there." After a few days thus passed, the queen seemed to get distrustful of all around her, only allowing a few persons to enter her chamber, among them her kinsman, Robert Carey, brother of Lady Scrope, one of the favourite ladies of honour, who had come up from Berwick, pretending to be overwhelmed with anxiety

for the health of his beloved sovereign, but in reality as a spy in the service of King James. Carey, according to his own description, found the queen "sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her: I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs." In the middle of March, the French ambassador, de Beaumont, was permitted to enter the chamber of Elizabeth, and describing her state, informed his master "that the queen continued to grow worse, and appeared in a manner insensible, not speaking above once in two or three hours, and at last remained silent for four-and-twenty hours, holding her finger almost continually in her mouth, with her rayless eyes open, and fixed on the ground, where she sat on cushions, without rising or resting herself, greatly emaciated by her long watching and fasting." On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, Elizabeth grew speechless. "That afternoon," as reported by Carey, "by signs she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her." No more sound escaped the lips of the queen. Resting in mute agony on her pillows, she breathed heavily a few hours longer, till, at three o'clock on Thursday, the 24th of March, there was an end to all the earthly struggles of Elizabeth, last of the royal Tudor race.

Over the couch of the dying queen two ladies of honour kept watching intently. At the moment she ceased to breathe, one of them, Lady Scrope, rushed to

the window, and dropped a sapphire ring. It fell at the feet of her brother, Robert Carey, who grasped it hastily, jumped on a ready-saddled horse, and galloped away on the road to Scotland.



TOMB OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER II.

History of Law and Government, from the accession of Henry VII., A.D. 1485, to the death of Elizabeth, A.D. 1603.

THE five reigns from Henry VII. to Elizabeth, commonly known as the Tudor period, form the culminating point of absolute monarchy in England. The tendency to it was visible towards the middle of the fifteenth century, or the latter part of the reign of Henry VI.; but it did not find its true expression till another generation had come and gone, and a sovereign of a new race, shrewder than any of his predecessors, had climbed, sword in hand, up the golden steps of the throne. From the time of the Norman conquest, but principally from the date of *Magna Charta*, till the end of the reign of Richard III., the kingdom remained under a more or less strong oligarchical rule. The chief political power was in the hands of a numerous and wealthy feudal nobility, and the king himself was little more than a noble lord, raised temporarily above his compeers. He lived in their midst, selected his consort from among their

ranks, was sometimes aided and sometimes opposed by them in his peaceful and warlike enterprises, and not unfrequently hurled from the throne by rebellious barons. The beginning of the War of the Roses saw this formidable oligarchical power in its zenith; the end of it marked its decline. It was a war which devoured its own brood, and while it set all England in flames, burnt the great baronial castles in preference to the cottages of their poor retainers. On the wreck of all this feudal wealth and power arose the first Tudor king, and seeing, with statesmanlike penetration, that peace and prosperity would not be otherwise possible for England, he made it his life task to depress the oligarchical sway, and raise on its foundation the absolute monarchy. In the execution of his vast purpose the king found no lack of willing associates; the influence of the clergy, the cunning of the ministers of law, and the unlimited approbation



DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

of the growing middle classes, represented in an obsequious House of Commons, stood at his side so firmly, that at the end of a prosperous reign, extending over near a quarter of a century, Henry VII. had become the mightiest sovereign, and the greatest, if not also the wisest despot, that ever ruled the English nation.

The legislation of Henry VII.—his own essentially, parliament being the merest cipher—may be divided under three heads, as political, social, and commercial. The first was entirely directed towards the strengthening of the royal power and the weakening of that of the aristocracy; the second had for its object the restoration of public order, imperilled by years of wild anarchy; while the third class of laws, the least in which Henry's wisdom was displayed, aimed at expanding English trade and commerce by protective and restrictive enactments. Of the strictly political laws, the most important—already alluded to in the general history of the period—was that by which the nobility acquired the power of breaking the ancient entails and of alienating their estates. "By means of this law," says Hume, "joined to the beginning luxury and refinement of the age, the great fortunes of the barons were gradually dissipated, and the property of the commons increased in England." This important statute, which in its consequences far outweighed any other passed in the same reign, is known as the Statute of Fines, 4 Henry VII., c. 24. A sort of corollary to this law was another "of singular policy," as Lord Bacon has it, concerning enclosures and the division of land. "Enclosures," says Bacon, "at that time began to be more frequent, whereby arable land, which could not be manured without people and families, was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen; and tenancies for years, lives, and at will, whereupon much of the yeomanry lived, were turned into demesnes. This bred a decay of people, and, by consequence, a decay of towns, churches, tithes, and the like. The king likewise knew full well, and in no wise forgot, that there ensued withal upon this a decay and diminution of subsidies and taxes; for the more gentlemen, ever the lower books of subsidies. In remedying of this inconvenience the king's wisdom was admirable, and the parliament's at that time. Enclosures they would not forbid, for that had been to forbid the improvement of the patrimony of the kingdom; nor tillage they would not compel, for that was to strive with nature and utility; but they took a course to take away depopulating enclosures and depopulating pasturage, and yet not by that name, or by any imperious express prohibition, but by consequence. The ordinance was, 'That all houses of husbandry, that were used with twenty acres of ground and upwards, should be maintained and kept up for ever; together with a competent proportion of land to be used and occupied with them,' and in no wise to be severed from them, as by another statute, made afterwards in his successor's time, was more fully declared: this upon forfeiture to be taken, not by way of popular action, but by seizure of the land itself by the king and lords of the fee, as to half the profits, till the houses and lands were restored. By this means, the houses being kept up did of necessity enforce a dweller; and the

proportion of land for occupation being kept up did of necessity enforce that dweller not to be a beggar or cottager, but a man of some substance, that might keep hinds and servants, and set the plough on going. This did wonderfully concern the might and manner-hood of the kingdom, to have farms as it were of a standard sufficient to maintain an able body out of penury, and did in effect amortise a great part of the lands of the kingdom unto the hold and occupation of the yeomanry or middle people, of a condition between gentlemen and cottagers or peasants." The last sentence of the great historian is strikingly suggestive. To turn the swords of the nobles into ploughshares, to "set the plough on going," and to give "the lands of the kingdom unto the hold and occupation of the yeomanry or middle people,"—such was the beginning and end of Henry's legislation.

A task of scarcely less importance than that of debasing the nobility and raising an industrious middle class, was that of restoring the reign of law and order, grievously interrupted by the anarchy of the long civil war. The state of England at this period, the absence of all visible authority and of all means to enforce the laws for the maintenance of public peace, is shown in the great Cornish insurrection, which took place in the twelfth year of Henry's reign. In its major part, the first act, before the appearance of the counterfeit duke of York, it was not by any means a political insurrection, but merely a social disturbance, the people complaining of undue taxation, and wishing to obtain the ear of the king to obtain redress of their grievances. In more settled times the riot would have been suppressed, in all likelihood, on the first interference of the constituted authorities; but so feeble were the ties of law and order, even a dozen years after the battle of Bosworth, that the mob was allowed to pass, nearly unmolested, all the way from Cornwall into Surrey, and had to be defeated in a pitched battle. To stem this fearful torrent of lawlessness, the king enacted a great number of laws, all tending to the speedy administration of justice and the severe punishment of disorder. The institution, or rather remodelling of the famous Star Chamber, subsequently so obnoxious to the English people, was one of the results of the new legislators. From the oldest times, the king's council exercised criminal jurisdiction, and though this power declined with the decay of the royal prerogative, it never entirely ceased. Subsequently to the Norman period the council met at irregular intervals, sitting in a room at Westminster known as the *chambre des estayers*, or, in Latin, *Camera Stellata*. To reconstruct the original jurisdiction of this "Star Chamber" court was the object of one of the statutes of Henry VII., so far attaining its end as it furnished an additional means for enforcing public order. Whatever the Star Chamber court became in after times, it seems certain that in Henry's reign its operation was in the main salutary. Lord Bacon, a great lawyer as well as historian, speaks of the remodelling of the Star Chamber as one of the "excellent laws" of Henry VII., bestowing eloquent praise upon the new tribunal. "This court," he says, "is one of the sagest and noblest institutions of this kingdom. For in the distribution of courts of ordinary justice, besides the high court of

parliament, in which distribution the king's bench holdeth the pleas of the crown, the common pleas pleas civil, the exchequer pleas concerning the king's revenue, and the chancery the pretorian power for mitigating the rigour of law, in case of extremity, by the conscience of a good man; there was, nevertheless, always reserved a high and pre-eminent power to the king's council in causes that might in example or consequence concern the state of the commonwealth, which if they were criminal the council used to sit in the chamber called the Star Chamber, if civil, in the white chamber or white hall. And as the chancery had the pretorian power for equity, so the Star Chamber had the censorian power for offences under the degree of capital. This court of Star Chamber is compounded of good elements, for it consisteth of four kinds of persons—counsellors, peers, prelates, and chief judges. It discerneth also principally of four kinds of causes—forces, frauds, crimes various of stellationate, and the inchoations or middle acts towards crimes capital or heinous, not actually committed or perpetrated. But that which was principally aimed at by this act was force, and the two chief supports of force, combination of multitudes, and maintenance or headship of great persons."

There were a great number of other laws passed during this reign tending towards the maintenance of public peace. Henry's maxim, undeniably just at all times, but particularly in his own, was to deal promptly with offenders, and to let punishment follow swiftly in the wake of crime. A statute passed in the eleventh year of his reign permitted justices of assize and of the peace to try all offences, except murder, treason, and felony, without a jury, and though this law gave rise to some abuse, it had, on the whole, a very good effect in accelerating the course of justice. How slow the ordinary proceedings were in those days is apparent from another statute of Henry, which orders accusations of murder to be brought to trial "within a year and a day." Such investigations previously extended over many years, the crime, however heinous, being treated like a modern chancery suit, and not unfrequently, if the accused happened to be possessed of some property, leading to an acquittal, the prosecutors having compounded the matter. Among the other wise laws of Henry's reign was one which allowed, for the first time, the poor to obtain justice, by pleading *in forma pauperis*, that is without paying either the taxes for the writs or fees to the counsel pleading their cause. "A good law," remarks Hume, "at all times, especially in that age when the people laboured under the oppression of the great."

The dissolution of all the bands of society which followed in the wake of the civil war, is shown in many other laws of Henry's reign. One of these enacts the punishment of death for the kidnapping of women, which appears to have been then so common an occurrence, that Lord Bacon takes pains to show that the law was founded upon justice, arguing that "the obtaining of women by force into possession, howsoever afterwards assent might follow by allurements, was but a rape drawn forth in length." As illustrative of the social state of the period was another law against vagabonds, passed in the nine-

teenth year of Henry's reign, upon which Lord Bacon remarks as follows:—"There likewise was a long statute against vagabonds, wherein two things may be noted: the one, the dislike the parliament had of gaoling of them, as that which was chargeable, pestiferous, and of no open example; the other, that in the statutes of this king's time, for this of the nineteenth year is not the only statute of that kind, there are ever coupled the punishment of vagabonds, and forbidding of dice and cards, and unlawful games, unto servants and mean people, and the putting down and suppressing of alehouses, as strings of one root together, and as if the one were unprofitable without the other." This is a legislative topic sadly overlooked in our own time, and in the study of which modern governments do not see as clearly as King Henry and his advisers the "strings of one root."

The most defective and unwise laws passed in the reign of Henry VII. were those relating to trade and commerce. They were all based upon the notion that industry, in order to flourish, had to be watched over, patronized, and protected, and that even foreign commerce and the intercourse between nations required to be artificially guided and directed into certain channels. This was the prevailing idea of the time; and Henry did not stand sufficiently high above his time to see the fallacy of this belief. The king may be pardoned for his want of clear-sightedness by the fact that a far greater man than himself, living a century later, held the same antiquated doctrines of political economy. Speaking of one of the laws of Henry for "regulating" trade, Lord Bacon says, "Another statute was made, prohibiting the bringing in of manufactures of silk wrought by itself, or mixed with any other thread. But it was not of stuffs of whole piece, for that the realm had of them no manufacture in use at that time, but of knit silk, or texture of silk, as ribbons, laces, cauls, points, and girdles, &c., which the people of England could then well skill to make. This law pointed at a true principle: 'That where foreign materials are but superfluities, foreign manufactures should be prohibited;' for that will either banish the superfluity or gain the manufacture." Modern political economists will stand aghast at this enunciation of this "true principle" by so great a philosopher and statesman as Lord Bacon.

The whole of the statutes affecting trade and commerce made in Henry's reign were strictly repressive of all industry and national activity. Very severe laws were passed against the taking of interest for loans of money, which was then called usury, or, as Bacon defines it, "the bastard use of money." Other laws prohibited, under high penalties, the exportation of money, plate, or bullion; the natural effect of which prohibition was a rise in the price of these articles, and a more extensive clandestine export than would have taken place otherwise. But so far was this "protection" of money carried, that alien merchants who imported commodities into the kingdom were obliged to invest in English commodities all the money acquired by their sales, in order to prevent the efflux of the precious metals. It was also prohibited to export horses; the effect of which was that the English breed, greatly esteemed all over the continent of Europe, began to degenerate rapidly. Contrasting the wise

legislation of Henry VII. in political and social matters, and the most unwise system followed in respect to commercial and industrial affairs, Hume, the historian, remarks truly, that "the more simple ideas of order and equity are sufficient to guide a legislator in everything that regards the internal administration of justice;" but that "the principles of commerce are much more complicated, and require long experience and deep reflection to be well understood in any state." Centuries had to pass away before English legislators came to learn, in the hard school of experience, those true principles unknown to Henry VII. and his time.

The reign of Henry VIII. was little more than a continuation of that of Henry VII., as far as the principles of political government were concerned. However, the personal character of the son, his obstinate temper and his unbridled passions, made the vast political power accumulated by the father far more formidable and atrocious than it had been previously, converting the royal sway from an enlightened absolutism into unlimited tyranny. The civil legislation of the reign of Henry VIII. was not very extensive, and distinguished, like everything else during the sway of this despot, more by its violence than its depth. There were but ten parliaments summoned during the thirty-eight years that he swayed the realm, and the whole time they sat, distributed over twenty-three sessions, did not exceed three years and a half. During the first twenty years of his reign, the total sittings did not amount to twelve months altogether; subsequently, his religious reforms, as well as the increasing wants of his exchequer, obliged him to call parliaments somewhat more frequently; but they only met in short sessions, and never to any other purpose than to be the unresisting tools of his will. The labour of Henry's ten parliaments is well summarized by Hume. "All the king's caprices," he says, "were blindly complied with, and no regard whatever was paid to the safety or liberty of the subject. Besides the violent prosecution of whatever he was pleased to term heresy, the laws of treason were multiplied beyond all former precedent. Even words to the disparagement of the king, queen, or royal issue, were subjected to that penalty; and so little care was taken in framing these rigorous statutes, that they contain obvious contradictions, inasmuch that, had they been strictly executed, every man without exception must have fallen under the penalty of treason. By one statute, for instance, it was declared treason to assert the validity of the king's marriage, either with Catherine of Arragon, or Anne Boleyn, while by another it was treason to say anything to the disparagement of the offspring of these marriages, the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Nor would even a profound silence with regard to these delicate questions be able to save a person from such penalties, for by a previous statute it was ordered that whoever refused to answer upon oath to any point contained in that act was subjected to the pains of treason. The king, therefore, needed only to propose to any one a question with regard to the validity of these marriages: if the person was silent, he was a traitor by law, and if he answered, either in the negative or affirmative, he was no less a traitor. So

monstrous were the inconsistencies which arose from the furious passions of the king, and the slavish submission of his parliaments."

It was somewhat remarkable that the only show of opposition, extremely feeble, but which yet was enough to rouse him into fury, that Henry VIII. ever met from his parliament was about money bills. That he should cut off heads by hundreds and thousands was never objected to for a moment by the extremely loyal individuals who spoke and acted as representatives of the people of England; but when he wanted to put his hands somewhat deeper than usual into the money-bags of the property-possessing classes, they broke out into a faint, half-stifled cry of resistance. It availed them nothing, however; the ministers of Henry, most of them educated in the good school of his money-loving father, being acquainted with many ways for extracting subsidies; and if they could not get them in the shape of ordinary taxes, showing themselves quite willing to adopt the gentle name of "benevolences." The impost raised under this title, which amounted to very large sums, was one of the cleverest financial inventions of Henry's reign. By the instructions of the privy council, the commissioners nominated to levy "benevolence," were directed to "incite all men to a loving contribution according to the rates of their substance, as they were assessed at the last subsidy;" but pointing out to them at the same time that "the least which his majesty could reasonably accept would be twenty pence in the pound on the yearly value of land, and ten pence in the pound on movable goods." The commissioners were further instructed to summon but a few before them at one time, and to commune with each person apart, "lest some one unreasonable man, amongst so many, forgetting his duty towards God, his sovereign lord, and his country, may go about by his malicious frowardness to silence all the rest, be they never so well disposed." After using "good words and amiable behaviour," as far as they would go, the commissioners were finally empowered to employ coercive measures against all too fond of their cash to give a portion of it to their sovereign lord, the prison being always kept open for such undutiful subjects. The "benevolence" produced 119,518*l.*—considerably more than a million of present money—to Henry in a single year. To this sum the county of Somerset contributed 6807*l.*; Kent, 6471*l.*; Suffolk, 4512*l.*; Norfolk, 4046*l.*; Devon, 4527*l.*; and Essex, 5051*l.* In Cumberland the commissioners were only able to raise 574*l.*, and in Lancashire but 660*l.* The wealth of England below the soil as yet was unknown, and it was agriculture that paid all the imposts and "benevolences" exacted by Henry VIII.

The severity with which the king exacted his taxes was not unmixed with a grim sort of humour. He was fond of recommending to his financial agents the famous proposition invented by his father's prime minister, Archbishop Morton, as a rule in the assessment of contributions, and a guide in levying them. The archbishop told those landowners or merchants who lived handsomely, that their opulence was manifest by the rate of their expenditure, while against those whose course of living was less sumptuous, he upheld the belief that they must have grown very rich by

their economy. There was no escape from the horns of this dilemma, which acquired the name of "Morton's fork," and was held in greater awe than the prime minister's mitre or archiepiscopal hook. To the "fork," the background of which was a gaol, Henry added another pleasantry, by turning those of his faithful subjects who objected to "benevolences" into unbenevolent soldiers. The fun was first practised about the year 1525, upon one Richard Reed, a wealthy alderman of the city of London, who having withstood the "good words and amiable behaviour" of the royal tax commissioners, was ordered to have a helmet stuck on his head and an arquebuse into his hand, and to be sent to the army which was in the field on the Scotch border. With Master Reed travelled a letter, directed to Sir Ralph Ewer, commander of the English troops, ordering him to employ the alderman on the hardest and most perilous duty, and subject him when in garrison to the greatest privations. "You must use him in all things," the instructions concluded, "according to the sharpest discipline militar of the northern wars." The worshipful Richard Reed, after suffering great misery from lack of victuals, not compensated by an ample allotment of stripes, was finally taken prisoner by the Scots, and only allowed to return to his aldermanic duties after paying an enormous ransom, together with a triple "benevolence." His example had a great influence in stirring Henry's subjects into liberality; and parliament itself, which sat in the same year Richard Reed went into the wars, was so far excited by it as to vote a statute releasing the king from all his debts, whenever and however incurred. The statute, one of the strangest ever passed by an English or any other legislative body in the world, enacted that the two houses of parliament in their wisdom "do, for themselves and all the whole body of the realm which they represent, freely, liberally, and absolutely give and grant unto the king's highness all and every sum and sums of money, or any other thing, to his grace at any time heretofore advanced or paid, by way of trust or loan, either upon any letter or letters under the king's privy seal, general or particular, letter, missive, promise, bond, or obligation of repayment, or by any taxation or other assessing, by virtue of any commission or commissions, or by any other mean or means." The statute was frequently renewed—as often as it pleased his majesty to wipe off his debts by act of parliament.

Gross as was the tyranny with which Henry seized the property of his subjects, it sank into utter insignificance before the arbitrariness of his penal legislation. The new statutes of treasons introduced into the English code at his behest have scarce a parallel in the history of any Christian country; and subsequent historians marvelled how it was possible that any human beings removed from absolute barbarism should have sanctioned such laws, and still more should have submitted to them. The tendency to make laws written in blood was visible almost from the beginning of Henry's reign; but it was not until his desire for matrimonial changes had become manifest that they fully revealed the hideous despotism lurking beneath them. It first showed itself with the enactment of the statute 25 Henry VIII. cap. 22,

which was passed to confirm the king's divorce from Catherine, and his nuptials with Anne Boleyn. By this law it was made high treason if any person "by writing, or imprinting, or by any exterior act or deed," should do "anything to the peril of the king's person," or "anything whereby the king might be disturbed or interrupted of the crown," or, finally, "anything to the prejudice, slander, and derogation of Queen Anne or her issue by the king." The writing and printing of certain words was punishable with death according to this act; but a statute passed the year after went a step further, by making it treason to utter words expressing a wish, hinting at "slanders and dangers which might happen to the king's person or that of the queen." Scarcely two years had passed, when it became treason to assert that which before it had been treason to deny; there was death now upon uttering a word in favour of the same "Queen Anne," a whisper against whom had been death previously. When ordering his people to worship the new selection of his fancy, Jane Seymour, under penalty of the gallows, Henry went again a step further in making obedience negative as well as positive. In the statute 28 Henry VIII. cap. 7, it was declared high treason if any one "by words, writing, or imprinting, or any other exterior act, directly or indirectly, accepted, took, judged, or believed," the marriages with either Queen Catherine or Queen Anne to have ever been good or lawful. To heighten the monstrous absurdity and tyranny of this new injunction, there was a clause in the statute making it high treason to have no opinion at all upon the subject of the various nuptials of his dread majesty, or to hide any opinion thereupon before the royal commissioners appointed to investigate public opinion. No excuse was admitted, and the act especially provided that "if any protested that they were not bound to declare their thought and conscience, and stiffly thereon abided," they should be hung. It seemed all but impossible that any despotism, however wild, could go further; yet this was by no means the climax.

The absurdity of Henry's penal legislation reached its height in the statute promulgated after he had cast off his fifth wife, which made it high treason to withhold facts, or rumours, respecting the virginity of any woman upon whom he might have cast his eye; but the actual despotism culminated in the statute 31 Henry VIII. cap. 8, which gave the force of law, without the vote of parliament, or any other formality, to all the decrees and proclamations of the king. The act asserted a sort of divine right of his majesty to make laws by inspiration, the preamble dwelling upon "his royal power given of God," and animadverting against former "disobedience of the king's proclamations by some who did not consider what a king by his royal power might do." In passing this statute, parliament abdicated its functions even as a mere legislating machine worked by a master; and henceforth there was little else to do for the representatives of the people than to vote attainders and keep the hangman and executioner at work. They started with great energy in this avocation, making themselves quite as slavishly the instruments of royal despotism as in the proclamation of new laws. The innumerable attainders launched by Henry VIII.,

particularly in the latter part of his reign, were in reality nothing more than foul assassinations, in no way differing from ordinary murders but in the fact of the chief assassin wearing a crown and asserting a "royal power given of God." In all cases there was an utter neglect of even the forms of justice; the proceedings were hurried and half secret; the accused was neither heard in his own defence nor confronted with his accusers; and once attainted, the unfortunate victim had as little hope of escaping death as the condemned criminal standing at the foot of the gallows with the rope around his neck. However, the ordinary trials, in which a certain amount of legal forms were observed, offered scarcely more security against the bloodthirsty despotism of Henry than his murders by attainder. A writer specially well-informed on the subject, Mr. Reeves, in his "History of the English Law," remarks that, "if we are to judge of the general administration of criminal law in this reign from the trials that have come down to us of eminent persons, it appears that the lives of the people were entirely in the hands of the king. A trial seems to have been nothing more than a formal method of signifying the will of the prince, and of displaying his power to gratify it. The new-invented treasons, as they were large in their conception, and of an insidious import, by giving a scope to the uncandid mode of inquiry then practised, enlarged the powers of oppression beyond all bounds."

The statutes affecting trade and commerce promulgated during the sway of Henry VIII. were conceived in much the same spirit as his penal legislation. To repress all individual energy, and make the will of the despot paramount in everything, was the main object kept in view, descending even to such little matters as the games and pastimes of the people. Thus it was forbidden to artificers, husbandmen, labourers, apprentices, and servants to play at tennis, cards, dice, bowls, or any other "unlawful game," out of Christmas, under a penalty of twenty shillings for every offence; but from this prohibition noblemen and gentlemen, willing to compound for unlawfulness by buying a royal licence, were excepted, not only as far as they were individually concerned, but as regarded their servants and retainers. In the foreign commerce of the realm Henry constantly interfered, by changing the customs duties, and putting all manner of impediments upon it, going so far as fixing the number of merchants authorised to deal in certain articles, and the quantities of which they were to dispose. During the first part of his reign, the king showed himself greatly disposed to attract foreign artisans, particularly the industrious Flemings, skilled in producing woollen and other textile fabrics, into England; but after his divorce from Catherine, out of a fantastic belief that these men felt sympathy with his cast-off wife, he pursued them with fierce hatred, driving thousands out of the realm by orders of council and edicts of the Star Chamber. The effect of these decrees, as of nearly everything else done in this reign, naturally was to impoverish the country, and to spread poverty and desolation far and wide. So marked was the decline of general welfare, that several of Henry's statutes bear witness of it, among others one repealing a law passed in the reign of Edward II., which interdicted

magistrates while in office to become dealers in wines or victuals. It is stated, as a reason for the repeal of the law of Edward II., that "since the making of that statute and ordinance, many and the most part of all the cities, boroughs, and towns corporate within the realm of England are fallen in ruin and decay, and are not inhabited by merchants and men of such substance as at the time of making that statute: for at this day the dwellers and inhabitants of the same cities and boroughs are commonly bakers, vintners, fishmongers, and other victuallers, and there remain few others to bear the offices." To improve the condition of his realm, Henry went to work in his usual despotical manner, prohibiting luxury in apparel, fixing the wages of artificers and labourers, and even settling the prices of bread and meat, butter and cheese. Beef and pork were ordered to be sold at a halfpenny a pound, and mutton and veal at a halfpenny and half a farthing. The fatal result of this interference with the natural laws of supply and demand became very soon apparent; but it was not till they had led to open revolt in many places that the king could be brought to repeal the most obnoxious of his trade regulations.

The short reign of Edward VI. was chiefly occupied with annulling the monstrous legislation of the preceding thirty-eight years. It was high time it should be done, the condition of the realm having become so deplorable as to threaten either a frightful revolution, or a relapse into the barbarism of the early middle ages. By the statute 1 Edward VI. cap. 12, the most horrible of the penal laws of Henry VIII. were annihilated at one fell swoop. The act abolished nearly all the treasons and felonies created in the preceding reign, and likewise repealed all laws of parliament interfering with doctrine and matters of religion, as well as the flagrant unconstitutional statute of 31 Henry VIII. cap. 8, which had given to the decrees and proclamations of the king the force of laws. It was to the wisdom of the Protector that the liberal enactments of Edward's reign were chiefly due; and when he had fallen under the intrigues of his enemies, the young king, who with many good qualities possessed nevertheless a tinge of the cold despotical element remarkable in all the Tudors, was visibly driven in the opposite direction. Less than a month after the execution of Somerset, the two houses of parliament passed a new statute of treason, enacting that any person calling the king "schismatic, heretic, infidel, tyrant, or usurper of the crown," should be punished for the first offence by the loss of his goods and chattels, and be imprisoned "during his majesty's pleasure; for the second, should suffer the penalties of premunire; and for the third offence should be indicted for high treason. This statute was pressed through the lower house of parliament under much opposition, ending finally in the addition of a clause far more important than the act itself. The clause provided that "no person shall be indicted for any manner of treason, except on the testimony of two lawful witnesses, who shall be brought in person before the accused at the time of his trial, to avow and maintain what they have to say against him, unless he shall willingly confess the charges." Though demanded by the most obvious principles of equity and justice, the clause was only assented to after some

resistance by the House of Lords—the absolutist members of which seemed to feel that it marked the dawn of a reviving spirit of liberty in the parliament of the nation.

The reign of Queen Mary at its commencement gave hopes of being a continuation of that of Edward. In the first act passed after her accession, all additions to the law of treason made during the preceding reign were repealed, and the legislation upon the subject brought back to the statute of the 25th of Edward III. However, the temper which dictated this liberal enactment lasted but a very short time. Mary was surrounded by bad counsellors, and her own dark and despotic humour inclining but too much to their advice, she soon launched forth, with all the vigour possible to a diseased body and mind, in the career traced by her father. A curious incident distinguished the first intercourse between queen and parliament. Before she had been many weeks on the throne, a paper was put into her hands by the Spanish ambassador, containing the outlines of a plan of government which her relative, Kaiser Charles, advised her to adopt. The plan was based upon the casuistry that Mary, being the first reigning queen of England, was not bound by any constitutional limitations affecting kings; and that, therefore, it was in her power to alter the forms of government, civil as well as religious, in any way she liked, and as much as she liked. The advice sounded not altogether unpleasant to the ears of the queen, offering evidently the straight road to the fulfilment of her darling desire to bring England back, with the greatest possible speed, into the fold of the holy Roman apostolic church. Nevertheless, though much in favour of her uncle's plan, Mary was cautious enough not to say anything about it till after having shown it to Bishop Gardiner, and he disapproving it entirely, the paper of the Spanish ambassador was thrown into the fire. The flames did not so well consume it but that the contents became known, leading parliament to vote a statute of a somewhat singular character. It set forth that because the laws of the realm attributed all prerogative and pre-eminence to the name of king, also assigning to him the punishment of offenders, therefore "some malicious and ignorant persons" pretended that the queen had not the same privileges, rights, and duties. To correct this impression, the statute laid it down as a fundamental rule of the constitution "that the kingly or royal office, together with all its dignity, prerogative, and power, may be vested either in male or female, and ought to be as fully deemed and taken in the one as in the other." Like many other acts of parliament, before and after, the statute expressed but partially and indirectly the current of thought which had called it into existence.

Among the ferocities which marked the terrible five years during which the daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon filled the throne of England, making the reign of "bloody Mary" a byword for all ages, that of the regular use of torture was, if not the most glaring, at least the most iniquitous. Torture, the hideous invention of eastern despots, was never known to the English law code; nor indeed to that of any of the blue-eyed races fond of the sea and of liberty, commonly designated as Anglo-Saxons. A

rack had been introduced into the Tower in the reign of Henry VI., by the duke of Exeter, and the people called it mockingly after him "Exeter's daughter;" but the dismal instrument was rarely used, nearly all the judges discountenancing its employment as entirely illegal. It was left to the first female sovereign of England to establish all the horrors of torture in the name of religion, and to tear bodies to pieces with the object of saving souls. Almost from the moment Mary ascended the throne, the rack was set to work; and it did not cease its ghastly functions till her own body was lying stiff and stark in the lonely chamber of St. James's Palace. Though confessedly illegal, the employment of torture was openly prescribed on many occasions by the ministers of the queen, notably in the orders regulating the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, an imitation of the Spanish Inquisition. The commissioners were empowered "to inquire into all heresies, either by presentments, by witnesses, or by any other means," to seize all dealers in and readers of heretical books, and to try and punish all clergymen not preaching the pure orthodox faith of Rome. In the execution of these duties, they were allowed not only to break open houses, to search premises, to compel the attendance of witnesses, and "to force them to make oath of such things as might discover what they sought after," but they were expressly enjoined "to put to the torture such obstinate persons as would not confess, and there to order them at their discretion." Frightful as was this injunction, it was but on a par with all the other proceedings of this detestable reign, the horrors of which were scarcely surpassed in the worst forms of oriental despotism. The results, fortunately, were the reverse of those expected by the advisers of Mary, and the very measures designed for the re-establishment of the old religion did more than anything else to overthrow it finally and for ever. In the words of Henry Hallam: "What had the greatest efficacy in disgusting the English with Mary's system of faith was the cruelty by which it was accompanied. Though the privy council were continually urging the bishops forward in the persecution, the latter bore the chief blame, and the abhorrence entertained for them naturally extended to the doctrine they professed. A sort of instinctive reasoning told the people, what the learned on neither side had been able to discover, that the truth of a religion begins to be very suspicious when it stands in need of prisons and scaffolds to eke out its evidences. And as the English were constitutionally humane, and not hardened by continually witnessing the infliction of barbarous punishments, there arose a sympathy for men suffering torments with such meekness and patience, which the populace of some other nations were less apt to display, especially in executions on the score of heresy."

The vast edifice of cruelty and bigotry which the priestly counsellors of Mary succeeded in raising during her short five years' reign crumbled into dust immediately at her death. A more sudden transformation of government policy than that which took place in the few hours that intervened between the decease of the daughter of Catherine of Arragon, and the proclamation of the daughter of Anne Boleyn

scarcely ever occurred in the history of England. It was the more extraordinary as there was scarcely any change in the attributes and the power of the crown, Elizabeth remaining quite as absolute as her sister, and scarcely a whit less despotically inclined. But what distinguished the despotism of Elizabeth from that of her predecessor was that it was exerted for the advancement of great national objects, that it was Protestant, and that it was English. Her wretched, misguiding, and misguided sister, Spanish by blood, and Romish by education, would scarcely have proceeded in her odious tyranny had she properly understood the character of the people over whom she had been called to reign; but she knew no more of England than her priests and confessors chose to tell her, and throughout her miserable reign acted as if her throne was standing south of the Alps or the Pyrenees. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was English to a supreme degree, possessing not only the virtues, but, in a somewhat exaggerated form, the faults and weaknesses of the race that hailed her accession to the throne with enthusiasm, and remained enthusiastically devoted to her through good and evil days. Thus she was enabled to do things which no other monarch in her position, and with her undefined claims of legitimacy, could have ventured upon without danger, if not of an insurrection, at least of a strong passive resistance. The first acts of Elizabeth's first parliament were as strong an assertion of spiritual despotism, though in the opposite direction, as any proclaimed in the reign of Mary. By statute 1 Elizabeth cap. 1, it was ordered that every subject of her majesty should take an oath of supremacy, as follows:—"I do utterly testify and declare that the queen's highness is the only supreme governor of this realm, and all other her highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal; and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm; and therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all foreign jurisdictions, powers, superiorities, and authorities, and do promise that from henceforth I shall bear faith and true allegiance to the queen's highness, her heirs and lawful successors, and to my power shall assist and defend all jurisdictions, pre-eminences, privileges, and authorities, granted or belonging to the queen's highness, her heirs and successors, or united and annexed to the imperial crown of this realm." This oath was embodied in the two statutes known as the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, of which Mr. Hallam remarks that they "form the basis of that restrictive code of laws, deemed by some one of the fundamental bulwarks, by others the reproach of our constitution."

The main feature of the civil legislation of the reign of Elizabeth was the constant grappling with social questions, little understood as yet, but brought forward for solution both by the increase of national prosperity, and the intense desire of the queen to promote the material condition of her subjects. Of all the questions to be solved, none was greater, nor more important, than that of pauperism. Ever since the cessation of the civil wars and the union of the rival

houses of York and Lancaster in the new Tudor dynasty, wealth had increased at a high rate in England; but its black shadow, destitution, had grown at a still higher rate, apparently defying all attempts at remedy. The first attack upon pauperism was made in 1495, when, by a statute known as 11 Henry VII. cap. 2, it was ordered that beggars not able to work should be seized and sent to the hundred where they were born, or where they last dwelt, or where they were best known, and should continue there, "without begging out of the hundred." This curious legislation, which made begging legal within certain limits, was further enforced by an act passed nine years later, the statute of 19 Henry VII. cap. 12, which required all destitute persons to go to the city, town, or hundred where they were born, or to the place where they last abode for the space of three years, "without begging out of the said city, town, hundred, or place." The difficulties of carrying out such a scheme of local beggary, and thereby preventing vagrancy, were necessarily great; but nothing was done further in the matter for more than a quarter of a century, till the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. Preferring repressive laws to any others, Henry, while retaining the spirit of the system inaugurated by his father, added to it some sharp penal enactments. By statute of the 22 Henry VIII. cap. 12, all magistrates were directed to assign to poor persons a strictly defined limit within which they were to beg, and which they were forbidden to leave under severe punishment. "Impotent beggars," asking alms beyond their district, were ordered to be placed in the stocks for two days and nights, on bread and water, after which they had to take their oath that they would return to their authorized sphere; while "able-bodied beggars" were to be well whipped at the cart's tail, with the oath likewise to be administered afterwards. It was something like an official recognition of honour among rogues, this statutory oath-taking, yet it unhappily failed in its effects. Vagrants and beggars continued increasing to an alarming extent; and before another five years had elapsed, the necessity of farther legislation became manifest. The ablest of Henry's advisers, Thomas Cromwell, was now at the helm of the state as vicegerent and vicar-general, and his genius, unwilling to follow in the trammels of old forms and ideas, elaborated an entirely new system for remedying, or at least alleviating, the dire effects of pauperism. It was in 1536, the same year which saw the head of Queen Elizabeth's mother fall on the block, that Cromwell devised and passed through parliament the first law for the compulsory relief of the poor.

The statute of Cromwell, known as the 27 Henry VIII. cap. 25, was remarkable not only as first introducing the system of compulsory charity, but as legislative evidence of the vast spread of pauperism, and the impossibility of keeping it within bounds by any of the means formerly employed. The statute, after reciting the act of the 22 Henry VIII. cap. 12, and dwelling upon the fact that it made no provision for the support of the impotent, nor for keeping "valiant and sturdy beggars" at work, ordered that the head officers of every city, shire, town, and parish, shall maintain the helpless poor within their districts

by alms collected from the charitable, and with the assistance of the same funds shall set the able-bodied to work, "in such wise as they may get their own living by the continual labour of their own hands." It was further enacted that "every preacher, parson, vicar, and curate, as well in their sermons, collections, bidding of the beads, as in the time of confession and making of wills, shall exhort, move, stir, and provoke people to be liberal for the relief of the impotent, and setting and keeping to work the said sturdy vagabonds." The money collected for the relief of the poor was ordered to be kept in a common box, and almsgiving otherwise than to these common boxes was prohibited on forfeiture of ten times the amount. To compel valiant and sturdy beggars to earn their own bread, the statute enacted that their refusal should be punished, the first time by a sound whipping, the second time by the loss of the right ear, and the third time by the penalty of death. As far as the maintenance of the helpless poor went, Cromwell's act had a moderately good effect; but it was otherwise regarding the compulsory labour of the able-bodied beggars, who could not be brought by any threats to "get their own living by the continual labour of their own hands." To force these idlers, who had become excessively numerous, into obedience to the law, another statute was passed by the first parliament of Edward VI., enacting that every able-bodied creature not applying himself to some honest labour, or offering to serve even for meat and drink, if no better service was to be had, "shall be taken for a vagabond, branded on the shoulder with the letter V., and adjudged a slave for two years to any person who shall demand him, to be fed on bread and water, and caused to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise." If he ran away before the two years had expired, he was to be branded on the cheek with the letter S, and adjudged a slave for life; and if, after that, he attempted to escape once more, he was to be hung in chains. This terrible law defeated itself by its severity, and being found useless, was repealed at the end of a few years, by the 3 and 4 Edward VI. cap. 16, which revived the statute 22 Henry VIII. cap. 12, in all its particulars, thus doing away entirely with the system of compulsory relief introduced by Cromwell. Everything now was again confusion, and remained so during the whole of the reign of Mary, she being too busy in burning heretics to trouble herself about mere beggars and vagabonds. It was left to Elizabeth and her great minister to make stronger efforts than any yet undertaken to banish the frightful curse of pauperism, and confine the hordes of vagrants that were swarming all over the land.

There were some scores of statutes and decrees issued in the reign of Elizabeth to regulate the treatment of and provision for the poor, the principal of them of such wisdom, as well as practical importance, as to form the basis of legislation on the subject for centuries after. The first act of Elizabeth, or, more strictly, of Cecil, was to restore Cromwell's system of compulsory relief, and the second to make it more strict on the part of the contributors, so as to convert the formerly voluntary almsgiving into a sort of impost. It was ordered by statute 5 Elizabeth cap. 3, that "if any person of his froward wilful mind shall

obstinately refuse to give weekly to the relief of the poor, according to his ability," the bishop of the diocese, or other ecclesiastical superior, shall bind him to appear at the next sessions, when the justices there "shall charitably and gently persuade and move the said obstinate person to extend his charity towards the relief of the poor of the parish where he dwelleth." If their eloquence be ineffective upon the delinquent, then "it shall be lawful for the justices, with the churchwardens, or one of them, to tax such obstinate person, according to their good discretion, what sum the said obstinate person shall pay weekly towards the relief of the poor within the parish;" and if he still refuse, "the justices shall, on complaint of the churchwardens, commit the said obstinate person to goal." This useful arrangement for extracting "voluntary contributions," worked exceedingly well, so as to produce large sums for the relief of the poor; but unhappily the number of the destitute increased much faster in proportion than the amounts raised from year to year, and before long Cecil found it necessary to legislate again. A new statute, the 14 Elizabeth cap. 3, was passed in 1572, strictly defining the claims and duties of alms-takers, and alms-givers, and laying down fixed rules, very elaborate in all particulars, and full of sagacious knowledge, entering into the minutest details, for the treatment of pauperism. The statute commenced by reciting that "all the parts of this realm of England and Wales be presently with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered, by means whereof daily happeneth in the same realm horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrage, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, and to the great annoyance of the common weal," and then went on to enact "as well for the utter suppressing of the said outrageous enemies to the common weal, as for the charitable relieving of the aged and impotent poor people," that the two classes of paupers should be strictly divided, and treated according to their merits. It was the leading idea of Cecil that the deserving poor could not be too kindly, nor the undeserving too harshly, treated.

To the undeserving, the measure was dealt out first in the statute. The enactment, severe in the extreme, ran that "all persons thereafter set forth to be rogues and vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, shall for the first offence be grievously whipped, and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, and for the second be deemed felons, and for the third suffer death as felons." Among rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars were included "all persons whole and mighty in body, able to labour, not having land or master, nor using any lawful merchandize, craft, or mystery, and all common labourers, able in body, loitering and refusing to work for such reasonable wage as is commonly given." This class disposed of, the act continued: "And forasmuch as charity would that poor, aged, and impotent persons should as necessarily be provided for, as the said rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars repressed, and that the said aged, impotent, and poor people, should have convenient habitations and abiding places throughout this realm, to settle themselves upon, to the end that they nor any of them should hereafter beg or wander about," therefore "the justices

of the peace shall within their several divisions and authorities make inquiry of all aged, poor, impotent, and decayed persons born within their said divisions and limits, or which were there dwelling within three years next after this present parliament, living by alms, and register their names; and when the number of poor people forced to live upon alms be by that means known, the said justices shall appoint within their said divisions meet places, by their discretion, to settle the same poor people for their abidings." It was farther ordered that "if the parish within which the said poor people shall be found, shall or will not provide for them, and set down what portion the weekly charge for their relief and sustentation will amount unto, that done, the justices of the peace shall, by their good discretions, tax and assess all the inhabitants dwelling within the said divisions to such weekly charge as they and every one of them shall contribute towards the relief of the said poor people, and shall appoint collectors, who shall gather the same proportion, and make delivery so much thereof, according to the discretion of the justices, as they shall appoint." Any resistance to contribute to this new poor-rate was to be summarily punished. If the presumed alms-giver, the act ran, "shall refuse to do so, the said justices shall commit him to gaol, until he shall be contented with their said order, and do perform the same." This statute, scarcely discussed in parliament, and unnoticed by many contemporary historians, proved more important to the welfare of the people of England than almost any other act of civil legislation of the reign of Elizabeth.

But the efforts of Burleigh to raise the lowest class of the people, and make the realm a truly Christian country, somewhat different from the "heroic Middle Ages," with its noble barons glittering in steel and gold, and its ignoble "villains" dying of hunger at the roadside, under the hoof of the baronial steeds, only commenced with this act of the 14th of Elizabeth. Additions to it were made from time to time, facilitating and simplifying the system of parochial relief, and lessening the chance that any poor persons really deserving aid should suffer want or be neglected. This was attained to a great extent; but the greater difficulty of setting the "valiant and sturdy beggars" to employ their hands in honest work was not so easily overcome. To gain this end, Burleigh, and parliament at his instigation, all but exhausted themselves in dictating pains and penalties. By the 39th of Elizabeth cap. 3, it was enacted that every idle vagabond "shall, on his apprehension, be openly whipped until his body be bloody, and shall be forthwith sent from parish to parish, the next straightway to the parish where he was born, if the same may be known by his confession, or otherwise; and if the same be not known, then to the parish where he has dwelt before the punishment by the space of one whole year, there to put him to labour as a true subject ought to do; and if not being known where he was born or last dwelt, then to the parish through which he last passed without punishment, to be conveyed to the house of correction of the district, or to the common gaol of that county or place, there to remain or be employed in work." It was likewise ordered that "if any of the said rogues shall appear to be dangerous to

the inferior sort of people where they shall be taken, or otherwise be such as will not be reformed of their roguish kind of life, it shall be lawful to the justices of the limits where any such rogue shall be taken, to commit that rogue to the house of correction, or otherwise to the gaol of the county, there to remain until the next quarter sessions; and then such of the same rogues, so committed by the justices of the peace there present, or the most part of them, shall be thought fit not to be delivered, shall be banished out of this realm and all other the dominions thereof, and at the charge of the county shall be conveyed into such parts beyond the seas as shall be at any time hereafter for that purpose assigned by the privy council." This was the origin of the laws for transportation of criminals.

The last and greatest of the statutes of Elizabeth concerning pauperism, generally regarded as the most remarkable instance of practical statesmanship to be found in English legislature up to that period, was promulgated in 1601, less than two years before the death of the queen. This new law—drawn up by Cecil, and known as the 43rd Elizabeth cap. 2—was the first to abandon the exceeding severity which had been the bane, self-destructive in its cruelty, of all the preceding statutes. Instead of inflicting horrible punishments, quite out of proportion with the offence committed, upon idle vagrants, the law ordered the application of the simple "labour test," all being set to work who could do so, and the rest, disabled from age, illness, or bodily defects, being maintained at the public expense by a regular poor-rate. In order that none might escape the "labour test," the rules applying to it were made so absolute as to embrace even children, the latter being set to work in the same manner as adults, with this provision, however, that whenever possible they should be made to learn a trade or handicraft, for which purpose special funds were set aside. The act further laid down very minutely the whole of the details of the management of the poor on the new principle, ordering the erection of "mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary implements" for "lusty beggars," of hospitals for the sick, and of houses of maintenance for all other "poor, aged, and impotent persons." The mode of application of the principle through the agency of overseers, under the control of the justices of the peace; the selection of parishes in the districts for its administration; the form of contribution by rates; the species of property to be assessed to the rates, and the remedy against their unequal imposition, were all carefully prescribed in the statute, the whole forming a body of enactments so discreet and judicious as not to be disturbed for many generations to come. It was supplemented and enlarged by a law passed soon after, which placed the endowment of all hospitals, almshouses, and other charitable institutions upon an entirely new footing. Former establishments of the kind had been founded, if large, such as the great hospital of the earl of Leicester at Warwick, under a special act of parliament, and if of lesser importance, by a licence under the great seal. The new statute enacted that any person might, within twenty years, found and establish, with an adequate provision of land, "hospitals, maisons de Dieu, abiding-places, or houses of correction, as well for the sustentation and relief of the maimed

poor, needy, or impotent people, as to set the poor to work; and from time to time place therein such head and members, and such number of poor, as shall seem convenient." This act was made perpetual in the next reign.

Not all the laws of Elizabeth were as imbued with wisdom as those concerning the treatment of the poor. Her legislation affecting trade and commerce was as despotic as that of Henry VIII., and her financial government scarcely less oppressive; while her judicial proceedings, with very few exceptions, bore the stamp of remorseless tyranny, acknowledging in the abstract no other right but that of the crown, and utterly disregarding the liberty of the subject. Elizabeth's rule, in this respect, has been compared by some historians to that exercised over semi-barbaric nations. "The government of England," David Hume wrote, "during that age bore some resemblance to that of Turkey. The sovereign possessed every power, except that of imposing taxes; and in both countries this limitation, unsupported by other privileges, appears rather prejudicial to the people. In Turkey it obliges the sultan to permit the extortion of the pashas and governors of provinces, from whom he afterwards squeezes presents or takes forfeitures: in England, it engaged the queen to erect monopolies and grant patents for exclusive trade—an invention so pernicious, that, had she gone on during a tract of years at her own rate, England, the seat of riches and arts and commerce, would have contained as little industry as Morocco or the coast of Barbary." The financial extortions of the queen were, indeed, almost endless, and carried on without the slightest regard to law or justice. Besides the regular subsidies granted to her by parliament, she extracted money wherever it could be got, under a hundred different names, as purveyance, pre-emption, benevolence, wardship, dispensation, and a multiplicity of other forms, all more or less oppressive. If an estate fell to a minor, she took possession of it, and enjoyed the whole of the profits till the coming of age of the owner, and frequently long after; and if the heir happened to be a female, she took the owner as well as the property, giving her away to some courtier or favourite, like a mere fixture, without in the slightest way consulting her taste. To extract cash from the city merchants, she frequently prohibited the sale of certain descriptions of goods, and allowed that of others only on payment of extraordinary taxes; thus, on one occasion, she issued a decree interdicting the sale of all crimson silks till her court had been fully supplied; while at another time an embargo was laid upon all glass vessels brought from Venice, and not raised till the owners of the "Flanders galleys," which imported the wares, had come forward with some unusually handsome offerings. At all times Elizabeth assumed a supreme and uncontrolled authority over foreign trade, and even over ordinary intercourse by travel with other countries, allowing no person to enter the kingdom or depart from it without her consent, and no merchandize to be imported or exported without the royal licence. Nor did Elizabeth disdain to extract money from the holy mother church. It was quite usual with her when promoting a bishop to take advantage of the opportunity of a weak incoming tenant by pillaging the see of some of its manors; and

once upon a vacancy she kept the bishopric of Ely for nineteen years entirely to herself, pocketing the revenues. When at last the new bishop had come in, she wanted to mulct him still further, and the good man resisting, her majesty honoured him with a letter under her own hand. "Proud prelate," the queen wrote, "I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know that I who made you what you are can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God, I will immediately unfrock you. Yours, as you demean yourself, Elizabeth."

Of all the exactions of the queen none pressed more heavily upon her subjects, and gave rise to more complaints, than those relating to monopolies. There was scarcely a merchandize or commodity of any kind that had not been assigned over to some so-called patentee, who alone possessed the right, secured under a royal patent, of disposing of it to the retailers and the public at large. It was in vain parliament protested, at almost every session, for more than forty years, against this burthen of monopolies, which not only was in itself a heavy and grievous mode of taxation, but destructive of all sound trade and the true interests of the government. On one occasion, a member of parliament described, in a discussion on the subject, the number of monopolies granted by the crown. The list comprised currants, salt, iron, powder, cards, calf-skins, felts, sail-cloth, bones, train-oil, lists of cloth, pot-ashes, vinegar, coals, steel, aquavite, brushes, bottles, pots, saltpetre, lead, oil, calamine, glass, paper, starch, tin, sulphur, drapery goods, dried pilchards, Spanish wool, Irish yarn, and a vast number of other articles, the mere enumeration of which seemed to fatigue the House of Commons. When the list was read, a member cried, "Is not bread in the number?" and everybody ejaculated "bread!" in astonishment. The first speaker went on, "Yes; I assure you, if affairs go on at this rate, we shall have bread reduced to a monopoly before the next parliament." What increased the indignation of the House of Commons, but feebly representing that of the people of England, was the extraordinary fiscal power attached to nearly all the monopolies, converting them into terrible engines of oppression. Thus the "patentees" of saltpetre had the right of entering every house, and searching every room, from the garret to the cellar; so that frequently the dwellers, to avoid the havoc committed among their property, had to get rid of the intruders by bribes. The profits drawn from the "patents" were so great that the earl of Essex, among others, derived fifty thousand pounds sterling from his privilege to sell sweet wines, and Raleigh twenty thousand from another on oil. Some of the monopolized articles were pushed up to ten or twelve times their ordinary value by the "patent;" thus one of the most indispensable commodities of daily life, salt, rose from sixteen pence to fifteen shillings a bushel, after the queen had given the right of exclusive sale to one of her court favourites. The murmurs and dissatisfaction at this tyranny kept on increasing towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, influencing parliament to the extent that, in the session of 1601, the otherwise timid members, slavishly bent to execute every behest of the crown, got courage to

frame an address to her majesty, praying she might do away with the most obnoxious of the monopolies. The courtiers, who mostly held the "patents," set up a loud howl at this movement, crying against the insolence to touch the "royal prerogative;" but Elizabeth, as always, viewed things with more discernment, and advised by Cecil, whose spies were spread all over the country, keeping him well informed about the depth of the popular resentment, she resolved to accede to the humble request of her commons. Accordingly, on the 25th of November, a royal message was delivered in parliament which drove nearly all the members frantic with the excitement of loyalty. One of the representatives of the nation solemnly declared, with tears gushing from his eyes, that if a sentence of everlasting happiness had been pronounced in his favour, he could not have felt more joy than on listening to the proof of the overwhelming goodness and condescension of the queen, as conveyed in her message.

The royal message simply announced that her majesty, in her infinite wisdom, had resolved to cancel some of the "patents" she had granted, and that no new ones should be issued until further orders. Mr. Secretary Cecil, after the reading of the message by the speaker, made an oration which partly stopped the tears of the member who had broken in with his appeal to the "everlasting happiness." Repeating the most important points of the royal missive, Cecil exclaimed, "I say, therefore, there shall be a proclamation general throughout the realm to notify her majesty's resolution in this behalf. And that you may eat your meat more savoury than you have done, every man shall have salt as good and cheap as he can buy it or make it, freely without danger of that patent which shall be presently revoked. The same benefit shall they have which have cold stomachs, both for aquivita, and aqua composita, and the like. And they that have weak stomachs, for their satisfaction shall have vinegar and alegar, and the like, set at liberty. Train-oil shall go the same way; oil of blubber shall march in equal rank; brushes and bottles endure the like judgment." Disliking the smell of woad, Elizabeth, with her accustomed arbitrariness, had some time before prohibited the growth of the plant; but she now, in her condescending mood, repealed the interdict, with this provision, as explained by Cecil, "that when her highness cometh on progress to see you in your countries, she be not driven out of your towns by suffering it to infect the air too near them." Then he continued, discussing the abrogation of monopolies, "Those that desire to go sprucely in their ruffs, may at less charge than accustomed obtain their wish, for the patent for starch, which hath so much been prosecuted, shall now be repealed." Besides the "patents" mentioned in Cecil's speech, those for calf-skins, felts, and leather were also revoked, and those for cards and glass provisionally suspended. The remedy, after all, was very slight, leaving the greater number of the monopolies, and the most profitable ones, untouched; nevertheless, the members of the House of Commons could not find words to express their gratitude, little accustomed as they were to see their prayers or petitions noticed by so imperious a governor as Elizabeth.

Far worse than the financial extortions of the queen, and in every respect the darkest side of her noble and high-aiming rule, was her despotism in the administration of justice. Though not worse than that of her Tudor predecessors, it was equally bad. One of the warmest admirers of Elizabeth, the historian Henry Hallam, acknowledges, in referring to her government, that "courts of justice were little better than the caverns of murderers. Whoever was arraigned at their bar was almost certain to meet a virulent prosecutor; a judge hardly distinguishable from the prosecutor, except by his ermine, and a passive, pusillanimous jury." The jury, in every instance, was picked by the sheriff, "either," as stated by Hallam, "according to express directions, or to what he judged himself of the crown's intention and interest. If a verdict had gone against the prosecution in a matter of moment, the jurors must have laid their account with appearing before the Star Chamber; lucky if they should escape on humble retraction, with sharp words, instead of enormous fines and indefinite imprisonment. The control of this arbitrary tribunal bound down and rendered impotent all the minor jurisdictions. That primæval institution, those inquests by twelve true men, the unadulterated voice of the people, responsible alone to God and their conscience, which should have been heard in the sanctuaries of justice, as fountains springing from the lap of earth, became, like waters constrained in their course by art, stagnant and impure. Until this weight that hung upon the constitution should be taken off, there was literally no prospect of enjoying with security those civil privileges which it held forth." Besides the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, venal judges, and packed juries, Elizabeth possessed another terrible engine of oppression in the right to proclaim martial law whenever she thought fit so to do. This simplified in an exceeding degree the forms of even Tudor justice, the "twelve true men," and all other ceremonies used in murdering an obnoxious subject becoming entirely superfluous, nothing more being required than to lead the doomed man to the nearest tree or gibbet, and hang him. The great queen displayed on all occasions an extraordinary fondness for martial law, ordering it to be employed, among others, against persons importing forbidden books, pamphlets, and papal bulls from abroad, as well as against vagrants inclined to riotousness. In her proclamation ordering martial law to be used in the killing of book importers, Elizabeth expressly prohibited the questioning of her lieutenants or their deputies, for their arbitrary punishment of such offenders, "any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding;" and she still more strikingly exhibited her despotic inclinations in a subsequent decree, commanding the immediate execution of a number of riotous idlers who had disturbed the peace of the city of London. In giving a commission of provost marshal to Sir Thomas Wilford, one of her officers, the queen stated, with unmistakable clearness, that she "granted him authority and commended him, upon signification given by the justices of the peace in London, or the neighbouring counties, of such offenders worthy to be speedily executed by martial law, to attach and take the same persons, and in the presence of the said justices,

according to justice of martial law, to execute them upon the gallows or gibbet openly, or near to such place where the said rebellious and incorrigible offenders shall be found to have committed the said offences." Commenting upon this document, David Hume justly remarks, "It would be difficult to produce an instance of such an act of authority in any place nearer than Muscovy."

The weight of Elizabeth's judicial despotism was greatly increased through the ready imitation of it by all the members of the government. Not only the privy council in general arrogated to itself a power of discretionary imprisonment, into which no inferior tribunal was allowed to inquire, but commitments by a single counsellor or courtly nobleman were very frequent. These abuses gave rise to a remarkable complaint on the part of the judges themselves, who, though not at all scrupulous to be the mere executors of mandates from the throne, did not relish the interference into their business of other subjects of her majesty. The complaint was vented in the form of a petition to the privy council, signed by eleven judges, and was delivered in Easter term of the 34th of Elizabeth, that is in 1592, eleven years before the death of the queen. "We, her majesty's justices of both benches and barons of the exchequer," the petition ran, "do desire your lordships that by your good means such order may be taken that her highness's subjects may not be committed or detained in prison, by commandment of any nobleman or counsellor, against the laws of the realm, to the grievous charges and oppression of her majesty's said subjects: or else help us to have access to her majesty, to be suitors unto her highness for the same. For divers have been imprisoned for suing ordinary actions and suits at the common law until they will leave the same, or against their wills put their matter to order, although some time it be after judgment and accusation. Item, others have been committed and detained in prison upon such commandment against the law; and upon the queen's writ in that behalf no cause sufficient hath been certified or returned. Item, some of the parties so committed and detained in prison, after they have, by the queen's writ, been lawfully discharged in court, have been eftsoones recommitted to prison in secret places, and not in common and ordinary known prisons, as the Marshalsea, Fleet, King's Bench, Gatehouse, nor the custodie of any sheriff, so as upon complaint made for their delivery, the queen's court cannot learn to whom to award her majesty's writ, without which justice cannot be done. Item, divers serjeants of London and officers have been many times committed to prison for lawful execution of her majesty's writs out of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and other courts, to their great charges and oppression, whereby they are put in such fear as they dare not execute the queen's process. Item, divers have been sent for by pursuivants for private causes, some of them dwelling far distant from London, and compelled to pay to the pursuivants great sums of money, against the law, and have been committed to prison till they would release the lawful benefit of their suits, judgments, or executions for remedie, in which behalf we are almost daily called upon to minister justice

according to law, whereunto we are bound by our office and oath. And whereas it pleased your lordships to will divers of us to set down when a prisoner sent to custody by her majesty, her council, or some one or two of them, is to be detained in prison, and not to be delivered by her majesty's court or judges: we think that if any person shall be committed by her majesty's special commandment, or by order from the council-board, or for treason touching her majesty's person, which causes being generally returned into any court, is good cause for the same court to leave the person committed in custody. But if any person shall be committed for any other cause, then the same ought specially to be returned." Inanimate as is this petition of the eleven judges, in its dry legal phraseology, it offers a terrible picture of the annihilation of all justice, all guarantees of right, and all individual liberty in the reign of the last of the Tudor monarchs.

The causes of the high prerogative of the Tudors, though springing partly from the individual character of the princes of this remarkable royal race, were not entirely personal, but based upon the condition of the age, only just emerging from the lawlessness of the feudal times, and the dissolution of all order in the long civil wars preceding the accession of Henry VII. England undoubtedly wanted strong rulers; and if they became a little too strong for the good of the commonwealth, the fault was not so much that of the rulers themselves, nor that of the body of their subjects, but that of the political leaders of the people, the great nobles and the members of the two houses of parliament. The celebrated author of the "Constitutional History of England" has furnished a graphic summary of the position of the realm under the Tudor sovereigns. "It appears to be a very natural inquiry," he says, "after beholding the course of administration under the Tudor line, by what means a government so violent in itself, and so plainly inconsistent with the acknowledged laws, could be maintained; and what had become of that English spirit which had not only controlled such injudicious princes as John and Richard II., but withstood the first and third Edward, in the fulness of their pride and glory. Not, indeed, that the excess of prerogative had ever been thoroughly restrained, or that, if the memorials of earlier ages had been as carefully preserved as those of the sixteenth century, we might not possibly find in them equally flagrant instances of oppression; but still, the petitions of parliament and frequent statutes remain on record, bearing witness to our constitutional law and to the energy that gave it birth. There had evidently been a retrograde tendency towards absolute monarchy between the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VIII. Nor could this be attributed to the common engine of despotism, a military force. For, except the yeomen of the guard, fifty in number, and the common servants of the king's household, there was not, in time of peace, an armed man receiving pay throughout England. A government that ruled by intimidation was absolutely destitute of force to intimidate. Hence risings of the mere commonalty were sometimes highly dangerous, and lasted much longer than ordinary. A rabble of Cornishmen, in the reign of Henry VII., headed by a blacksmith, marched up from their own country to

the suburbs of London without resistance. The insurrections of 1525, in consequence of Wolsey's illegal taxation, those of the north ten years afterwards, wherein, indeed, some men of a higher quality were engaged, and those which broke out simultaneously in several counties under Edward VI., excited a well-grounded alarm in the country; and in the two latter instances were not quelled without much time and exertion. The reproach of servility and patient acquiescence under usurped power falls not on the English people, but on its natural leaders. We have seen, indeed, that the House of Commons now and then gave signs of an independent spirit, and occasioned more trouble, even to Henry VIII., than his compliant nobility. They yielded to every mandate of his imperious will; they bent with every breath of his capricious humour; they are responsible for the illegal trial, for the iniquitous attainder, for the sanguinary statute, for the tyranny which they sanctioned by law, and for that which they permitted to subsist without law. Nor was this selfish and pusillanimous subserviency more characteristic of the minions of Henry's favour, the Cromwells, the Riches, the Pagets, the Russells, and the Powletts, than of the representatives of ancient and honourable houses, the Howards, the Fitz-Alans, and the Talbots. We trace the noble statesmen of those reigns concurring in all the inconsistencies of their revolutions, supporting all the religions of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth; adjudging the death of Somerset to gratify Northumberland, and of Northumberland to redeem their participation in his fault; setting up the usurpation of Lady Jane, and abandoning her on the first doubt of success—constant only in the rapacious acquisition of estates and honours, from whatever source, and in adherence to the actual power."

The income of the five Tudor sovereigns was very large, amounting to from 300,000*l.* to 800,000*l.* sterling per annum, of the money of the time, the least being

that of Henry VII., and the largest of any that of his son and successor, Henry VIII. Henry VII. left behind him an overflowing treasury, which his son emptied in a few years, and after devouring millions over millions of ecclesiastical property, the funds of hospitals, of orphans, and of widows, died deeply in debt. Edward VI., too, who enjoyed a revenue of about 400,000*l.* a year, left a large debt, which was quintupled by Mary, whose income rose not above 350,000*l.* Elizabeth, after paying the debts of both her predecessors, began to accumulate money, though not so much by regular as by irregular means. The subsidies voted to her by parliament during the forty-five years of her reign amounted altogether to rather less than three millions sterling, or about 66,000*l.* per annum, but this comparatively small sum she increased by her numerous financial exactions to more than 500,000*l.* a year. Up to Elizabeth, none of the sovereigns of England had been ashamed to accept pensions, paid with more or less regularity, from foreign monarchs; but she reversed the policy, and instead of taking began to give. Henry of Navarre, the Dutch republicans, and the German princes, alike began to taste the sweetness of Elizabeth's subsidies; and the soft golden stream that came flowing in upon them from the island shore made them ready to proclaim, one and all, that England was the first country upon earth. Though naturally inclined to the strictest economy, bordering at times upon avariciousness, the queen was lavish in her expenditure upon her favourites, especially the last and most unfortunate of them, the earl of Essex, who drew from her, according to a computation of Burleigh, presents in money to the value of three hundred thousand pounds in the course of a few years. To the grievous disappointment of her eager heir in the north, Elizabeth left little or no treasure at her death, her chief legacy to the king to come consisting in a magnificent female wardrobe, the finest the world had ever seen, being made up of no less than two thousand dresses.

CHAPTER III.

History of Religion, from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Elizabeth.

THE Reformation, greatest of events, next to the introduction of Christianity, that ever took place in England, distinguishes the Tudor period above all others. Though prepared long beforehand in the thoughts and feelings of the people, the gradual dawn of public enlightenment and the falling away of the dark superstition of past ages, the great crisis burst over the nation with some suddenness, accelerated by what human ignorance is often willing to describe as "accident," but what to the higher mind is nothing but the ruling of an all-wise providence. Judging by mere outward appearances, the Church of Rome was more firmly engrafted on English soil in the reign of Henry VII. than it had been for centuries. The king not only took his chief advisers from the ranks of the

clergy, made a cardinal his prime minister, and a bishop, devoted to Rome, his most trusted counsellor; but he never neglected any occasion to show his reverence in the shows and ceremonies, and his deep regard for the ministers of religion. Nevertheless, as the England of his days was fast beginning to lose that zeal in the cause of the Church which had formerly distinguished it, which had covered the soil of the kingdom with splendid cathedrals, nunneries, and monasteries, and which had made the clergy, next to the feudal lords of the soil, the wealthiest class of the realm, so the king himself, earnest observer of the signs of the times, was anything but a devout churchman at heart. Indeed, he could not well be so without stemming the course of his own policy,

which ran towards making the throne the source and fountain-head of all power, facing a people united in obedience, and undisturbed by the rivalry of privileged classes and hereditary rights. Henry's giant enemy in the accomplishment of this vast object was the nobility in the first instance; but the king, "sad, serious, and full of thought and secret observation" as he was, could not well help seeing that, his greatest foe overcome, he would have to deal with a power scarcely inferior to it in importance, and throwing its shadow up to the throne. With all his outward show of respect for the ministers of religion, Henry VII. never lost any occasion for depressing their influence, and depriving them of privileges which he deemed might be taken quietly, without too much resistance. In this noiseless strife, perfectly suited to his temper, the king was eminently successful; but it was not till towards the end of his reign that the keenest of the champions of the Church began to feel that they had been shorn of their strength, without knowing how it had been done.

Before grappling with the spiritual power of Rome, Henry VII. was naturally desirous to break down that independence from the civil law which the priests had raised up for themselves in the course of ages, and by means of which they were withdrawn entirely from the jurisdiction of the crown. There was, in fact, nothing more obtrusive to the royal prerogative than the so-called benefit of the clergy, which secured immunities to the ministers of religion, and even to all "clerks," or persons able to read and write, entirely at variance with that equality before the law which the king had so much at heart. These immunities had long given rise to loud complaints, inasmuch as, according to Burnet, "it was usual for persons, after the greatest crimes, to get into orders, and then not only what was past must be forgiven them, but they were not to be questioned for any crime after holy orders given till they were first degraded, and till that was done they remained the bishop's prisoners." Henry did not wait long to attack this immense privilege of the representatives of the Church, and in the fourth year of his reign had a statute passed curtailing, for the first time, the benefit of the clergy. "Whereas," ran the statute, "upon trust of the privilege of the Church, divers persons lettered have been the more bold to commit murder, rape, robbery, theft, and all other mischievous deeds, because they have been continually admitted to the benefit of the clergy as oft as they did offend in any of the premises;" therefore, for the future, clerks should take the benefit but once; and to simplify book-keeping, it was ordered that those convicted of murder should be branded with an **M**, and those of treason and other crimes with a **T** on the brawn of the left thumb. "For this good Act's sake," silyly remarks Bacon, "the king himself was after branded, by Perkin's proclamation, as an execrable breaker of the rites of the Church."

Next to the benefit of the clergy, the most important privilege of the priesthood was the right of sanctuary. It not only gave the Church of Rome power to shelter its own members against justice and law, but enabled it to stretch its wide mantle over every evildoer, however deep in crimes, who might choose to implore its protection. No doubt, in the

times of wild anarchy through which the kingdom had passed, the privilege of sanctuary had not been without its beneficial results. It enabled the weak man to fly from the vengeance of the strong, and the innocent to escape the persecution of the wicked, and without this last refuge of the Church no barriers would have existed between the oppressors and oppressed. But Henry, meaning to extinguish anarchy within the fair realm of England, and to make one law for all, under the unrestricted sway of the central influence emanating from the throne, held that the time of sanctuaries was gone. However, the king was well aware that this was a matter of quite as much civil as ecclesiastical import, and therefore, with wonted shrewdness, he attacked the sanctuary right not by parliamentary statute, but—what was really a wonderful stroke of policy—by means of a Papal Bull. The way in which Henry obtained this Bull, in the third year of his reign, is quaintly told by Bacon. "At that time also," says the learned historian, "the king sent an ambassador unto Pope Innocent, signifying unto him his marriage, and that now, like another Æneas, he had passed through the floods of his former troubles and travels, and was arrived unto a safe haven; and thanking his holiness that he had honoured the celebration of his marriage with the presence of his ambassador, and offering both his person and the forces of his kingdom upon all occasions to do him service. The ambassador, making his oration to the pope in the presence of the cardinals, did so magnify the king and queen, as was enough to glut the hearers. But then he did again so extol and deify the pope, as made all that he had said in praise of his master and mistress seem temperate and passable. But he was very honourably entertained, and extremely mirth made on by the pope, who, knowing himself to be lazy and unprofitable to the Christian world, was wonderfully glad to hear that there were such echoes of him sounding in remote parts. He obtained also of the pope a very just and honourable Bull, qualifying the privileges of sanctuary, wherewith the king had been extremely galled, in three points. The first, that if any sanctuary man did by night, or otherwise, get out of sanctuary privily, and commit mischief and trespass, and then come in again, he should lose the benefit of sanctuary for ever after. The second, that howsoever the person of the sanctuary man was protected from his creditors, yet his goods out of sanctuary should not. The third, that if any took sanctuary for case of treason, the king might appoint him keepers to look to him in sanctuary." The picture of the "lazy and unprofitable" pope, made use of by a most active diplomatic king, "another Æneas," is a perfect illustration in showing Henry's dealings with the court of Rome.

The attempt to bend the ecclesiastical under the civil power would have clearly been a hopeless one, but for the aid of that mighty spirit of rebellion which, long previous to Henry's accession, had begun to arise against Roman Catholicism. Wycliffe's followers, the Lollards, bold pioneers of the Protestants of latter days, increased from year to year, and though even at the beginning of Henry's reign, a century after the death of the great reformer, their numbers

were comparatively insignificant, the great bulk of the people adhering, at least nominally, to the ancient faith, the spirit of investigation stirred by them spread silently through the masses. The violent persecution under which the new heretics suffered had the usual effect of adding fuel to the flame. It was not Henry's policy to show himself in any way favourable to the Lollards, his aim being rather to depress the power of the Church by its own members, and, if possible, let the pope, bishops, and cardinals, do the work he wanted to be done. He therefore looked on at the continued persecution of Wycliffe's followers as an impartial spectator, interfering neither for nor against them, and, perhaps, impressed by the conviction that the ultimate result would be that of all martyrdom. A few heretics were burned regularly every year, for the glory of God and the Roman Catholic Church, during the whole of the fifteenth century; but the victims were taken chiefly from among the poorer classes, and in an age when life was held so cheap, and the punishment of death was so common, the whole attracted little attention. However, with the never-ending spread of the revolt, the Church of Rome became alarmed, and the zeal of persecution increased in view of the visible strength of the persecuted. In the year 1494, ninth of the reign of Henry VII., the first female heretic was sent to the stake. It was a lady of wealth, the widow of a gentleman, named Joan Boughton, and having many friends, and being, besides, above eighty years of age, her violent death at Smithfield attracted far more attention than that of the majority of Lollards who had previously suffered. John Fox, the martyrologist, describes this aged sufferer for the sake of religion as "a disciple of Wycliffe, whom she accounted for a saint, and held so fast and firmly eight of his ten opinions, that all the doctors of London could not turn her from one of them." When the ecclesiastical judges "told her that she should be burned for her obstinacy and false belief, she set nothing by their menacing words, but defied them, for she said she was so beloved of God and His holy angels that she cared not for the fire; and in the midst thereof she cried to God to take her soul into His holy hands." The martyrdom of this venerable person caused a great stir among all the people attached to the teachings of Wycliffe, and the night following her death at the stake, "the most part of her ashes were had away of such as had a love unto the doctrine that she died for." This caused fresh persecution, and the fires of Smithfield came to be lighted anew, among the martyrs being Lady Young, daughter of Joan Boughton. She met her fate as heroically as her aged mother; but others condemned with her did not, and preferred recantation to the horrors of the flames. For such cases a curious ceremony had been invented by the priests, satisfying their great object of striking terror, and yet showing willingness to pardon and forgive. The condemned Lollards had to carry in public procession the faggots with which they were to be burnt, and to stand before the preacher at St. Paul's during the whole time of his sermon. This was the ordinary punishment for recanting heretics in London; but in the provinces, where the priestly power swayed more unchecked, the penalties imposed were far more severe. One William

Tylsworth was burnt at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire; and his only daughter, nominally pardoned, having been compelled to set fire to his stake, she and her husband, with numerous others, had to carry faggots through the whole county, were treated with barbaric cruelty, and finally branded on the cheek. To inflict the last-named revolting punishment, "their necks," according to John Fox, "were tied fast to a post or stay with towels, and their hands holden that they might not stir, and so, the iron being hot, was put to their cheeks, and thus bare they the prints and marks of the Lord Jesus about them."

Henry VII., though he did not suppress, certainly did not encourage religious persecution, and by taking in other respects a decided attitude against the priesthood, all but placed himself at the side of the disciples of Wycliffe. One of the first statutes made by the king was "for the more sure and likely reformation of priests, clerks, and religious men," which gave power to bishops to punish them for incontinence and other crimes. However, this statute and others following it had so little effect in putting a stop to the gross demoralization of the clergy, that Henry was compelled to call in the aid of his trusty ally, the "lazy and unprofitable" head of the Romish Church. Pope Innocent at first seemed unwilling to believe that the priesthood of the realm of England were really as godless and wicked as depicted by the king; but having met with confirmation on all sides, his holiness directed Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, to admonish the clergy of the kingdom in general, and the greatest sinners among them in particular. These letters of admonition, duly issued, formed in themselves a graver protest against the Church of Rome than was ever put forth by the most fanatical heretic thrown into the flames at Smithfield. The nation came to hear, from the pontiff himself, and through the mouth of the head of the English Church, that a vast number of the priesthood of the kingdom led such utterly wicked and depraved lives as to be almost beyond the hope of reform. It appeared, among other things, from the archiepiscopal admonitions, that the monks of St. Alban's kept two neighbouring nunneries filled with loose women, whom they visited openly and in the most shameless manner, committing riot and debauchery on the very steps of the altar. The abbot and his monks were accused of other and still graver crimes, not in a vague manner, but in distinct charges and with specified names. Everywhere throughout the kingdom priests and monks were charged with strutting about like gallants, wearing showy garments, jewels, and gold chains, and shrinking back from no crime in the gratification of their passions and the indulgence of a luxurious life. It was but natural that the priesthood should smart under this exposure, coming from so high an authority; but the only visible effect of Archbishop Morton's admonitions was, not that they tried to reform, but an attempt to revenge themselves on the indirect author. So far was this hatred pushed, that the king had to pass a special statute to protect Morton's life from some "mortal enemies in court;" which enemies, probably, would have gladly aimed their blow higher had they had a chance to do so. As it was, nearly all the conspiracies of the period centred in priests. Both Lambert

Simnel and Perkin Warbeck had their chief supporters in the Church; and a score of lesser impostors, such as Ralph Wilford, were openly instructed and brought forward by leading ecclesiastics. The king, to judge from all his actions, never lost this enemy out of sight, and it is highly probable that, had his life lasted long enough, he would have set his heel with full energy upon the neck of the priesthood, as well as upon that of his chief foe, the turbulent aristocracy.

The reign of Henry VII. may, on the whole, be regarded as the first dawn of the English reformation, although the actual increase of the doctrines of reform and of the numbers adhering to it was not very great. Probably the chief cause of this was the want of unity among the opponents of the Romish Church. While some of them were inclined to overthrow the whole gigantic tree of error, crime, and superstition, which had grown around the Church in the course of centuries, others, more timid, seemed content to lay the axe but upon the most diseased branches, and to spare the tree itself. What was most generally objected to was the image-worship of the Church; but even here some stopped in merely protesting against the worship of the saints, while others were equally opposed to that of the Virgin Mary. The former heresy was sometimes pardoned by the ecclesiastical tribunals; the latter never. In an inquisition held before John Arundel, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, one John Blomstone, charged with having said "that it was foolishness to go on pilgrimage to the image of our Lady at Doncaster, Walsingham, or of the Tower of the city of Coventry, for a man might as well worship the blessed Virgin by the fireside in the kitchen as in the aforesaid places," was let off on doing penance; while another Lollard, Richard Hegham by name, had to go to the stake for saying "that if the image of our Lady of Tower were put into the fire it would make a good fire." Aggravated penalties awaited those Lollards, few in number, who denied the right of the pontiff to call himself the successor of St. Peter, and to pardon sins. This was naturally held the greatest heresy, inasmuch as it interfered not only with the spiritual supremacy of the pontiff, but, what was more, with the cash nexus, the sale of pardons being, as the most extensive, so the most lucrative business of holy Mother Church.

English Protestantism in the reign of Henry VII. may be said to have been a dormant fire, smouldering for want of a strong wind to fan it into a purifying flame. The accession of Henry VIII. found England in a high state of religious excitement. The ever growing immorality of the clergy, high and low, was gradually begetting a general detestation among the people, which was increased by senseless disputes among the priests and monks themselves, carried on with no other result than that of damaging their common cause. Not content with quarrelling constantly about endowments, honours, privileges, and money matters, the great religious orders got, towards the end of the reign of Henry VII., into a fierce altercation about a very delicate point of doctrine, that known as the "Immaculate Conception." It divided the whole body of ecclesiastics into two great parties, the fighting champions of which were the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, on the one side, and the Dominicans, or Black

Friars, on the other. The Franciscans maintained that the Virgin Mary had been conceived and born wholly without original sin, while the Dominicans asserted that she had been conceived like every other earth-born human creature, but had been sanctified and cleansed from all sin attaching to the descendants of Adam and Eve before seeing the light of day, while still in her mother's womb. This somewhat subtle point of theology the two great parties in the church discussed with immoderate zeal for some years, abusing each other in the heartiest manner, and finally resorting to curses and maledictions. An appeal to the pope resulted in a decision in favour of the Franciscans, and the Immaculate Conception; yet this by no means cooled the ardour of the Dominicans, and braving the pains of excommunication with which they were threatened, they stoutly maintained their own dogma. Not being able, after the papal judgment, to preach it openly, they had recourse to indirect agencies, calling up, among others, the help of some very ancient aids of faith, that of miracles. In the same year when Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the news spread all over England that a certain image of the Virgin, having a temporary resting-place at Berne, in Switzerland, had been heard to weep and groan, and being asked to explain the cause of her sorrow, had declared before many witnesses that she felt deeply grieved at the false doctrine of the Franciscans, being certain that her conception had been maculate, and not immaculate. The result, as stated in the words of Fox, the martyrologist, was that "the people in great number came flocking to the image, with manifold gifts and oblations, for the Dominic friars so had wrought the matter, and had so swept all the fat to their own beards from the order of the Franciscans, that all the alms came to their box. The Franciscans, seeing their estimation to decay, and their kitchen to wax cold, and their paunches to be pinched, not able to abide that contumely, and being not ignorant or unacquainted with such counterfeited doings—for, as the proverb sayeth, 'It is ill halting before a cripple'—eftsoons espied their crafty jugglings, and detected their fraudulent miracles." Detection was followed by punishment, and the four chief managers of the speaking Maculate Virgin were given over to the flames. The greatest enemies of monasticism could not have done more to cast opprobrium upon the system than the Friars, Grey and Black, did by this public exhibition of their own rogueries.

The seething spirit of the English people, protesting against the corruption of the church, exhibited itself before long in a remarkable affair, which, though not important by itself, became so in its consequences. In the spring of 1514, a citizen of London, named Richard Hunne, a tailor by trade, fell into a dispute with a priest about a very trifling matter, involving the ownership of a piece of cloth used at the burial of the tailor's daughter. Refusing to give up the cloth, which the priest claimed as a mortuary, Hunne was sued for it in the ecclesiastical court, and in retaliation, by advice of his counsel, entered upon the very bold step of taking out a writ of *præmunire* against his pursuer for bringing him before a foreign jurisdiction, the court sitting under the authority of

the pope's legate. It was raising a great issue on a very small point; and being not at all desirous to have the potent question as to whether Rome had a right to interfere in the distribution of justice in England brought under public discussion, the priests parried the stroke aimed against them by throwing the bold tailor into prison. After having been subjected for several weeks to close confinement in the "Lollards' Tower," adjoining St. Paul's, Richard Hunne was carried before the bishop of London, on the general charge of heresy, and the special one that he had "in his keeping divers English books, prohibited and damned by the law, as the Apocalypse in English, epistles and gospels in English, Wycliffe's damnable works, and other books containing infinite errors, in the which he hath been long accustomed to read, teach, and study daily." Hunne admitted the charges, yet at the same time refused to withdraw his suit against the priest, upon which he was sent back to prison, the bishop significantly remarking that "the London juries were so prejudiced against the church that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain." Two days after, Richard Hunne was found dead in his cell in the Lollards' Tower, suspended from a hook in the ceiling. The gaolers declared that he had hung himself, but the coroner's jury at the inquest came to a different conclusion. According to the account of Burnet, the historian of the Reformation, the jury "found him hanging so loose, and in a silk girdle, that they clearly perceived he was killed; they also found that his neck had been broken, as they judged, with an iron chain, for the skin was all fretted and cut; they saw some streams of blood about his body, besides several other evidences, which made it clear he had not murdered himself. Whereupon they did acquit the dead body, and laid the murder on the officers that had the charge of that prison; and by other proofs they found the bishop's summoner and the bellringer guilty of it; and by the deposition of the summoner himself it did appear that the chancellor, and he, and the bellringer, did murder him, and then hung him up."

Neither the bishop nor his priests quailed before the storm. Instead of submitting to the verdict of the jury, they did their utmost to increase the public indignation by clamouring against the spread of unbelief, going so far as to continue the process of heresy against Hunne's dead body. Snatched away from the coroner, the corpse of the murdered man was carried, in horrible mockery, before the ecclesiastical tribunal, and an indictment of thirteen articles read against it. Condemned, as a matter of course, the putrid body was sent back to prison, and from thence dragged to Smithfield, where, on the 20th of December, it was committed to the flames. This ghastly piece of barbarism, worthy of the champions of the Immaculate Conception and of papal infallibility, had the effect of driving almost every man in the capital into opposition to Rome; and henceforth, as reported by Burnet, "the city of London was never again well affected to the popish clergy, but inclined to follow anybody who spoke against them, and every one looked on it as a cause of common concern." The burning of the dead body at Smithfield was replied to by the launching of a coroner's warrant against

Dr. Horsey, chancellor of the bishop of London, as well as the summoner and the bellringer of the Lollards' Tower, for the murder of Hunne; and great efforts were made to bring them to justice, the chief lawyers of all the civil tribunals taking the part of the people. After a short while, parliament itself took the matter up, and a bill, which passed both houses by a large majority, restored to Hunne's children the goods of their father, thus annulling the conviction of the ecclesiastical court by which they had been forfeited. This was a severe blow to the priests, which they knew not how to parry, and to divert attention from it, a matter which had strongly occupied public attention some years before was brought forward again. It was a prosecution of the papal legate and the archbishop of Canterbury against Dr. Henry Standish, guardian of the Mendicant Friars of London, and chief of the king's spiritual council, for heretical opinions expressed in several sermons delivered at St. Paul's Cross, in which, among others, he asserted the right of jurisdiction of the civil courts of the realm over the clergy. The starting anew of this accusation, which had been prudently dropped before, excited great indignation among all classes, leading parliament to implore the king, in a humble address, "to maintain the temporal jurisdiction, according to his coronation-oath, and to protect Standish from the malice of his enemies." Henry felt somewhat perplexed what to do, being urged by Wolsey on the one hand to uphold the rights of the church, but having more inclination to uphold his own rights, involved in the "temporal jurisdiction." To solve the difficulty, he had recourse to an expedient as novel as significant, that of forming a great assembly for discussing the spiritual affairs of the nation.

The assembly, consisting of all the judges, the king's councillors, both spiritual and temporal, and many members of both houses of parliament, met at the convent of the Black Friars. The first question entertained was the prosecution against Dr. Standish; but from this special matter the discussions soon swayed over a wider range, embracing a variety of the most important matters, especially the great one under agitation in the affair of Richard Hunne, as to whether there existed any lawful jurisdiction for the papal legate in England, or any court presided over by him, over laymen, subjects of the king. It became manifest, immediately after the opening of the assembly, that the vast majority of the members, including many of the clergy, were opposed to the pretensions of the church of Rome. Prominent among the speakers was Dr. Veysey, dean of the royal chapel, who openly challenged the assumed right of the priesthood to exercise any control or influence whatever in affairs beyond their own order, or to be anything else than a class of citizen, on a level and co-ordinate with other classes. In support of his heretical tenet, Dr. Veysey brought forward some striking arguments. To prove that "the laws of the church did not bind any but those who received them," he cited the fact "that in old times all secular priests were married; but in the days of St. Augustine, the apostle of England, there was a decree made to the contrary, which was received in England and in many other places, by virtue whereof the

priests in England may not marry. But this law not being universally received, the Greek church never judged themselves bound by it, so that to this day the priests in that church have wives as well as other secular men. If then the churches of the east, not having received the law of the celibate of the clergy, have never been condemned by the church for not obeying it, then the convening clerks having been always practised in England was no sin, notwithstanding the decree to the contrary, which was never received here." Dr. Veysey wound up his speech by the pregnant sentence, that "the commonwealth of the realm was chiefly to be looked at, and to be preferred to all other things." The great question having been fully discussed on all sides, the judges unanimously delivered their opinion "that all those of the convocation of the clergy who did award the citation against Standish were in the case of a *præmunire facias*," the summoning of the king's subject before a foreign tribunal being contrary to the constitution of the realm. After delivering this opinion, and forwarding it to the king, the assembly broke up. Almost unconsciously, the orators of the convent of the Black Friars had made a long stride towards Protestantism, pushing valiantly forward in the path traced out more than a century before by Wycliffe, and along which a poor German monk was now preparing to hew his course, with thunder and lightning flashing around his head.

The king received the report of the Black Friars' assembly very graciously, and to give his reply, summoned the whole of the members to meet him at his royal residence of Baynard's Castle, in the city of London. Feeling now thoroughly alarmed, the church party had made extraordinary efforts to defend their privileges, and Cardinal Wolsey himself came forward to plead the cause of his order. Kneeling before the king, Wolsey, in the name of the clergy, declared "That none of them intended to do anything that might derogate from his prerogative, and least of all himself, who owed his advancement only to the king's favour; but this matter of convening the clerks did seem to them all to be contrary to the laws of God and the liberties of the church, which they were bound by their oaths to maintain according to their power." The cardinal, therefore, humbly begged "that his majesty, to avoid the censures of the church, would refer the matter to the decision of the pope and his council at the court of Rome." Henry replied that he thought the matter had been discussed sufficiently before the assembly, and that Doctor Standish and others had fully proved the legal issue; but the bishop of Winchester, interrupting, cried, "I warrant you, Doctor Standish will not abide by his opinion, at his peril." Thus appealed to, the doctor faltered, "What shall one poor friar do alone, against all the bishops and clergy of England?" After a short silence, the archbishop of Canterbury arose to argue in favour of the rights of the church to exercise sway over laymen; and he having finished, the lord chief justice proceeded to refute his pleadings, on the basis of common law and of the constitution of the realm, which, he showed, acknowledged no foreign jurisdiction of any kind in England. Having extolled the royal prerogative to the utmost,

to the great satisfaction of Henry, who listened very demurely to arguments so flattering to his vanity, his majesty finally delivered his judgment. "By the permission and ordinance of God," Henry exclaimed, "we are king of England, and the kings of England in times past had never any superior but God only. Therefore know you well that we will maintain the right of our crown, and of our temporal jurisdiction, as well in this as in all other points, in as ample manner as any of our progenitors have done before our time. And as for our decrees, we are well assured that you of the spirituality go expressly against the words of divers of them, as hath been shewed you by some of our council; and you interpret your decrees at your pleasure, but we will not agree to them more than our progenitors have done in former times." The words sounded like a rebellion of the king of England against the power of Rome.

The rebellion, for the time being, was not very deep nor very serious. Fickle and capricious in regard to all higher objects, and strong only when driven by his animal passions, Henry did not proceed far in the anti-papal campaign he seemed to have entered upon, and being wholly under the guidance of his cardinal-minister, he made his peace with Rome almost as soon as it had been broken. The clerical party, acting under Wolsey's advice, greatly facilitated the healing of the breach by their prudence, and even the papal court, usually so quick in interfering when its privileges were concerned, acted with remarkable forbearance, leaving everything to the great cardinal at the helm of the English government. Under his management, a compromise was entered into between the opposing factions in church and state, the clergy consenting to deliver up the chancellor of the bishop of London, accused of participation in the murder of Richard Hunne, to civil justice, and the judges, on the other hand, promising to withdraw him from a London jury, who to a certainty would have sent him to the gallows, by trying him on a special indictment issued by the king. The compromise was carried out to the entire satisfaction of Wolsey, if not of the two great parties the mutual strength of which he was trying to break. Arraigned before the court of the king's bench, the chancellor, Dr. Horsey, pleaded Not Guilty; and no proofs against him being produced by the attorney-general, he was discharged. But so strong was the public feeling against him that he found it impossible to retain his post any longer, and he had to quit London and go to Exeter, where he spent his days in great retirement. However, to make the battle even on both sides, Wolsey persuaded the king to dismiss Dr. Standish from his post in the spiritual council, and while the chancellor had to fly from the rage of the people, he had to fly before the rage of the priests. On the whole, the victory seemed greatest on the side of the partisans of Rome, although it was such as bore within it the seeds of ruin. As summed up by Gilbert Burnet, "the clergy suffered much in this business, besides the loss of their reputation with the people, who involved them in all the guilt of Hunne's murder; for now their exemption being well examined, it was found to have no foundation at all but in their own decrees, and few were

much convinced by that authority, since upon the matter it was but a judgment of their own in their own favour. Nor was the city of London at all satisfied with the proceedings in the king's bench, since there was no justice done; and all thought the king seemed more careful to maintain his prerogative than to do justice."

After the passing of the excitement arising from the deliberations of the assembly at the Black Friars, the bonds uniting the sovereign of England to the see of Rome appeared drawn firmer than ever. While the principles of the reformation, wafted across from Germany, were daily spreading among the people, and the opposition to priestly rule and the superstition of ages was getting more and more strength among the masses, the king himself seemed to move in the opposite direction, dragged onward by his great clerical adviser, and impelled, besides, by his own petty vanity. Succeeding popes, Julius II. and Leo X., sent him presents of blessed golden roses, which delighted him like a child; and being asked to join in the crusade against Luther and the German reformers, he did so with the greatest alacrity. Not being able, to his infinite distress, to hang or burn the monk of Wittenberg, he resolved in an evil hour to annihilate him by a pamphlet. The story of Henry's book against Luther is quaintly and concisely told by a chronicler of the times. "About the year 1521," reports the Rev. John Strype, "did King Henry show himself a man of letters as well as arms, by a book which he owned himself the author of, wherein both his learning and his zeal for the pope's cause and religion appeared, being written in confutation of Martin Luther's late books against indulgences granted by popes, and other errors of the church of Rome. This book the king, by the cardinal's advice, thought fit to have presented to Pope Leo, which was done by Dr. Clark, then the king's ambassador at Rome, and was delivered by him into his own hands, in a solemn assembly of cardinals. And at the same time he made a speech to the pope, to which the pope presently made answer, showing his most grateful acceptance of it. And in testimony thereof he gave him the title of Defender of the Faith; and so always to be styled whensoever he was named. The book thus presented, richly bound, was laid up in the Vatican as a rarity, where the Lord Herbert of Cherbury saith he afterwards saw it. This was brought about by the means of Cardinal Wolsey, who procured some copies of the book to be written in a very fair and beautiful character, and one of them to be bound up splendidly, namely, that which was to be sent to the pope; and the said cardinal sent that especially to the king, for his liking of it, before it went." The work was printed the same year in London, as a quarto pamphlet, with the title, "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martin Luther*," or Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther. The irate reformer responded to the royal attack in a vehement reply, which sorely hurt Henry's vanity, both as a king and an author. His claim to authorship was somewhat of a pretence, since he had given little more than his name to the pamphlet in defence of the Seven Sacraments; nevertheless he felt severely aggrieved when the German monk told

him, with very strong epithets, that his theology was bad, and his Latin worse. The criticism rankled deep in the conceit of Henry, and he never more set his name to book or pamphlet, nor ever forgave Doctor Martin Luther.

Had the people of England been less determined to break the bonds of Rome, the quarrel of the king with the great German reformer might have led to a firmer establishment than ever of Roman Catholicism in the realm; but bending as the great majority of Henry's subjects were towards the doctrines of the new faith, he himself was unable to stem the mighty tide, and, almost imperceptibly, kept drifting with the stream. The force of the great current of the reformation that was overrunning the country became strikingly visible in the year 1526, while Henry was in the height of his intimacy with the court of Rome, glorying in his title of Defender of the Faith, and ready to stamp out all heresy with fire and sword. In this year, a translation into the vernacular of the New Testament, made by William Tindal, and printed at Antwerp, was sent into England, and in a wonderfully short time spread in thousands of copies all over the country, notwithstanding the most determined efforts of the priests to stop the circulation. But threats, intrigues, and heavy punishments alike were spent in vain for the purpose. In the month of October, 1526, a circular letter was issued by all the bishops, stating that some of Luther's followers had "erroneously translated the New Testament," and "had corrupted the word of God both by a false translation and by heretical glosses;" they therefore required all incumbents to charge the people within their parishes that had any of these translations to bring them to the vicar-general within thirty days after the premonition, under penalty of excommunication and suspicion of heresy. This had no effect whatever, and it soon became apparent that the tenets of the reformers were spreading with such a rapidity as to baffle all attempts to restrain them. In the midst of their crusade against the Bible, the bishops learnt that the high seat of erudition in England, the university of Cambridge, was infected with heresy, some of the most eminent teachers, Bilney, Latimer, and others, having taken to propagate the works and opinions of Luther without fear and restraint. The most zealous of the prelates thereupon moved that a body of ecclesiastical commissioners be appointed to go to Cambridge, to discover the chief fautors of heresy there, and visit them with condign punishment; but this proposal was rejected by Wolsey on the ground of inexpediency. He at the same time summoned, as cardinal legate, a meeting of the principal dignitaries of the church, to deliberate upon the fearful increase of heretical opinions, and devise measures for counteracting it. Several of the Cambridge professors, Bilney among them, were brought before the meeting, and forced, under great threats, to abjure their errors; but they soon relapsed, and the doings of the assembly otherwise had no result. To all thoughtful observers it was becoming manifest that the best part of England, all that the kingdom possessed of intellect, of understanding, and of mental worth, had grown into Protestantism, and was getting more and more attached

to the new faith, regardless of royal and papal and priestly power.

The attitude towards the reformation of Cardinal Wolsey, guide of the king, and virtual ruler of England, was somewhat strange. While doing everything in his power to attach Henry to Rome and set his face against the adherents of Luther, he proceeded at the same time with but little zeal against the English reformers, exhibiting so much indulgence towards them as to incur the suspicion of the ultra orthodox party of being a secret heretic. There was good ground for the distrust, Wolsey showing himself in one respect as great an enemy of ecclesiastical abuses as even Luther himself. In the year 1523, while the great German monk was sitting in his lone prison at the Wartburg, translating the Bible, the cardinal, at the instigation of his friend Edward Fox, bishop of Hereford, a favourer of the reformation, issued a commission for examining the monasteries, and dissolving and overthrowing those which showed the most glaring abuses and the greatest neglect of morality. The iniquities brought to light by this examination aided very powerfully in the spread of the principles of reform, forming a practical commentary to all the attacks levelled against the Roman Catholic clergy. Wolsey was not an altogether passive, or accidental instrument in thus assisting the cause of Protestantism. Ambition had made him a priest and a cardinal, and ambition made him aspire to the papal throne; but in reality he had not a grain of the true priestly element in him, being not only sceptic in matters of dogma, and tolerant of the views and opinions of others, but entirely devoid of attachment to Rome. But for his desire to emancipate himself from the thralldom of both ruling and serving a creature so fickle and vulgar and brutal as Henry VIII., it would have suited Wolsey's natural temper much better to take part in the reform movement of the educated English middle classes, of which he was the representative to a certain extent, than to be the champion of Romish interests, with which he felt little sympathy, and for which he cared less. However, the lofty dream of his ambition was to grasp the golden tiara of the self-styled successors of the apostle; and sacrificing everything to this dream, the son of the Ipswich trader neglected the chance outspread before him of becoming one of the founders of English Protestantism. Even as it was, with the vision of the papal throne constantly before his eyes, Wolsey did much for the cause of religious reform, both directly and indirectly, and had an infinitely greater share in making England Protestant than the sensual despot whom chance made the tool of breaking a link or two in the chain of Roman bondage. In Wolsey, literature found a constant and bountiful patron; and while he invited the most eminent scholars of the Continent to teach in English universities, he encouraged both learning and the spread of the new ideas of religion that had been fermenting in the heads of the best and most thoughtful of men ever since the church of Rome had become a mass of corruption. It was reserved for Wolsey in the end to lift, with bandaged eyes, the heavy axe that was to sever for all times England from the papacy.

At what precise time Henry got tired of his aged wife, conceiving, as he was pleased to express it, "scruples about his marriage," is not known; but there appears little doubt that Wolsey was chiefly instrumental in raising the "scruples," and fanning them into the proper glow. As reported by Burnet, "the cardinal did first infuse them into him, and made Longland, bishop of Lincoln, that was the king's confessor, possess the king's mind with them in confession." "It is also said," the author of the "History of the Reformation" continues, "that the cardinal being alienated from the emperor, that he might irreparably embroil the king and him, and unite the king to the French interests, designed this out of spite; and that he was also dissatisfied towards the queen, who hated him for his lewd and dissolute life, and had often admonished and checked him for it." Whatever the motives of Wolsey, he earnestly prosecuted the preparations for the divorce, the ultimate result of which he could not possibly foresee. There was, indeed, nothing in the first steps taken to obtain the needful papal sanction for the divorce which made either Henry or his minister doubt for a moment that it would be as readily granted as it had been in a hundred similar cases, when popes had assisted kings and other important men to get rid of inconvenient wives. When the matter was first proposed to the holy father, he, being a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, showed the greatest anxiety to oblige the Defender of the Faith, upon whom he rested his main hopes for escaping from the grip of the far-reaching Kaiser; but when once these hopes were frustrated in new victories of the imperialists, the whole turn of affairs changed, and from dealing with a facile pontiff, dispensing for small consideration bulls, pardons, and indulgences, Wolsey found himself face to face with the proudest monarch of the age, whose personal honour was involved in the question of the divorce. Perhaps, if possessed of more diplomatic skill, the cardinal might have overcome the difficulty, and by entering into negotiations with Charles V., and diverting the foreign policy of England into its old channels, as opposed to France, have secured the goodwill of the powerful monarch, thus surmounting all obstacles to the divorce, and doing away with all dangers likely to result from a quarrel with the head of the Catholic church. But Wolsey possessed no more diplomatic talent than military capacity; the "boy bachelor," as he was early called at Oxford, understood Greek and Latin and theology to perfection, but knew little or nothing of French and German, and of continental politics. His ignorance was fortunate for England—providential for the great cause of Protestantism.

Henry's negotiations with the court of Rome created a great divergence of opinion among the adherents of religious reform. While all ardently desired the destruction of the papal influence in England, likely to result from the failure of the negotiations, but few could bring themselves to look with complacency upon the means by which it was to be achieved. Queen Catherine was far from popular; her dark bigotry, alike with her un-English habits and mode of life, having left her since the day of her arrival in the country isolated among the circle of her priests,

confessors, and courtiers; nevertheless, her misfortune touched all hearts, and the cause of morality and of the sacredness of the nuptial tie being bound up with her own, she had infinitely more friends than her rival, Anne Boleyn, who was arising to carry the doctrines of the reformation to the throne of England. The feeling of the people was curiously reflected in the discussions concerning the king's divorce that took place in the universities. Henry having asked them to give their advice in the matter, the hesitation to favour his illicit passion was great and general; and even at Cambridge, where the doctrines of Luther had spread to an extraordinary degree, it was not without great trouble that the king's agents, instructed to prepare the divorce in the teeth of Rome, could carry their point. "When they came to Cambridge," runs Burnet's account, based upon letters written by Henry's envoys, Gardiner and Fox, "they spake to the vice-chancellor, whom they found very ready to serve the king; so was also Doctor Edmunds, and several others; but there was a contrary party that met together, and resolved to oppose them. A meeting of the doctors, bachelors of divinity, and masters of art, in all about two hundred, was held. There the king's letters were read, and the vice-chancellor calling upon several of them to deliver their opinions about it, they answered as their affections led them, and were in some disorder." Finally, after a debate extending over two days, it was decided that "what two parts of three agreed to, should be read in a congregation, and without any further debate the common seal of the university should be set to it. Yet it was at first denied; then being put to the vote, it was carried equally on both sides. But being a third time proposed, it was carried for the divorce. Of which an account was presently sent to the king, with a schedule of their names to whom it was committed, and what was to be expected from them; so that it was at length determined, though not without opposition, that the king's marriage was against the law of God." Forced as was this adhesion of men of learning to the arbitrariness of the despot who made religion the cloak of his passions, it was yet not without great significance. Called upon to vote on a theological question, the high schools of England were placed for the first time in opposition to the priesthood, and the right of reason vindicated against the infallibility of the pope.

The fall of Wolsey greatly accelerated the final breach with Rome, yet before even the great cardinal had been stript of all his power, and Henry had found a Cromwell to guide him away from the allegiance to pontifical supremacy, the attitude of the people clearly showed that England, if not its ruler, had become Protestant. Early in November, 1529, twelve months before the death of Wolsey, a parliament was summoned, after an interval of seven years; and its proceedings immediately indicated that religious reform could be no longer postponed. Humble as was the behaviour of the representatives of the nation on all occasions, and great the fear of the despot of England, who as yet had done nothing decisive to show that he really meant to hew down the bridge to Rome, parliament still lost not a moment in expressing its adherence to Lutheran doctrines, and its

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desire to get rid of the evils and abuses of the ancient church. The first bills passed by the House of Commons were levelled against the Romish clergy; one of them forbade the exactions for probates of wills; another was for the proper regulation of mortuaries, and a third put a stop to the plurality of benefices and non-residence, and the abuses committed by priests as farmers of land and holders of landed property. In the passing of these statutes there were severe reflections made on the vices and corruptions of the clergy, by speakers who made little secret of the fact of being Protestants at heart. When brought up to the House of Lords, the spirit in which these bills were framed was severely attacked by the bishop of Rochester, who cried "that the commons were resolved to bring down the church," warning them "to consider the miserable state of the kingdom of Bohemia, to which it had been reduced by heresy," and ending "that all this was for lack of faith." So far from being intimidated by this harangue of the prelate of Rochester, one of the chief leaders of the priestly party, the House of Commons boldly stood up against it, challenging the bishop to give an explanation of his censure. On the proposal of one of the most forward opponents of the clergy, thirty members of the house, headed by the speaker, Sir Thomas Audley, went as a deputation to the king, to complain of the bishop of Rochester for saying that their acts flowed "from the want of faith." The expression, they argued, was a high imputation against themselves, as well as against their constituents, the people of England, who were not infidels and heathens, but had abundance of faith, though not in the priests. The bishop thereupon, with six of his colleagues, including the archbishop of Canterbury, was summoned to the royal presence, and being told of the complaint of the commons, and asked to apologise, took refuge in a piece of sophistry, by explaining that when he spoke of lack of faith, he did not allude to the lower house of parliament, nor to the people of England, but to the Protestants of Bohemia. Clever as was the excuse, it was scarcely worthy of a prelate of the holy apostolic church.

All the bills sent from the House of Commons to the lords during this session were passed, notwithstanding the extreme resistance of the clerical party. Though possessing a clear majority in the upper house, the spiritual lords evidently dreaded to exert their power to the utmost, fearing that in the temper of the nation they might lose more than gain by opposition carried too far. The general adherence of the people to the principles of the reformation, even among the lower classes, was strikingly shown by a short act of parliament, passed in December, 1529, interdicting "the pulling or digging down crosses on the highways." Identifying crosses with priests, and full of a dim consciousness that the reign of the Romish priesthood was drawing to an end, the labourers and others among the agricultural population had begun to give utterance to their feelings by "digging down crosses," precisely similar to the mode adopted by the peasants of Germany, Bohemia, and Switzerland. The way in which the current of Protestant doctrines was running from the Continent into England is curiously indicated by the

2 A

historian of the reformation. "There were some at Antwerp—Tyndal, Joy, Constantine, with a few more," reports Burnet, "that were every year printing and writing new books, chiefly against the corruptions of the clergy, the superstition of pilgrimages, of worshipping images, saints, and relics, and against relying on these things, which were called, in the common style, 'good works;' in opposition to which they wrote much about faith in Christ, with a true evangelical obedience, as the only means by which men could be saved. The book that had the greatest authority and influence was Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, of which the bishops made great complaints, and said it was full of errors. But Toustall, bishop of London, being a man of invincible moderation, would do nobody hurt, yet endeavoured as he could to get their books into his hands: so, being at Antwerp, in the year 1529, as he returned from his embassy at the treaty of Cambray, he sent for one Packington, an English merchant there, and desired him to see how many New Testaments of Tyndal's translation he might have for money. Packington, who was a secret favourer of Tyndal, told him what the bishop proposed. Tyndal was very glad of it, for, being convinced of some faults in his work, he was designing a new and more correct edition; but he was poor, and the former impression not being sold off, he could not go about it. So he gave Packington all the copies that lay in his hands, for which the bishop paid the price, and brought them over, and burnt them publicly in Cheapside. This had such an hateful appearance in it, being generally called a burning of the Word of God, that people from thence concluded there must be a visible contrariety between that book and the doctrines of those who so handled it. So that next year, when another edition was finished, many more were brought over, and Constantine being taken in England, the lord chancellor, in a private examination, promised him that no hurt should be done him if he would reveal who encouraged and supported them at Antwerp. Which he accepted of, and told that the greatest encouragement they had was from the bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression."

London was not much behind Antwerp in employing the newly-created power of the press for the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge, and attack upon the worn-out edifice of priestly superstition. Sir Thomas More, the greatest, wisest, and most zealous champion of the church of Rome, was among the first to invoke the printer's aid in the field of religious controversy; but powerful as was his pen, it did not prevent the rise of advocates of the new faith, who boldly stood out against him in the arena he had chosen. In reply to one of the lord chancellor's quaint pamphlets, written in the name of the souls in purgatory, representing the miseries they were in, and the great relief they found from the masses of the friars, and calling upon all men "to befriend these poor friars now that so many enemies were arrayed against them," John Frith, a young and fervent Lutheran, friend of William Tyndal, came forward with a book, showing that the Bible knew nothing of the priestly assertion that there was a purgatory, and that it was

not believed in by the primitive church of Christ. This gave rise to a war of pamphlets on the subject, in which the zealous bishop of Rochester and John Rastall, a printer and kinsman of More, took part, both violently opposing the friend of Tyndal, who had to fight his battle singlehanded. To Rastall's arguments in favour of a purgatory, based on the defects of human repentance in this life, and the consequent necessity of an existence in which souls may be purified before entering a higher state of being, Frith eloquently replied that our sins were not pardoned because of the lesser or greater perfection of our repentance, but through our faith in Christ, his teachings, and his sufferings, and that if our repentance be sincere and accepted as such by God, its pardon was sufficient, and could not be further punished. To an unfortunate remark of Sir Thomas More, repeated by his friends, "that the new preachers prevailed only on simple tradesmen, and women, and other illiterate persons," John Frith replied in a manner that carried annihilation with it. He calmly told the lord chancellor that the same objection had been made to the followers of the Saviour, who were fishermen, women, and rude mechanics, and that our Lord had replied to them in saying, "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." All this was eagerly read by the people, revelling in the joy of newly-awakened thought, and poring over the leaves of the Bible as Luther had done not many years before in his narrow cell. But the London printing-press brought forth other books less argumentative than those of John Frith, and which, if using grosser weapons, still more appealed to the understanding of the "simple tradesmen, women, and other illiterate persons," against whom More and the priests had directed their elegant sneers. One of these, called "The Supplication of the Beggars," written by Simon Fish, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, had an immense circulation. It was in the form of a petition of the beggars of England to the king of England, the beggars complaining that they, poor helpless people, cripples of various sorts, and afflicted with disease, had the alms taken away from their mouths by regiments of stout and lusty friars, very able to work, but very unwilling. Entering into arithmetical calculations, as becoming alms-seekers, the beggars further showed that if each friar belonging to the five mendicant orders had but a penny a quarter from every household, the total amounted to a vast sum, expended most unprofitably for the commonwealth, and, as delicately hinted, most unprofitably to his majesty the king. The "Supplication" concluded with a biting sally at the purgatory dogma; the pope and his priests, the beggars said, were most cruel and hard-hearted people for only delivering those out of purgatory who could afford to pay liberally for the service, leaving the rest of poor moneyless souls to roast at the everlasting fire. The clergy got wild with rage when they found this terrible book read by tens and hundreds of thousands of people all over the kingdom. But it was in vain they appealed to Henry to punish the author. Anne Boleyn had given her royal lover an early copy of the "Supplication" that had been sent to her; and its humour had tickled his majesty so much as to make him look upon Simon Fish of Gray's

Inn as one of the most deserving of his subjects, almost equal in merit to Hudson, the court-fool, who could sit in an apple-pie.

The storm that had been brewing over the heads of the Romish priesthood in England for years had been of little service to them as a warning, and when the clouds opened at last they were as unprepared for the event as ever they had been. By the decision of the court of king's bench, which brought a fine of a hundred thousand pounds upon the whole body of the clergy, for contravention of the ancient statutes of provisors and *præmunire*, they began to feel the iron grip of the despot turning against them; but even this failed to serve as an admonition, and so far from bringing reason into the field, only led to an intestine war among the several grades of the priestly hierarchy. To raise the hundred thousand pounds quickly among themselves, and conciliate the greedy tyrant by prompt payment, would have been easy enough for the great prelates and heads of conventual establishments, all of them possessed of immense wealth; but instead of doing so they called upon the poorer priests to disburse the amount, which gave rise to a quarrel utterly damaging to the whole order. The fine had been inflicted in January, 1531; and on the 1st of September following, after several vain attempts to obtain the money by voluntary subscriptions, the bishop of London called together a meeting of the lower clergy at the chapter-house of St. Paul's, to debate upon the subject. In a very remarkable speech, the bishop told his hearers "that as the state of men in this life was frail, so the clergy, through frailty and want of wisdom, had misdemeaned themselves towards the king, and had fallen in a *præmunire*, for which the king of his great clemency was pleased to pardon them, and to accept of a little, instead of the whole of their benefices which by the law had fallen into his hand, and he therefore desired they would patiently bear their share in the burthen." The reply, given very angrily, was that they, the lower orders of the priesthood, had never meddled with provisors, *præmunire*, or any other of the high matters bringing them under the grasp of the statute, so that they had nothing to do with the fine imposed for its contravention, the payment of which they must leave to the bishops and abbots, enjoying the wealth as well as the privileges of the church. "Upon which," says the report of the meeting, "the bishop's officers threatened the priests; but they, on the other hand, being encouraged by some laymen that came along with them, persisted in their denial to pay anything, so that from high words the matter came to blows, and several of the bishop's servants were ill-handled by them. But he, to prevent a further tumult, apprehending it might end upon himself, gave them good words, and dismissed the meeting with a blessing, and promised that nothing should be brought in question that was then done. Yet he was not so good as his word, for he complained of it to the lord chancellor, by whose order fifteen priests and five laymen were committed to prison." The episcopal blessing, followed by imprisonment, had necessarily but a moderate effect in restoring union among the clergy.

Henry's attack upon the Romish hierarchy now

followed stroke upon stroke, with weapons mainly forged by the priests themselves. The convocation of the clergy in the session of 1531 having acknowledged him, though with great unwillingness, "Protector and only Supreme Head of the Church of England," the first use he made of his new dignity was to abolish the tax of annates, or first year's income of vacant bishoprics, that had been paid to Rome from time immemorial, and which formed the chief income of the cardinals who attended upon the pope; and this measure was followed up, in May, 1532, by a decree doing away with the legislative power of convocation, and reducing it to a mere debating assembly. Seven months after, in January, 1533, the king married Anne Boleyn; and in March following, the friend of Luther, Thomas Cranmer, was instituted archbishop of Canterbury. Parliament met in the autumn of the same year, and in a few pregnant statutes annihilated the supremacy of Rome. By the 25 Henry VIII. cap. 19, the abolition of the legislative authority of convocation, already dictated by royal decree, was fully confirmed; by 25 Henry VIII. cap. 20, it was ordered that bishops for the future should be elected and consecrated under the sole authority of the king, and no longer be presented to the pope for confirmation; and by 25 Henry VIII. cap. 21, all pecuniary contributions whatever, imposed by the pontiff of Rome, were abolished, and his licensing and dispensing powers transferred to the archbishop of Canterbury, while the realm of England was declared "free from subjection to the laws of any foreign prince, potentate, or prelate." Having passed these important statutes, parliament was prorogued for a few months, and on meeting again in November, 1534, a short act was voted, setting the seal to its former measures. It confirmed what had been already acknowledged by the clergy, that the king was "the Supreme Head upon earth of the Church of England," and further ordered that the king, his heirs and successors, should have power to "visit and reform all heresies, errors, and other abuses." Thus the Roman pope was expelled and cast out in favour of a pope-king of England. It was the old feudal "*Le roi est mort: vive le roi!*"—very time-honoured, but highly objectionable nevertheless to true Protestants, bent upon substituting reason for authority, and the laws of God for the decrees of kings and priests.

Important as were the statutes abolishing the papal supremacy in England, they sank into all but insignificance before the great practical measure of the next few years, the dissolution of the monasteries. Two things, and two only, made the English reformation—the annihilation of monasticism and the study of the Bible, the first representing the ploughing up of the soil, fitting it to let in light and to bring forth heaven's good gifts, instead of foul weeds and thistles, and the second the throwing in of noble seeds given by God to mankind in his Holy Word. Already the Bible had found its way into the realm, and was eagerly read by vast multitudes; but it still had brought little fruit as yet, and could bring little, as long as the ground was covered by swarms of idle and profligate monks, abhorring truth, reason, and knowledge, and propagating vice and ignorance both

by precept and example. It was when Thomas Cromwell, noble blacksmith's son and true Protestant, set his axe to this great stronghold of crime and superstition, that commenced the real dawn of the reformation in England. The work began in the summer of 1535, and was completed in the short space of three years, during which such an amount of iniquity, hidden under the cloak of religion, was brought to light as would pass belief were the facts of it not embodied in contemporary documents of unquestionable authenticity. The general orders issued by Cromwell to his agents, or "visitors" as they were called, was to "put forth all religious persons that would go, and all that were under the age of four-and-twenty years; and close up the residue that would remain, so that they should not come out of their places; and take order that no man should come to the houses of women, nor women to the houses of men, but only to hear their service in the churches;" and farther, "to all religious men that departed, the abbot or prior to give them for their habit a priest's gown and forty shillings of money; and the nuns to have such apparel as secular women wear, and go where they would." The "visitors" were moreover instructed to encourage, by all means in their power, that the secularized monks should devote themselves to some trade or profession, the teaching business being specially recommended to the better-informed among the men. "Also," the orders ran, "that the abbot or president keep and find in some university one or two of his brethren, according to the ability and possessions of the house, which brethren, after they be learnt in good and holy letters, when they return home may instruct and teach their brethren, and diligently preach the word of God." Cromwell's commissioners were not altogether unsuccessful in this respect; but on the whole the labour they had undertaken proved far more one of destroying than of building.

The facts and incidents disclosed in the official reports of the monastic "visitors" were of the most extraordinary kind. Dr. Layton found at Maiden Bradley "an holy father prior, who hath but vj children, and but one dowghter mariede yet of the goodes of the monastery, trysting shortly to mary the reste. His sones be tale men waittyng upon him; and he thankes God he never medelet with marytt women, but all with madens, the faireste cowlde be gottyn, and always mareded them ryght well." John ap Rice, another of Cromwell's commissioners, reported from the large Benedictine monastery of Bury, in Suffolk, that there was "suche a frequence of women commying and reassorting as to no place more. And amongst the reliques we found moche vanitie and superstition, as the coles that St. Laurence was tosted withall, the paring of St. Edmundes naylles, St. Thomas of Canterbury penneknyff, and his booties, and divers skulles for the hedache; pecces of the holie crosse able to make a holie crosse of; other reliques for rayne and certain other superstitiouse usages, and for avoyding of wedes growing in corne." Visiting Bedfordshire, Dr. Layton found a "priorie called Harwolde, wherein was iiij or v nunnes with the prioress; one of them hade two faire chyl dren, another one." At Walsingham Abbey, famous place of pilgrim-

age, Richard Southwell discovered "a secrete prevye place within the house, where no channon nor onnye other of the howse dyd ever enter, as they saye, in whiche there were instrewnmentes, pottes, belowes, flyes of such strange cholers as the lick non of us had seene, with poysies, and other thinges to sorte, and offered gould and sylver, nothing ther wantynge that should belonge to the arte of multiplyng." Of the head of the princely abbey of Fountains, in Yorkshire—the mere decayed fragments of which, forming the largest monastic ruin in the empire, cover more than twelve acres of ground—worse things were reported. "Pleasit your mastershippe to understande," ran the letter to Cromwell, "that thabbot of Fontance hath so gretly dilapidate his howse, wastede ther wooddes, notoriously keypyng vj w——, diffamede here a toto populo, one day denyng these articles with many mo, the next day folowyng the same confessyng, thus manifestly incurring perjurie. vj days before our accesse to his monasterie he committed theft and sacrilege, confessyng the same. At mydnyght causede his chapelaine to stele the sextens keys, and towke owte a jewel, a crosse of golde with stones. One Warren, a goldsmith of the Chepe, was with hym in his chambre at that howre, and ther they stole out a grete emerode with a rubie; the saide Warren made thabbot beleve the rubie to be but a garnet, and so for that he payede nothyng, for the emerode but xx^{li}. He solde him also then plate withoute weyght or ownces: howe moche thabbot therfor therin was deceyved he cannot tell, for the trewith ys he ys a vara fole, and a miserable ideote. We pronuncede him perjurede."

The result of Cromwell's great work was summed up as follows by an unknown writer of the Elizabethan age, whose manuscript has come down to the present day:—"He caused visitacions to be made of all the religious houses touching their conversations, whereuppon was retourned the booke called the Blacke Booke, expressing of every suche house the vile lives and abominable factes, in murders of their bretherne, in sodomies, in w——, in destroying of children, in forging of deedes, and other infinite horrors of life, in so muche as dividing of all the religious persons in England into three partes, two of these partes at the least were s——; and this appeared in writing, with the names of the parties and their factes. This was shewed in parliament, and the villanies made known and abhorred. Then he caused the king of the abbes possessions to make such dispersion, as it behoved infinite multitudes for their owne intrest to joyne with the king in hollding them downe, whiche he did by divers meanes, and these among other: by founding divers bishoppricks and colleges with these possessions, selling many of them to many men for reasonable prices, exchanging many of them with the nobilitie and others for their auncient possessions, to their greate gaine with whome he exchanged, preferring many sufficient persons to the kinges servis, who were sone raised to nobilitie and to worships and good calling, and all indewed with maintenaunce out of the revenewes of abbyes." Many propositions were made by Cromwell, as well as other advisers of Henry, to employ at least a part of the immense wealth derived from the confiscated monasteries for the advancement of some national object; but they all

came to nothing, the king's greedy nature being above all temptations to do good, or leave a name cherished by posterity. The by far greatest portion of the monastic property, amounting, according to some calculations, to not less than one-fifth of the rental of the whole kingdom, fell into the hands of Henry's courtiers and favourites, and but a small fraction was devoted to public purposes. It was at first intended to appropriate large sums to the advancement of religion, and an act of parliament was passed authorizing the king to found a great number of new bishoprics, deaneries, and colleges, and endow them with the lands of the suppressed convents. But out of eighteen new sees mentioned in the parliamentary schedule only six were established, namely Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough, and Westminster. Together with these, fourteen abbeys and priories were converted into cathedral and collegiate churches, a dean and prebendaries being allotted to each, under obligation to give annually small sums to the poor, and to repair the king's highways within certain districts. Thus the ecclesiastical establishments of Canterbury, Carlisle, Winchester, Worcester, Peterborough, Rochester, Bristol, Chester, Durham, Ely, Westminster, Gloucester, Thornton, and Burton-upon-Trent, survived to tell the tale of the dissolved monasteries.

The destruction of monasticism had not yet been completed, when already a retrograde movement stopped the course of the reformation. On the 19th of May, 1536, Anne Boleyn was led to the block, and with her vanished all that had ever attracted the coarse and vulgar-minded tyrant who was swaying the destinies of England towards the cause of truth and reason. Henceforth he played the pope as never Roman pontiff had played it before, killing, burning, and torturing like a fiend incarnate, making the faith of a nation dependent upon his whims, and turning religion into a hideous mockery. During the ten years that elapsed till death carried off the infuriated royal brute, the great heart of England kept beating heavily against the huge burthen of despotism that was oppressing it like a nightmare; and had it been in human power to lead a nation into infidelity and disregard of all religion, the monstrous rule of these ten years might have done it. Fortunately, the extreme violence of Henry's despotism defeated its own ends, and his wholesale murders and fierce persecutions, directed in turn against Protestants and Catholics, though they loosened for a while, yet ultimately settled the seeds of faith, by making men disbelieve as in the power of a self-styled vicar of Christ, so in that of a parliamentary "Supreme Head upon earth of the Church of England." The newly-made "Supreme Head," as quaintly remarked by Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, "approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature would allow;" and it was this very perfection of diabolic atrocity which, by a mysterious working of divine providence, came to assist in the slow progress of the reformation. As the people of Rome had never believed in the heavenly inspiration of their pope, his asserted infallibility being too fantastic to bear close examination, so the people of England, now they had a pope for themselves, were

more than ever driven into the conviction that all human authority in matters of religion was vain and vicious, and that nothing else would lead to the salvation of the soul but faith in Christ and in God's own message to mankind. Thus the subjects of Henry VIII. set to study their Bible, and the more he kept beheading and burning, sending to the scaffold and the stake all who denied his popedom, the more the people kept to examine the Scriptures, poring over the holy book till its words had crept into their souls. Once the temples of superstition, the convents, swept away, and the Bible introduced in their place, it was beyond the power of all popes, and kings, and priests, to drive the reformation from the soil of England.

The progress of the English Bible was somewhat singular, undergoing the most extraordinary vicissitudes in the course of half a century. Before the reformation, two versions existed, the one Wycliffe's translation, and the other a paraphrase thereof, strongly tinted with Lollard opinions. Both were extremely rare, and very little read; and it was not till Luthier began his great religious movement, which spread rapidly from east to west, that there arose a desire among the English people to study in their own language the unknown Book on which the new faith was based. The consequence was the publication of Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, issued from a printing-press at Antwerp in 1526, which passed through several editions, and in a very short time spread all over the kingdom, notwithstanding the extreme opposition of the priests, who burned all the copies they could lay hand on, and punished the readers. William Tyndal, who thus earned a high place among the religious reformers of England, was a very remarkable man. The son of a Gloucestershire yeoman, born about the beginning of the reign of Henry VII., he studied theology at Oxford and Cambridge, and being ordained in 1502, became a friar in the monastery of Greenwich. Here he found a Latin version of the Scriptures, the study of which influenced him to such an extent that he quitted his convent, accepted a situation as tutor in the house of a nobleman near Bristol, and commenced preaching on Bible subjects in all the surrounding villages. Accused of heresy, he was soon cited before the ordinary, by whom, as he himself reports, he was "rated like a dog," and made to quit the diocese. After wandering over various parts of England, full of the great project of translating the Bible, yet finding no support anywhere, Tyndal finally, towards the end of 1523, embarked for the Continent, landed at Hamburg, and made his way to Wittenberg, where he met Luther, and under his direction prepared an English version of the gospels and epistles. To print them was the next great difficulty, not overcome till after the most gigantic exertions. Few establishments on the Continent could print in English, and fewer still dared to incur the hatred of the priesthood by meddling with the Bible; and the humble monk of Greenwich, steeped in poverty, had not the slightest worldly inducement to offer, nor even a promise that the costs of the enterprise would be paid. At length a printer at Cologne, touched by the earnest entreaties of the poor foreigner, undertook the work; but after ten quarto sheets had been struck off, the archbishop interfered,

and Tyndal had to fly, first to Worms, and then to Antwerp, where his translation of the Bible was finally issued from the press, under the assistance of the company of English merchants, to whom he acted as chaplain. As soon as printed, copies of the New Testament, followed by the Pentateuch, the historical books, the psalms, the prophets, and the rest of the Scriptures, "came thick and threefold into England," according to the testimony of John Fox, the martyr-logist. The burning of the Book by the priests but raised the desire of the people for its study; "they did," said Tyndal afterwards, when preparing to meet the doom which the despot of England reserved to all the great and noble men of the realm, "they did none other thing than I looked for: no more shall they do if they burn me also."

Tyndal's translation—basis of the "authorized version" subsequently made—was attacked by the more moderate among the Romish hierarchy in England, who were ashamed to own their aversion to the Word of God itself, on the ground that it was incorrect; and taking advantage of this argument, the Protestant party, headed by Cranmer, proposed to the king that the bishops themselves should render the Bible into the vernacular. The proposal was adopted by Henry, his vanity being flattered by the offer of subjecting the new work to his supervision, so as to correct the inspiration of the apostles by his own. To the royal injunction to set to work in translating the Scriptures, the Catholic prelates made no open resistance, but simply shelved the matter by doing nothing, trusting that time would bring help. In 1533, the king becoming more peremptory, Cranmer carried a resolution through convocation that Tyndal's version should be amended; and the bishops still remaining inactive, he divided the work into ten parts, and sending each to a leading prelate, desired them to put in their corrections without further loss of time. The bishop of London openly refused; the others, sailing close to the wind of royal favour, promised again obedience, but again did nothing. On this, Miles Coverdale, a learned friar of the Augustine monastery, Cambridge, one of the earliest seats of Protestantism in England, went to the Continent, under a licence of Cromwell, and with the aid of Tyndal prepared a new translation of the Bible, differing from the former chiefly in the leaving out of the prefaces, notes, and commentaries, against which the priestly reproach of incorrectness had been chiefly directed. Coverdale's translation was printed at Zürich, in Switzerland, and was first published at Hamburg, in 1535; and while it was proceeding another edition of it was prepared, by order of Archbishop Cranmer, at Paris, the English artisans not being thought able to do the work as well, and the paper of home manufacture being known to be vastly inferior to that of France. Cromwell, now at the height of his power, took a great interest in this edition, and by his instructions Dr. Bonner, English envoy at the court of Francis I., obtained the king's leave to print the Bible in a large volume, as handsome as all the resources of the typographical art would permit. The work was duly completed; but before it could be despatched, the priests once more stepped in, seized the edition, and burnt it publicly. A few of the

copies, however, were secretly conveyed away, together with the formes, and having safely reached England, Richard Grafton, a London printer, finished the labour of the press. In the summer of 1538, Cromwell presented the new Bible to the king, and procured the royal warrant permitting the reading of the same "without control or hazard." To this the vicar-general added his own injunctions, issued to all incumbents, "to provide one of these Bibles, and set it up publicly in the church, and not to hinder or discourage the reading of it, but to encourage all persons to peruse it, as being the true lively word of God." Archbishop Cranmer sent a warm letter of thanks, dated the 13th of August, to Cromwell, for his great efforts in the publication of the Bible, expressing himself "full of joy that he saw this day of reformation which had now risen in England, since the light of God's word was shining over it without cloud."



READING BIBLE IN CHURCH.

Cranmer's joy was not destined to last long. Before yet the Bible had been placed in all the churches, as ordered by Cromwell, the fickle tyrant, who did not know how best to play his part of pope, once more changed his attitude, and set to burn Protestants instead of beheading Catholics. Having long swayed to and fro between the two great forms of belief that had come to divide the realm, Henry, in his declining years, with a body broken under vicious indulgences, felt himself attracted finally towards the ancient faith of Rome, which offered pardon against mass and confession, and heaven for cash payment. The change required the less effort on his part as outwardly the two religious parties seemed very evenly balanced, the earnestness of the English reformers, under Cranmer of Canterbury, Latimer of Worcester, Shaxton of Salisbury, and Fox of Hereford, being matched by the violent zeal of the Romanist bishops, headed by Gardiner of Winchester, Leo of York, Stokesley of London, Tonstall of Durham, and Clarke of Bath and Wells. The appointment of Gardiner as chief adviser

of the king, in 1539, was immediately followed by the enactment of the statute of the Six Articles, or the "Bloody Statute," which completed Henry's creed, and fenced it round with terrible penalties. It was a statute such as no tyrant had ever framed before, completely reversing the current of the age, and threatening with imprisonment and death all who did not adhere to the six Romish doctrines of transubstantiation, communion under one kind, celibacy of priests, vows of chastity, private masses for the dead, and auricular confession. Seized with renewed zeal for his pontifical dignity, Henry took an active part in carrying the statute of the Six Articles through parliament; and by his desire Bishop Gardiner inserted in the preamble that "the king's most royal majesty, of his most excellent goodness, not only commanded that the said articles should deliberately and advisedly, by his said archbishops, bishops, and other learned men of his clergy, be debated, argued, and reasoned, and their opinions therein be understood, declared, and known, but also most graciously vouchsafed in his own princely person to descend and come into his said high court of parliament and council, and there, like a prince of most high prudence, and no less learning, open and declare many things of high learning and great knowledge touching the said articles, matters, and questions." The Bloody Statute was voted with great alacrity by the dutiful lords and commons, who had lost anchor and compass on the ocean of ever-changing doctrines on which they were tossed about by the breath of the "Supreme Head" of the realm. There was much satisfaction among the priests at the new act; "it was received," Burnet reports, "by all that favoured popery with great joy, for now they hoped to be revenged on all those who had hitherto set forward the reformation."

In reality, the passing of the statute of the Six Articles left nothing of the main elements of Protestantism in England but the Bible, and its existence was threatened as soon as the new law was seen to be in good operation, sending every day crowds of martyrs to the prison and the stake. At several meetings of convocation, in 1540 and 1541, the bishops of the now ruling faction signed addresses to the king, entreating him to interdict the reading of the English translation of the Scriptures, on the ground of its being full of errors. Henry resisted for a moment, feeling his personal vanity slightly touched in the matter, as he had taken part in bringing out the English edition, and authorized Cromwell to put the words "cum privilegio" on the title-page. Seeing the difficulty of entirely prohibiting the Bible, the Romish party hit upon a singular plan for defacing the inspired book, and making its study all but useless to the masses. At a meeting of convocation, held in 1542, Gardiner, after again dwelling at great length upon the "errors" contained in the English version of the Scripture, proposed that a new translation should be made, in which all the words of doubtful meaning, or the rendering of which would be difficult, should be printed in Latin, after the original. Among an immense list of "untranslatable words," brought forward as examples by Henry's prime minister, were *adorare*, *ancilla*, *baptizare*, *contritus*, *ecclesia*, *elementa*, *idiota*, *justitia*,

martyr, *poenitentia*, *pontifex*, *sacramentum*, *sandalium*, *simplex*, *simulacrum*, and other expressions of like meaning, which, if simple enough in themselves, yet formed a more or less inconvenient contradiction between the teaching of the Bible and the teachings of the priests. Gardiner's friends fully comprehended the purport of his proposition, and a petition to the king was resolved upon, praying that he would authorize the re-translation of the Scriptures on the scheme of the bishop of Winchester. Cranmer being still at his side, Henry was made to declare himself against the plan, on the homely ground "that if a translation must be made, it should not be daubed all through with Latin words, that the people could not understand it much better for its being in English." However, the Romish bishops kept on addressing the king about the fearful errors of the Bible, till Cranmer, scarcely knowing how further to protect his work, persuaded Henry to refer the examination of the English translation to the two universities, which should decide whether the complaints of convocation were well-founded. "The bishops," says Burnet, reporting the sequel, "took this very ill when Cranmer intimated it to them in the king's name, and objected that the learning of the universities was much decayed of late, and that the two houses of convocation were the more proper judges of that, where the learning of the land was chiefly gathered together. But the archbishop said he would stick close to the king's pleasure, and that the universities should examine it. Upon which all the bishops of his province, except Ely and St. David's, protested against it, and soon after the convocation was dissolved."

The Romish party gained their point, after all, before Henry's reign had come to an end. The burning of Tyndal and others who had taken an active part in translating and distributing the Bible, quickly followed by the execution of the greatest of English reformers, Thomas Cromwell, left the field free for the machinations of the priests, and they succeeded in passing several statutes which virtually destroyed the use of the Scriptures. In 1543, parliament, on the behest of the despot, voted a law under the significant title, "An act for the advancement of true religion and for the abolishment of the contrary," which prohibited "all manner of books of the Old and New Testament in English, being of the crafty, false, and untrue translation of Tyndal, and all other books and writings in the English tongue teaching or comprising any matters of Christian religion, articles of the faith, or Holy Scripture, or any part of them." By this statute, the penalty of three months' imprisonment for the first offence, and of perpetual imprisonment for the second, was decreed against all who should "print, sell, or otherwise publish any of the said books," declared to be "clearly and utterly abolished, extinguished, and forbidden to be kept or used." The act excepted "Bibles and New Testaments in English, not being of Tyndal's translation," but with two very important and very extraordinary conditions attached, the first being that the Bibles thus permitted should be mutilated, and the second, that they should only be read by certain classes of people. It was ordered, under heavy

penalties, that all marginal notes, preambles, and annotations to be found in the permitted version of the Scriptures should, by the owners themselves, be "cut out or blotted out in such wise as they cannot be perceived nor read," and the liberty to inspect the condemned portion of the Bible was reserved to the clergy, to "captains of the wars, justices of the peace, and others which heretofore have been accustomed to declare or teach any good, virtuous, or godly exhortations in any assemblies." As to the "blotted-out" Bible, its study was permitted only to noblemen and gentlemen, the latter category including merchants "being householders;" and the privilege was withdrawn from all women, artificers, apprentices, serving-men of the degree of yeomen or under, labourers, husbandmen, and, in fact, the great body of the population. Instead of the Bible, thus withdrawn from the people, Henry enjoined all to read and study a publication issued under his patronage, called "The Necessary Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man," to the last edition of which he had condescended to furnish a prefatory epistle, whence it was called the "King's Book." Further it was impossible even for a pontifex to go. The prohibition of God's Word, and institution of the King's Book properly finished the ecclesiastical rule of Henry VIII.

A more sudden change in matters of religion than that which took place in the few days from the decease of Henry to the instalment of the boy-king, his son, had never before been witnessed in English history. Another Luther in energy of character, no less than a Cromwell in readiness of expedients, Somerset hesitated not a moment to lay his axe to the rotten tree of Romanism; and before one half of the people knew that the pope-king was dead, he had told the other half that there should be no more popery in England, if he, Protector of the realm, could help it. Instantly on Edward's accession and Somerset's seizure of the reigns of government, the persecutions under the terrible statute of the Six Articles were put a stop to; the crowds of heretics that filled all the prisons were released; the Protestant exiles were recalled; and commissioners were despatched to all parts of the kingdom, empowered with almost unlimited authority to carry out the reformation in the church. Among other instructions, the commissioners were ordered to require that at least four sermons should be preached yearly, in every church, against the papal authority; that sermons should be directed against the worship of images, and that all images which were the objects of pilgrimage, or offerings, should be destroyed; that a book of homilies, drawn up by Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and others, should be used in every church; that each clergyman should provide for himself, and each parish for the congregation, an English Bible; and that no clergyman should preach without a licence from the Protector, or the archbishop of Canterbury. After these preparatory measures, a parliament was assembled, at the commencement of November, 1547; and the lords and commons, with customary humility, voted a number of bills which Somerset had prepared to promote and enlarge the reformation. By 1 Edward VI. cap. 1, the communion was appointed to be received in both kinds, by the laity as well

as the clergy; by 1 Edward VI. cap. 2, bishops were ordered to be nominated by the king, and process in the ecclesiastical courts was decreed to run in his name; and by 1 Edward VI. cap. 12, the whole of the terrible statutes against the Lollards, passed in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., were repealed, together with all the acts in matters of religion passed under Henry VIII., except those directed against the papal supremacy. The far-reaching strokes embodied in these few statutes all but sufficed to bring the mighty edifice of English Romanism to the ground; and having accomplished the labour of destroying, the Protector forthwith set to work on the higher task of building up again. After a short prorogation, parliament once more assembled to vote a statute repealing all laws against the marriage of priests, and an "Act for the Uniformity of Service," a clause of which ordered the general use of a new "Book of Common Prayer," which had been prepared by Cranmer. The publication of this book, which came to guide the forms of English worship for centuries, was not one of the least important labours of the short reign of Edward VI.

The preamble of the "Act for the Uniformity of Service" stated that the king, having appointed "the archbishop of Canterbury, and certain of the most learned and discreet bishops and other learned men of this realm," to set to work to "draw and make one convenient and meet order of common and open prayer and administration of the sacraments," they had "by the aid of the Holy Ghost, with one uniform agreement, concluded and set forth the same in a book entitled the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, after the use of the Church of England." According to the terms of the statute, the Book of Common Prayer was to be read by all ministers in cathedrals and parish churches from the ensuing feast of Pentecost, under stringent penalties for neglect, and it was also ordered that it should be purchased, at the cost of the parishioners, before the time specified. The injunction was generally complied with, and the two authorised printers with whom the issue of the work had been left, Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, could for a time not supply copies enough to satisfy the demand. They commenced printing in March, 1549, immediately after the passing of the act, and kept their presses at work uninterruptedly during the whole of the year and part of the next. By a clause inserted in the statute, and reprinted on the fly-leaf of the first edition, a folio volume, the price of the Book of Common Prayer was rigidly fixed. "The king's majesty," the clause ran, "by the advice of his most dear uncle, the Lord Protector, and other his highness' council, straitly chargeth and commandeth that no manner of person do sell this present book, if unbund, above the price of two shillings and two pence the piece, and the same bound in paste, or in boards, not above the price of three shillings and eight pence the piece." A new edition of Cranmer's work, known as the "Second Book of Common Prayer," and containing some additions, was published in 1552, and distributed the same as the first issue. The Latin missals and breviaries were the groundwork on which both were drawn up; those parts which were con-

sidered superfluous being omitted by the archbishop and his friends, and the others translated into English, with such corrections and additions as were required to meet the wishes of the reformers, without too much offending the prejudices of the Roman Catholics. In the "Second Book," the exhortation, confession, and absolution were added to the previous contents; the ten commandments were also introduced into the communion service; the litany was ordered to be used on Sundays, water in baptism was prescribed to be consecrated, and the sign of the cross enjoined in confirmation and matrimony. The spirit which dictated these reforms was undeniably one of moderation; yet they nevertheless greatly exasperated the more zealous of the Romanists. In the western insurrection of 1549, stirred up by the clergy adhering to the old religion, the cry of the rebels was "We will have the mass as before." The answer of Cranmer was wonderfully persuasive in its quietness. "The priest," said the archbishop, "is your proctor and attorney, to plead your cause and to speak for you all; but had you not rather know what he saith for you? I have heard suitors murmur at the bar because their attorneys have pleaded their cases in the French tongue, which they understood not. Why then be you offended that the priests, who plead your cause before God, should speak such language as you may understand?"

Moderate as was the course pursued by Cranmer and his associates in the work of religious reform, they yet accomplished great things in a very short time, and the six years' reign of Edward rooted on English soil, more or less firmly, five important points of progress from the old to the new faith. These were that, first, the public services were expressed in the mother tongue, and the Scriptures read instead of the Romish legends; that, secondly, the worship of saints, including that of images, was abolished; that, thirdly, auricular confession was swept away, with, fourthly, clerical celibacy, and, fifthly, the doctrine of the Real Presence. These, added to the two great ends achieved under the previous reign, the destruction of the authority of the bishop of Rome, and the dissolution of the monasteries, formed, indeed, gigantic strides towards a purer religion; but the whole was far from satisfying the more ardent of the Protestants, brought up in the school of Luther and of Calvin. They held, and loudly expressed their opinion, that the advisers of the young king, including Cranmer, were still far too much attached to the old religion, and that the spirit actuating them was more one of compromise with ancient errors than of zeal for the cause of pure and absolute truth. Nearly all the upholders of these advanced opinions were English exiles, who had been driven abroad during the despotism of Henry VIII. and returned only at the accession of Edward VI., and though they were not strong in numbers, their influence, originating both in their zeal and the remarkable talents, if not genius, of many of them, was very considerable. To Cranmer this influence was not pleasing, opposition being unwelcome to him, as to all men invested with great and unusual power; and losing many of his high and noble qualities in the sunshine of success, it at last drove him into the most hateful acts, quite unworthy

of his character and of the doctrines he professed. In 1549, commissions were issued by the archbishop "to inquire into heretical depravity," the result of which was a rigorous persecution of Protestant dissenters, particularly of the peaceful sect known as the Anabaptists, who while disbelieving in the validity of infant baptism, also rejected oaths, and asserted the doctrine of non-resistance, subsequently adopted by the Quakers. The Anabaptists, the Lollards of the Continent, had come from the Netherlands, where they existed long before the time of Luther; but the reformation had brought them into England where they hoped to live in peace, not thinking for a moment that men like Cranmer and his friends, whose cry was for liberty of conscience, would deny them the rights they claimed and to a great extent had obtained for themselves. The archbishop soon disabused them in this respect, and while treating Roman Catholics with the greatest leniency, exhibited somewhat of the spirit of the despot who had raised him from obscurity to the highest place in the church by sending Protestants to the stake. Some of the unhappy victims he seized recanted their heresy, and were freely pardoned by the primate; but two of them, Joan Bocher, known as Joan of Kent, and Van Parr, a Dutch surgeon settled in London, were burnt at Smithfield, the first on the 2nd of May, 1550, and the second on the 24th of May, 1551.

Cranmer was not alone guilty of these atrocious acts, accomplished to the everlasting shame of the early reformers, but was incited thereto by others whose zeal for Protestantism, such as they understood it, had stood the proof of persecution, and who therefore ought to have felt still deeper the disgrace of persecuting others. Prominent among these men, whose ardour in the battle they were fighting led them to forget the injunction of the apostle that "God is love," and that "If we love one another God dwelleth in us," was John Rogers, a friend of Tyndal and of Miles Coverdale, who after having lived in exile for many years—spending his time in making a new translation of the Bible, which was printed abroad in 1537—under the name of Thomas Matthewe, had come back to England at the accession of Edward, and been appointed prebendary of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London. Possessing great influence with the archbishop, Rogers was entreated by one of his friends, after Joan of Kent had been condemned to death, to interfere in her favour, so as to save her life and prevent a disgrace to Protestantism. The friend—name not known, but supposed to be John Fox, who himself told the story in his "Book of Martyrs"—was very earnest in his pleadings, urging that if it was absolutely necessary to prevent the spread of the doctrines of the Anabaptists, of which the woman of Kent was a zealous expounder, it would be best to keep her simply in prison, allowing her to change her opinions, if so inclined, and at any rate disabling her from communicating them to others. However, Rogers refused to listen to these strong and noble arguments, insisting with vehemence that Joan Bocher ought to be put to death. "Well, then," said his friend, "if you are resolved to kill her opinions by taking her life, at least choose some other kind of death, more consonant with the gentleness

and mercy prescribed in the Gospel, than that of fire ; for, certainly, there seems no need that such torments should be resorted to, in imitation of papists." Grimly smiling, the translator of the Bible replied, that "burning alive was not a cruel death but mild enough." Upon this, the pleader for mercy could restrain himself no longer, and pushing back Rogers' hand which he held in his own, he exclaimed, full of indignation, "Well, perhaps it may so happen that you yourself will one day have your hands full of this mild burning." The words were spoken in the spring of 1550; and in the spring of 1555 John Rogers was led to the stake at Smithfield, the first victim of a new reign of fanaticism.

Persecution, "the deadly original sin of the reformed churches, and that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause," as truly remarked by the author of the "Constitutional History of England," assumed somewhat formidable proportions towards the end of the short reign of Edward VI. As long as the Protector swayed the realm, the zealots of Protestantism were not allowed to go too far, his mind being greatly above the narrow sectarian notions of the age, and able to practise toleration on a large scale. Deeming freedom of conscience infinitely more valuable than the uniformity of doctrine for which the archbishop of Canterbury and his friends were striving, Somerset put his shield of toleration alike over all forms of dissent from the established church, protecting alike Lollards and Huguenots, Lutherans and Calvinists. To a congregation of French and Walloons, under the ministry of the learned reformer Valerandus Pollanus, who sent in a petition "that they might be permitted to form themselves into a church for the free exercise of religion, and to follow peaceably their calling of weaving," he granted Glastonbury Abbey as a settlement, providing houses and an allotment of pasture land for each family, and giving them money out of his own purse to buy wool. And German no less than Dutch and French heretics were indebted to Somerset for protection. He assigned the church of Austin Friars to a colony of Protestants from the land of Luther, who had gathered round a very remarkable man, Johannes à Lasco, a Polish noble, and under him formed themselves into the first foreign Protestant congregation established in the metropolis of England. Johannes à Lasco, nephew of the archbishop of Gnesen, primate of Poland, had abandoned family, fortune, and country, to follow the bent of his religious convictions, and after connecting himself in the ties of personal friendship with both Luther and Calvin, had become attached, finally, to the doctrines of the Swiss reformers, which he spread in East Friesland with the greatest success, and continued spreading subsequently in England. With the fall of the Protector, the patronage bestowed upon men of this stamp, who brought with them not only new and stirring ideas but many a valuable industry, entirely ceased, and while some of them were looked upon with jealous eyes, others had to endure even hatred and persecution. The unhappy longing after "uniformity," which, a leaven of old Romanism, distinguished those of the English Protestants who had succeeded in grasping the power of government, was directed mainly against the opponents of the doctrine

of the Real Presence, as taught by the Church of England. A more preposterous dogma than that of transubstantiation, ushered into existence by the Church of Rome, was never known in the whole history of human superstition; yet as the Catholic priests had already murdered thousands for not strictly adhering to the insane tenet they had invented, so the Protestant teachers in their turn seemed inclined to tear each other to pieces for differing about an act of faith, expressly declared by the Son of God to be "in remembrance" of his love.

Setting aside the contrarieties of church government, the mode of administering the Eucharist was what substantially separated the world of Protestantism in the reign of Edward VI. All Protestants, without exception, rejected the Romish theory of transubstantiation, according to which the substances of the bread and wine taken at the Lord's Supper were changed, after being consecrated, by a sort of magic transformation, into the substances of Christ's body and blood, the "accidents," as the theologians of the ancient school called them, or chemical qualities of the bread and wine, being believed to become inherent in the flesh and blood. To this theory the church reformers strongly objected, on the very simple argument that the simultaneous existence of a substance in several places was inconceivable and contradictory in itself. Thus far, negatively, the Protestants agreed; but when they came to set up doctrines of their own, they diverged almost as widely from each other as from the Church of Rome. Luther to some extent admitted the metaphysical mystery involved in the priestly dogma of transubstantiation, and all that he did was to substitute one unintelligible theory for another. In the Confession of Augsburg, he laid down the doctrine of "consubstantiation," teaching that two substances were united in the sacramental elements, which might be termed, with equal propriety, either bread and wine, or body and blood. "*Nostra sententia est, the great reformer said, dogmatically, "corpus ita cum pane, seu in pane esse, ut revera cum pane manducetur, et quemcunque motum vel actionem panis habet, eundem et corpus Christi."* The Swiss reformers, while they agreed in the main with Luther's doctrines, absolutely refused to admit that of "consubstantiation," declaring their conviction that the Eucharist was no more than a commemoration of the death of Christ, and that the bread and wine were mere symbols to remember them of the earthly form of the Son of God, and the blood which he had shed for mankind on the cross. This opinion, unfortunately, excited as much indignation among the Lutherans as among the Roman Catholics, leading to a fierce war of words, and to a mutual hatred which all but shipwrecked the new faith. To reconcile the conflicting doctrines and restore peace among the reformers, Martin Bucer, a native of the Alsace, deeply learned in theology, and who, like Luther, after having been a monk had married a nun, got up a new theory about the Eucharist, the chief merit of which was its ambiguity, or elasticity. His explanation, conveyed in terms full of metaphysical airiness, was that the bread and wine were not affected by the priestly consecration, but that, if received by the communicant in entire faith,

and under the spirit of the Redeemer, they might become the body and blood of Christ at the moment of being taken. Cranmer and his friends looked favourably upon this doctrine; and on the invitation of the archbishop, Bucer came to England in the spring of 1549, and was appointed professor of theology at Cambridge. He did not fill the office long, but died in February, 1551, after taking an active share in the course of the English reformation. Three years after his decease, his tomb was broken into by order of Queen Mary, and his bones disinterred and burnt. Rome could not let the opponents of transubstantiation rest, even in death.

The internal dissensions among the reformers served much to heighten the force of the popish persecution that set in at the accession of Mary. United, it would have been difficult even for such daring fanatics as Gardiner and Cardinal Pole to attack a party that had wielded supreme power for more than six years, and had modelled to its own liking the political as well as the ecclesiastical constitution of the kingdom. But the Protestants of England had as little coalesced, at the end of Edward's reign, as those of the Continent, and the consequence was that they fell before the close phalanx of Romanism like corn under the scythe of the mower. Edward's ministers had been rash in breaking down the barriers of ancient superstition; but Mary's advisers went to work with infinitely more rapidity in going in the opposite direction. It was not a mere reaction that took place, but a revolutionary storm which raged as if presided over by the spirit of evil, in the shape of a bigoted, half-mad woman. Anticipating even the legal authority which Tudor parliaments were at all times so willing to offer to their hereditary tyrants, Mary and her priests rushed upon their religious antagonists with tiger-like fury; and the new reign was not yet three months old before the Latin liturgy had been substituted for the English Prayer Book, the Romish prelates had been reinstalled, the Protestant bishops been thrown into prison, and more than one-half of the clergy been expelled from their livings. Such was the frenzy with which the priestly party went to work that in a single month following her accession, before parliament had met and any change had been made in the established laws, the queen presented to two hundred and fifty-six livings, restoring all those turned out under the acts of uniformity, and introducing Catholics. Parliament having assembled on the 24th of October, a single act, 1 Mary cap. 2, swept away the whole religious edifice that had been built up during the previous reign. Without referring to the dissolution of the monasteries and the alienation of the church lands, which had been completed by the Protector, the statute, grand in its simplicity, ordered that all the acts of Edward VI. respecting religion should be abolished, and that the public creed should be restored to the state in which it was in the last year of Henry VIII. Here the retrograde movement stopped for a few months, until the arrival of Reginald Pole, when a fresh parliament was called together to vote a series of statutes dictated by the cardinal. The new legislature, the vilest that ever disgraced the English nation, rapidly executed the orders of the papists,

repealing all statutes, articles, and provisions made against the supremacy of the holy father and the see apostolic of Rome, since the twentieth year of Henry VIII., and reviving all the horrible laws against heresy and heretics made during the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V. Thus, while in the preceding year England had been brought back, as far as queen and parliament could do so, to the era antecedent to the reformation, it was now made to return to the epoch prior to the partial changes of Henry VIII., or to pure and unadulterated popery and Romanism. At the same time, the revival of the old Lollard legislation put a sharp rod in the hands of the queen, wherewith she might chastise her subjects for having dared to think for themselves. Mary lost no time to make use of her rod.

The horrors of the Marian persecution, in the course of which, short as it was cut by the death of the mad fanatic on the throne, nearly three hundred persons were burnt to death, were aggravated by the behaviour of the upper classes. Protestantism as yet, the same as the Christian religion in its infancy, had found its adherents chiefly among the middle and lower ranks of English society, and while these, the people so-called, were ready to give their lives for the truth, the "gentlemen" either looked on with calm indifference, or quietly submitted to the ruling powers, whatever they willed, with some preference however for Roman Catholicism, as the religion of authority. "The higher classes," says Hallam, taking a philosophical view of the time of the reformation, "partook far less than their inferiors in the religious zeal of the age, and Henry, Edward, Mary, Elizabeth, found almost an equal compliance with their varying schemes of faith. Yet the larger proportion of the nobility and gentry appear to have preferred the Catholic religion. Several peers opposed the bills for reformation under Edward; and others, who had gone along with the current, became active counsellors of Mary. Not a few persons of family emigrated in the latter reign; but, with the exception of the second earl of Bedford, who suffered a short imprisonment on account of religion, the Protestant martyrology contains no confessor of superior rank. The same accommodating spirit characterized, upon the whole, the clergy, and would have been far more general if a considerable number had not availed themselves of the permission to marry, granted under Edward, which led to their expulsion from their livings on his sister's coming to the throne." According to the Rev. John Strype, author of the "Annals of the Reformation," the number of Protestant martyrs burnt by Mary amounted to two hundred and eighty-eight; while John Speed enumerates two hundred and seventy-seven, classified as one archbishop, four bishops, twenty-one divines, eight yeomen, eighty-four artificers, a hundred husbandmen, labourers, and servants, twenty-six wives, twenty widows, nine unmarried women, two boys, and two infants. The archbishop and bishops sent to the stake were Cranmer of Canterbury, Latimer of Worcester, Ridley of London, Hooper of Gloucester, and Farrar of St. David's, all of whom sprung from the middle and lower classes, their origin being well represented in the case of Latimer, who went to the stake, as related by

Fox, in "an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, his Testament suspended from his girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles without a case hung from his neck upon his breast." The contrast between such ill-dressed bishops and the purple-clad prelates of the Church of Rome had, probably, some effect in shaping the ecclesiastical course of "persons of family," in regard to the reformation.

More frightful even than the burnings were the horrible tortures, inflicted by the priestly demons who had made the realm of England their prey, upon the adherents of the new faith. "Some of them," says Strype, "were thrown into dungeons, noisome holes, dark, loathsome, and stinking corners; others were put in fetters and chains, and loaded with so many irons that they could scarcely stir. Some were tied in the stocks, with their heels upwards; some with their legs in the stocks, and their necks chained to the wall with gorgets of iron; some with both hands and legs in the stocks at once; some with both hands in, and both legs out; some with the right hand and the left leg, or the left hand and the right leg, fastened in the stocks with manacles and fetters, having neither stool nor stone to sit on to ease their woeful bodies. Some standing in Skewington's Gives,* most painful engines of iron, with their bodies doubled; some whipped and scourged, beaten with rods, and buffeted with fists; some having their hands burned with a handle, to try their patience, or force them to recant; some hunger-pined, and some miserably famished and starved." The fortitude of the martyrs of the new faith under these hellish tortures was perfectly marvellous, showing, more than anything else, the strength which the reformed religion, young as it was, had already acquired over men's minds. They prayed for their enemies while their limbs were torn to pieces, and marched to death as to a bridal feast. When Rowland Taylor, one of the chaplains of Cranmer, was led from his prison to the stake, his wife and children met him on the road. As related by Fox, the martyrologist, "when the sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph church, Elizabeth his daughter cried, saying, 'Oh, my dear father! Mother, mother, here is my father led away.' Then cried his wife, 'Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?' for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other; and he replied, 'Dear wife, I am here, and staid.' The sheriff's men would have led him forth, but the sheriff said, 'Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife;' and so they stayed. Then came she to him; and he took his daughter Mary in his arms, and he, and his wife, and Elizabeth, kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer: at which sight the sheriff wept apace, as did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children.' And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, 'God bless thee, and

make thee his servant;' and kissing Elizabeth, he said, 'God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and stedfast unto Christ and his words, and keep you from idolatry.'"

Scenes like these did more than any sermons could have done to fortify the hearts of the people in the Protestant faith, and bring over to it thousands who were yet wavering between the old religion and the new. The crimes and barbarities of the Marian persecution bore seeds which their perpetrators never dreamt of, spreading throughout the nation a horror of popery which ages could not efface, and which by itself formed one of the safest bulwarks against further efforts and temptations of the cunning disciples of priestcraft to reawaken the sensual pomp and glory of the church of Rome again within the realm. More than this, the persecution went far to purify the aims and aspirations of the Protestants themselves. The old taint of Romanism, intolerance, was clinging too much to the early church reformers, who had acted in the reign of Edward as if striving to lay the basis of their faith on the same foundation as that of the Catholic priests, ignoring the demands of reason, and enforcing blind obedience in spiritual as in secular matters. And though the change from persecution to toleration, from the hellish feeling of hatred to the divine spirit of forgiveness, did not take place immediately, it gradually laid hold of the Protestant mind, rooted in the bitter but salutary lessons of the past. With the hideous spectacle of the doings of such men as Gardiner and the apostate Bonner, "whom all generations shall call bloody," as Fuller in his "Church History" says, before their eyes, some of the greatest and noblest among the reformers commenced preaching tolerance. Philip Melancthon, the friend of Luther, and founder, with him, of German Protestantism, was one of the first to stand forward as apostle of the new doctrine. He had shown but little moderation in early life, both towards Roman Catholics and dissenters from his own creed, advocating the harshest proceedings of the civil government even against the Swiss reformers; but he changed all these views under pressure of the grim facts of history unrolling before his eyes, and at the end of his career went expounding the divine precept of the Redeemer: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another; by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." The text needed preaching in Protestant no less than Catholic churches.

Elizabeth's reign was the first great visible fruit of the new spirit gradually descending upon Protestantism. Although brought up from her infancy in bitter hatred of Romanists and Romanism, and having no cause of affection for a party that, during the whole of her sister's reign, had conspired against her life, dragging her to the verge of the scaffold, she displayed an excessive moderation towards her powerful antagonists, distinctly intimating, at the very beginning of her career as a queen, that she meant to moderate religious persecution. To restrain the impetuosity of the most zealous of her Protestant subjects, who commenced pulling down crosses, destroying images, and insulting priests as soon as the

* A frightful instrument of torture, invented by Sir William Skewington, lieutenant of the Tower, one of the favourites of Henry VIII. The "Gives" crushed the limbs by compression, while the ordinary rack broke them by extension.

death of Mary became known, she at once, a few days after her accession, issued a decree forbidding all innovations not sanctioned by law, and threatening the disturbers of the public peace with severe penalties. While showing in many ways that she intended to adhere firmly to the faith in which she had been educated, her personal attitude at the same time towards the Roman Catholics was as respectful as they could desire. Five weeks after her proclamation, on Christmas day, 1558, the queen, as recorded in a letter of Sir William Fitzwilliam, one of her courtiers, "repaired to her great closet with her nobles and ladies, as hath been accustomed in high feasts; and she passing a bishop preparing himself to mass, all in the old form, she tarried there until the gospel was done, and when all the people looked for her to have offered according to the old fashion, she with her nobles returned again from the closet and the mass unto her privy chamber, which was strange unto divers." Elizabeth had to relinquish her temporizing policy to some extent at the meeting of her first parliament, which took place on the 21st of January, 1559, and the conduct of which immediately proved that the nation was determined to advance in the path of the reformation. Almost the first act passed brought the public religion back to the state in which it had been at the death of Edward VI., the whole of the statutes voted during this reign being confirmed, and the opposing ones of Mary declared null and void. Another important law followed, called, "An Act restoring to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the state ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all foreign power repugnant to the same," which re-established the royal supremacy, investing Elizabeth with nearly the same absolute powers in matters of religion as those possessed by Henry VIII., but substituting for his title of "Head of the Church," the somewhat strange sounding one of "Governor of the Church." The statute was opposed in the House of Lords on grounds which the speakers chose to call political, the earl of Montacute arguing that on a new breach with Rome it might happen that "the hazard would be as great as the scandal, should the pope thunder out his excommunication, and expose the nation by that means to the resentment of neighbouring enemies." The argument, forming a convenient cloak for deeper objects, took little effect, and the Act of Supremacy was voted by a large majority. Under it, all archbishops, bishops, judges, and other civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries were compelled to make a declaration upon oath that they would recognize none but the queen's authority, "as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal," the penalties of non-obedience being fine and imprisonment for the first offence, the incurring a præmunire for the second, and death for the third, as in cases of high treason.

The Act of Supremacy was chiefly the work of Elizabeth's great minister, who immediately after her accession laid before her a plan of ecclesiastical policy, which came to be adhered to, in its general outline, till nearly to his death. Deeply imbued with the spirit of moderation, Cecil in this scheme aimed to give satisfaction to the Protestant interest

without too much offending the adherents of the old religion; and although his advice was conceived rather too much in a worldly-wise temper, it seemed on the whole the best that could be tendered by the minister of a sovereign combining spiritual with political power, but necessarily compelled to let the latter predominate over the former. "The first thing she had to do," Cecil told the queen, in his memorial, "was to balance the dangers that threatened her both from abroad and at home. The pope would certainly excommunicate and depose her, and stir up all Christian princes against her. The king of France would lay hold of any opportunity to embroil the nation, and by the assistance of Scotland, and of the Irish, might perhaps raise trouble in her dominions. Those that were in power in Queen Mary's time, and remained firm to the old superstition, would be discontented at the reformation of religion; the bishops and clergy would generally oppose it; and since there was a necessity of demanding subsidies, they would take occasion by the discontent the people would be in on that account, to inflame them; and those who would be dissatisfied at the retaining of some of the old ceremonies would, on the other hand, disparage the changes that should be made, and call the religion a cloaked papistry, and so alienate many of the most zealous from it." To regulate and satisfy all these fears and hopes, Cecil advised to establish a firm yet moderate rule, based on Protestant principles, at home, and to enter into close alliance with the church reformers abroad, especially with those in Scotland, France, and the Netherlands. "The courses and practices of Rome," Cecil continued, "were not much to be feared. As for those who had borne rule in Queen Mary's time, means were to be taken to lessen their credit throughout England; they were not to be too soon trusted or employed, upon pretence of turning, but those who were known to be well affected to religion and the queen's person were to be sought after and encouraged." "The bishops," Cecil held, "were generally hated by the nation: it would be easy to draw them within the statute of præmunire, and upon their falling into it, they and the clergy must be kept under it till they had renounced the pope, and consented to the alterations that should be made. Great care was to be had of the universities and other public schools, as Eton and Westminster, that the next generation might be betimes seasoned with the love and knowledge of religion." The kind of Protestantism thus dictated was one altogether new to England, differing entirely both from the Calvinistic church principles encouraged by the Protector, and the zealous and intolerant uniformity system pursued by Cranmer in the height of his power. A compromise as it was between two great principles, it necessarily satisfied neither the ardent Protestants, nor the more earnest among the Roman Catholics, but it had the great merit, nevertheless, of calming the excited feelings of the nation, of putting a stop to murder committed in the name of heaven, and of laying the foundation of a larger and broader church government than any that could have arisen amidst the hatred of sects and the fierce battle of religious persecution.

In strict pursuance of his policy of moderation,

Cecil had the Act of Supremacy, with which was connected "An Act for the uniformity of common prayer and divine service," restoring the liturgy of Edward VI., administered in the most tolerant manner. Though the penalties set upon refusal of the oath of supremacy were of the severest kind, he contented himself to use them as an intimidation, his main object being to get rid of untrustworthy servants, and put others in their stead. In this he succeeded completely, as far as the most troublesome of his enemies, the bishops, were concerned. Immediately after the breaking up of parliament, the oath was tendered to the great prelates appointed by Mary, and when they all, with one exception, that of Dr. Kitchen of Llandaff—lusty Benedictine monk of old, who had changed his creed already four times, and objected not to change it four times more to enjoy the loaves and fishes of Llandaff—replied by a refusal, their sees were declared vacant, and they were placed under confinement, in conformity with one of the provisions of the statute, and to keep them from doing mischief. Their places were filled chiefly by Protestant divines who had escaped the Marian persecution by becoming voluntary exiles, among them Matthew Parker, former chaplain to Anne Boleyn, who was made archbishop of Canterbury; Edward Grindall, a quiet and pious Lutheran, who had been preaching the reformation for some time at Strasburg, in the German tongue, and who was now appointed bishop of London, and subsequently filled the archiepiscopal sees of York and of Canterbury; Edwin Sandys, old member of the Cambridge school of reformers, who was nominated bishop of Worcester; and Thomas Bentham, one of the most learned and active members of the more advanced Protestant party, who was appointed to the see of Lichfield. On the completion of all the changes, the whole of the Catholic bishops, with the exception of three of the most violent among them, whose hands were deeply stained with Protestant blood, Bonner of London, Watson of Lincoln, and White of Winchester, were let out of prison, and told that they would be no further molested. Compromised as they were, more or less, in the horrible events of the preceding reign, they trusted so completely to the assurance given by Cecil, that they did not deem it necessary to leave the country, but quietly settled in England. Tunstall of York and Thirleby of Ely, two of the more moderate of Catholic prelates, were quartered at Lambeth Palace, and Archbishop Heath, who had held the Great Seal under Mary, retired to his private residence at Chobham, in Surrey, where he remained in studious tranquillity till his death. Thus the mighty change which gave back to England once more and for ever the principles of the reformation, was accomplished without violence and without the least amount of persecution. It was the greatest triumph yet celebrated by Protestantism.

In the summer of 1559, the queen appointed a general ecclesiastical visitation, to compel the observance of the "Act for the uniformity of common prayer and divine service." This statute, Cecil intended to make useful in clearing the lower ranks of the church hierarchy from Romanists, in the same manner as the Act of Supremacy had proved available for remodelling

the episcopal bench. By the uniformity act, all clergymen refusing to use the Book of Common Prayer issued in the reign of King Edward, were ordered to be punished for the first offence with forfeiture of one year's income of their benefices and six months' imprisonment; for the second, with deprivation of their livings and twelve months' imprisonment; and for the third with deprivation and imprisonment for life. The act ordered likewise that all persons speaking against the Prayer Book, or causing any other forms then those prescribed by it to be used in any church, chapel, or other place of religious worship, should be subjected to the penalty of one hundred marks for the first offence, of four hundred marks for the second, and of forfeiture of goods and imprisonment for the third. Lenient as was the statute, contrasted with the legislation of the preceding reigns, it was made still more so in its application, as conducted by Cecil. The ecclesiastical commissioners acting under his instructions went on their round, less with the object of inflicting fines and imprisonment, than of seeing that no rabid zealots of the ancient religion should continue in ministerial office, and they therefore brought the statute in force only to get rid of these. As for the rest of the clergy, including the immense class of doubtful or wavering persons, they contented themselves to hold the sword of justice suspended over their heads, or, as Cecil had expressed it in his memorial, "to keep them under till they had renounced the pope, and consented to the alterations that should be made." The parochial priests showed themselves most anxious to fall in with the spirit of moderation that animated the government, quite against the expectation of Cecil, who had reckoned upon vast changes to be made among the lower clergy, as well as in the upper hierarchy, an immense number of the livings having been filled by Mary's advisers with real or presumed papists. But only eighty incumbents altogether resigned their benefices, or were deprived of them, and even this small number included changes forcibly made to reinstitute ministers who had been driven from their position in the previous reign, for no other reason than having lawful wives, instead of concubines. The extreme lenity thus shown towards a class professedly inimical to the established rule and to all religious progress, was loudly declaimed against by the leaders of the more advanced sections among the reformers, who looked upon the action of the government as a betrayal of the Protestant cause, sinful alike for encouraging popish superstition and idolatry and for retarding the spread of the principles of the new faith. The reproaches were not altogether unjustified, even although they sprang from a source embittered with the old leaven of uncharitableness and intolerance in all matters concerning the aspiration of man towards God.

During the first years of the reign of Elizabeth, the religious peace which Cecil sought to give the realm found few opponents among the Catholics, and if threatened by any dangers, they seemed to come rather from the side of the reformers themselves. It was in the nature of Protestantism, and, indeed, one of its great blessings, though men did not see it all at once, that it should give rise to a great and almost

infinite diversity of opinions in minor matters of religion, human authority being overthrown by the triumph of reason over blind belief, and the study of God's holy word making priests of all true followers of Christ. Though condemned for a long time by the church reformers, quite as much as by the believers in an infallible pope—who as such had a logical ground to insist upon absolute unity—the right of schism, developed into sectarianism, made itself felt as a fact in the earliest ages of Protestantism, proclaimed alike by the followers of Wyckliff, of Huss, and of Jerome of Prague, as by the later disciples of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and Knox. There was schism in England from the time the Lollards began to read their Bible, though it was kept from showing itself by the strong pressure of persecution; but as soon as this was withdrawn from the new faith it became visible to all. At the beginning of the reformation under Edward VI. two great parties stood forth at once among the Protestants, the first, representing the more conservative tendencies of mankind, showing strong inclinations to retain as many as possible of the forms and outward symbols of the ancient church as were compatible with the principles they proclaimed, and the second, more bent towards radicalism, insisting on the necessity of entirely breaking with the church of the past, throwing away its forms together with its dogmas. Both sections of the Protestant faith found their counterparts on the continent of Europe, the conservatives in the followers of Luther, not deeply bent upon retrenching on the exterior ceremonies of the Church of Rome; and the radicals in the disciples of Calvin, who rejected the whole symbolism of the ancient religion, and from their desire to establish purer forms of religion and worship after a while came to be denominated "Puritans." The radical church reformers, or Puritans, greatly increased in England in the latter part of the reign of Edward, and their doctrines came prominently before the nation on the appointment of one of the most eminent of their leaders, John Hooper, to the bishopric of Gloucester, a promotion due to the patronage of the earl of Yorkmouth, afterwards duke of Northumberland, and which was very unwelcome to Cranmer and his conservative friends. The consecration of Hooper was all but prevented by his refusal to wear the episcopal robes, particularly the rochet, the vestments in his opinion being too similar to those of the Romish church to allow him to appear in them. Nor would he consent to take the oath of supremacy with the addition "all saints" to the phrase "so help me God;" and his resistance was so staunch as not to give way before a lengthened incarceration, first in his own house and afterwards in the Fleet Prison. Finally, a compromise had to be effected, consisting in the words "all saints" being expunged from the oath, and the licence given to Hooper not to wear episcopal robes except on high occasions, as when preaching before the king. It was to a great extent a victory of Puritanism over the dogmas of the state church, or those of conservative Protestantism.

The exile of many of the leading men among the reformers during the reign of Mary, contributed in a singular manner to widen the breach between the two great sections of the Protestant faith. A considerable

number sought and found a refuge in the two German cities of Strasburg and Frankfort on the Mayn, both inhabited by Lutherans as well as Calvinists, and hot beds of theological strife, in which the strangers from England were made to take part. In enlisting foreign sympathies, the Calvinists soon got the better of their opponents, by exhibiting a large amount of power of reasoning as well as of sympathy with their guests, to whom they frankly extended their hands, while the more narrow-minded, aristocratic, and inhospitable Lutherans kept aloof in proud self-satisfaction. At Strasburg, the strife did not rise beyond warm discussions; but at Frankfort it burst forth after a while in a sort of war between the two factions, the bone of contention being the form of liturgy used in the church assigned to the English, the conservatives, headed by Richard Cox—subsequently bishop of Ely—insisting upon retaining the Prayer Book of Edward VI., and their antagonists, under the leadership of John Knox, claiming the right of making alterations in the Calvinist sense. By the employment of other than theological weapons, Cox and his friends in the end succeeded in driving their Protestant brethren not only from the church of Frankfort, but from the city; and Knox, followed by most of those who had taken part with him in the struggle, had to retire to Geneva, where they formed themselves into a congregation under the personal care and superintendence of Calvin, whom the apostle of Scotland humbly called his father. The new service which the exiles established was distinguished by the absence of all ceremonial rites; there were no responses and no litany, everything being banished that could bring back recollections of the Church of Rome. To inform their friends at home of their proceedings, they also published an account of the same in English, under the title of "Directory of the Service, discipline, and form of Common Prayer and administration of sacraments in the church of Geneva." The book had not long been printed, when the death of Queen Mary dissolved the nightmare of popery that had taken England under its fangs, and the exiles turned their steps joyfully homeward, to be reinstalled in the places and dignities they had quitted. Geneva sent back a large number, all of them completely changed in their doctrinal views; and from Zurich and other parts of Switzerland, there came men who had left their country as conservative Protestants, and returned to it as eager reformers of reform. One of the latter, Thomas Bentham, was appointed by Elizabeth to the see of Worcester; but, on the whole, the queen and Cecil reserved their ecclesiastical favours for the more orthodox divines who had conquered at Frankfort, and who came to divide between them nearly all the mitres and crosiers which the Church of England had to give. Knox and his friends cared little; they were not the men to hanker after bishoprics, but, striding forth on the path they had entered, prepared themselves to become the fathers of English Puritanism.

To Cecil, the new reforming element in the church was not a little embarrassing. Personally, he felt much sympathy with the doctrines of the Puritans, but they sadly interfered with the system of compromise which he had set up as a guide in the govern-

ment of the country; and the queen being not at all favourably inclined towards the Geneva innovators, who opposed her privileges, as well as the outward pomp and ceremonial of her worship which she valued greatly, he found himself under the necessity of opposing the aims of the Protestant sectarians. Under the acts of supremacy and uniformity, they were completely in his power, and open to persecution quite as much as the Roman Catholics; however, he did not deem it prudent to enforce the law all at once, but tried to convert rather than to punish. Acting in concert with Archbishop Parker, who, as one of the heads of the orthodox school of Protestantism, seemed inclined to proceed sharply against dissenters, a number of commissioners were despatched for the special purpose of interrogating the ministers known to be favourable to the Geneva doctrines, and to submit to them an agreement to conform to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England as laid down by the queen, under penalty of being proceeded against under the statutes. The result was not what Cecil expected, scarcely any of the clergy appealed to giving way either to threats or promises, but all declaring themselves determined to leave their cures and wander forth as beggars rather than recede an atom from what they held to be the truth. To take them by the word was little less than persecution; yet Archbishop Parker, with all the zeal of his new-born dignity, and quite forgetful of the sufferings he had himself undergone in the previous reign, hesitated not to enter upon the new career of intolerance. His orders were, "They must conform to the habits, or part with their preferments;" and the behest expelled some thousands of the best and ablest teachers and ministers of the reformation from their spheres of activity, leaving them in a state of destitution, and nearly one-fourth of the churches in the kingdom without regular clergy. "They travelled up and down the country," reported Bishop Jewel, "from church to church, preaching where they could get leave, as if they were apostles: as they were with regard to their poverty, for silver and gold they had none." Like all persecutions, this one, too, had effects the very opposite from those calculated upon. Puritanism, driven from a few isolated spots where it had a chance of lapsing into conformity, and scattered broadcast all over the land by sowers of unmatched skill, ardour, and enthusiasm, became, through the very means employed for its extinction by an orthodox archbishop, a power such as even Knox and Calvin could scarcely have dreamt in the loftiest of their dreams.

Elizabeth was fully cognizant, and entirely approved of the harsh measures employed against the Geneva reformers, her indignation against them being great, more on account of their disregard of forms and ceremonies, than of the deeper substance of their teachings, the all but revolutionary nature of which she had scarcely any means of understanding. Her mind, truly feminine in this respect at least, was always ready to overvalue the influence of the outward shapes and garments of things; so that when Archbishop Parker's commissioners sent in their report of the nakedness of Puritan worship, she was ready to condemn it at once as utter irreligion. The report, written just previous to the expulsion of the ministers,

was curious in many respects. "Some of them," the paper ran, describing the doings of the new dissenters, "perform divine service and prayers in the chancel, others in the body of the church; some in a seat made in the church; some in a pulpit, with their faces to the people. Some keep precisely in the order of the book; some intermix psalms in metre; some say with a surplice, and others without one. The table stands in the body of the church in some places, and in others it stands in the chancel; in some places the table stands altarwise, distant from the wall a yard; in others in the middle of the chancel, north and south; in some places the table is joined, in others it stands upon tressels; in some the table has a carpet, in others none. Some administer the communion with surplice and cap, some with surplice alone, and others with none; some with chalice, others with a communion cup, and others with a common cup; some with unleavened bread, and some with leavened. Some receive kneeling, others standing, and others sitting; some baptize in a font, and some in a basin; some sign with the sign of the cross, and some sign not; some minister in a surplice, and others without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some with a button-cap, and some with a hat; some in scholars' clothes, and some in others." The wonderful variety of apparel, observances, and rites, striking as it must have been to the eye of the professors themselves, was the exact type of the Puritanism of the day. All was seething among the Geneva reformers; reason and sense alike in a state of fermentation, and dim faith groping its way earnestly and painfully across the wide ocean separating human understanding from heavenly wisdom. As yet there was no settled bond of union among them, and no great dogma which kept the individual mind from swaying to and fro on the storm-tossed sea of truth. As with all new-born creeds, the negatives of Puritanism were stronger than the positives; before erecting a church, the disciples of Knox and Calvin had to conquer their building ground, and, the Scriptures in hand, be Protestants against the Protestants.

The crusade which the orthodox reformers had opened against the radicals in the church was slackened somewhat at the end of a few years, owing to the necessity the former found themselves under to seek assistance in all quarters towards the common enemy of Rome. After remaining very quiet for a time, the Catholics in many parts of the realm boldly lifted their heads and began to demand concessions, encouraged both by the extreme forbearance shown to them by the government, and the internal dissensions among their antagonists. This was sufficient to create alarm; but what greatly added to it was the visible tendency of the queen to move in a Rome-ward direction. It was known that on more than one occasion Elizabeth had given utterance to clearly popish views regarding transubstantiation, going so far as to reprove a divine who had preached before her against the Real Presence; while at the same time she exhibited her love for what the reformers called idolatry by keeping images, and a crucifix with lighted tapers before it, in her private chapel, where also, it was whispered, she was offering up prayers

to the Virgin. Remonstrances, humbly tendered, were found to be useless, and instead of conforming to the wishes of her spiritual advisers, the queen turned against them on a subject more tender than any other, that of the celibacy of the clergy. The law respecting it was in the most confused state, for while an act passed in the first year of Edward VI. allowed the marriages of bishops, priests, and deacons, this had been repealed by another of the first of Mary; and although the whole of the statutes of Mary bearing upon religion had been abrogated at the accession of Elizabeth, it was a doubtful point whether this included the repeal of the act annulling celibacy. Many as were the doubts in the matter, they had not prevented the greater number of the Protestant clergy to take wives unto themselves; and all, therefore, from Archbishop Parker, who had entered the conjugal state in 1547, immediately after the accession of Edward VI., and had written and published a "Defence of the marriage of priests," during the Marian persecution, down to the humblest village curate, were full of anxiety to have this matter settled to their satisfaction. In this emergency, the aid of the Puritan element, which began to be strongly felt in parliament, was of the greatest importance, the dissenters showing themselves even more eager than the orthodox churchmen to destroy the hateful institution of priestly celibacy, one of the mightiest weapons of hierarchical power ever forged by Rome. The combined efforts of the Protestants of all parties resulted in a pressure which the queen could not resist, and she had to give her consent to an act sanctioning anew clerical marriages, with this proviso, however, that no priest or deacon should take a wife without the permission of the bishop of the diocese and of two justices of the peace, as well as the consent of the woman's parents, or nearest of kin. The approbation of Elizabeth to this law was almost extorted, and her rankling hatred, or envy, of clergy marriages, exhibited itself soon after on a visit to Archbishop Parker. After having been sumptuously entertained by the primate and his consort at Lambeth Palace, the maiden queen took leave of Mrs. Parker by uttering a gross insult. "Madam,"* Elizabeth exclaimed, "I may not call you; mistress† I am loth to call you: but, however, I thank you for your good cheer." John Harrington, poet of note, remarked upon her majesty's good taste: "Cæteris paribus, and sometimes imparibus too, she always prefers the single man to the married."

The death of Archbishop Parker, in 1575, gave a new turn to the ecclesiastical policy of Elizabeth's government. He had been the stern opponent of the Puritans, ready to proceed to any amount of rigour to uphold the boundaries of the state church and the forms of religion as established by law, and but few of the members of the privy council sharing his views, his decease became a matter of importance, and still more the appointment of his successor. The choice, through Cecil's influence, fell upon Edward Grindall, archbishop of York, a prelate of very moderate views, and who in his previous treatment of the Geneva

reformers had drawn upon himself the reproach of favouring their opinions. His nomination to the primacy, therefore, was looked upon as a sort of victory of Puritan doctrines, which, having prospered before by persecution, now spread under the sunshine of toleration and encouragement from above. The first effect was seen in the revival of a practice introduced into England by the radical church reformers, which was called "prophesying." It consisted in the meeting of ministers, at appointed times, for the purpose of discussing Scripture texts; the assemblies being open to the public, and under the presidency of a so-called moderator, who finished by summing-up the main points of the debate, with his own conclusions of it. Not only the Puritans, but all the ministers not belonging to the ultra orthodox section of the state church, were in favour of these meetings, which, it was said, greatly tended to edify the people, very little acquainted as yet with their religion, and at the same time served to supply deficiencies of learning and theological study among the pastors themselves. This, however, was not the opinion of Archbishop Parker, nor of Queen Elizabeth, both holding, not without some justice, that the chief result of these public discussions would be to "unsettle religion," in so far as religion was synonymous with the dogmas of the established episcopal church and the statutes of supremacy and uniformity. By special command of Elizabeth, and entirely in accordance with his own feelings, Archbishop Parker suppressed the "prophesyings," but at his decease the practice at once sprang into life again, it being known that the new primate was rather in favour of it than otherwise. Grindall justified this opinion by making a representation to the queen on the subject, stating that it would be for the benefit of the church that the meetings should be again permitted to take place, and that should any disorderly debates occur, it would be easy to get rid of them by special rules and proper supervision. But Elizabeth would not listen to the arguments of the archbishop, and rigidly commanded him to suppress the "prophesyings," the same as his predecessor. Grindall refused, in a letter full of manly boldness, whereupon he was suspended from the exercise of his archiepiscopal functions, and by an order of the Star Chamber confined to his house. The "prophesyings" were brought to an end soon after, in consequence of circular letters of the queen directed to the bishops; but though conquered in this field, the Puritans nevertheless felt that they had gained another victory.

Hitherto the Geneva reformers, though driven from their livings and persecuted in many ways, had remained nominally within the pale of the episcopal church; but the most active among them now began to think that all chance of reconciliation had gone by, and that they were strong enough to stand by themselves, and to separate from the established form of worship. At a meeting held in London, the resolution was come to "that it was their duty, in the present circumstances, to separate from the public churches, and to assemble in private houses, or elsewhere, to worship God according to their conscience;" and they thereupon established a "presbytery" at Wandsworth, a small village close to the capital,

* The style of a married lady at that period.

† Appellation solely given to unmarried women.

inhabited partly by Walloon and Huguenot refugees, who carried on the art of weaving. It was the first embodiment of Puritan thought, laid down, according to a report of Bishop Sandys, Grindall's successor in the sees of London and York, in five principal tenets. They were, first, "The civil magistrate has no authority in ecclesiastical matters: he is only a member of the church, the government of which ought to be committed to the clergy;" secondly, "The church of Christ admits of no other government than that by presbyteries; namely, by the ministers, elders, and deacons;" thirdly, "Each parish must have its own presbytery;" fourthly, "The choice of ministers belongs of necessity to the people;" and, fifthly, "The names and authority of archbishops, archdeacons, deans, chancellors, commissaries, and other titles and dignities of the like kind, should be altogether removed from the church of Christ." The congregation at Wandsworth included among its founders several men of note, chief in the list Walter Travers, a divine of the Cambridge school of reformers, who had been chaplain of the English colony at Antwerp, and subsequently, on his return to England, to Cecil, whose interest procured him the appointment of afternoon lecturer at the Temple, where he had for colleague Richard Hooker, author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," and zealous defender of state church doctrines. "The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury, the afternoon Geneva," it was said of the two; but Travers was far the better speaker, and his eloquence carried everything before it. In a short while, presbyteries came to grow up in many parts of the kingdom, which alarmed the government to the extent as to put in motion for the first time the High Court of Commission, brought into existence by parliamentary enactment soon after the accession of Elizabeth. The statute empowered the queen and her successors to authorize, by letters patent under the great seal, whenever they thought fit, and for as long a period as they pleased, a commission of persons, lay or clerical, to exercise full jurisdiction in spiritual matters, and to "order, visit, reform, and redress all heresies, errors, schisms, abuses, contempts, offences, and enormities whatsoever." One of the first acts of the commission was the violent suppression of the Presbyterian congregation at Wandsworth, and the meetings in the provinces gradually shared the same fate.

The severities, once more, had the effect of not only not answering the object, but of leading to the opposite result. The tenets of Walter Travers and his friends were comparatively moderate, and it was left to persecution to develop a new form of Puritanism, the adherents of which were first distinguished as the Brownists—verging, two generations later, into the Independents. Robert Browne, a clergyman of good family, nearly related to the lord treasurer, was founder of the new sect, the dogmas of which were far in advance of those of the Geneva reformers. The Brownists taught "that every particular church, with its pastor, stands immediately under Christ, the Archpastor, without any other ecclesiastical power intervening, whether it be of prelates, of synods, or any other invented by man." They thus differed from the first Puritans not only in rejecting episcopacy, but likewise synodical sway, and the whole exterior

organisation of Calvinism, which connected all the members of the great "Church of Christ" in one bond of union. This bond, the Brownists argued, too much resembled that of the episcopal church, and even of popery, to be acceptable to the true disciples of the Redeemer, who could put trust alone in the Scriptures; and they, therefore, laid down the following propositions as their code of faith. "That a particular form of church government is prescribed in the Word of God; that no other form ought to be allowed; that the Church of God ought to be governed by elders, but that this government does not exist; that the neglect to promote this government is one chief cause of the present ignorance, idolatry, and disobedience; that there ought to be an equality among ministers, which the popish hierarchy and all who belong to it do not like." Francis Johnson, an eminent Brownist, openly maintained these tenets in a sermon delivered at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge; in consequence of which he was expelled from the university and thrown into prison. The persecution, discouraged by Cecil, but forced on by the queen, now became more violent, dissent being looked upon by Elizabeth as sedition. In 1580 an act had been passed "to retain the queen's subjects in their due obedience," which punished absence from the parish church by a fine of twenty pounds a month, and imprisonment till paid; if absent a whole year, the delinquent was condemned to pay a double fine, and was liable, besides, to be put in gaol for an indefinite term. The weight of this statute fell heavily upon the Brownists, who absolutely refused conformity; and many of them died in prison, while others, honest citizens before, were turned into vagrants and malefactors. Among those imprisoned by the High Court of Commission were two Suffolk clergymen, Copping and Thacker, who, after remaining in gaol for seven years, were hung at Bury St. Edmunds, with the publications of Robert Browne tied round their necks. Queen Elizabeth could have hit upon no better means for spreading the tenets of the Brownists.

In 1583 an event occurred which brought the persecutions against the dissenters from the state church to its height. Archbishop Grindall, after having been suspended from his functions for a lengthened period, died in this year, and Elizabeth appointed as successor of the mild and kindly-disposed primate, who had not been at all to her taste, a man of the opposite character, John Whitgift, bishop of Worcester. Whitgift, the son of a merchant in Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, had attached himself at a very early age to the principles of the reformation, and done much to advance the cause of Protestantism at Cambridge, where he signalised himself as teacher and preacher, filling, during a residence of fifteen years, all the highest posts of the university. In 1563 he became Margaret professor of divinity, and four years after master of Trinity, regius professor of divinity, and chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. Up to this time Whitgift had shown himself more or less favourable to Puritanism; but now the opposite tendency broke forth in a remarkable dispute and theological controversy with Thomas Cartwright, his successor in the Margaret professorship of divinity, which made the greatest stir all over England. Cartwright, a native of Hertfordshire, and

one of the acknowledged leaders of the Puritans, delivered, in 1569, a course of lectures from his professorial chair, in which the order and constitution of the established religion were openly assailed, the ground taken being that the Scriptures contained the exact model after which the government of the church ought to be framed, and that this model was complete without bishops and archbishop. He, therefore, insisted on the formation, in England, of a Presbyterian church, towards which object, he advised, "every one ought to labour in his calling, the magistrate by his authority, the minister by the word, and all by their prayers." Against these doctrines—the exposition of which by a divine of Cartwright's gifts and fame became extremely popular, his lectures attracting great crowds of students—Whitgift stood forward, answering week by week from the university pulpit what had been said in the Margaret divinity chair. His replies, in substance, were that "Christ has left the mode of church government to be regulated from time to time by the church itself;" that "no absolute forms are prescribed, and no minute injunctions laid down in the Scriptures;" and that "providing that everything be done for edification, and nothing contrary to the express command of God, the church has liberty to form her own institutions." The controversy was carried on for several years, with increasing bitterness on both sides, both in lectures and books, Cartwright and his friends coming forward with an "Admonition to parliament for the reformation of Church discipline," and Whitgift replying in a publication called "Answers to a certain libel called an Admonition." The "Admonition" was presented to the House of Commons by two of the founders of the Wandsworth Presbyterian congregation, Field and Wilcox, whereupon the queen, perceiving that the Puritans were getting the best of the controversy, hurled a right royal argument at their heads. Field and Wilcox, with a number of other dissenters from the state church, were thrown into prison, and their "Admonition" burnt by the common hangman; while at the same time Cartwright was degraded from the professor's chair and expelled the university, and Whitgift made vice-chancellor of Cambridge, and, soon after, bishop of Worcester. In this position he distinguished himself by the most violent anti-Puritan zeal; so that when in 1583 the queen lifted him to the primacy of England, the radicals in the church knew that they must prepare for another reign of persecution.

The persecution was not long in coming. In a few months after the appointment of the new archbishop he gave an earnest of the rigour with which he meant to rule the church, by promulgating a series of articles "for the observance of discipline." One of these, specially directed against the secret meetings of the new Presbyterian congregations, prohibited all preaching, reading, or catechising in private houses, whereto any not of the same family should resort, "seeing the same was never permitted as lawful under any Christian magistrate." By another, still more important, the primate ordered the assent, by subscription, of all the clergy to three points, the queen's supremacy, the lawfulness of the common prayer and ordination service, and the truth of the whole

thirty-nine articles containing the confession of the church of England. To put his injunctions in force Whitgift reorganized the High Court of Commission, making it to consist of forty-four members, including twelve bishops, and investing them with increased power. They were directed to inquire after and to punish, "under the oaths of twelve good and lawful men," all offences against church and state, notably "all heretical opinions, seditious books, contempts, conspiracies, false rumours or talks, and slanderous words and sayings." Not content with opening this wide net, which might hold any number of delinquents, the archbishop added a mode of procedure, wholly founded on the canon law, consisting in a system of interrogations, so comprehensive as to embrace the whole scope of clerical uniformity, and at the same time so precise and minute as to leave no room for evasion. Thus prepared, the commissioners went forth, examining, suspending, and imprisoning ministers, till at last the very magnitude of their operations stopped their course, many parts of the kingdom having become clergyless, and a vast number of churches being shut up for want of persons to conduct the service. In only six of the eastern counties, two hundred and thirty-three ministers were suspended, of whom thirty-eight in Essex, sixty in Suffolk, and sixty-four in Norfolk. The effect was the more lamentable as the men thus expelled formed the more learned and diligent part of the clergy, the great body of the order belonging still to the old monkish school, distinguished only for ignorance. To fill up the vacancies, common mechanics were appointed to many of the livings, notwithstanding which there remained such a want of ministers that, according to contemporary testimony, "in some places there was no preaching, nor so much as reading a homily, for many months together; and in sundry parishes it was hard to find persons to baptize or bury the dead." It was in vain that Cecil lifted his voice to reinstal at least a portion of Puritan clergy in their old positions, where, as he explained to the queen in a supplication, "though they are over-squeamish and nice in their opinions, and more scrupulous than they need, yet with their careful catechising and diligent preaching they bring forth that fruit which your most excellent majesty is to desire and wish, namely, the lessening and diminishing the papistical numbers." The lord treasurer here was slightly, though perhaps wilfully, in error. Shrewd as was Elizabeth, and extremely jealous of her royal prerogative, she could not but be less afraid of the "papistical numbers" than of "over-squeamish and nice" people of the opposite creed, who, she dimly and instinctively felt, while casting their spears at mitres were aiming at crowns in the background.

The extreme severity with which the queen proceeded against Protestant dissenters led to a momentary coalition between them and the Roman Catholics. On the whole, the Catholics were not so ill treated, on account merely of their religious belief, as the nonconformists of the reformation; however, their leaders were highly obnoxious to the government as adherents of a foreign power, and as long as Elizabeth was under fear of being attacked by the pope and his lieutenant, King Philip, all priests and Jesuits were mercilessly hunted after, and led to the gallows whenever they

could be caught. It was a political more than a religious persecution; but it nevertheless brought on a sort of outward alliance between some of the most zealous men of both parties; and while homeless Puritan ministers, preaching the word of God and seeking alms from door to door, often found shelter and hospitality in the houses of faithful adherents of the old religion, banished priests, chased like wild beasts by the spies of the government, went trudging all over the land disguised as Brownist and Presbyterian preachers. This did not remain long undiscovered, and the result was to increase the queen's anger and suspicion against both Puritans and papists, leaving her less and less inclined to toleration and forbearance. Harshness against the Protestant nonconformists having nearly reached its limits in the courses adopted by Archbishop Whitgift, the weight of Elizabeth's wrath began to fall upon the Roman Catholics, and in consequence several new statutes were passed to keep them in bridle. In 1585 an act was passed "against Jesuits, seminary priests, and such other like disobedient persons," which made it felony to harbour priests, and treason to communicate with papal agents; and two years later parliament had to vote another law, restraining "popish recusants" to particular places of residence, while all subjects of the queen were forbidden to harbour any of whose conformity they were not well assured. Finally, in 1593, by a statute known as the 35 Elizabeth, cap. 2, all persons above sixteen years of age, being convicted "popish recusants," were prohibited to leave their usual dwelling-place and to go beyond five miles of it without written licence from the bishop of the diocese, under penalty of imprisonment and of forfeiture of all their goods. This was the last act against Roman Catholics passed under Elizabeth. The total number of adherents of the old religion who suffered during her reign amounted, after the calculation of a Catholic historian, to two hundred and four, of which number fifteen were executed for denying the queen's supremacy, one hundred and twenty-six for exercising their ministry, and the rest for becoming reconciled to their church after having abandoned it. Many of them had to undergo torture before being killed, including hideous "bowellings" at the foot of the scaffold, for which Lord Bacon, in a tract written in 1592, politely apologised, arguing that these horrors were "less cruel than the wheel, or forcipation, or even simple burning."

The latter years of the reign of Elizabeth were distinguished by an ever increasing severity against the Protestant dissenters. While the cruelties exercised against the Romanists were chiefly, if not entirely, due to political reasons, the persecution of the Puritan nonconformists assumed no other but religious aspects, and thus laid the germs of a hatred which it took generations to extinguish. Although the House of Commons was possessed of a strong Puritanic element, which likewise exhibited itself in the privy council and among the chief advisers of the crown, Elizabeth, too well assisted by her fanatic primate, set out not many years before her death upon a new crusade against the nonconformists, more fierce than any that had yet taken place. It was

caused to some degree by the immense increase of dissent in all parts of England, upon which the queen looked with the greatest alarm, the more so as the new forms of schism that were constantly springing into life threatened to go farther and farther away from the established religion. Among those which more immediately attracted the attention of Elizabeth, as well as of Archbishop Whitgift, were a body of sectarians called the Barrowists, after their leader, Henry Barrowe, a member of Gray's Inn and graduate of Cambridge. He was of honourable descent, "a gentleman of good house," according to the testimony of his friend, Lord Bacon, and for some time frequented the court of Elizabeth, distinguishing himself by his gaiety and the elegance of his manners. Suddenly, however, a change came over him, he taking, as described by Bacon, "a leap the strangeness of which made him very much spoken of," the man of the world turning into one of "preciseness in the highest degree." Frequenting the secret Puritan assemblies, Barrowe soon became a leader of the most advanced section, and being hunted after as such by the archbishop's agents, was thrown into prison, and after lengthened sufferings and repeated examinations before the High Commission court, in which it was vainly sought to shake his faith, was put upon his trial at the Old Bailey, together with a Puritan minister named Greenwood. The charge against him was that of writing and publishing certain books and pamphlets tending to the slander of the queen's government; but the only one of his writings given in as evidence against him was a work entitled "A brief dissertation on the False Church," which, though containing an exposition of Puritan doctrines, exhibited not the slightest tendency to political disaffection, and therefore could in no way establish the accusation. However, it had been resolved beforehand that Barrowe, as well as Greenwood, should be made examples of, in the hope that their death, should they persist refusing to recant their obnoxious tenets, might do something towards arresting the progress of separatism. Accordingly, no attention was paid to his defence, while his courage, ability, and manifest innocence of the charge brought against him, only tended to exasperate the servile judges, who without hesitation condemned him to death. On the 6th of May, 1593, Barrowe and Greenwood were drawn on hurdles to Tyburn, and there hung on the gallows, in the presence of an immense multitude, who silently execrated a government calling itself Protestant and yet shedding Protestant blood on mere doctrinal grounds. Elizabeth herself before her death seemed to repent of her severity, for asking on an occasion one of her chaplains what he thought of Barrowe and Greenwood, and he replying, after some hesitation, that "he was persuaded, if they had lived, they would have been two as worthy instruments for the church of God as had been raised up in the age," she fell into a deep gloom—"she sighed and said no more."

"The church of England," says a philosophical writer, remarkably free from religious as well as political bias, Henry Hallam, "was not left by Elizabeth in circumstances that demanded applause for the policy of her rulers. After forty years of constantly aggravated molestation of the nonconforming clergy,

their numbers were become greater, their popularity more deeply rooted, their enmity to the established order more reconciled. It was doubtless a problem of no slight difficulty, by what means so obstinate and opiniated a class of sectaries could have been managed; nor are we, perhaps, at this distance of time, altogether competent to decide upon the fittest course of policy in that respect. But it is manifest that the obstinacy of bold and sincere men is not to be quelled by any punishments that do not exterminate them, and that they were not likely to entertain a less conceit of their own reason when they found no arguments so much relied on to refute it as that of force. . . . The best apology that can be made for Elizabeth's tenaciousness of those ceremonies which produced the fatal contention may be suggested, though without much express authority, from the records of that age, in the justice and expediency of winning over the Catholics to conformity, by retaining as much as possible of their accustomed rites. But in the latter part of the queen's reign this policy

had lost a great deal of its application; or rather, the same principle of policy would have dictated numerous concessions, in order to satisfy the people. It appears by no means unlikely that, by reforming the abuses and corruption of the spiritual courts, by abandoning a part of their jurisdiction, so heterogeneous, and so unduly obtained, by abrogating obnoxious and at best frivolous ceremonies, by restraining pluralities of benefices, by ceasing to discountenance the most diligent ministers, and by more temper and disinterestedness in their own behaviour, the bishops would have palliated, to an infinite degree, that dissatisfaction with the established scheme of polity, which its want of resemblance to that of other Protestant churches must more or less have produced." Elizabeth's calm and wise minister, Sir Francis Walsingham, gave her advice which she might well have obeyed, in telling her that "consciences are not to be forced, but to be won and reduced by force of truth, with the aid of time, and the use of all good means of instruction and persuasion."

CHAPTER IV.

History of Literature, Science, and Art, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Elizabeth.

Two great events contributed and acted together to make the Tudor period the golden age of English literature—the invention of printing, and the Reformation. Ten years before the accession of Henry VII. William Caxton established his printing office in the almonry of Westminster Abbey, but its products did not become well known till some time after, and it was, to a great extent, the royal patronage which spread them over England. The first of the Tudor monarchs made good use of Caxton's office by having important documents, such as the Papal Bull which confirmed his right to the crown, printed in the form of broad-sheets and widely distributed among the people. Personally, too, the king was an eager student, "reading," says Bacon, "most books that were of any worth," and getting never tired to add to his store of information." Besides his majesty, William Caxton had a great and zealous patron in Margaret Tudor, the mother of the king. She herself was an authoress, fond of writing and translating books of devotion—some of which were printed after her death—and her private influence with the king, as well as the high esteem in which she was held by the nation, enabled her to contribute not a little to the progress of the new art, as well as to the advancement of general education. So high, in fact, was the opinion, even of the learned, of the character of the king's mother, that in a dispute concerning the jurisdiction of the town and university of Cambridge, she was chosen arbitrator, and the conflict having been finally settled, it was agreed "that any doubt or ambiguity in these articles shall be interpreted by Lady Margaret, countess of Richmond, or by such persons as she may appoint." Lady Margaret also endowed colleges and professorships, both at Oxford and Cambridge, and her fostering care had

no slight effect in spreading knowledge wider and wider among all ranks and classes.

Nevertheless, though the advance both of rudimentary education and of the higher branches of learning was very considerable, there was a great dearth of writers in the age of Henry VII. As Mr. James Gairdner, diligent searcher in the ancient records, well remarks, "In no period of the English annals are the sources of history so scanty. Since the days of Chaucer English literature had declined, and become a perfect blank. There was not a poet even of Lydgate's standing. There was hardly an original prose writer whose name survives at this day. The monkish chronicles, generally, cease long before the close of the fifteenth century, and there is nothing to supply their place for some time after." "It is true," continues Mr. Gairdner, "there were countervailing influences from abroad. The study of ancient learning was beginning to revive. Italy had sent forth eminent scholars, and classical literature was admired and imitated. The movement spread from south to north, giving a new vitality to thought in every country where it was received; but it was late in reaching England. At the commencement of the Tudor period the only writers of note were two foreigners, who wrote in Latin; and it is from their works, and not from the works of Englishmen, that we derive our principal knowledge of the history of the time." The two foreigners here alluded to were Polydore Vergilius, a native of Urbino, in Italy, who came to England to collect the famous papal impost known as Peter's Pence, and who wrote a '*Historia Anglica*,' and Bernard André, a French monk, whom Henry VII. appointed for his poet laureate and historiographer. The curious career of the latter

forms in itself an epitome of the literary history of the reign.

Bernard André, born at Toulouse, and originally a friar of the order of St. Augustine, came into England with Henry, having probably made the acquaintance, either of the king or the king's mother, abroad. Though blind, André followed in the courtly train at Henry's triumphal entry into London, and soon after was appointed poet laureate. Then, as in recent times, the laureateship was a post of honour more than of emoluments; nevertheless, Bernard André, not entirely ignorant of the art of converting soft verses into hard cash, made the business pay. His total blindness did not prevent him from becoming master of St. Leonard's Hospital, Bedford, and subsequently incumbent of the rich living of Higham, the proceeds of which, together with his laureate stipend of ten marks per annum, lifted him far above his former state of barefooted friar. Literature, moreover, was honoured in him by the constant bestowal of gifts, honours, and dignities on the part of the king. In 1496, Bernard André was made tutor to Arthur, prince of Wales, then about ten years of age, and henceforth he seems to have taken up his residence at court, paying no other attention to his clerical offices than taking the pecuniary produce. From time to time he presented, as in duty bound, highly laudatory poems to the king, receiving in return presents of money, most frequently a hundred shillings—a very liberal gift in those days, and which, probably, even now, would not be despised by adulators possessing the gift of verse. In the entries of these payments, still existing at the Record Office, Henry's laureate is always called "Master Bernard, the blind poet."

Master Bernard was generally looked upon by his contemporaries as the greatest English author of the age, notwithstanding that he did not write a line in English, composing all his poetry and prose either in French or Latin. The most important of his works were, besides a great number of poems, a '*Vita Henrici VII.*,' and '*Annales Henrico VII.*,' both, as may be expected, overflowing with praise for a most magnanimous and most liberal king. In the title of his '*Life of Henry*,' Master Bernard calls himself the royal historiographer, leaving it to be supposed that he obtained this title, with his other honours, from the king. Being blind, the author must have dictated his composition to an amanuensis; but it is probable that the MSS. still existing, as unique specimens, in the Cottonian library, were the identical copies presented to King Henry. "They are each written," says Mr. Gairdner, "in a different hand, but in very clear distinct writing, with few decorations of any kind. The *Life* has two coloured initials, one at the commencement of the dedication, and the other at the commencement of the preface, and spaces are left in other places for similar embellishments." It is a curious proof of the want of education at this period, even among those who professed to be learned, that the spelling in all the manuscripts left by Henry's historiographer and poet laureate is extremely bad. Though the fair presumption must be that Bernard André, in works to be laid before his royal master, employed the best scribes to be had at the time, yet

it seems that even these were deficient in their knowledge of the very rudiments of composition.

Of the character of the poetical literature, the following is a good specimen, being a translation of a small portion of a somewhat ambitious work, attributed to Bernard André, and called, '*Les douze triomphes de Henry VII.*,' the deeds of the king being compared to the twelve labours of Hercules. It is the author's plan, as explained in the prefatorial verses:—

"To rehearse the wonderful exploits
Of King Henry VII. of England,
The triumphs that he has achieved in his day
Against Envy, the worst in the world,
Which, as may be seen in his case,
Pursues him with mortal warfare;
Yet still, as we ought to believe,
Nothing can injure those whom God means to help.

"Of his virtue and illustrious dignity,
According to my poor ability,
I will speak, that it may be known
How victoriously he reigns.
Treacherous Envy is always raging
To destroy him by her venomous fate,
But in the end he resists in such wise
That he will confound the envious traitors.

"To describe by any comparison
His noble actions and his proud elevation,
I must by some means find
Those who in their time have had similar griefs.
I have seen in the history of the Greeks
How Juno entertained envy of Hercules,
And I know no subject which is nearer
To that of King Henry: God grant him long life!

"Twelve triumphs did Hercules achieve
During his time, as the story recounts them to us.
He was brave and valiant in his exploits.
To accomplish any meritorious work,
But, truly, I think that King Henry
Has a greater victory than Hercules:
For his feats are better worthy of memory
Against Envy! and I will prove it."

The eight of the "twelve triumphs," in which Henry's bout of arms and of diplomacy with the king of Scotland is compared with the Greek hero's feat of bringing into Peloponnesus the wild bull which laid to waste the island of Crete, is very curious. The poet laureate sings:—

"In this eighth exploit Hercules fought
The great bull by a great struggle.
By his efforts and good conduct he did so much
That he overthrew and subdued him.
This work was of great merit,
And in it he acquired great glory,
Hence it was recorded by the Greeks,
And will be held in eternal remembrance.

"This noble king, what has he done?
Has he not struggled with this bull?
He has indeed, and the fact shows him to us
A valiant man full of frankness.
The king of Scotland by his skill
He has subdued, and all his party.
By his good sense he has so arranged
That he does his will with him in part.

Mr. Gairdner, to whom the above translation is due, remarks, in respect to the original, that "it would be curious if we could ascertain whether this poem was held in any estimation beyond the limits of the court. At the date of its composition it was not altogether

superfluous or extravagant to state that the pacification of the country had demanded a series of Herculean labours. The poem may be regarded as an appeal to the lords and people of England not to undo the good work that had been effected, but to aid the king in its completion. Hence it is very probable it was transcribed and circulated elsewhere than at court."

The distinguishing feature of the literature, as well as the educational system, was a stiff kind of scholastic pedantry. As the poet laureate knew nothing more fitting for the praise of his lord than to compare him to Hercules—most inappropriate simile for a diplomatic king abhorring physical force—so had the schoolmasters of the time an all but slavish adherence to Greek and Latin models. Bernard André records with intense satisfaction, that his pupil, Prince Arthur, had read Homer, Thucydides, Lucan, Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, Quintilian, Cæsar, and Tacitus. It does not appear he ever read Chaucer; indeed, it seems highly improbable, since Master André, although calling himself English historiographer, knew no English. For some time to come French remained the fashionable language of the court and upper classes, as Latin that of the learned bodies, and notwithstanding the glorious development of the national language in Chaucer and others, there seemed to be no fructifying soil for English literature. Even Caxton, whose literary tastes must have been of the highest order, and who could not fail seeing the importance of original English works for the support of his great art, employed all his leisure time to make translations from the French, which he afterwards printed. His final labour was the translation of the 'Lives of the Fathers,' which, as stated in an edition published by Wynkin de Worde in 1495, he finished "at the last day of his life."

But notwithstanding the want of original writers, the English language continued its internal course of development, gradually assuming its modern form. Its actual structure in the reign of Henry VII. is seen in the following extract from a proclamation issued by the king's privy council, giving directions for the reception of Princess Catherine of Spain, affianced bride of young Prince Arthur, who arrived in England in the latter part of 1501. After ordering the mode of her reception at "Excestre," and other places on the road from Exmouth to London, the proclamation continues:—

"Item, the Monday next ensuyng, which shalbe viij. day of November, the said princesse shall disloge from Chertese, and drawe towards Croydon, and ther in tharchebisshops place loge the next night ensuyng, and the Tewesday next day following.

"And betwix Chertese and Croydon, at the fote of Banstede Downe, the said princesse shall be met with the personages following, that is to say, my lord of Buk, therle of Kent, my lord Fitzwarren, my lord Saintmond, the lord Stourton, my lord Dudley, thabotes of Bury and * *, Sir Waltier Hungerford, Sir Edward Darell, Sir Robert Harecourt, Sir Rogier Lewkenor, Sir Giles Bruges, Sir John Guys, Sir John Longford, Sir John Huddelstone, Sir Alexandre Bayneham, Sir John Rodney, and Sir Edmond Gorge, wherof thei shall have warnyng by my lord chambrelain.

"Item, the Tewesday which shalbe the ixth. day of

Novembre, and it be a fayer day, and elles upon the Friday vth. day of the same moneth, the said princesse shall depart fro Croydon towards London, and ther make her entre, and loge in the bisshops palois.

"Item, it is to be remembred, that the lordes and other nobles that shal mete and receyve the said princesse at eny tyme, be alwaies redy with their attendaunce at every dislogging, and departe not till she be logied, and in good and honorable manner and ordre, contynuelly kepe her company betwix logging and logging till she come to London. And that no persone commyng with them in their companyes, except he be a necessary officier, ride befor out of the company of the said princesse, but alwaies in journeyng the gentlemen to ride befor her and the yeomen behynde, for the better ordre and the more honour. And that the said lordes and nobles be advertised hereof by my lord stieward and officers of armes. And the same officers and som of the servauntes of my lord stieward to be by him commaunded to see that this ordenaunce be duly kept and observed. And that noon of the said lordes ner noon othre persone attending upon the said princesse take their loginges at their owne handes, or be their owne herbegers, but alwaies resorte unto the kinges herbegers, to take their loginges by their assignement.

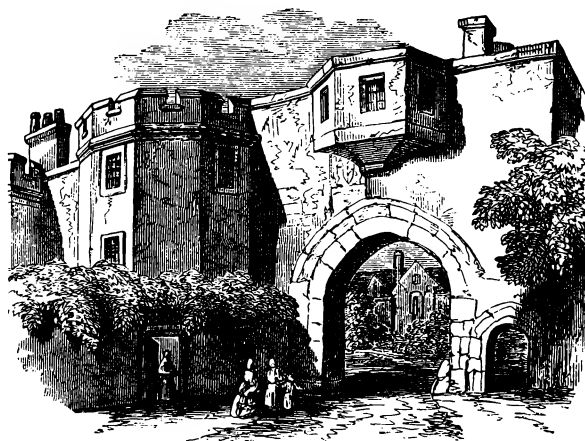
"Item, after her departing fro Croydon, she shalbe conveyed to my lord of Rochestre is place besides Lamhithe, and ther loge that nyght, and hir ladyes; tharchebisshop, the bisshop, therle, and the remenaunt of her compaignye to loge in the towne of Lamhythe. And the Thursday, if it be a fayre daye, or ellys the Fridaye, by x. of the klok byfor none, to be receyved into a richer lytter then thoder, and in the same to make her entre into London; and that the same lytter be at the said place of my lord of Rochestre over even, or at good hour in the mornyng.

"Item, that iij. henshmen, in side sadeles and hernes alle of oon sute, be arredied by the maister of the quenes horses, to folowe next unto the said princesse lytter, and that thei be at the said place over even, or erly in the mornyng.

"Item, that a palfrey with a pylion richely arraied, and led in hand, be then at the said place for the said princesse, and doo folowe next unto the said hensmen."

Art, the same as literature, made much progress in the reign of Henry VII.; but the impulse here also came from abroad. England had been too long a battle-field, to produce, even with all the encouragement of a peace-loving sovereign, anything but the crudest talent in the more refined pursuits of life. Thus, all the painters, sculptors, and architects of any note who flourished at the time were foreigners. The king employed a great number, chiefly in the erection of the stately pile of Sheen, or Richmond, built after the destruction of the old royal residence at the same place in 1498. Richmond Palace was one of the earliest as well as noblest edifices in which the so-called Tudor style of architecture came to exhibit its distinct character. It was a most magnificent residence, built chiefly of stone, with a hall a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, and immense open corridors, with galleries above. The most striking internal feature of Richmond Palace was the crowd of

turrets surmounting the building, as well as the lofty oriel windows, both a marked characteristic of the Tudor style. There were an immense number of windows in this great royal residence, showing that Henry was certainly fond of light in the physical sense. The king's illustrious historian did not share this fondness. "You shall sometimes," says Lord Bacon, speaking of the Tudor architecture, "have fair houses so full of glass that one cannot tell where to come out of the sun or the cold." On Richmond



REMAINS OF RICHMOND PALACE.

Palace, and on an architectural work of higher taste, the mausoleum known as the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, the king expended very large sums. The chief artist engaged in the erection of this chapel was Pietro Torregiano, a Florentine sculptor, who, however, had under him a good many English assistants. It appears that Torregiano, who received 1000*l.* for his share of the work, was sent by the king to Italy to engage some of his countrymen, but not succeeding, had to content himself with English hands and brains. A few of these English art students subsequently rose to fame; among them John Hales, sculptor of the fine tomb of Thomas Stanley, earl of Derby, at Ormskirk.

The royal patronage of art, though naturally exerting great influence upon the spread of a more refined public taste, did yet little for the domestic architecture of the age of Henry VII. The Spaniards who came over with Philip II. reported of the English working classes, that "though they fared commonly so well as the king, they had their houses made of sticks and dirt." With the exception of the wealthy monasteries, the first of all to introduce foreign refinements, and the mansions of some few of the nobility, dwelling houses were still for the most part built of timber, without chimneys, and mostly without glass windows. Even in many of the houses of the wealthy, the owner "made his fire against a rere-dosse, in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat." Glass, though in general use in Italy, France, and Germany, was still extremely scarce in the England of Henry VII., the ordinary substitute being horn, lattice work, or oiled linen. A few great noblemen, who enjoyed the luxury of glass windows, valued them so highly, that whenever they left their residence they had them carefully packed

up and stowed away, to be used again at their return. But there was a great difference in this respect between London and the provinces; the wealthy citizens of the capital having made far greater progress in all the arts of civilized life than those of any other part of England. "Although this city," reports a Venetian who visited London in 1496, "has no buildings in the Italian style, but of timber or brick like the French, the Londoners live comfortably, and it appears to me that there are not fewer inhabitants than at Florence or Rome. It abounds with every article of luxury, as well as with the necessities of life; but the most remarkable thing in London is the wonderful quantity of wrought silver. . . . In one single street, named the Strand, leading to St. Paul's, there are fifty-two goldsmiths' shops, so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so many of the magnificence that are to be seen in London. These great riches of London," continues the Venetian, "are not occasioned by its inhabitants being noblemen or gentlemen—*cavalieri à baroni abitanti*—being all, on the contrary, people of low degree—*tutti popolari*—who have congregated there from all parts of the island, and from Flanders, and from every other place." The Italian traveller committed a mistake in saying that the London goldsmiths lived in a street "named the Strand, leading to St. Paul's;" the street, leading indeed to St. Paul's, but from another direction, was Cheapside, often styled "Goldsmiths' row."

The reign of Henry VIII. showed an immense progress in science and arts, and still more in literature. The current of new ideas, born by the reformation, that came flowing in from the Continent, made itself felt in all directions, stirring up not only the religious sense of the people, but arousing the nation to a noble thirst after mental progress and general enlightenment. It was satisfied to a high degree by some of the greatest teachers and writers of the age, either born in England, or attracted hither from foreign countries by the fame of its ancient schools of learning and the liberality of individuals. Foremost among the latter was Erasmus of Rotterdam, "the glory of the priesthood and the shame." The great scholar had been in England in the last years of the reign of Henry VII., but only for a short time, and it was by invitation of Henry VIII., conveyed in a flattering Latin epistle, that he returned for a lengthened sojourn. Appointed professor of Greek and Margaret lecturer of divinity at the university of Cambridge, he came to exercise a great influence over English thought; and although he left the country at the end of five years—praising its men and women to the skies, but execrating its malt liquor and bad wine—his sway scarcely diminished from a distance, his publications hastening on not a little the labours of the reformation. "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it," was a favourite saying of the early Protestants. He published the first edition of the Greek New Testament, unsealing the book of books to thousands, and doing immense service to spiritual freedom at an age when the authority of the Vulgate, or the Latin version of the Bible, was paramount. For a considerable time during his stay in

England, Erasmus was an inmate of Sir Thomas More's house, composing there his "Morias Encomium," or Praise of Folly, a wonderful satire in which the weaknesses and irrationalities of men of all ranks and all conditions were severely chastised. The friendship of the philosopher of Rotterdam with More brought the greatest foreign and the greatest English scholar of the age in direct connection. The brightest luminary of the reign of Henry VIII., More, enriched English literature by two distinct forms of composition, the first good historical work in the vernacular, and the first political romance or allegory. His "History of King Richard III." has been pronounced by an eminent critic, "the earliest example of good English language, pure and perspicuous, well-chosen, without vulgarism or pedantry;" while in his celebrated "Utopia," the best known of all his publications, he produced a form of scholarly prose fiction, for which there had been no precedent, either in England or in other countries, since the revival of literature. It was the first book written by an English author that had a large circulation on the continent of Europe.

In the romance of "Utopia," More gives a philosophical exposition of his ideal views respecting the political and social forms of society as they ought to be, or might be, discussing successively the questions of government, constitution, public economy, education, marriage, and similar topics relating thereto. The basis of the story is a description of the imaginary island of Utopia, given in conversation by one Raphael Hythoday, a seafaring man, "well stricken in age, with a black, sunburnt face, and a long beard," to whom More is supposed to be introduced in the city of Antwerp by his friend Peter Ægidius, or Peter Giles. The original Latin edition of the "Utopia" first appeared in 1516, when the author was thirty-six years of age, and the English translation, made by Ralph Robinson, a clergyman, was published in 1551. More's "History of King Richard III." was written while he was living in retirement, soon after his marriage with his first wife, daughter of Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex. The following is a specimen of this work, which arrived at a high degree of popularity. It is the first part of a chapter headed "The Description of Richard the Thirde."

"Richarde the third sonne, of whom we now entreate, was in witte and courage egall with either of them, in bodye and prowesse farre vnder them bothe, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, cuer frowarde. It is for trouthe reported, that the duches his mother had so much a doe in her traile, that shee could not bee deliuered of hym vncutte: and that hee came into the worlde with the fecte forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and (as the fame runneth) also not vntothed, whither menne of hatred reporte aboute the trouthe, or elles that nature chaunged her course in hys beginninge, whiche in the course of his lyfe many thinges vnnaturallie committed. None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sommetime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne persone, either of hardinesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and sommewhat aboute hys power liberall, with large giftes hee get him vnstedfaste frendshippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kisse

whome hee thoughte to kyll: dispiteous and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew, he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knoweledge of the king, whiche woulde vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office, to some other then his owne borne brother."

Most of the other writings of Sir Thomas More were of a controversial character, displaying immense zeal in defence of the orthodox tenets held by the author, and forming a striking contrast with the sentiments expressed in the "Utopia," advocating complete religious toleration. More also wrote a great amount of poetry, particularly in the latter years of his life, when chained to a coarse and ill-tempered wife, who did not even sympathise with him when in prison, awaiting the axe of Henry VIII. It was in expectation of death that he wrote the following sweet poem, which he entitled "Thomas More to them that trust in Fortune."

"Thou that are prowde of honour, shape or kynne,
That hepest vp this wretched worldes treasure,
Thy fingers shined with gold, thy tawny skynne,
With fresh apparyle garnished out of measure,
And wenest to haue fortune at thy pleasure,
Cast vp thyne eye, and loke how slipper chaunce,
Illudeth her men with chaunce and varyaunce.

Sometyme she loketh as louely, fayre, and bright,
As goodly Uenus mother of Cupyde.
She beckett and she smileth on euery wight.
But this chere fayned, may not long abide.
There cometh a cloude, and farewell all our pryde.
Like any serpent she beginneth to swell,
And looketh as fierce as any fury of hell.

Yet for all that we brotle men are fayne
(So wretched is our nature and so blynde),
As soone as Fortune list to laugh agayne,
With fayre countenaunce and disceitfull mynde,
To crouche and knele and gape after the wynde,
Not one or twayne but thousandes in a rout,
Lyke swarmyng bees come flickeryng her aboute.

Then as a bayte she bryngeth forth her ware,
Siluer, golde, riche perle, and precious stone:
On whiche the mased people gase and stare,
And gape therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amyd her treasure and waueryng rychesse,
Prowdly she houeth as lady and empresse.

Fast by her syde doth wery labour stand,
Pale fere also, and sorrow all bewept,
Disdayn and hatred on that other hand,
Eke restles watche fro slepe with traunyle kept,
His eyes drowsy and loking as he slept.
Before her standeth daunger and enuy,
Flattery, dysceyt, mischiefe and tyranny.

About her commeth all the world to begge.
He asketh lande, and he to pas would bryng
This toy and that, and all not worth an egge:
He would in loue prosper aboute all thyng:
He kneleth downe and would be made a kyng:
He forceth not so he may money haue,
Though all the worlde accompt hym for a knaue.

Lo thus ye see diuers heddes, diuers wittes.
Fortune alone as diuers as they all,
Vnstable here and there among them flittes:
And at auenture downe her giftes fall,
Catch who so may she throweth great and small
Not to all men, as commeth sonne or dewe,
But for the most part, all among a fewe.

And yet her brotell giftes long may not last.
He that she gaue them, loketh prowde and hye,
She whirleth about and plucketh away as fast,
And geueth them to an other by and by.

And thus from man to man continually,
 She vseth to geue and take, and slily tosse,
 One man to wyunnyng of an others losse.
 And when she robbeth one, down goth his pryde.
 He wepeth and wayleth and curseth her full sore.
 But he that receueth it, on that other syde,
 Is glad, and blest her often tymes therefore.
 But in a whyle when she loueth him no more,
 She glydeth from hym, and her giftes to,
 And he her curseth, as other fooles do.

Alas the folysh people can not cease,
 Ne voyd her trayne, tyll they the harme do fele.
 About her alway, besely they prece.
 But lord how he doth thynk hym self full wele
 That may set once his hande vpon her whele.
 He holdeth fast: but vward as he flieth,
 She whippeth her whele about, and there he lyeth.

Thus fell Julius from his mighty power.
 Thus fell Darius the worthy kyng of Perse.
 Thus fell Alexander the great conquerour.
 Thus many mo than I may well reherse.
 Thus double fortune, when she lyst reuerse
 Her slipper fauour fro them that in her trust,
 She fleeth her wey and leyeth them in the dust."

All the other authors of the reign of Henry VIII. are far below Sir Thomas More in beauty of style as well as in depth of erudition. Among the prose writers the most remarkable was More's friend, Sir Thomas Elyot, whose best known work is a political treatise called "The Governour," but who published, besides, "The Castle of Health," "On the Education of Children," "The Banquet of Science," "A Defence or Apology for Good Women," and a Latin-English dictionary, called "Bibliothecæ Eliotæ," which served as a mine to dictionary compilers for more than a century. Of the poets of the reign, John Skelton fills the second place, after More, though his diction attained to no great elegance, and his wit, for which he was chiefly distinguished, is generally very coarse. Skelton was originally a priest, but the bishop of Norwich having suspended him from his functions as rector of Diss, Norfolk, nominally for his dissolute life, but in reality for his bent to satire, which showed no respect for episcopal mitres, he went to London, and by some means got an introduction to court, where he succeeded in gaining the favour of the dread king. Getting to admire the punning of the loose rector, whose satirical verses, published in broad-sheets, formed the amusement of courtly ladies and gentlemen, Henry made him poet laureate, and bestowed upon him occasional favours when in particular good humour. This had the effect of making Skelton somewhat too bold, and he dared to attack Cardinal Wolsey, who at once ordered the laureate to be apprehended, from which fate he escaped by taking refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster. Here the abbot, John Islife, who took amusement in his satire, afforded him shelter till his death, which occurred in 1529. One of the most famous and popular of Skelton's pieces, spread about the country for more than a hundred years after, and still of some local fame, was a song in honour of one Elynour Rummin, a dealer in ale, or so-called "ale-wife," settled at Leatherhead, in Surrey. The not fair Elynour kept the "Running Horse"—modern Leatherhead has come to possess two Running Horses, both "antique and original"—which, according to the legend, was often visited by King Henry and his courtiers, including the laureate, who got drunk at

the royal expense. A short extract from this piece, containing the first section, or, as headed in the broad-sheets, the "primus passus," will give an idea of Skelton's poetry, as well as of the manners and customs of the people in whose company the "Defender of the Faith" spent his leisure time. The picture of the "Running Horse"—within a short ride of Nonsuch Park, where Henry built himself a hunting retreat, much frequented afterwards by Queen Elizabeth—is complete in all respects.

"And this comely dame,
 I understand her name
 Is Elynour Rummin,
 At home in her wonning,
 And as men say.
 She dwelt in Sothray,
 In a certain steed,
 By side Lederhede.
 Shee is a tonnish gib,
 The deuill and she be sib.
 But to make up my tale,
 Shee bructh nappy ale,
 And make thereof pot-sale,
 To traouellers and tinkers,
 To sweaters and swinkers,
 And all good ale drinkers,
 That will nothing spare,
 But drinke till they stare,
 And bring themselves bare,
 With now away the mare,
 And let vs slei care,
 As wise as an hare.
 Come who so will,
 To Elynour on the hill,
 With fill the cup, fill,
 And sit thereby still,
 Early and late;
 Thither comes Kate,
 Cisly, and Sare,
 With their legs bare,
 And also their feete,
 Hardly unsweet;
 With their heeles dagged,
 Their kirtles all to jagged,
 Their smockes all to ragged;

With titters and tatters,
 Bring dishes and platters,
 With all their might running,
 To Elynour Rummin,
 To haue of her tunning.
 She giues them of the same,
 And thus begins the game;
 Some venches unbraced,
 And some all unlaced,
 With their naked paps,
 Their flips and flaps,
 It wigs and it wags,
 Like tawny saffron bags;
 A sort of foule drabs,
 All scuruis with scabs,
 Some be flye-bitten,
 Some skew'd like a kytten.
 Some, with a shoe-clout,
 Binde their heads about;
 Some haue no haire-lace,
 Their lockes about their face,
 Their tresses untrust,
 All full of unlust;
 Some looke strawry,
 Some cawry mawry;
 Some vntydie tegges,
 Like rotten egges;
 Such a lewd sort,
 To Elynour resort,
 From tide to tide,
 Abide, abide,
 And to you shall be told
 How her ale is sold
 To mawe and to mold."

The remaining authors of note of Henry VIII.'s reign were the unfortunate earl of Surrey, murdered like Sir Thomas More, who paraphrased the first five chapters of Ecclesiastes and a few of the Psalms, and translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*—the first specimen in the English language of blank heroic verse—with a number of amatory poems and elegies, after the Italian; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, friend of Cromwell, who published a great number of ballads, sonnets, and satires, which rank with those of the earl of Surrey as the first fruits of modern English poetry. These productions, however, as yet met with but few readers; and the chief occupation of the printing press consisted in aiding the spread of classical learning and literature. One of the most remarkable features in connection with it was the improvement of the universities, and the foundation of many new colleges, to accommodate the increasing numbers of students and of teachers. In the university of Oxford, Brasenose College was founded in 1511 by Sir Richard Sutton and Dr. William Smyth, bishop of Lincoln, the former endowing it with the manor of Borowe and other estates in Leicestershire; Corpus Christi College was established six years after by Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester,

the able diplomatist in the service of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., who also founded the free schools of Taunton and Grantham; and a third college, first denominated Cardinal College, but subsequently changed into Christ Church, was established in 1525. At Cambridge, two new colleges, Christ's and St. John's, were founded by the accomplished mother of Henry VII., Margaret Tudor, in 1505 and 1508; to which was added, in 1519, Magdalen, or, as first called, Maudlin College, endowed by the unfortunate duke of Buckingham, and finished after his execution by Lord Chancellor Audley. Henry VIII. himself established Trinity College in 1536, endowing likewise four new professorships at Cambridge, of theology, of law, of Hebrew, and of Greek. The latter language was little known in England before the reign of Henry VIII., and was not publicly taught till the year 1510, when William Lilly, a painstaking scholar, who had spent some years in the east, set up a private grammar school in London, where he expounded Greek to his pupils. He gathered numerous eager students around him, among others Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, who had previously studied Greek at Oxford through the medium of Latin translations, and who, to show his fondness for the teacher and for learning in general, founded, in 1512, a classical seminary in St. Paul's Churchyard, to which he appointed Lilly the head master, and which obtained the name of St. Paul's School. Lilly filled the office till his death, in 1523, publishing some poems and treatises, and a famous grammar, entitled "*Brevissima Institutio, seu ratio grammatice cognoscendi*," which passed through numerous editions—painfully known to this day to the little men who imbibe classical lore in the old establishment in the churchyard as "*Lilly's Grammar*."

The education of youth, in the reign of Henry VIII., and for a long time after, was extremely pedantic. While the great body of the people were as yet in the most profound ignorance, removed as far as the cattle in the fields from any knowledge of books or letters, the children of the upper classes were stuffed to repletion with dead languages, theology, astrology, mythology, and other wisdom of the heavy kind. A curious illustration of the manner of training in use at the period has been preserved in some letters addressed to Cromwell, by the tutor of his little son, a boy named Gregory. Having risen suddenly to the pinnacle of power, the great reformer, who annihilated monasticism and drove darkness from England without knowing Greek or Latin, deemed it incumbent on him to give his son and heir what was understood to be a polite education, and after engaging a great number of teachers had, it appears, regular reports furnished to him, to see how his little Gregory was getting on. Poor Gregory, according to the reports, spent his sunny days of youth in this way:—"First," says the learned head tutor, "after he hath heard mass, he taketh a lecture of a dialogue of Erasmus colloquium, called '*Pietas Puerilis*,' wherein is described a very picture of one that should be virtuously brought up; and, for cause it is so necessary to him, I do not only cause him to read it over, but also to practise the precepts of the same; and I have also translated it into English, so that we may confer

therein both together, whereof, as learned men affirm, cometh no small perfect." After this, young Gregory got a dose of French, "wherein Maistre Vallance, after a wondrously compendious, facile, prompt, and ready way, not without painful diligence and laborious industry, doth instruct him;" and, some short space intervening for being fed, or whipped, as the case might be, "after that he exerciseth his hand in writing one or two hours, and readeth upon Fabian's *Chronicles* as long." The *Chronicles* done, the little man had "the lute and the virginal," with other "pastimes of instruments" put into his hands, to scrape or blow melodious sounds; and following this, on fine days, his learned head tutor took him for a ride. "When he rideth," reports the guardian of Gregory, with evident pride, arriving at the keystone of the wonderful system by which he forced as with an hydraulic pump the wisdom of ages into his little pupil's head, "when he rideth, as he doth very oft, I tell him by the way some history of the Romans or the Greeks, which I cause him to rehearse again in a tale." What became of the hard-worked pupil is not known. Probably the Romans and Greeks, Fabian's *Chronicles*, Maistre Vallance, and Erasmus' "*Pietas Puerilis*" killed poor Gregory Cromwell long before Henry VIII. laid his father's head on the block.

In art and science the reign of the second Tudor king showed not much progress, although, like most despots, he squandered vast sums upon objects pleasing to his taste, or likely to lead both to his praise and his personal gratification. To two of the greatest Italian painters, Raffaele and Titian, Henry made, soon after his accession, munificent offers to come to England, but which were not sufficient to tempt them to leave their own country, where they had enough of honours and fame; and several minor Italian artists whom he tried to attract in the latter part of his reign excused themselves on the same ground as the Piedmontese princess who was asked to share his throne—that of having "but one neck." However, he got a real genius, risking his neck in order to make money, in the German Hans Holbein, who, chiefly through the efforts of Sir Thomas More, aided by those of Erasmus of Rotterdam, was induced to settle in England, and to foster art by his example. Hans Holbein was a very remarkable man, great alike as painter, architect, modeller, and engraver, and ready at any time at the behest of his patrons to paint their portraits, make designs of jewellery, draw plans of mansions and of gardens, and model patterns of all kinds, from a statue down to a button. But with all his talents and genius, Holbein was but poorly remunerated by the professedly art-loving king, who, while giving immense sums to his flatterers and court-fools, and throwing the accumulated wealth of ages from the plundered monasteries into the lap of a few fawning nobles, could not afford to pay more than thirty pounds a year to the great painter who shed lustre over his reign. The only remarkable artists, besides Holbein, who flourished during the period, were Luca Penni, a pupil of Raffaele, and younger brother of the more celebrated Gian Francesco Penni, who came to England in 1537, engaging in painting and engraving, and Girolamo da Trevigi, a sort of universal genius, of astounding versatility, busy alike

as painter, architect, engineer, and inventor of mechanical appliances. Though vastly inferior as an artist to Holbein, Henry VIII. valued the services of the latter higher, paying him a salary of one hundred pounds a year, but exacting in return a larger amount of work, and of very dangerous work too. When setting out upon the last heroic exploit of his life, in the summer of 1544, Henry ordered that Girolamo should help him to conquer France, as military engineer; and the poor Italian, who really could do nothing well but portrait painting, had to embark on board the magnificent ship with sails of cloth of gold which carried the fat majesty of England from Dover to Calais. Having been taken to the siege of Boulogne, the painter did his best to show his mechanical talents by attending to the great ordnance; but the French guns were quicker than his own, and a cannon ball suddenly finished his military career at the end of August, a fortnight before the gouty king had been lifted on his war-horse, and "like a noble and valiant conqueror gone into Bulleyn." Hans Holbein was carried off by the London plague in the same year that Girolamo was killed, and Luca Penni had left England some time before; so that the trio of distinguished foreigners that chiefly represented art under Henry VIII. vanished from the country before his death. Native artists of eminence England as yet had none.

In architecture, there was no visible progress during the reign of Henry VIII., but rather a retrograde movement. Much as he prided himself on his title of "Supreme Head upon earth of the Church of England," the king did not erect a single ecclesiastical edifice of any importance, nor even rebuild any that were falling into ruins, his apathy in this respect going so far as to interfere even with the continuation of works already commenced at his accession, such as the noble abbey of Bath, the labours of which came to an end for want of funds, and were not resumed till the reign of Elizabeth. Henry nevertheless built a great deal, but his taste was of the worst, everything being sacrificed to show and ornament, and impressed with the stamp of vulgarity. Cardinal Wolsey, who aimed to be a great patron of art and architecture, stood but little above the master he served, all his works having more or less of the character of the wooden castles and the silken trees with damask leaves, tailored regardless of expense, which his genius created on the Field of Cloth of Gold. Of all the buildings erected by the king and cardinal, the palaces of Nonsuch and of Hampton Court were most admired at the time, and both were anything but works reflecting credit upon their taste. Nonsuch, which was used by Henry as a hunting retreat, was altogether paltry and tinselly in character, overloaded with gilding and plaster ornaments, but with not a single feature of grandeur or beauty about it, its walls being built up chiefly of mean bricks, and in part only of timber. The wonders of Nonsuch, which left courtiers breathless for admiration, consisted not only in the terrific number of plaster casts stuck against the front of the edifice, but in the gardens behind, containing, as described by a learned traveller, "fountains that spout water one round the other like a pyramid, upon which are perched small birds that

stream water out of their bills, with Actæon turned into a stag as he was sprinkled by the goddess and her nymphs, all with inscriptions." Hampton Court Palace, the architectural masterpiece of Wolsey, and costliest edifice erected in the reign of Henry VIII., differed from Nonsuch chiefly in being made up of less plaster and timber, but a far mightier mass of bricks. Immense sums were lavished upon the furnishing of this residence by the cardinal. "Every chamber," according to Cavendish, faithful servant of Wolsey, "had a basin and ewer of silver, a great livery-pot of silver, and some gilt: yea, and some chambers had two livery-pots with wine and beere, and a silver candlestick." The greater part of this plate, which evidently cost more money and was held more important than the edifice in which it was deposited, was richly chased, the workmanship of foreign artists whom Henry kept in his pay. At the head of these men stood Pietro Torrigiano, a native of Florence, who had wrought the metal work of the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey, and was held in the highest esteem by the king, but whose ungovernable temper brought him in constant conflict with his fellow-workers. After many fights with "the English brutes," as he was pleased to call the natives chiselling under his orders, Torrigiano at last ran away, without completing his commissions, and went to Spain, where he fell into the hands of the Inquisition, being suspected of having imbibed heretical opinions. After repeated examinations, finding that his condemnation was certain, he refused to take food, and died of voluntary starvation, having found means before his end to shatter into fragments his masterpiece, a beautiful statue of the Virgin with the child in her arms, the design of which he had made in England by order of Cardinal Wolsey.

Towards the end of his reign, Henry discharged most of the foreign artificers he had kept in his pay, as if getting tired of playing any longer the part of art patron, so little congenial to his nature. He even relinquished the scheme of erecting his own magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey, containing life-size effigies of himself and of Jane Seymour, surrounded by saints and angels, a large portion of which work had been actually executed. Broken up at his death, the saints and angels subsequently met with the low fate of being melted down and sold as old metal. The king also, at some time of his life, had made an attempt to form a picture gallery, but it never came to anything; and an inventory taken in the year of his death, enumerating one hundred and fifty-three paintings as belonging to him, showed his indifference to art so far as not to contain even the names of the painters. Probably he himself was unable to distinguish between a Raffaele and a Flemish picture, and all he cared for was the subject delineated, which in many instances was coarse enough, exhibiting once more his innate brutality of character. "If it be allowed," says Horace Walpole, passing in review the inventory of the pictures left by the king, all nameless, and distinguished only as "tables" and "stained cloths," or paintings on panel and on canvas, as if the raw material of construction was the most important part about them, "if it be allowed that the mind and taste of Henry VIII. were demonstrated by the sub-



EDWARD VI. GRANTING A CHARTER TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

jects upon which he employed the painters whom he patronized, and to whom he dictated them, an opinion exactly corresponding with his character will be the result. We find in his collection numerous portraits of himself; repetitions of those of contemporary princes, particularly of the Emperor and of Francis I.; of his predecessors; two of the duchess of Milan, who refused to marry him—but not one of his six wives. The historical and Scriptural subjects were, the violation and death of Lucretia; the decollation of St. John the Baptist, with his head in a charger; a similar exhibition of Judith and Holofernes; St. George, his patron saint; the Virgin and Child, with the dead Christ; sundry Flemish 'moralities,' in which Death is personified; and 'drolls' of the imbecility of old men, with caricatures of the pope." One of the latter delectable works of art was set down in the inventory as "a table of the Bussopp of Rome, the four Evangelists casting stones at him."

The two reigns of Edward VI. and Mary were too full of religious excitement to produce much either in art or literature. The Protector, however, was a genuine patron of art; and the noble palace he erected for himself on the banks of the Thames, between the city and Westminster, differed as much from the timber and plaster splendours of Henry VIII. as his own character from that of the vulgar despot, his predecessor in power. "Somerset House," built after the designs and under the superintendence of Giovanni di Padova, an architect of remarkable genius, but of whose career little is known, was the first edifice in the Italian style erected in England, and its chaste and simple grandeur, springing into the eyes of even the most uneducated in art, was not without influence in leading the taste of the age away from the ornamental trumperies of the Nonsuch mode of architecture. A mixture of the Italian and the older English, or Gothic style, was the immediate result, gradually developing itself into that happy combination of southern and northern taste known as the later Tudor, or, more correctly, the Elizabethan style of architecture. It was essentially the creation of native artists, who now began to arise, but did not become conspicuous till after the reign of Mary and the closing of the period of religious fanaticism. The change, constituting altogether an immense progress, affected the inside as well as the outer form of buildings, which began to be more conveniently arranged and more agreeably furnished, showing a gradually spreading taste among the middle as well as the upper classes. An inventory of the furniture of the hall of Robert Goodchild, parish clerk of Newcastle-on-Tyne, taken in 1557, fourth year of the reign of Mary, exhibits a very substantial amount of fittings and household goods. Robert Goodchild had an "almery," or large cupboard, valued at ten shillings; a counter "of the myddell bynde," six shillings; a "cowborde," or small cupboard, three shillings and four pence; five basins and six lavers, eight shillings; seventeen "powder doblers," or pewter pots, seventeen shillings; six pewter dishes and a hand basin, five shillings; six pewter saucers, eighteen pence; four pottle pots, five shillings and fourpence; three pint pots and three pots, three shillings; ten candlesticks, six shillings; a little mortar with pestle, two shillings; three old chairs,

eighteen pence; and six old cushions, estimated at two shillings. Books are not mentioned among the belongings of the Newcastle parish clerk, but other documents of the period refer to them now and then, showing that they were finding their way gradually among the masses. Printing was getting a flourishing art, and the members of the profession formed themselves into a guild, as the Stationers' Company, and obtained a charter in the reign of Mary, electing for their warden John Day, a native of Dulwich, Suffolk, who kept a great number of workmen employed at his establishment near Holborn Conduit, and had several shops in other parts of London for the sale of his books. All the printers of the time had their own emblem; that of John Day was quaint, no less than significant—Love wakening a young man, and pointing to the rising sun, with the words—"Arise, for it is Day."

The literature of the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary was not productive of great names. Among the more distinguished authors were Sir Thomas Wilson, a native of Lancashire, who published, in 1553, a book called "*Arte of Rhetorique*," which was much admired, and Alexander Barclay, a clergyman, who produced "*The Castle of Labour*," "*The Mirror of Good Manners*," and "*The Ship of Fools*," the last-named work arriving at a high degree of popularity. Of the style of Wilson, celebrated, according to Dr. Samuel Johnson, for its politeness, the following passage, taken from the "*Arte of Rhetorique*," may serve as a specimen:—

"Pronunciation is an apte orderinge bothe of the voyce, countenance, and all the whole bodye, accordyng to the worthines of suche wordes and mater as by speache are declared. The vse hereof is suche for anye one that liketh to haue prayse for tellynge his tale in open assemblee, that hauing a good tongue, and a comely countenance, he shal be thought to passe all other that haue the like vtterance: though they haue much better learning. The tongue geueth a certayne grace to euery matter, and beautifieth the cause in like maner, as a swete soundyng lute muche setteth forthe a meane deuised ballade. Or as the sounde of a good instrumente styrreth the hearers, and moueth muche delite, so a cleare soundyng voice comforteth muche our deintie eares, with muche swete melodie, and causeth vs to allowe the matter rather for the reporters sake, than the reporter for the matters sake. Demosthenes, therefore, that famous oratour, beyng asked what was the chiefe point in al oratorie, gaue the chiefe and onely praise to Pronunciation: being demaunded, what was the seconde, and the thirde, he stil made aunswere, Pronunciation, and would make none other aunswere, till they lefte askyng, declaryng hereby that arte without vtterance can dooe nothyng, vtterance without arte can dooe right muche. And no doubte that man is in outwarde appaurance halfe a good clarke, that hath a cleane tongue, and a comely gesture of his body. Æschines lykwyse beyng banished his countrie through Demosthenes, when he had redde to the Rhodians his own oration, and Demosthenes aunswere thereunto, by force whereof he was banished, and all they marueiled muche at the excellencie of the same: then you would haue marueiled muche more if you had heard hymselfe speak it. Thus beyng cast in miserie and banished for euer, he could not but geue suche greater reporte of his deadly and mortal enemy."

More remarkable as an author in all respects than Sir Thomas Wilson was Alexander Barclay. The latter was the son of a Scotchman who had emigrated to France, and become a professor of law at the university of Paris, marrying at the same time a French lady, and making himself a home in his adopted country. Alexander, however, left his parents when still young, and after travelling for several years on the Continent,

and acquiring proficiency in half a dozen languages, found his way to England, entered into holy orders, and through various stages rose at last to be vicar of All Saints, Lombard Street, and one of the chaplains of Queen Mary. Liberality of religious views seemed entirely out of place in such a position; nevertheless Barclay in several of his works strongly opposed the Jesuits, and throughout advocated a moderate Catholicism. In his "Ship of Fooles," which passed through many editions, he read sermons to all classes and sects, making little of ecclesiastical dogmas, but much of wisdom and virtue. The dedication ran: "The Lenuoy of Barclay to the fooles."

"Ye mocking fooles that in scorne set your ioy,
Proudly despising God's punishment,
Take ye example by Cham the sonne of Noy,
Which laughed his father vnto derision,
Which him after cursed for his transgression,
And made him seruant to all his lyne and stocke:
So shall ye caytifs at the conclusion,
Since ye are nought, and other scorne and mocke."

Among the most characteristic parts of the "Ship of Fooles," was the chapter "Of Mockers and Scorners, and false Accusers."

"O heartless fooles, haste here to our doctrine,
Leaue off the wayes of your enormitie,
Enforce you to my precepts to encline,
For here shall I shewe you good and veritie:
Encline, and ye finde shall great prosperitie,
Ensuing the doctrine of our fathers olde,
And godly lawes in valour worth great golde.

Who that will followe the graces manyfolde
Which are in vertue, shall find auancement:
Wherefore ye fooles, that in your sinne are bolde,
Ensee ye wisdom, and leaue your lewde intent,
Wisdom is the way of men most excellent:
Therefore haue done, and shortly spede your pace,
To quaynt your self and company with grace.

Learn what is vertue, therein is great solace,
Learn what is truth, sadnes, and prudence,
Let grute be gone, and grautie purchase,
Forsake your folly and inconuenience,
Cease to be fooles, and ay to sue offence,
Followe ye vertue, chiefe roote of godlynes,
For it and wisdom is ground of clenlynes.

Wisdom and vertue two thinges are doubtles
Whiche man endueth with honour speciall,
But suche heartes as slepe in foolishnes
Knoweth nothing, and will nought know at all:
But in this little barge in principall
All foolish mockers I purpose to reпреue,
Clawe he his backe that feeleth itche or greue.

Mockers and scorners that are harde of beleue,
With a rough combe here will I clawe and grate,
To proue if they will from their vice remeue,
And leaue their folly, which causeth great debate:
Such caytiues spare neyther poore man nor estate,
And where their selfe are moste worthy derision,
Other men to scorne is all their most condition.

The literary movement from the Marian to the Elizabethan period had less of the features of ordinary progress than of a sudden leap from the dim dawn of morning into the full light of day. Printing and the reformation had drawn forth light long before Elizabeth ascended the throne, but the smoke of the Smithfield fires brought darkness on again; and when the grim clouds vanished, the sun was seen high in the heavens, more brilliant than men's eyes had ever beheld it yet. Even had the era of Elizabeth produced no other names than the two immortal ones of Shakespeare and Bacon, it would stand above all others in English literature; but surrounded as they

were by a galaxy of minor stars, its splendour went far to outshine that of any other age and of any other nation in the history of the world. The literature that sprung up in "great Eliza's golden time" was as vast as exalted, embracing nearly all the forms of mental activity, yet running chiefly in the two deep grooves of poetry and philosophy. The long roll of poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan age opens with Thomas Sackville, the scion of an old English family settled in Sussex, born in 1536. While a student of jurisprudence he wrote the tragedy of "Gorboduc," the earliest regular English drama, which was represented before the queen in 1562 by the members of the Inner Temple. Some years before this date Sackville had started a curious periodical publication, called "The Mirror of Magistrates," designed to give a dramatic survey of the whole range of English history, from William the Conqueror to the end of the wars of the Roses, and the successive divisions of which were written by various contributors, among them Richard Baldwynne, a clergyman, George Ferrers, a member of Lincoln's Inn, and Thomas Churchyard, a poet and soldier, patronized by the earl of Leicester. Sackville himself contributed the Induction, or prologue, and the story of the first duke of Buckingham, both admirable pieces, displaying a fertility of imagination, a vividness of description, and strength of language as yet unknown. The "Mirror of Magistrates" speedily acquired great popularity, and after having been published in a quarto volume in 1559, passed through a second edition in 1563, a third in 1571, and a fourth, with the addition of a series of new "Lives," from the fabulous history of the early Britons, in 1574. A preface of much meaning, hinting at one of the great causes which assisted in the progress of literature of Elizabeth's reign, distinguishing it from that of her predecessor, was added to the second edition of "The Mirror" by Richard Baldwynne. "The work," the writer stated, "was begun and part of it printed in Queen Mary's time, but hindered by the lord chancellor that then was; nevertheless, through the means of my Lord Stafford the first part was licensed and imprinted the first year of the reign of this our most noble and virtuous Queen. Since which time, although I have been called to another trade of life, yet my good Lord Stafford hath not ceased to call upon me to publish so much as I had gotten at other men's hands, so that through his lordship's earnest means I have now set forth another part."

Sackville's prologue to "The Mirror of Magistrates," celebrated as forming the commencement of the marvellous dramatic literature of the Elizabethan age, and the connecting link between the morn of English poetry, as represented by Chaucer, and the noonday splendour of Shakespeare, was conceived in a grand and gloomy spirit. It begins with a picture of winter, its faded fields and withered flowers, reflecting the mutability of all earthly things, and as such the history of nations. Then the poet sees the phantom Sorrow stand before him:—

"In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwast;
Furth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast,
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrong and fold,
Tearing her hair that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk with summer's drought oppress;
Her weaked face with woful tears besprent,
Her colour pale, and, as it seemd her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
Tween dread and dolour so distrained in heart,
That, while my knees upstart with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But, when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be!
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint:
Tell what thou art, and whence; for well I see
Thou can'st not dure, with sorrow thus attain.
And with that word, of sorrow, all forfaint,
She looked up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo! thus she gan to say:

Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained,
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am; in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake;
Where Pluto, God of Hell, so grisly blake,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to benoan of those
Whom fortune in this maze of misery
Of wretched chance most woeful mirrors chose;
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou may'st soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Following in the field of poetry opened by Thomas Sackville—who rose to be one of Elizabeth's favourites, elevated to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst, and subsequently invested with the earldom of Dorset—came George Gascoyne. He was the son of Sir John Gascoyne, a knight of an ancient family settled in Essex, and after studying law at Cambridge, went as a volunteer to the Low Countries, taking service under the prince of Orange against the Spaniards. Returned to England, he was introduced at court, and in 1575 accompanied the queen on one of her progresses, to celebrate which he wrote "The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle." The year after he published a poem called "The Steel Glass," generally looked upon as the earliest instance of English satire, as well as one of the first specimens of English blank verse. This piece, full of clever sarcasm reflecting upon the dress, manners, customs, amusements, and follies of the time, met with great success, and found favour even with Queen Elizabeth, not on the whole very fond of satire. Gascoyne next published "Notes concerning the making of Verse or Rhyme in English," which created attention as the first original work on criticism, previous labours of the kind having been mere translations or adaptations from the classical authors. After bringing out several volumes of poems, under the quaint titles of "Flowers," "Herbs," and "Weeds," and forming an intimacy with Sir Walter Raleigh and several other eminent men of the period, he died at Stamford, on a journey, when not quite forty years of age. Besides poems, Gascoyne published a number of dramatic pieces, two of which, the comedy "The Supposes," a translation of the "Suppositum" of Ariosto, and the "Jocasta," a free version of the *Phoenissæ* of Euripides, were acted at Gray's Inn.

Comedies were not introduced into England much before the time of Elizabeth, but they had already become very popular entertainments, favoured alike by the adherents of the ancient religion, whose taste for theatrical performances had long been nourished by the miracle-plays, oldest form of dramatic representations, and by the Protestants, who, naturally fond of study, found in them food for mental activity. One of the best known pieces in the earlier years of Elizabeth was a piece called "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall, a good classical scholar and zealous Lutheran, who, curiously enough, combined religious authorship with comedy making, producing successively a translation of Erasmus' Paraphrase of the New Testament and plays for the boys of Eton School, of which he was the head master. It was probably this latter occupation, or amusement, which led to the publication of the "Ralph Roister Doister," held to be the earliest English comedy that was, if not performed, at least issued from the press, one Thomas Hackett being recorded in the register of the Stationers' Company, under date of 1566, as holding a licence for printing the play. Other pieces soon came to share the popularity of Nicholas Udall's comedy. Among them was "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the oldest known edition of which, bearing the date of 1575, describes it as "played on the stage not long ago in Christ's College, in Cambridge." Of the author of the latter play nothing is known, the title-page giving merely his initials as "Mr. S., Master of Arts," while designating the piece itself as a "right pithy, pleasant, and merie comedie." Of the pith, pleasantry, and merriment of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the following extract may serve as a specimen, being part of the introductory speech of the first act, put into the mouth of a wandering beggar called Diccon, the Bedlam. Diccon, that is, Richard, exclaims:—

"Many a myle have I walked, divers and sundry waies,
And many a good man's house have I bin at in my dais;
Many a gossip's cup in my tyme have I tasted,
And many a broche and spyt have I both turned and basted:
Many a peece of bacon have I had out of thir balkes,
In ronnyng over the countrey with long and weake walkes;
Yet came my foote never within those doore cheekes,
To seeke flesh or fysh, garlyke, onyons, or leekes,
That ever I saw a sorte in such a plyght,
As here within this house appeareth to my syght.
There is howlyng and schowlyng, all cast in a dumpe,
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump:
Syghing and sobbing, they weepe and they wayle;
I marvel in my mynd what the devil they ayle.
The olde trot syts groning, with alas and alas,
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worse case;
With poore Cocke, theyr boye, they be dryven in such fytis
I fear mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this staye?
They answer not at all, but alacke and welaway!
When I saw it booted not, out at doores I lyed mee,
And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw none spyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, unles my purpose fayle,
Shall serve for a shoing horne to draw on two pots of ale."

Hitherto, in the period embracing the first twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth, the poetical literature had been represented by men of high talent; but now came the era of genius, ushered in by Edmund Spenser. In 1579 Spenser published his "Shepherd's Calendar," inaugurating a succession of works that placed him in the first rank of poets, not of England alone, but of all countries. Comparatively numerous

as were already metrical compositions, the "Shepherd's Calendar" attracted attention at once, though not entirely on its poetic merits, but because of the puritanical spirit which it breathed, in harmony with the feelings of the classes which mainly took an interest in literature. Divided into twelve books, denominated Eclogues, the "Calendar" celebrated the ever-varying beauties and delights of the seasons, a pastoral being adapted to every month; but under this guise was hidden a large amount of polemical or party divinity, clergymen only figuring as shepherds, the good ones—such as "Algrind," representing Grindall, archbishop of Canterbury—of puritanic sentiments, and the wicked exhibiting prelates or high dignitaries of the church of opposite views. But Puritans or Catholics alike could not keep from admiring the exquisite beauty of some of Spenser's verses, such as that of the second Eclogue, containing the "Tale of the Oak and the Briar:"—

"It chanced after upon a day
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom to survieue his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
He causeless complained, and loudly cried
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:—
O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Please of you pond your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure:
And, but your goodness the same secure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk),
His coloured crime with craft to cloak:—
Ah, my sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide."

The "Shepherd's Calendar" was reprinted four times during the author's life, in 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597. But before the second edition appeared the poet had finished another work, which he called "Dreams," subsequently published under the title of "Visions of Petrarch," and had begun to plan and partly execute his masterpiece, the "Fairie Queene." When commencing this great work, destined to confer immortal fame upon his name, Spenser was living in Ireland, at the castle of Kilcolman, county of Cork, and here he was visited by his friend and patron, Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he showed the portions already finished. Raleigh was so much charmed with the poem, that he pressed the author to return with him to London, in order to present him to the queen; and accordingly, in the autumn of 1589, Spenser was brought under the personal notice of Elizabeth, and received the gracious permission to read to her some

of his verses "at timely hours." Having listened, she declared, "by the measure of her own great mind," the poem to be "of wondrous worth." The plan and object of the work the poet himself stated to be "to represent all the morall vertues, assigning to every vertue a knight, to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose action and feates of armes and chivalry the operations of that vertue whercof he is the protector are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same to be beaten downe and overcome." The first three books of the "Fairie Queene" were published in 1590, and received by the public, according to the statements of contemporary writers, with a perfect burst of wonder and admiration, so far shared by the queen as to induce her to settle a pension of fifty pounds a year upon the poet. Notwithstanding its extraordinary success, the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the "Fairie Queene" were not published till 1596, Spenser having returned to his castle of Kilcolman in the meanwhile, married a beautiful but poor Irish girl, "a country lass," and got into a lawsuit about an estate granted to him by the crown. In the autumn of 1598, Kilcolman Castle was attacked by an armed band of Irish rebels, and set on fire; and although the poet and his wife escaped with their lives, their new-born babe perished in the flames. Heartbroken and in utter destitution, Spenser fled to England, and with great trouble made his way to London, but only to die. Neither the great queen, who had praised the "wondrous worth" of the noblest poem yet produced in her realm, nor any of the thousands of readers whose admiration it had excited and continued to excite, came forward with the slightest offer of assistance to the poet. "He died for lacke of bread in King Street," recorded Ben Jonson, a brother of the pen. However, the author of the "Fairie Queene," though dying for want of bread, had the honour of being buried in Westminster Abbey. Spenser had dedicated his masterpiece to "the Most High, Mighty, and Magnificent Empress, Elizabeth, to live with the eternity of her fame."



KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

"No poet ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser," has been the verdict passed by a great critic upon the author of the "Fairie

Queene." Always rich in colours and grand in conception, the "exquisite sense of the beautiful" rises into sublimity when touching the higher regions of thought, as in the second canto of the fifth book, in the dialogue between the Giant, the spirit of negation, and Artegal, the angel of faith.

The last books of the "Fairie Queene" were not published till 1609, ten years after the poet had died "for lacke of bread," and "the Most High, Mighty, and Magnificent Empress, Elizabeth," had buried him in Westminster Abbey—where in due course he had a grand monument erected to his honour. Besides the "Fairie Queene" and the "Shepherd's Calendar," Spenser composed a variety of poetical works, all more or less distinguished for beauty of form and splendour of imagination, but none of them equal to his masterpiece. Between its first publication and the rise of another sublime genius, before whose greatness all others were doomed to sink into nothingness, there appeared a whole crowd of minor poets, whose works reflected, to a greater or lesser degree, the lustre of intellect that had spread over the realm. Foremost among these writers of fiction was Sir Philip Sidney, the ideal gentleman of the Elizabethan age. Though his metrical productions cannot be compared with those of Spenser, and even of inferior writers, such as Sackville, his allegoric romances take a very high rank, above all his principal work, on which his fame chiefly rests, the "Arcadia," originally published under the title of "The Countess of Sidney's Arcadia." As described in the preface to one of the earlier editions, the "Arcadia" is "a piece of prose-poetry, for though it observeth not numbers and rhyme, yet the invention is wholly spun out of the phansie, and conformable to the possibilitie of truth in all particulars." None of Sidney's works were published during his lifetime. The "Arcadia" was printed for the first time in 1590, four years after the author's death; another work, a collection of sonnets, called "Astrophel and Stella," in 1591; and an eloquent essay, entitled "Defense of Poesie," in which he speaks of songs which made his heart "stir as with the sound of a trumpet," in 1595. Among the most noted of Sidney's contemporaries, holding about the same rank in the poetical literature of the age, were Drayton, Chapman, Daniel, Fairfax, and Warner. Drayton, a native of Warwickshire, born in the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth, reflected the character as well as the origin of the class of writers among which his name came to be enrolled, by a question he was reported to have asked in early youth: "What sort of creatures are those poets? Of all things make me one." Drayton wrote odes, elegies, fables, sonnets, and epistles in verse, and a great work, the "Polyolbion," an attempt to register in metrical form the topography and antiquities of England, which brought him the poet laureateship. Chapman, described by a contemporary as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, and highly esteemed by the clergy and academicians," distinguished himself chiefly by a translation of the works of Homer, made in long rhyming lines of fourteen syllables, like the metre of Drayton's "Polyolbion." Daniel, the son of a music-master at Taunton, educated at Oxford, but who left the university without taking a degree, "his geny

being," according to Anthony à Wood, "more prone to easier and smoother subjects than in pecking and hewing at logic," published a vast number of poetical and prose works, chief among them "The Tragedy of Cleopatra," composed in alternate rhymes, with choruses on the antique model. Of Fairfax and Warner little is known beyond the facts that the first was a private gentleman, living on his estate in Yorkshire, and the second a London attorney, and that both "cultivated the muses" with very great zeal. Fairfax made himself known principally by a translation of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," under the title of "Godfrey of Bullogne," and Warner by a poem called "Albion's England," in thirteen books, which attained great popularity among the extreme Puritans for its attacks upon the forms and ceremonies of the church of Rome. Limited as was the renown, it was worth something in an age possessing, as recorded by contemporary chroniclers, above two hundred poets, all more or less known to fame.

From among this vast crowd there shone forth on a sudden a light so great as to dazzle all ages—a light so great as to blind those near it, for they saw it not.

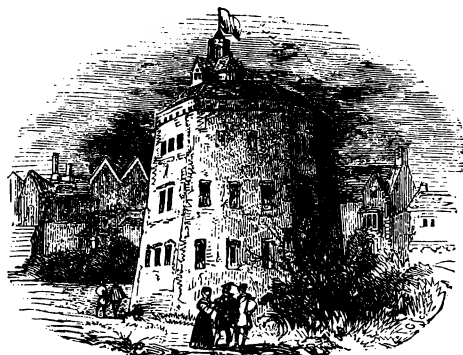


SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Like a meteor flashing across the heavens, the bard of Avon came and went, and the living world of men knew nothing of the star when it had disappeared, but only remembered its brightness. "Of William Shakespeare," says Hallam, "whom through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything. We see him, as far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he was manifested; he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakespeare. The two greatest names in poetry are to us little more than names. If we are not yet come to question his existence, as we do that of 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle'—an improvement in critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity—we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to



GLOBE THEATRE.

his native place in middle life, with the author of *Macbeth* and *Lear*, as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer. All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakespeare serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary has been produced." The depth of mystery surrounding everything connected with the life of the greatest poet ever born, the pride and glory of England for all ages, can only be explained by the supposition that the England of Elizabeth knew not the worth of William Shakespeare. The poet of all times, he stood so high above his own time, that his contemporaries were utterly unable to measure the power, the grandeur, and the magnitude of him whom they saw walking in the flesh among them, but whose heaven-soaring thoughts passed their understanding. One only of all the authors of the Elizabethan era spoke in becoming terms of Shakespeare: he who also recorded the fact of the author of the "*Fairie Queene*" perishing "for lacke of bread." Nothing of all earthly things so much

dims the glory of this golden age of literature, than that Spenser should have died forgotten, and Shakespeare should have lived unknown.

Of the exact number of Shakespeare's works, their date of publication, and the order in which they were written, as little is known as of his life. From the testimony of a divine, named Francis Meres, who brought out, in 1598, a book called "*Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury*," it appears that in that year he had written, besides the poems of "*Venus and Adonis*," "*Lucrece*," and the "*Sonnets*," at least twelve of his incomparable plays. "As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines," says Francis Meres, "so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy witness his '*Gentlemen of Verona*;' his '*Errors*;' his '*Love Labours Lost*;' his '*Love Labours Won*;' his '*Midsummer Night's Dream*;' and his '*Merchant of Venice*.' For tragedy his '*Richard II.*,' '*Richard III.*,' '*Henry IV.*,' '*King John*,' '*Titus Andronicus*,' and his '*Romeo and Juliet*.'" It is generally supposed that Shakespeare settled in London about 1587, being then twenty-three years old; but there is absolute darkness as to what he did for some years to come, and only a glimmer of knowledge is furnished by the poet's dedication of his comedy of "*Venus and Adonis*" to Lord Southampton, in which he describes it as "the first heir of his invention." The poet's acquaintance with Lord Southampton, friend of the earl of Essex, the royal favourite, and who was condemned to death with him, in 1601, but pardoned by the queen, probably led to his productions being made known at court; but there is no evidence that Elizabeth ever took the slightest notice of the greatest of her subjects, or considered his head otherwise than as liable to the poll-tax. Nor did Burleigh, or any other of the men in power, display the least affection or esteem for the sublime writer who was scattering with prodigal hand in sight of them the fruits of his genius, sowing seeds compared with which their own doings, their diplomacies, intrigues, and war makings, sank into utter insignificance. As far as known, the only men who appreciated to any extent the exalted spirit dwelling among them were some of the minor poets and dramatists of the age, who sunned themselves in, and feebly reflected, the light of his genius. A knot of them, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Seldon, Cotton, Donne, and half a dozen more of the literary host of "*Eliza's golden time*," were in the habit of meeting William Shakespeare at a sort of club established by Sir Walter Raleigh at the Mermaid tavern, in Bread Street, listening to "words of flame" such as, probably, the world had never heard before—and may never hear again. As recorded by Beaumont—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Before the end of the sixteenth century, Shakespeare published, besides the works already cited, "*The Taming of the Shrew*;" the second part of "*King*

Henry IV.;" the three parts of "King Henry VI.;" the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "As you like it;" "Much ado about Nothing;" "King Henry V.;" "Pericles;" and, probably, the first draft of "Hamlet." About the number and names of the plays produced by Shakespeare from the opening of the seventeenth century to the termination of his literary career, opinions are divided, but the conjecture most generally admitted is that up to the year 1600 he had written twenty-three or twenty-four pieces. From this date to the end he probably wrote fifteen more tragedies and comedies, among them the most sublime of his productions. They were "Timon of Athens;" "Measure for Measure;" "Macbeth;" a new and enlarged edition of "Hamlet;" "Troilus and Cressida;" "Twelfth Night;" "Coriolanus;" "Julius Cæsar;" "Antony and Cleopatra;" "A Winter's Tale;" "Othello;" "King Lear;" "Cymbeline;" "Henry VIII.;" and "The Tempest." The first collective edition of the dramas was not published till 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death—the delay furnishing another proof of the indifference of the epoch to the heaven-inspired poet which it had borne.

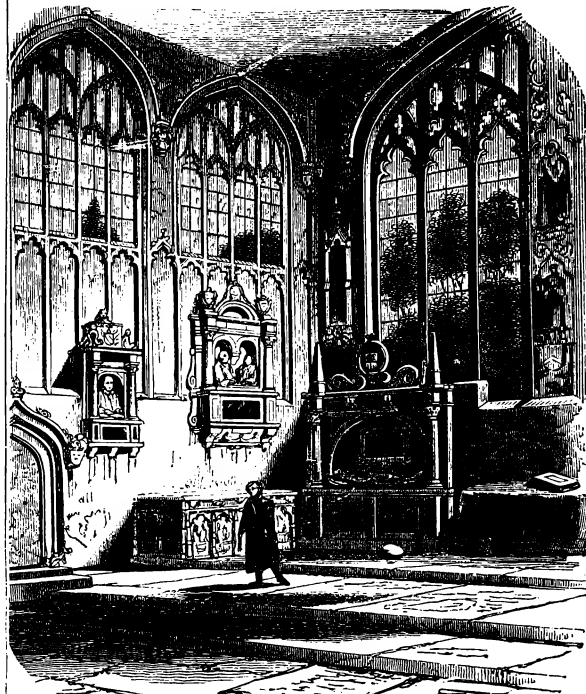


ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

There is some significance also in the fact that the decease of Elizabeth, preceding his own by thirteen years, was not commemorated in any way by Shakespeare, which neglect produced complaints from a verse-maker named Chettle, who put forth a dismal elegy, entitled "Englandes Mourning Garment," lamenting that "silver-tongued Melicert," with others of the leading authors, did not assist him to wail the nation's loss. It cannot be doubted that the poet, whose inward eye measured all things, saw clearly the greatness as well as the littleness of the singular woman who had wielded the sceptre of England for so long a time, beholding her as beheld by future generations—generations admitting with one universal voice that Shakespeare derived no fame from living in the age of Elizabeth, but that Elizabeth's great glory was to live in the age of Shakespeare.

When Shakespeare had nearly finished his meteor-like career upon earth, another star of the first magnitude, of splendour scarcely inferior, arose with Francis Bacon. He, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," can be claimed, however, but in a small degree for the period of Elizabeth, his fame alike

and the greater part of his literary activity falling into the reign of her successor. Bacon was born three years before Shakespeare; but he outlived him eleven years, and the poet's work was all but done when that of the philosopher began. Though stand-



SHAKESPEARE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

ing side to side on the roll of English literature, the two greatest names inscribed thereon, and the two greatest lives ever born together at any epoch of the world, their careers strikingly differed from each other. Shakespeare lived in utter obscurity, all but unknown to his contemporaries: Bacon in the bright glare of public fame, known not only, but known too well. His course was a strange one in many respects. Son of Sir Nicolas Bacon, keeper of the Great Seal, nephew of Burleigh, and, when very young, a favourite with Elizabeth, he seemed to have from the commencement a high career before him, with no social difficulties to overcome; yet for all this, and his astounding genius and immense ambition, he had to fight his way upwards step by step, against obstacles and perplexities without end. Everything was in his favour, but his towering genius was against him. Leaving Cambridge at the age of sixteen, a boy in years but in learning already a man, he travelled abroad for some time, and, recalled at the death of his father, had to learn that he was penniless, the title and fortune of Sir Nicolas going to his eldest son, Sir Anthony Bacon. He now threw himself on the patronage of his great and powerful uncle, but only to be disappointed in his hopes of advancement, Burleigh having discovered already that he was an "innovator;" and, what was worse, a "theorist." Thereupon he entered his name at Gray's Inn as a law student, made a few friends and many enemies; but nevertheless worked his way up at the bar, became a successful advocate,

a member of the House of Commons, and in a short time acquired such fame as an orator that the queen herself went to listen to his pleadings. Elizabeth admired his speech, but did not admire his opposition to various subsidies which she wanted to be voted; and Bacon was soon informed that he had fallen into disgrace at court, and would have to suffer all the consequences which this entailed under a despotic government. Half in despondency, half in disdain, he now resolved to abandon public life, and to sequester himself as a scholar in the monastic solitude of Cambridge; but before the scheme could be carried into execution he had become intimate with the earl of Essex, who most generously made him a present of a small estate at Twickenham to enable him to commence, unrepressed by worldly anxieties, a series of vast literary labours, which had long been the dream of his ambition. The first fruit of these labours was a volume of "Essays," which at once established the fame of the author as a philosopher of nature and of human nature.



STATUE OF LORD BACON.

The renown of his book brought Bacon forth from his retirement, and reoccupying again his place at the bar, he was enrolled among the crown lawyers. Soon after occurred the mad rebellion of Essex, and to Bacon was assigned the mournful duty of prosecuting his kind friend and benefactor. The manner in which he executed this task, and the cruel harshness with which he brought the whole weight of his splendid oratory to bear against the unfortunate prisoner, to whom he was bound by all the ties of gratitude, forms one of the dark spots in the resplendent fame of the immortal philosopher. Even his friends were indignant at Bacon's conduct on this

occasion, and to vindicate himself he wrote an "Apology," the pith of which was in the sentence, "That which I performed at the bar in my public service, by the rules of duty I was bound to do it honestly and without prevarication." But probably "the rules of duty" had less influence in directing the philosopher's course in this instance than his high-soaring ambition and covetousness of political power and distinction, necessarily mean in an age when both could be obtained only by subserviency to the predominant despotism. Having done the not honourable work demanded of him, Bacon assiduously continued his attendance at court, but with as little success as before, Elizabeth showing much inclination to listen to his eloquent talk, but none whatever to promote him to a higher sphere of usefulness than that of queen's counsellor. In this doubtful and humiliating position, the great philosopher remained till the end of the reign, yearning after the wealth flowing from the hands of a queen, and disdaining the infinitely higher wealth of his own mind. At the death of Elizabeth, Bacon had reached the age of forty-two, without having produced as yet anything but his "Essays," as the first so the least important of all his writings. However, unimportant as they were compared with the later results of his mighty intellect, they nevertheless marked an era in the history of English philosophy. In the first edition of the "Essays," published in 1597, there were ten dissertations, entitled, respectively, "Of Studies;" "Of Discourse;" "Of Ceremonies and Respects;" "Of Followers and Friends;" "Of Suitors;" "Of Expense;" "Of Regiment of Health;" "Of Honour and Reputation;" "Of Faction;" and "Of Negotiating." Nearly all these treatises were expanded in later editions to about double their extent, and a number more were added in the reign of Elizabeth's successor, which saw the main part of the literary career of the most august philosopher ever born to England.

Compared with the literature of fiction, the prose authorship of the reign of Elizabeth was very circumscribed in its list of names. Besides Bacon there were only two writers of note, Richard Hooker and Roger Asham. Hooker, famous as the author of one great book, the "Ecclesiastical Polity," was a native of Exeter, the son of poor parents, but whom the liberality of a relative allowed to study at Oxford, where he became Hebrew lecturer. He left his post in 1580, having, as recorded by a friend, "his quiet and capacious soul stored with all the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen," to preach a few sermons at St. Paul's Cross, London. Wandering divines, coming up to town in this way, had "lodgings and diet" free of expense, at a dwelling known as the "Shunamite's house," where also poor Richard Hooker descended, to his own exceeding grief. His cell was attended by a Mrs. Churchman, possessed of a daughter named Joan, whom she managed to foist upon the innocent divine, who found himself a married man almost as soon as he had done preaching. The marriage involved the loss of a fellowship at Oxford, from which Hooker had derived his chief maintenance, and after starving for a few years, he was glad enough to accept a very diminutive "living" at Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire. Here he

was visited one day by a former pupil, George Cranmer, nephew of the archbishop, who found the Hebrew lecturer not, as expected, in study, but "tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field." On proceeding homeward, Cranmer was still more astounded to hear a shrill voice from the distance crying, in authoritative tone, "Richard, come and rock the cradle." Not being able to forbear hinting at the domestic discomforts of his learned friend, Hooker calmly replied that "as saints have usually a double share of the misfortunes of this present life, it did not become him to repine: he submitted to the Divine will, and laboured to possess his soul in patience." Through Cranmer's influence the sage was appointed lecturer at the Temple, and afterwards incumbent of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, with a prebend at Salisbury, which placed him above want, and the necessity of tending sheep and rocking cradles. At Boscombe he began, and in 1591 published, the first four books of the great work which made his name famous all at once, the "Ecclesiastical Polity." It was an elaborate attempt to defend the Church of England against the attacks of the Puritans, carried out with a literary power and a force of logic and of reasoning that remained unsurpassed. He contended for episcopacy as an apostolical institution, and always preferable, when circumstances would allow its preservation, to the more democratic model of the Calvinist congregations. Though elevating the authority of an episcopal hierarchy, even in matters of belief, with an exaggeration not easily reconciled to the Protestant right of private judgment, the "Ecclesiastical Polity" gained great popularity among all classes, and Elizabeth admired it so much as to present the author with the rich living of Bishopscourt, near Canterbury. Here Hooker spent the remaining five years of his life, publishing a fifth book of his "Polity," and getting ready three more, which were not printed, however, till nearly half a century afterwards, when the influence of the work was growing powerful enough to bring a king of England back to the fold of Rome.

Far removed from Hooker in religious doctrine, yet not unlike him in the style of his literary productions, was Roger Ascham, second greatest prose writer of the reign of Elizabeth. Ascham, the son of poor parents, like Hooker, and like him, too, teacher of Greek at Cambridge, was already in his forty-fourth year when Elizabeth ascended the throne; but though the queen loved young people about her, his age did not prevent him from becoming her private secretary and Latin reader, involving the duty of being at court the greater part of his time. He had already acquired some literary fame as author of a curious work, called "Toxophilus, or Partitions of Shooting," much admired for the terseness of its diction, as well as the lucid treatment of the subject; and basking in the sunshine of royal favour, he commenced writing another book, the greatest of his productions, issued, though only after his death, under the title of "The Schoolmaster." In the interval between completing this work, one of the best educational treatises ever written, and his retirement from court, which took place in 1563, Ascham brought out a series of Latin "Epistles," descriptive of his travels in foreign countries, which

gained great renown, both on account of their style—an imitation of that of Cicero—and the curious historical and biographical facts which they contained. The latter days of Elizabeth's secretary are believed to have been passed in poverty and misery. For a time the queen rewarded his services handsomely, but having left her neighbourhood, she thought no more of him; and he being a man utterly averse to asking any favours, and fond of independence, he had to pay the penalty of it in bitter indigence. To divert his mind from too much study, he took to "alectryomachia," or, in clear English, cock-fighting, which fashionable amusement, greatly in vogue among the courtiers of Elizabeth, made him still poorer and scarcely wiser, and finally occasioned his death by an exposure to cold. For some time before his decease he suffered greatly from fever, in spite of which he kept up his night studies, working particularly hard in the month of December, 1568, in the composition of a Latin poem, for presentation to the queen on New Year's day. But before the new year arrived, Roger Ascham had completed his earthly labours, leaving his poem unfinished. Elizabeth, hearing of his death, feelingly remarked that she would have rather lost "ten thousand pounds" than her old secretary—a sum at which she probably valued but few of her friends. Better than her majesty's memento were Fuller's quaint words in commemoration of Roger Ascham. "He was," recorded the quaint old chronicler, "an honest man, and a good shooter. Archery was his pastime in youth, which, in his old age, he exchanged for cock-fighting. His 'Toxophilus' is a good book for young men; his 'Schoolmaster' for old men; his 'Epistles' for all men."

The reign of Elizabeth, with all its literary glory, produced exceedingly little in science and the fine arts. Possessed of no imagination, and essentially utilitarian in all her tastes, the queen never had any liking for art, and as far as science went acknowledged it only in Shakespeare's definition as "cunning in musick and the mathematicks." The chief painters of the Elizabethan age were Dutchmen, skilled in delineating portraits upon canvas, the only form of high art patronized by the upper classes, who slavishly followed the model set by the court. Among the most renowned of these limners were Lucas Van Heere, offspring of an old artist family settled at Ghent, and Henry Cornelius Vroom, a native of Haarlem. The former, poet as well as painter, author of a "Boomgard der Poesye," or Garden of Poetry, was in great favour with Elizabeth, owing to the outrageous flattery of which he made use in her portraits, at a time when her features assumed a very haggard appearance. In one of his pictorial allegories the shrewd Dutchman represented the aged queen of such excessive beauty as to make her glance suffice to dazzle Venus, Juno, and Minerva, in whose midst she suddenly appeared; this painting—still to be seen at Hampton Court Palace—pleased her majesty so much as to lead her into an unusual fit of liberality in paying the artist. Lucas Van Heere was otherwise a clever man. In 1570 he painted a gallery for the earl of Lincoln, high-admiral of the fleet, in which he represented the costumes of different nations, and because of the fickleness of fashions in the realm of Elizabeth,

set the Englishman down as naked, with a pair of shears in his hands and a bale of cloth at his side. Less in favour than Lucas Van Heere was Cornelius Vroom, who was chiefly employed by the earl of Nottingham, and who designed the tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which for a long time ornamented the walls of the House of Lords. The queen herself disliked Vroom and the majority of his brother artists, requiring, as she expressed it, none but "special cunning painters," or men after the Van Heere style. "To do the profession justice," says Horace Walpole, "they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependants, for there is scarcely a single portrait of her that can be called beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

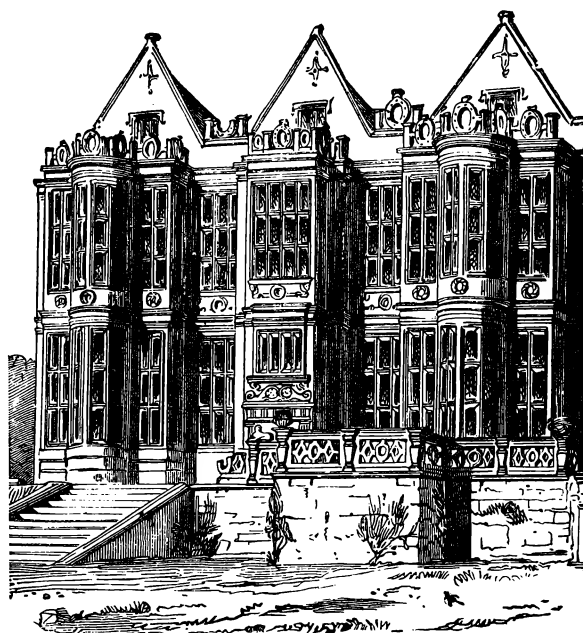
The architecture of the period was scarcely above that of art in general. Most of the nobility continued to inhabit their ancient castles, but which were changed gradually into palaces by the alteration of the original edifices, and the addition of side wings and other out-buildings, the latter mostly in the Grecian style. As remarked by a distinguished art critic, "the incongruous mixture of the conflicting principles of Grecian and Gothic architecture produced buildings more truly barbarous, and more disgusting to a cultivated taste than the rudest Norman work." There were, however, many exceptions to this general degeneracy of taste, and though the queen herself did little or nothing towards raising the standard of architecture in the erection of noble palaces or public buildings, some of her ministers and courtiers, among them Lord Burleigh, the earls of Salisbury and of Suffolk, and the poet, Lord Buckhurst, spent their vast fortunes in the construction of noble mansions, the pride of the Tudor style of art. It was one of the consequences, too, of a long reign of peace and national prosperity that building became far more frequent than before; and the number of the landed gentry especially, who sought to escape the gloom of the middle ages in their ancient habitations, and went to remodel them into more cheerful dwellings, was so great as to leave its mark on the English landscape for generations to come in the much praised as well as much abused "Elizabethan manor-house." Many of the mansions erected during the middle and the latter part of the sixteenth century were of magnificent dimensions, and highly picturesque, from the varied lines and projections of the plan and elevation, as well as rich in fanciful cut work, knobs, bosses, and pannels, giving rise to what was afterwards well described as the "florid" style. Of the general design of the noble mansions of the period, an account is given in Leland's "Itinerary," in the description of Wreschill Castle, near Howden, in Yorkshire. "Most part of the base court," says Leland, "is of timber. The castle is

moted about on three parts: the fourth part is dry, where the entry is into the castle. Five towers, one at each corner: the gateway is the fifth, having five lodgings in height; three of the other towers have four lodgings in height, the fourth containeth the buttery, pantry, pastry, lardery, and kitchen. In one of the towers a study called Paradise, where is a close in the middle of eight squares latticed; about and at the top of every square is a desk lodged to set books on. The garde-robe in the castle is exceeding fair; and so are the gardens within the mote and the orchards without; and in the orchards are mounts 'opere topiario' written about, with degrees like turnings of a cockle-shell, to come to top without pain." Notwithstanding all the show and ornament lavished upon these castles, or gentlemen's mansions, a great many of them had wood for their principal material, as stated by Leland in his description of Morley House, near Manchester, which, he says, was "buildd, saving the foundation of stone squared, that riseth within a great mote a six feet above the water, all of timber—after the common sort of building of the gentlemen for most of Lancashire."

Among the noblest palaces constructed in the reign of Elizabeth, and held to be a model of all others, and of the higher class of domestic architecture in general, was that of her great minister, Lord Burleigh, situated at St. Theobald's, in Hertfordshire. Economical as he was otherwise in his tastes, Burleigh lavished immense sums upon this edifice, which he erected mainly for the purpose of receiving with due splendour his royal mistress, the maker of his fortune, whenever she should honour him with a visit. She did so no less than twelve times, remaining for a week or longer, and putting him to an expense of between three and four thousand pounds each time. From a parliamentary survey made in the middle of the next century, eighty years after it had been completed, it appears that Burleigh's palace consisted of two principal quadrangles, with four outer courts, called the Fountain court, the Dial court, the Buttery court, and the Dove-house court. The largest of these, the Fountain court, about ninety feet square, had on the east side a cloister of seven arches, while the ground floor formed a magnificent hall, the roof of which was arched with carved timber of curious workmanship. In the main building, the lower part was chiefly devoted to private apartments, while the state rooms were situated in the floor above, the divisions of which were more sumptuously decorated than any other part of the palace. The chief of these were the presence-chamber, finished with carved oak wainscoting, and a ceiling full of gilded pendants, and the royal gallery, one hundred and twenty-three feet long, "wainscoted with oak, and paintings over the same of divers cities, rarely painted and set forth, with a fret ceiling, with divers pendants, roses, and flower-de-luces; also divers large stags' heads, which were an excellent ornament of the same." At each corner of the palace stood "a high and fair tower," and over the hall in the middle "a large and fair turret in the fashion of a lantern, curiously wrought with divers pinnacles at each corner, wherein hangeth twelve bells for chiming, and a clock with chimes and sundry work." The middle court was formed by a quadrangle one hundred

and ten feet square, while on the east side of the palace was a cloister, surmounted by the "Green Gallery," one hundred and nine feet long and twelve feet broad, "excellently well painted with the several shires in England, and the arms of the noblemen and gentlemen in the same." Above the gallery was a leaded walk, on which were two lofty arches of brick, "of no small ornament to the house, and rendering it comely and pleasant to all that passed by." The whole account of this residence of Lord Burleigh tallies well with the description of the ideal palace in Spenser's "Fairie Queene":—

"High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far overlaid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers,
And on the top a dial told the timely hours."



ELIZABETHAN MANSION.

The art of gardening was brought to high perfection in the reign of Elizabeth, and the grounds attached to the larger mansions and palaces were laid out in the most elaborate manner, partly in the Italian and partly in the Dutch style, full of terraces, fountains, canals, and labyrinths. The pleasure-gardens of St. Theobald's contained seven acres, divided into as many "knots" of fantastic shape, "one of which was set forth in likeness of the queen's arms." A foreign traveller who visited Burleigh's palace in the summer of 1598, a few weeks after the death of the illustrious owner, left a record of the gardens as they appeared to him. "From the gallery," the account runs, "in which is painted the genealogy of the kings of England, one goes into the great garden, encompassed with a ditch full of water, large enough to allow of the pleasure of going in a boat and rowing between the shrubs and flowers. There are a great variety of trees and plants; labyrinths made with a vast amount of labour; fountains running in basins of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood up and down the gardens. After seeing these we were led by the gardener into the summer-house, in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman emperors, in white marble, and a table of touchstone, set round the upper part with cisterns of lead, which are kept full of water by means of pipes, so that they may hold fish; they are also very convenient for bathing in summer time. In another pleasure-house near to this, and joined to it by a little bridge, was an oval table of red marble." The general state of art of the Elizabethan period was reflected to a great extent in these curious gardens, with their terraces, labyrinths, fountains, pyramids of wood, and statues of marble. Love of nature, and of the highest forms of beauty which nature alone furnishes, was curiously mixed up with love of artificialness, assuming no definite shape, but wavering to and fro, and seeking to appropriate the various tastes, good or bad, of other nations. There was not a little of anarchy and confusion in this state of things, yet it was an upward movement on the whole, resulting finally in nearer approach to ideal perfection, as in literature so in science and art.

CHAPTER V.

History of Industry and Commerce, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Elizabeth.

THE Tudor period, most eventful epoch in the material progress of England, formed the basis in many respects of that immense development of trade and industry which took place in the succeeding centuries. At the accession of Henry VII. the material prosperity of the country had sunk very low, and the reign of the first of the Tudor monarchs was far more distinguished for progress made in commerce than in the industrial pursuits of the people. Agriculture, the first of all industries, continued for a long time to be in an undeveloped state, far

behind that of most continental countries. The main cause of it, undoubtedly, was the monstrous monopoly of land existing since the Norman conquest, which had made the whole soil of the kingdom over to a few persons, leaving the mass of the people, including those whose sinews extracted the riches of the soil, drawing wealth from what was in itself worthless, in a state of servitude. A Venetian traveller, who visited England in a diplomatic capacity in the year 1496, gives a graphic description of this unnatural monopoly of land, under which the energies

of a whole nation were kept lying crushed and broken. "There is not a foot of land in all England," he writes, "which is not held either under the king or the church; and many monasteries also pay acknowledgments to the king for their possessions; a great number of them having been founded out of the royal funds, by the crown, after the conquest by King William." "King William," the traveller shrewdly adds, "conquered England for the crown. All the land that was fit for cultivation was divided into a number of parts called military services, giving to each service, or, as otherwise named, *fee*, 60 acres of land, an acre being about as much as two oxen can cultivate in a year. It is computed that there are at present 96,230 of these fees; but the English Church is in possession of 28,015 of them; the remainder are the property of the crown or of the barons of the realm, who, however, pay acknowledgments to the crown for them." It would be impossible to give in a few lines a clearer picture of the social state of England at the end of the fifteenth century.

"All the lands of the nobility," continues the observant Italian, "are not in cultivation, for a great portion lies barren and waste, and I am told that there are more than four thousand parks in England, all enclosed with timber fences. Such is the condition of the lords temporal in this kingdom. But that of the lords spiritual is still better, for, besides their own lands, they possess the actual tenth of all the produce of the earth, and of every animal." That agriculture did not flourish under this dead weight of "lords temporal" and "lords spiritual" was no wonder; but there were yet other causes at work which contributed to destroy it. The chief of these was the great depopulation of the country caused by the long civil wars. There was nothing that struck the Venetian traveller more at his first entrance into England than the scarcity of human beings everywhere. "The population of this island," he exclaims, "does not appear to me to bear any proportion to her fertility and riches. I rode from Dover to London, and from London to Oxford, a distance of more than 200 Italian miles, and it seemed to me very thinly inhabited; but, lest the way I went should have differed from the other parts, I inquired of those who rode to the north of the kingdom, to the borders of Scotland, and was told that it was the same case there; nor was there any variety in the report of those who went to Bristol and into Cornwall." It is probable that the population of England at this period was not much, if at all, above three millions, or about fifty to the square mile. Taking one out of the three millions to have been inhabitants of towns, there would have remained only two millions of individuals, men, women, and children, for the cultivation of some twenty millions of acres of arable land. The task was a clear impossibility, even without the terrible despotism of a hundred thousand temporal and spiritual lords.

A last cause of the low state of agriculture—or, perhaps, cause and consequence alike—was the great demand for English wool throughout the continent at this period. This made it for a time much more lucrative to keep large flocks of sheep than to cultivate the soil; and hands becoming likewise more and more scarce, acre after acre of arable land was converted

into pasture. Henry VII. was fully aware of the importance of this growing evil, and attempted, as was his wont in all things, to remedy it by legislation. Several acts were passed to enforce tillage and discourage sheep-breeding: by one of them, great owners of flocks—often possessing above twenty thousand head—were not allowed to have more than two thousand, and, to make the business less profitable, restrictions were laid on the export of wool. The latter part of Henry's policy, though fatal in a commercial sense, took some effect in regard to agriculture, and with the decrease of exports there came an increase of arable land. However, the progress was naturally slow, and Henry's legislation did probably, on the whole, more harm than good.

The two staple exports of English produce at this time were wool and tin, while the chief article of import was wine. "With the exception of wine," says the Italian traveller of the year 1496, "they import nothing from abroad for their subsistence. Nevertheless the sale of their valuable tin brings large sums of money, and still more do they derive from their extraordinary abundance of wool, which bears such a high price and reputation throughout Europe. And in order to keep the gold and silver in the country when once it has entered, they have made a law, which has been in operation for some time now, that no money nor gold or silver plate shall be carried out of England." The short-sighted policy which dictated this law was less Henry's own than that of the age; so that when Lord Chancellor Morton declared to the parliament which met in November, 1487, that it was the king's wish to have a statute passed, ordering "that whatsoever merchandize shall be brought in from beyond the seas may be employed upon the commodities of this land, whereby the kingdom's stock of treasure may be sure to be kept from being diminished by any overtrading of the foreigner," the words met with immense applause. In the same message to parliament, the lord chancellor was very outspoken in respect to the king's wish to enrich himself, formed, as he argued, with the ultimate object of enriching the nation. "Lastly," said Cardinal Morton, "because the king is well assured that you would not have him poor that wishes you rich, he doubteth not but that you will have care as well to maintain his revenues of customs and all other natures, as also to supply him with your loving aids if the case shall so require. The rather for that you know that the king is a good husband, and but a steward, in effect, for the public; and that what comes from you is but as moisture drawn from the earth, which gathers into a cloud, and falls back upon the earth again." If the eloquent lord chancellor's simile was correct, then England must have exhaled an enormous moisture of wealth in the quarter of a century of Henry VII. According to Lord Bacon, the "cloud" had gathered, at the death of the king, "the sum of near eighteen hundred thousand pounds sterling," which, at the present value of money, would amount to about thirty millions sterling—an almost fabulous mass of riches.

Restrictive as were most of the commercial laws of Henry, he yet did much for the advancement of international traffic, by concluding advantageous treaties with nearly all the countries having intercourse with

England. These treaties show that there existed at the end of the fifteenth century a very considerable amount of trade with Denmark, the Hanse Towns, Sweden and Norway, the Low Countries, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. There were colonies of English merchants settled at the chief ports of all these countries, and the stipulation regarding their privileges, including their right to elect their own "governors" and "aldermen," form an important clause in all the agreements. But greater than with any other foreign state was the commercial intercourse of England with the Netherlands. The great and flourishing cities of the latter country—which was very much in the fifteenth what Great Britain became in the nineteenth century—were vast consumers of the important raw material, wool, sending in return various manufactured articles, such as clothing and arms; and to carry on this intercourse, numerous Flemish merchants were settled in England, as well as English merchants in the Netherlands. To all these, the temporary interruption of commerce, arising out of the imposture of Perkin Warbeck, and the encouragement given to him by the duchess of Burgundy, proved a serious blow. Henry commenced hostilities in 1493 by expelling all Flemish traders from the English dominions, whereupon the regent of the Netherlands, Archduke Philip, took reprisals, and banished all English subjects from his country. This absurd warfare, fatal to the best interests of both countries, lasted for nearly three years, when at last the subjects forced the sovereigns into peace. "By this time," so Lord Bacon tells the story, "the interruption of trade between the English and the Flemish began to pinch the merchants of both nations very sore; which moved them, by all means they could devise, to affect and dispose their sovereigns respectively to open the intercourse again, wherein time favoured them. For the archduke and his council began to see that Perkin would prove but a runagate and citizen of the world, and that it was the part of children to fall out about babies. And the king on his part, after the attempts upon Kent and Northumberland, began to have the business of Perkin in less estimation; so as he did not put it to account in any consultation of state. But that which moved him most was, that being a king that loved wealth and treasure, he could not endure to have trade sick, nor any obstruction to continue in the gate vein which disperseth that blood. And yet he kept state so far, as first to be sought unto. Wherein the merchant adventurers likewise, being a strong company at that time, and well under-set with rich men and good order, did hold out bravely; taking off the commodities of the kingdom, though they lay dead upon their hands for want of vent. At the last, commissioners met at London to treat: on the king's part, Bishop Fox, lord privy seal; Viscount Wells; Kendal, prior of Saint John's; Warham, master of the rolls, who began to gain much upon the king's opinion; Urswick, who was almost ever one; and Risely: on the archduke's part, the Lord Bevers, his admiral; the Lord Verunsel, president of Flanders, and others. These concluded a perfect treaty, both of amity and intercourse, between the king and the archduke, containing articles both of state, commerce, and free fishing." This treaty, long after known by

the Flemings as the "*intercursum magnus*," was a remarkable instance of the power already acquired by the commercial interest at the end of the fifteenth century—a power sufficient to influence even so despotic a king as Henry VII., and strong enough to smother the flames of war.

Commerce might have been much more flourishing in Henry's time but for the heavy charges with which not only the imports, but, what was worse, even the exports were burthened. Originally, these dues—comprised under the term *consuetudines*, or regal taxes, which came to be changed into "*customs*"—amounted to three pence for every twenty shillings' worth of merchandize either imported or exported; yet in course of time these imposts were doubled and trebled. A new tax, called poundage, was granted by parliament to King Edward I.; and this, too, Henry VII. had raised from three pence to twelve pence, "to guard the seas and protect the ships from pirates." The claim was not a mere pretence of raising money, for the king, in reality, expended large sums in protecting commerce and gaining for England the mastery of the seas. He built, at a cost of fourteen thousand pounds sterling of the money of the time, a large armed vessel, called the "*Great Harry*," which came to be the first ship of that mighty fleet of war known subsequently as the Royal Navy. Previously, whenever the government required vessels for the defence of the coast, or other warlike purposes, the seaport towns had to furnish them, which arrangement did not always bring either the best ships or best men. In other respects Henry was exceedingly anxious to raise the honour of the English flag. He assisted Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian settled at Bristol, to fit out a vessel, and go westward across the Atlantic, in search of unknown continents. The result was the discovery of Newfoundland and adjacent territories on the continent of North America. A greater honour than this the king missed by the merest chance. Christopher Columbus, having in vain applied to various princes for aid to carry out his vast schemes, sent his own brother Bartholomew to Henry VII., in the year 1488, on the like mission. But the vessel in which Bartholomew sailed was attacked by pirates, and the unfortunate ambassador got captured and carried off to the African coast as a slave. When, after some years, he made his escape, and succeeded in reaching England, it was too late. Christopher Columbus had left Spain on the second of August, 1492, and was already on his way to the wonderful continent in the west. Thus narrowly did England miss the honour of the greatest maritime discovery of all ages.

The story of Cabot's voyage across the North Atlantic, ending in the discovery of Newfoundland, is quaintly told by Lord Bacon. "There was," he says, "one Sebastian Gabato, a Venetian, dwelling in Bristol, a man skilful and expert in cosmography and navigation. This man seeing the success, and emulating perhaps the enterprise of Christophorus Columbus, in that fortunate discovery towards the south-west which had been by him made some six years before, conceited with himself that lands might likewise be discovered towards the north-west. And, surely, it may be he had more firm and pregnant conjectures of it than Columbus had of this at the first. For the two great

islands of the old and new world being, in the shape and making of them, broad towards the north and pointed towards the south, it is likely that the discovery first began where the lands did nearest meet. And there had been before that time a discovery of some lands, which they took to be islands, and were indeed the continent of America, towards the north-west. And it may be that some relation of this nature coming afterwards to the knowledge of Columbus, and by him suppressed—desirous rather to make his enterprise the child of his science and fortune than the follower of a former discovery—did give him better assurance that all was not sea, from the west of Europe and Africa unto Asia, than either Seneca's prophecy, or Plato's antiquities, or the nature of the tides and land-winds, and the like, which were the conjectures that were given out wherupon he should have relied: though I am not ignorant that it was likewise laid unto the casual and wind-beaten discovery, a little before, of a Spanish pilot who died in the house of Columbus. But this Gabato, bearing the king in hand, that he would find out an island endued with rich commodities, procured him to man and victual a ship at Bristol for the discovery of that island: with whom ventured also three small ships of London merchants, fraught with some gross and slight wares, fit for commerce with barbarous people. He sailed, as he affirmed at his return, and made a chart thereof, very far westwards, with a quarter of the north, on the north side of Terra de Labrador, until he came to the latitude of sixty-seven degrees and a half, finding the seas still open." In the patent granted to Sebastian Cabot and his three sons, the navigators were authorized by King Henry "to set up our banner in any town, castle, island, or continent of the countries so to be discovered by them; and such of the said towns, castles, or islands so found out and subdued by them, to occupy and possess, as our vassals, governors, lieutenants, and deputies." Henry VII., it thus appears, was the first monarch of England who conceived the idea of that vast colonial empire which, three centuries later, came to encircle the globe.

The discovery of America, together with the newly found passage round the Cape of Good Hope, had immediate results upon the commerce of England, which shared at least a part of the flood of riches which set in from the golden lands of both the east and the west. But while wealth kept fast increasing, particularly in the larger towns, the nation's prosperity gained not altogether, the policy of restriction, or, in modern language, of "protection," being by universal consent still acknowledged as the essence of governmental wisdom. So little, in fact, were the true laws of political economy understood, that the increase of precious metals, which naturally caused a corresponding increase in the price of commodities, was contemplated with great alarm. To guard against and check the rise in the value of English produce, the maximum price of most articles was fixed by law. The price of a yard of scarlet cloth was limited to twenty-six shillings—reducing money to the value of our time, that of a yard of fine cloth to eighteen, and of a yard of coarse cloth to ten shillings. Even Lord Bacon, writing a century later, and in what must be considered a far more enlightened age, greatly applauds

this ancient system of "protecting" trade and industry. "He also made," says the historian of Henry VII., "statutes for the maintenance of drapery and the keeping of wools within the realm; and not only so, but for stinting and limiting the prices of cloth, one for the finer and another for the coarser sort. Which I note, both because it was a rare thing to set prices by statute, especially upon our home commodities; and because of the wise model of this act, not prescribing prices, but stinting them not to exceed a rate, that the clothier might drape accordingly as he might afford." The last part of the sentence, meant no doubt seriously by the author, was yet full of sarcasm. It was the natural effect of all these restrictive laws that English produce became, not cheaper in quantity, but worse in quality; profits necessarily remained the same, but the standard of goods got lowered, "that the clothier might drape accordingly as he might afford." The evil effect of this legislation kept for a long time English manufacturing industry far behind that of the Continent; and Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool remained unknown villages, while Antwerp, Ghent, Augsburg, and Venice were magnificent cities, radiating far and wide the outward light of higher forms of material civilization.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the commerce and industry of England made very considerable progress, in spite of the terrible despotism that was weighing upon the country and repressing the energies of the people. The long freedom from war which the realm had enjoyed under the rule of the first Tudor king, and the growing prosperity following in its train, developed peaceful pursuits in spite of all obstacles, the natural tendency of things being to raise English industry on a level with that of the neighbouring states on the continent of Europe. Like all tyrants, too, Henry was rather inclined to aid in the advance of merely material prosperity, a proof of which he gave soon after his accession to the throne by introducing gardening and the growing of vegetables from the Netherlands. Previously "roots" were all but unknown in England; there were no carrots, cabbages, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, radishes, or like vegetables, and Catherine of Arragon, when wishing to eat a dish of salad, the common supper of her native country, had to send for it to Antwerp. It was owing to this fact, and to his own attachment to the pleasures of the table, as to all other sensual gratifications, that Henry had gardeners brought over from the Low Countries, and also encouraged the traffic in sugar, spices, and different luxuries which Dutch and Portuguese vessels carried from the East. The great centre and mart of this trade was the city of Antwerp, now risen to the height of its wealth and prosperity, in consequence of the discovery of the new road to India around the Cape of Good Hope, which diverted the channel of eastern commerce away from Venice and towards Lisbon. The ships of the Portuguese merchants, joined in gradually increasing numbers with those of Dutch traders, had come to bring their valuable cargoes of spices, drugs, and other rich productions of East India, first to Lisbon, and then to Antwerp, as to an entrepot, or midway station, between the northern and southern parts of Europe. This led

numerous English and German merchants to settle at Antwerp; and many of the manufacturers and traders of the wealthy city of Bruges also removed thither after the latter had been reduced into subjection and deprived of its principal privileges by the Archduke Maximilian, about the year 1500. Antwerp, on the other hand, was secured from interference by its ancient charters, confirmed by the successive rulers of the country, which, even after its subjection to Austria and Spain, left it a free city all but in name, enjoying the advantages of political connection with the masters of the new world west of the Atlantic, yet not suffering from their tyranny. Included in the privileges of Antwerp was the right of holding free fairs, subject to no fiscal supervision, and to which merchandize from all parts of the world could be brought without being liable to customs or other duties. Two of the fairs lasted six weeks each, and were attended by an immense concourse of traders from all parts of the globe, whose transactions were of vast importance, the value of the spices alone brought annually from Lisbon to Antwerp amounting to above a million of crowns. Of these spices England took but a small share previous to the accession of Henry VIII.; but it greatly increased subsequently, owing not a little to the example and encouragement of the luxury-loving monarch.

The enormous treasure left to Henry by his father allowed him not only to indulge freely in all the luxuries of the age procurable by money, and thus to give an indirect stimulus to commerce, but to satisfy his vanity and ambition in fields not dreamt of by his predecessors. Spurred alike by the desire to make himself a name among the kings of the age, and by the instigations of his royal father-in-law, who wished to drag him into a contest with France, Henry resolved, not long after the crown had fallen on his head, to lay the foundation of a permanent fleet of war by establishing a Navy Office under a Lord High Admiral, an institution hitherto unknown in England, and to construct as many armed vessels as his means would allow. To the first man-of-war of the royal navy, the "Great Harry," built by Henry VII., there was added, in June, 1511, a ship called the "Lion," captured from the Scottish captain, Andrew Barton; and the next year, 1512, Henry built his first ship, the "Regent," at Woolwich, where he had constructed a dockyard, chiefly under the superintendence and with the help of foreign artificers. The "Regent," of a burthen of one thousand tons, and carrying seven hundred soldiers, mariners, and gunners, was the largest man-of-war ever seen in England, and its construction served to raise the warlike mood of the young king to such an extent that he commenced the erection of fortifications at Gravesend and on the opposite Essex shore, so as to protect the new dockyard at Woolwich. Accompanied by seventeen other vessels, impressed, after the ancient fashion of marine warfare, from the Cinque Ports, the "Regent" left the Thames in the autumn of 1512, commanded by Admiral Sir Edward Howard, who had entered into a contract with the king for the victualling of the fleet. It was settled in this agreement that the fleet should carry three thousand men, "consisting of the eighteen captains of the ships, one thousand seven

hundred and fifty soldiers, and one thousand two hundred and thirty-two mariners and gunners." The further arrangement was "the admiral to have, for the maintenance of himself in diet, and for wages and reward, ten shillings daily during the voyage; each captain to have one shilling and sixpence per day; and the soldiers, mariners, and gunners to have, per month of twenty-eight days, five shillings wages, and five shillings more for victuals." Finally, the admiral undertook "to manage the armament for the before-named allowances, he receiving three months' expense always beforehand: item, for the cost of every captain and soldier four shillings, and of every mariner and gunner one shilling and eight pence." The English fleet was, by a treaty which Henry had made with his royal father-in-law, to cruise along the coast of France on the Atlantic, while King Ferdinand's navy was to perform the same duty in the Mediterranean. Almost the only result of the enterprise was the blowing-up of the "Regent," with the whole of her crew, near Brest, a few months after leaving England. Thereupon the king, still undaunted, and with abundance of money in his treasury, ordered the building of another still larger man-of-war in place of the lost ship, calling the new vessel the "Henry Grace-de-Dieu."

Small as was the glory derived by the young king from his first naval undertaking, it yet led to important advantages for the nation. In connection with the desire for ship-building by which he was animated for the time, Henry established, in the same year in which the "Regent" was launched and lost, an institution destined to render the greatest and most lasting benefits to English commerce. This was the "Corporation of the Trinity House of Deptford," which obtained by royal charter all the ancient rights and privileges formerly vested in "the shipmen and mariners of England," including the right of examining, licensing, and regulating pilots, of ordering and superintending the erection of beacons and lighthouses, and the placing of buoys, and of inquiring into the qualifications of captains and other officers of the merchant navy. Institutions subordinate to the Deptford Trinity House were subsequently formed at Hull and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and found to aid materially in the growth of the English merchant navy. "The three establishments," according to Richard Hakluyt, "were in imitation of that which had been erected at Seville, in Spain. The monarch of Spain, observing the many shipwrecks in the voyages to and from the West Indies, occasioned by the ignorance of seamen, established, at the Contraction House, lectures on navigation, and a pilot-major for the examination of other pilots and mariners; he also directed books on these subjects to be published for the use of his mariners." Being led by his spouse, on whom he yet hung with some affection, into intimate intercourse with Ferdinand the Catholic, Henry borrowed various other institutions from Spain, encouraging also, as far as was in his power, the trade of England in that direction. In 1514 he concluded a treaty of peace and commerce with Ferdinand, extending and renewing former agreements, with the additional clause, among others, "that in case the ships of either party shall thereafter chance to be wrecked on the coasts

of the other party, the magistrates shall secure and sequester the merchandize and goods of such wreck for the proprietors, if within twenty months they shall make out their claim thereunto, and perishable merchandize shall be sold for the benefit of the right owners; but if no claim be made within twenty months, then the laws of the country where such wreck shall happen to regulate the disposal of the property." About a year after the signature of this treaty, Henry, or rather Wolsey, now commencing his career as virtual sovereign of the realm, concluded a commercial alliance with Charles, Ferdinand's successor on the throne of Spain, and ruler of the Netherlands, which gave some notable advantages to the trade of England with the Low Countries. The treaty stipulated "that the English, carrying their merchandize to Antwerp, shall not there be obliged to pay the tolls of Zealand; neither, when they carry their merchandize to Bergen-op-Zoom, or to Middelburg, shall they be obliged to pay the tolls of Brabant, but solely those of Zealand." It was also settled "that the merchants of either country shall not make any bye-laws and statutes among themselves for agreeing not to buy the goods of certain towns or persons of the other country; neither shall either side set a fixed price on the merchandize of the other side at their fairs and markets, but all persons shall be free on both sides to buy and sell as they best can." The clause was a first groping attempt to break through the endless obstacles and impediments of ancient commerce, imposed by the merchants themselves as much as by governments, and to launch into the open sea of free trade.

The increasing commerce of England in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII. led to a considerable immigration of foreign traders and artisans, which caused great dissatisfaction at some of the ports, particularly in the city of London, where the spirit of monopoly, abhorrent of competition and free intercourse between individuals and nations, had its strongest representatives in the numerous guilds and close corporations. The complaints against the foreigners were, according to Edward Hall, worthy city recorder and occasional court historiographer, "that there were such numbers of them employed as artificers that the English merchants had little to do, by reason the merchant strangers bring in all silks, cloths of gold, wine, oil, iron, and other goods, that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman; they also export so much wool, tin, and lead, that English adventurers can have no living. The foreigners also compass the city round about, in Southwark, Westminster, Temple Bar, Holborn, St. Martin's le Grand, St. John's Street, Aldgate, Tower Hill, and St. Catherine's, and they forestall the market, so that no thing for them cometh to the market, which are the causes that Englishmen want and starve while foreigners live in abundance and pleasure." A source of particular dislike to the good citizens were the natives of the Netherlands, their crimes, as stated in the charge-sheet of the recorder, consisting in bringing into England "iron, timber, and leather, ready manufactured, and nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and painted cloths." The hatred against the aliens kept on increas-

ing for several years, till at last, on the 1st of May, 1517, it broke out into open tumult and riot. It was rumoured for some time before that an attack of the city apprentices upon the foreigners was being organized for this day; and to preserve the peace, Wolsey sent for the lord mayor on May-eve, making him responsible for the good behaviour of the king's lieges in London. But the storm had been brewing too long to be appeased by anything the poor lord mayor and his brother aldermen could do. On the morning of the day appointed by the rioters—called "Evil May Day" for generations after—a tumultuous crowd came rushing forth, with the cry of "Prentices! Prentices! Clubs! Clubs!" and after attacking the prisons and liberating the inmates, went to sack the houses of the obnoxious aliens, and of such of the natives as were known to be favourable to them, or as were known to possess a good deal of money. The tumult lasted till three o'clock the next morning when the authorities at last got the upper hand, arresting some three hundred of the leading rioters. Brought to trial, and found guilty of treason, they were all condemned to be drawn, hanged, and quartered; "for execution whereof," Hall records, "ten pairs of gallows were set up in divers parts of the city, as at Aldgate, Blanchapleton, Grass Street, Leadenhall, before each of the Compters, at Newgate, St. Martin's, at Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate, and these gallows were set upon wheels, to be removed from street to street, and from door to door, as the prisoners were to be executed." At the last moment, the bribe of a large sum of money, offered to Cardinal Wolsey by the friends of the condemned apprentices, saved the unfortunates from the gallows upon wheels, which claimed but one victim in the supposed chief instigator of the riot, a "broker," called Lincoln. The effect of this solitary hanging was sufficient, nevertheless, to give peace to the aliens settled in London for a long time to come.

Henry continued to encourage the immigration of foreign artisans and traders during the first twenty years of his reign, with the result of establishing a great many new arts and branches of industry in the country. As recorded in an old rhyme, of no authentic date, but probably referring to some period near 1524:—

"Turkeys, carp, hops, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

Turkeys, or, as they were long called, "guinea-cocks," found their way to England by the help of the Antwerp traders, who brought them from the east, and thriving very well, soon became favourite articles of consumption among the upper classes, every good dinner including "pig, veale, goose, and capon, and turkie well drest." The introduction of carp has been attributed to one Leonard Mascall, of Plumsted, in Sussex, who, says the author of the "English Worthies in Church and State," fetched them "from beyond sea," in all likelihood from Italy, where the priests kept large ponds stocked with the dainty fish, for food supply in Lent and on other so-called fast-days. The importation of hops and the use of the plant in the manufacture of fermented malt liquor was probably due to immigrants from Germany, where hopfields were common as early as the thirteenth

century. In the breweries of the Netherlands, hops were employed from the beginning of the fourteenth century; and the Dutch, as well as the Germans, being great beer-drinkers, there were many regulations in force to produce the best possible article, such as the limitation to brew only during certain months in the winter. But notwithstanding the intimate connection with the Low Countries, the English refused to take kindly to the Dutch system of brewing, and for some time after the new plant had been introduced into the south-eastern counties, where it was found to grow luxuriously, there was a general outcry against its use, the people preferring the ancient ale, made of malt only, to beer manufactured with the addition of hops. Henry himself showed great aversion to the new-fangled liquor; and in an order respecting the servants of his household, issued in 1530, he strictly prohibited his brewers to put hops into ale. The common council of the city of London not long after petitioned parliament against the use of hops, "in regard that they would spoyle the taste of drinks and endanger the people." In spite of all this opposition, hops and beer, no less than turkeys and carp, became naturalized in England in the course of less than a generation, the force of usefulness, in these as in other cases, overthrowing fashion, public taste, and national habits.

The constant immigration of foreigners into England, mostly Protestant refugees, embracing the most intelligent of the industrial classes of France, Germany, and the Netherlands, though it visibly raised the prosperity of the country, was not effected without the greatest opposition on the part of the old conservative guilds and trading societies. Some of these, such as the clothworkers and the pewterers of London, were most persevering in petitioning from year to year king and parliament to stop the influx of aliens, and the introduction of new inventions and discoveries; the argument being the same as that of the common council against hops, that they "endangered the people." The example of London was liberally followed by other towns, such as the old borough of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, the energetic inhabitants of which went a step further than those of the capital, by including under the term "foreigners" not only alien-born persons, but all people dwelling beyond the borough boundaries. In 1530 the men of Bridport sent a long petition to parliament, beginning with the statement "that the people of this town have, out of time that no man's mind is to the contrary, used to make most part of all the great cables, hawsers, ropes, and all other tackling, as well for the royal ships and navy as for the most part of all other ships within the realm, by reason whereof this town was right well maintained;" and ending with the grievous complaint "that the people of the adjacent parts to this town have set up making cables, hawsers, ropes, and other tackling," and that as a result thereof the ancient borough "is like to be utterly decayed." The petition was successful, and parliament in its wisdom made a law—the 21 Henry VIII. cap. 12—enacting "that all hemp growing within five miles of Bridport shall be sold nowhere but in that town," and "that no persons, other than such as shall dwell and inhabit the said town, shall

make, out of the said town, any cables, hawsers, rope, and other tackling made of hemp, in any other place or places, within the said distance of five miles from the said town." In the same year in which this extraordinary act was passed, the city of London obtained a decree of the Star Chamber, stating "that the realm is overrun with foreign manufactures," and "that foreigners export bacon, cheese, powdered beef, mutton, and other articles, whereby great portions of corn and victuals grown and bred within the realm are consumed." In consequence of this statement a proclamation was issued by the king, putting new duties upon imports and exports, to the great delight of the far-seeing merchants and citizens of London.

Wolsey's fall and the matrimonial calamities of King Henry had an ill effect upon English trade and industry, both in checking commercial enterprise and increasing the brutal weight of the most unenlightened despotism that had ever pressed upon the nation. Labouring under the impression that the Flemish merchants and artisans settled in London and other parts of the kingdom sympathised with his injured wife, Henry drove away a great number of them, and, besides, issued an edict prohibiting the export of coin, and ordering all foreign traders "that no money they took for selling their wares should be exchanged to other countries, but should be employed in the commodities of the realm." This decree was published in 1531, and the year after the king issued a fresh proclamation, ordering that foreign wines should be imported in English ships only, and by English masters and mariners, and settling at the same time the price of these wines. "None shall sell," the ordinance ran, "any French wine above eight pence per gallon, or one penny per pint, nor Malmsey, Sack, Rumney, or other sweet wines, above twelve pence per gallon." Getting more and more into the old despotic way of "encouraging trade," Henry, the next year, 1533, drew up a statute—24 Henry VIII. cap. 3—commanding the sale of all kinds of meat at fixed prices, beef and pork at a halfpenny, and mutton and veal at three farthings a pound. The law was very effective in saving beasts and killing butchers. In a survey of London, made shortly after, it was found that the total number of butchers within the city and all its suburbs did not amount to above eighty, and that they did not slaughter more than thirty-three thousand oxen a year, thus giving but a modest allowance of "the roast beef of old England" to each citizen. However, the scarcity of butchers, if not of oxen, did not discourage Henry to continue in his course of legislation, and not being able to cheapen beef and mutton one way, he tried another. In 1534 parliament was ordered to pass a statute—25 Henry VIII. cap. 13—limiting the number of sheep which each man was allowed to possess. The preamble to this statute, after dwelling on the bad habit "of engrossing great number of sheep in one man's hands," and of "enhancing the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, and eggs, by reason whereof a marvellous multitude of people be not able to provide meat and clothes for themselves and their families," went on to state that "some now have twenty-four thousand, some twenty thousand, and some five

thousand to ten thousand sheep, whereby a good sheep that used to be sold for two shillings and four pence, or three shillings at most, is now sold for six shillings, or five shillings, or four shillings at least, which things tend to the decay of hospitality and to the diminishing of the people." In consequence it was enacted that "none shall keep above two thousand four hundred sheep, exclusive of lambs, at any one time, unless it be on his own lands of inheritance," and that "no man shall hold above two farms, in the parish of one of which two he shall be obliged to live and reside himself." The law was well designed to put a stop to farming in general, and sheep-farming in particular.

The restrictive tyranny of the legislation of Henry VIII. bearing upon industry and commerce, got to its height in the last ten or twelve years of his reign, encouraged quite as much by popular ignorance concerning the true laws of political economy as by his own despotic tendencies. A general decay of trade having become visible, many towns, districts, and counties demanded, after the example of Bridport, to have the monopoly of certain manufactures, which demands were nearly always granted. In 1534 a petition was sent to parliament from the city of Worcester, and the towns of Evesham, Droitwich, Kidderminster, and Bromsgrove, representing "that the said city and towns were, in times past, well and substantially inhabited, and employed in the manufacture of woollen cloths, until within a few years past, when divers persons, dwelling in the hamlets, thorps, and villages of the said shire, have not only engrossed and taken into their hands sundry farms, and become graziers and husbandmen, but have also begun to make all manner of cloaths, and exercise weaving, fulling, and shearing within their own houses, to the great depopulation of the said city and towns." Thereupon parliament enacted, by statute 25 Henry VIII. cap. 18, "that no person within Worcestershire shall make any cloth but the proper inhabitants of the city of Worcester, and the towns of Evesham, Droitwich, Kidderminster, and Bromsgrove, excepting persons who make cloths solely for their own and family's wearing." In the following year, 1535, it was decreed by statute, in view of interfering with the growing decay of trade and industry, "that whereas great numbers of houses have of a long time been in ruins in the city of Norwich; also in Lynn Bishop, in Norfolk, and in Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Ludlow, Bridgnorth, Queenborough, and Northampton, many of which ruins, filled with nastiness, are in the principal streets of those towns, where in times past have been beautiful dwelling-houses well inhabited," therefore the owners were ordered to rebuild them within a fixed time, "or else the property to go to the lord of the manor, or to the communities of the said city and towns." A still more arbitrary statute, reaching the acme of absurdity in the absolute hopelessness of meeting with obedience, was issued the following year, directing of what length and breadth the linen fabrics called "lockrams" and "dowlas," manufactured in Brittany, should be made. On the French manufacturers refusing to obey this law, the commerce in their articles naturally came to a

standstill; and the result was great injury to the English woollen trade, vast quantities of cloth having been annually sent to Brittany in exchange for the linens, and the exports ceasing all at once. The momentary distress inflicted upon weavers, tuckers, spinners, dyers, and wool-pickers, became so great as to force parliament to retrace its steps; and by an act of the 28 Henry VIII. cap. 4, the obnoxious statute was repealed, leaving the stubborn foreigners once more at liberty to shape their commodities according to their own taste.

There was very little wanting at this period to exterminate altogether the oldest and only manufacture of importance of which England could boast, that of woollen fabrics. Established by the wisdom of Edward III., who availed himself of some discontents among the Flemish artisans to invite them over into England, the manufacture had been comparatively flourishing hitherto, being equally spread all over the country, and employing a great number of persons, most of them dividing their time between agricultural labour and spinning and weaving. The trade continued to progress till the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., increasing so much in the eastern counties, that at some riots which took place in 1525, more than four thousand weavers were reported to have assembled out of Sudbury, Laneham, and other towns of Suffolk. To this prosperity the monstrously repressive government of the latter part of Henry's reign, his despotic ravings, wholesale murders, and gross financial extortions put an abrupt check. Many of the most intelligent foreign artisans and manufacturers left England; others were driven away, and Lutheran and Huguenot merchants objected to risk their lives in a visit to a country where there existed no other law but the will of a madman. Thus the stream of trade and commerce kept turning away from England; and while half the towns of the kingdom were falling into ruins, the great cities of Germany and the Netherlands continued to rise in wealth and power, Antwerp, among others, erecting for itself a magnificent exchange, with the grand inscription in letters of gold on the frontispiece: "*In usum negociatorum cujuscunque nationis ac linguæ*,"—for the use of merchants of all nations and all languages. In the same year in which the Antwerp exchange was opened by the enlightened Flemish traders, parliament, at the behest of the king, took another step towards driving the woollen manufacture out of England. By the statute 34 & 35 Henry VIII. cap. 10, the people of Yorkshire, who had come to be most expert weavers, taking to themselves a very important branch of the trade, that of the manufacture of blankets and other bed coverings, were forbidden to exercise their business any longer, unless belonging to one of the guilds or corporations of the city of York. As ground for this merciless prohibition, the preamble of the statute set forth "that York city had been formerly supported by sundry handicrafts, and most principally by making of coverlets and coverings for beds, whereby great number of inhabitants and poor people in that city and suburbs, and in other places of the county, have been constantly employed. But that of late years sundry evil-disposed persons, and apprentices not expert in

that occupation, have withdrawn themselves out of that city into the county; and divers other persons, inhabiting the villages and towns of that county, and nigh to the said city, have intermeddled with the said craft, and do daily make coverlets, neither of good stuff nor proper size, and sell them abroad in the county, to villages and men's houses, to the king's subjects." It was therefore enacted, under heavy penalties, "that no person whatever, within or nigh to the county of York, shall make any coverlets for sale, but inhabitants alone dwelling within the city of York and its suburbs."

The last years of the rule of Henry VIII. were marked by the issue of several statutes singularly befitting the termination of such a reign. They tried to enforce the rebuilding of the depopulated cities and towns of the kingdom, showing that more than two-thirds of them had fallen into ruins, one of the statutes enumerating no less than fifty-eight of such places. This act, after the usual preamble, now getting very common, "that whereas, in times past, many beautiful houses have been within the walls and liberties," enumerated as "fallen down and decayed," York, Lincoln, Canterbury, Coventry, Bath, Chichester, Salisbury, Winchester, Bristol, Scarborough, Hereford, Colchester, Portsmouth, Poole, Rochester, Lynn, Feversham, Worcester, Stafford, Buckingham, Pontefract, Grantham, Exeter, Ipswich, Southampton, Great Yarmouth, Oxford, Great Wycombe, Guildford, Stafford, Kingston-upon-Hull, Beverley, Bedford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Leicester, Berwick, Shafton, Sherburne, Bridport, Dorchester, Weymouth, Plympton, Barnstable, Plymouth, Tavistock, Dartmouth, Lancaster, Liskeard, Bodmin, Truro, Lestwithiel, Helston, Bridgwater, Somerton, Alchester, Taunton, and Warwick. In all these cities and towns, the act stated, "many houses are now fallen down and decayed, and at this time remain unre-edified as desolate and vacant grounds, many of them nigh adjoining to the high streets, replenished with much uncleanness and filth, with pits, cellars, and vaults lying open and uncovered, to the great peril of the king's subjects, and other houses are in danger of falling." The statute, though threatening fines and forfeitures of all sorts, had naturally little or no effect; nor had another, published the year after, enumerating a second list of decayed cities and towns, with repetition of some old names. The new list included "the cities of Canterbury and Rochester, the towns of Stamford and Grimsby in Lincolnshire, the towns of Cambridge, Darby, Guildford, Dunwich, the towns of the Cinque Ports with their members, Lewes in Sussex, and Buckingham," with several others, all which, the act stated "are now fallen down, decayed, and remain unre-edified, lying desolate, with much ordure, filth," and so forth. In the wake of this followed one more statute—35 Henry VIII. cap. 4—enumerating as "fallen down and decayed" the cities and towns of "Shrewsbury, Chester, Ludlow, Haverfordwest, Pembroke, Tenby, Caermarthen, Montgomery, Cardiff, Swansea, Cowbridge, New Radnor, and Presteig in Radnorshire, Brecknock, Monmouth, Malden in Essex, Abergavenny, Uske, Caerleon, Newport, Lancaster, Preston, Lyrepool [Liverpool], and Wigan, in Lancashire." In the same year that this

act, last certificate of the utterly ruinous condition of the trade and industry of the kingdom, and the annihilation of all prosperity among the people, was published, Henry granted a licence to two Florentine merchants to bring into England, "for the pleasure of us and our dearest wife, the queen," a number of costly articles of luxury, including, in wide margin, "all manner of goldsmith's work of gold and silver; all manner of skins and furs, and of sables; all manner of cloths of tissue of gold, silver, tinsel, velvet, and silks, and cloths of tapestry and arras, mixed with gold and silver; and all sorts of fringes and lace, wrought with gold and silver." To pay for his fineries, the king borrowed a hundred thousand florins from Anthony Fugger, a banker and money-lender of Augsburg, descendant of a poor weaver, who had settled in the old German city at the end of the fourteenth century. From his own subjects Henry VIII. could raise no more money: they had nothing left to give but their heads.

There was an attempt during the first part of the short reign of Edward VI., while the Protector held the reins of government, to upset the pernicious legislation of Henry VIII., but it had little effect, owing to the obstinacy and ignorance of the old monopolising bodies, to overcome which he had neither time nor strength. By a statute of the second year of Edward, certain descriptions of artisans, especially "all manner of workmen relating to building of houses," were allowed to use their hands and brains independent of trades' unions and companies, or, as expressed in the act, "to follow their occupations in all cities and towns corporate, although they do not live therein, nor are free of such corporations." This liberal law gave rise to such a howl from the guilds of the capital, that it had to be repealed in their favour in little more than a year, by statute of 3 & 4 Edward VI. cap. 20. The preamble of the act of repeal stated, very significantly, "that the city of London being the king's chamber, and most ancient city of this realm, the artificers and craftsmen of the arts, crafts, and mysteries of the same are at great costs and charges, as well in bearing and paying of taxes, tallages, subsidies, scot, lot, and other charges, as well to the King's Majesty as to the said city, and at many and sundry triumphs and other times for the King's honour;" it therefore could not be permitted that "foreigners," that is non-freemen, "should come and work among them, contrary to their ancient privileges," with the certain result of leading to "a great decay of cunning, and an impoverishment and driving away of the freemen, being artificers of the crafts, arts, and mysteries within the said city of London, to the great hurt and destruction of the said city." London having gained its object, the corporations of all the other cities and towns of the kingdom insisted upon having the same favour shown to them, the most decayed of them crying the loudest; and there remained nothing for the weak government but to sanction the entire repeal of the free-trade law. However, in other ways the advisers of Edward VI. did their best to raise the trade and prosperity of the realm, chiefly by encouraging the settlement of foreign Protestant immigrants, the flower of the industrial classes of the west European countries. "This young

prince," says Adam Anderson, describing the support given to industry by Edward VI., "through his own inclination, and the advice of Archbishop Cranmer, furnished great assistance to persecuted foreign Protestants, many thousands of whom settled in various parts of England, but principally at London, Southwark, Canterbury, Sandwich, Maidstone, Southampton, Norwich, and Colchester, where they had the free exercise of their religion in separate congregations, and where manufactures were so greatly cultivated and improved by their means as not only to enrich those places where they were settled, but to prove very beneficial to the whole kingdom. In the short persecuting reign of Queen Mary, those poor people were forced again to fly beyond sea, though at her death they returned to their old habitations. They consisted of Walloons, Germans, French, Italians, Polanders, and Swiss, and there was in those times even a congregation of Protestant Spaniards in London."

By far the most important measure of the reign of Edward VI., affecting the foreign commerce of England, was the breaking up of the monopoly and destruction of privileges of the powerful association of Hanse Towns merchants, established in London for several centuries under the title of the "Steelyard Company." Though originally of some advantage to the country, by establishing intercourse with distant nations, such as Russia and Turkey, whose trade was more directed towards Germany than England, the association had become, during the whole of the sixteenth century, a monopolizing body far more hurtful than beneficial, and many efforts had been made in consequence to overthrow the privileges of the foreigners. These proved successful at last in the year 1552, in consequence of pressing remonstrances made to the privy council by an influential corporation of London merchants, known as the "English Company of Merchant Adventurers." The "Adventurers," old rivals of the "Steelyard" traders, accused the latter of, first, "defrauding the customs, by colouring, or taking under their own names, as they paid little or no duties, great quantities of the merchandize of other foreigners not entitled to their immunities;" secondly, of "having frequently exceeded the bounds of even the great privileges granted to them by our kings, and having, by the force of great presents, purchased new grants from time to time;" thirdly, of "trading in a body, and by that means underselling and ruining others;" fourthly, of "setting what prices they pleased both on their imports and exports, and, through having the command of all the markets in England, with joint or united stocks, keeping out and breaking all other merchants;" fifthly, of "having reduced, by sole command of the markets, the price of English wool to one shilling and sixpence per stone;" sixthly, of "growing in power, shown by having exported, in the year 1550, no fewer than forty-four thousand woollen cloths of all sorts, whilst the whole of the English merchants together had, in the same year, exported but one thousand one hundred cloths;" and, seventhly, of "importing and exporting all their goods in foreign bottoms, and thereby, being exempt from aliens' duties, causing a great loss to the nation." Minor charges, not formulated, were that the Hanseatic

merchants imported too much foreign grain, to the depression of the English corn market, as well as large quantities "not necessary" of linen cloth, flax, steel, hemp, cordage, and naval stores. Utterly unreasonable as were many of the points brought forward as accusations, and, what was still more absurd, as charges formulated by rivals in trade—the "Merchant Adventurers" being possessed of a great part of the trade with the Netherlands, keeping offices at Antwerp, and hankering after privileges as large as those of their "Steelyard" competitors—the assault nevertheless was effective, mainly through being backed by the whole strength of the agricultural interest, the corn-growers as well as the wool-growers. Aiming at the good of the people in all their endeavours, the advisers of the young king could not shut their eyes to the fact, superseding every other, that the monopoly of the Hanse Towns merchants was hurtful to the true interests of the nation, and they decided accordingly.

The decision of the government, given after a long and patient investigation, was embodied in an order of the privy council, confiscating the privileges of the "Steelyard Company," on five distinct legal and technical grounds. They were, first, "that all the liberties and privileges claimed by, or pretended to be granted by the merchants of the Hanse are void by the laws of this realm, forasmuch as the said merchants have no sufficient corporation to receive the same;" secondly, "that such grants and privileges claimed by them do not extend to any persons or towns certain, and therefore it is uncertain what persons, or which towns, should or ought to enjoy the said privileges; by reason of which uncertainty the merchants have admitted and do admit to be of their freedom and immunities whom and as many as they list, to the great prejudice of the king's customs;" thirdly, "that if and supposing the pretended grants were good in law, as indeed they are not, yet the same were made on condition that they should not colour any other foreigner's merchandize, as by sufficient proof they have done;" fourthly, "that above one hundred years after the pretended privileges granted to them, they used to transport no merchandize out of this realm but only into their own countries, neither did they import any merchandize but from their own countries: whereas at present they do not only convey English merchandize into the Netherlands, and there sell them, to the great damage of the king's own subjects, but they do also import merchandize of all foreign countries, contrary to the true intent and meaning of their privileges;" and, fifthly, "that in King Edward the Fourth's time they had forfeited their pretended privileges, in consequence of war between the realm and the Hanse Towns, whereupon a treaty was made stipulating that our English subjects should enjoy the like privileges in Prussia and other Hanseatic parts, and that no new exactions should be laid on their persons or goods, which treaty has been much broken in several parts, and especially at Dantzick, where no redress could ever be obtained, either by the requests of the king's father or himself, for the said wrongs." In consideration of all which circumstances and reasons, the privy council of Edward decreed "that the privileges,

liberties, and franchises claimed by the merchants of the Steelyard, shall from henceforth be and remain seized, and resumed into the king's grace's hands, until the said merchants of the Steelyard shall declare and prove better and more sufficient matter for their claims: saving, however, to the said merchants all such liberty of coming into this realm and trafficking in as ample manner as any merchant-strangers have within the same." The decree settled the fate of the most remarkable mercantile organization that had yet been established in England. With their privileges, particularly the customs' exemptions, taken away, the great Steelyard Company dwindled down rapidly; and though the Hanseatic traders continued to import considerable quantities of grain, hemp, and linen cloth, their exports fell to such an extent that before the century had come to an end the "forty-four thousand woollen cloths of all sorts," which they were in the habit of sending annually abroad, were despatched no more by them but by English firms, a good share passing through the hands of the "Merchant Adventurers."

The policy which dictated the withdrawal of the Steelyard monopoly, and the attempt to break through the obstructive privileges of some of the ancient guilds, entirely ceased in the latter part of the reign of Edward VI., after the death of the Protector, and gave way to repressive measures. In 1552 and 1553 several acts of parliament were passed, in imitation of those of Henry VIII., regulating certain occupations, fixing prices, and otherwise interfering with the free exercise of trade and industry. One of the most notable of these was the statute of 7 Edward VI. cap. 5, which not only settled the cost of wine imported for the benefit of the king's lieges, but the number of houses in each town or city where they might consume it, and all but the quantity which each man, from a duke's son down to a charcoal-burner, should be allowed to take and swallow. It was stated in the preamble of the statute that it was enacted "for the avoiding of many inconveniences, and much evil rule," arising from "many taverns of late set up in back lanes, corners, and suspicious places, both in London and other towns and villages," the condition of which was to be improved, in the first instance, by the somewhat singular remedy of making wine very cheap. By the first clause of the act the prices of wines were fixed, as "Gascony and Guienne at eight pence per gallon, Rochelle at four pence per gallon," and others in proportion; with the final limitation that "no wine of any kind shall be sold at a higher price than twelve pence per gallon, on forfeiture of five pounds." The next clause ordered that "none but such a one as can spend one hundred marks of yearly rent, or else is worth one thousand marks, or else shall be the son of a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron of the realm, shall have or keep in his house any vessel of the said wines for his family's use exceeding ten gallons, on forfeiture of ten pounds." It was enacted in the third clause that no wine should be sold without a licence, and that, moreover, such licensed taverns should exist "only in cities, towns corporate, burghs, port towns, or market towns, or in the towns of Gravesend, Sittingborn, Tuxford, and Bagshot, on

forfeiture of ten pounds." Besides, the statute ordered, "there shall only be two taverns for retailing of wine in every city or town, except in London, which may have forty taverns; in York, eight taverns; in Norwich, four; in Westminster, three; in Bristol, six; in Lincoln, three; in Hull, four; in Shrewsbury, three; in Exeter, four; in Salisbury, three; in Gloster, four; in West-Chester, four; in Hereford, three; in Worcester, three; in Southampton, three; in Canterbury, four; in Ipswich, three; in Oxford, three; in Cambridge, four; in Colchester, three; in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, four." A final clause of the act willed that "merchants may use in their own houses, but not to sell, such wines as they shall import; also high sheriffs, magistrates of cities and towns, and inhabitants of fortified towns, may keep vessels of wine for their own consumption only." According to the surmises of a contemporary chronicler, the statute was directed against "those especially who adhered to the old religion," pointing to a direct connection between wine and the belief in celibacy, mass, and transubstantiation.

The close of the reign of Edward VI. was distinguished by the commencement of a noble enterprise, destined to exercise considerable influence upon the commerce of England. On the 10th of May, 1553, two months before the decease of the young king, three small vessels, the "Bona Esperanza," of one hundred and twenty tons, the "Edward Bonaventure," of one hundred and sixty tons, and the "Bona Confidentia," of ninety tons, sailed slowly down the River Thames, saluting the dying monarch as they passed Greenwich. The three vessels were despatched by a singular association, calling itself the "Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places unknown;" and their object in the first instance was nothing less than to discover a north-east passage to ancient Cathay, or China. The originator of the scheme and governor of the society was the greatest seaman of the age, the discoverer of the northern shores of America, Sebastian Cabot, who, at the ripe old age of seventy-six, was bent, with juvenile energy, upon an undertaking which he hoped would throw glory upon the English name. It was an exalted purpose, and the more so as England had not treated Sebastian Cabot well. After sailing twice westward across the Atlantic, discovering "land which no man before had attempted," the bold and genial mariner was left to poverty and neglect, and had to seek bread in foreign countries, the death of Henry VII. taking away his principal friend and protector, and every chance of carrying out the great enterprises which were the dream of his imagination. There was no room for men like Cabot in the realm of Henry VIII., so he made his way to Spain, where he was courteously received, nominated superintendent of harbours in 1518, and subsequently, in 1526, appointed to the command of a fleet to the Moluccas, with which he entered the Rio de la Plata, opening up unknown districts to European trade. But though treated with the highest regard, and most handsomely rewarded by the Spanish government, Cabot's heart yearned for his own country, and he returned to England immediately after the accession of Edward VI., who,

at the instance of the duke of Somerset, granted him a pension, with the post of "pilot-major," involving a general supervision over maritime affairs. Being exceedingly gentle in manners, Sebastian Cabot soon became a great favourite of the young king, to whom he explained the variations of the needle, with many other scientific and geographical subjects, and finally induced him to take a warm interest in the great project he had cherished for years, that of reaching China by sailing to the north-east, around the Scandinavian peninsula and Russia. The consequence was the rise, under royal sanction and patronage, of the "Mystere and Companie of the Merchant-Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places unknown."

Vast as were the objects of the society, its capital in money was of the smallest, being no more than six thousand pounds, divided into two hundred and forty shares, of twenty-five pounds each. Cabot's genius, however, made up, as far as genius could do, for the want of funds in the great enterprise, for he personally superintended the fitting out of the three little vessels which were to make their way to China through the northern polar seas, had them sheathed with metal, so as to withstand the destructive attacks of worms, common to the warm latitudes which it was believed they would reach, and in his attention to details went so far as to teach every seaman engaged for the expedition his duties, not only technical but moral. With simple and affectionate earnestness he impressed upon all the importance of personal purity and conscientious discharge of duty, and the necessity of being manly and upright in their intercourse with the inhabitants of the distant countries which they were going to explore, warning them especially not to provoke them by disdain or contempt, but to treat them "with all gentleness and courtesie." The fame and bright example of the old sailor-hero had the effect of rallying round him some of the best and bravest seamen of England, thus enabling him to appoint a picked body of mariners as crew and officers of the three small ships which he started on the perilous voyage towards the north pole. To the command-in-chief of the expedition he nominated Sir Hugh Willoughby, scion of an ancient and illustrious family, one of the members of which had filled the office of lord chief justice in the reign of Edward III. Willoughby received the title of "captain-general of the fleet," while under him, as "pilot-general," served Richard Chancellor, a very remarkable man, of whose future exploits the English nation found reason to be proud. Thus equipped, the tiny squadron set sail, Willoughby on board the "Bona Esperanza," Chancellor in the "Edward Bonaventure," and an experienced seaman, Cornelius Durforth, as captain of the third and smallest vessel, the "Bona Confidentia." Both Willoughby and Chancellor carried with them letters of recommendation of Edward VI., written in Greek and Latin, and addressed to the "kings, princes, and potentates inhabiting the north-east parts of the world towards the mighty empire of Cathay." The poor boy-king looked down dreamingly from his palace at Greenwich as the ships of the little fleet went sailing by on the bright May morning, dipping their colours into the water—perhaps dreaming of far-away sunny Cathay

—or of that unknown land, distant and near, sunny and dark, the gate of which his faltering steps had reached.

Eight weeks after the sailing of the fleet, King Edward died; and the very same night, during a tremendous storm and uproar of the elements, the "Edward Bonaventure" parted company with the other two vessels off the Loffoden Isles, on the north-western coast of Norway. Icy gales from the arctic regions continued blowing for months after, opposing the progress of the bold explorers; nevertheless Willoughby, in the "Bona Esperanza," accompanied by the tiny vessel of Cornelius Durforth, bravely pushed onward to the east, until their crews were utterly exhausted. By the middle of September the elements had vanquished their brave hearts, and on the 18th of the month they ran for shelter into a small haven on the coast of Russian Lapland, formed by the mouth of the river Arzina, a district inhabited only by wandering Finnish tribes during a short time in the summer. The season being too far advanced to allow further progress, Willoughby and Durforth resolved upon spending the winter on the inhospitable coast, hoping to meet with some of the natives, so as to be able to procure supplies of food and fuel. But their hopes were doomed to be vain. After fruitless expeditions in all directions, ineffectual in discovering any trace of human life, the courageous navigators had to sit down in such huts as they could build on the ice-bound coast—to sit down never to rise again. The following summer some Russian fishermen found Sir Hugh Willoughby in his cabin, stiff and stark, and around him seventy dead bodies, killed by hunger and cold, yet looking grand and daring even in death. In the meantime, while the explorers of the "Bona Esperanza" and "Bona Confidentia" were perishing on the coast of Lapland, Richard Chancellor, in the "Edward Bonaventure," pushed onward to the east, and succeeded in getting into the Bay of St. Nicholas, or White Sea, a part of the northern ocean where no European, or any other ship, had ever been seen before. Steering southward now, he found his way to the mouth of the great river Dvina, and to the castle of Novo Dvinsk, which, a century after, grew into the city of Archangel. The commander of the castle received the English adventurers, who came upon him like apparitions from the clouds, in the most courteous and hospitable manner, and on the demand of Chancellor, furnished him with sledges and horses to visit the great Czar Ivan Bazilowitch at Moscow. Ivan, a bold, ambitious man and able warrior, had dim notions of a pigmy island hanging on to the skirts of Europe, and far to the west of his immense dominions, called Britain; and learning from his new visitor that part of this island was ruled over by a highly gifted young prince of the name of Edward, he allowed himself to be persuaded to enter into a treaty of friendship and commerce with his brother monarch. The treaty, brought home by Richard Chancellor in the summer of 1554, laid the foundation of a new important phase of industrial activity for England, in the direct trade with Russia.

Czar Ivan's treaty with Edward VI., made when the young king had been dead six months, was ratified by his successor, but not with much goodwill.

Queen Mary was too busy in extirpating heresy, and burning non-believers in the mass, to have time for encouraging trade and industry; and whatever she did towards it was chiefly in obedience to the wishes of her Spanish and German relatives, and of the man before whom she was crouching with insane passion. Soon after her accession, she restored, on a hint from Kaiser Charles, the privileges of the merchants of the Steelyard; and the interest of the Hanseatics being opposed to the establishment of a direct trade between England and Russia, Chancellor and his friends, chief among them old Sebastian Cabot, had much trouble in prosecuting their schemes directed towards this object. After the immense difficulties and dangers encountered in the last expedition, Cabot himself seemed to doubt whether the empire of Cathay and the shores of India could be reached by the road to the north-east; and to make the best of the success that had been achieved, it was resolved by his advice to change the "Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places unknown" into a simple "Russia Company." The opposition of the Steelyard traders having been overcome through the active help of some of Cabot's influential patrons, shareholders in his undertaking, which was the more effective on account of the utter apathy of the queen to everything relating to trade and industry, the new company finally obtained a royal charter allowing them to carry out their designs. The preamble of the charter, dated the 6th of February, 1555, set forth "that the marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer, the earl of Arundel, lord steward of the Queen's household, the earl of Bedford, lord privy seal, the earl of Pembroke, Lord Howard of Effingham, lord high admiral," and others named, "had already fitted out ships for discoverie northward and north-eastward to lands and seas not as yet frequented by any Christian monarch," and that "one of the said ships arrived safe and wintered in the dominions of our cousin and brother Lord Ivan Bazilowitch, emperor of all Russia, who entertained them honourably and granted them letters to us, with license freely to traffic in his country, and other privileges under his signet." In consequence, the royal charter assigned to the association "full liberty to resort not only to all parts of the Emperor's dominions, but to all other parts not known to our subjects," ordering likewise that "none but such as shall be free of, or licensed by the company shall frequent the parts aforesaid, under forfeiture of ships and merchandise, one half to the crown, and one half to the company." The administration of the Russia Company was vested by the same charter in a governor and "twenty-eight of the most sedate, discreet, and honest fellows, four of whom to be called consuls, and the other twenty-four to be called assistants," the appointment as first governor for life being given to Sebastian Cabot. The veteran explorer, one of the true sea-kings of the British Isles, did not enjoy the small honour thus bestowed upon him very long, departing life before the end of Mary's reign, at the full age of four score years. In death, as in life, England was ungrateful to one of the noblest of her sons. No pen recorded the place of sepulture of the discoverer of America.

The foundation of the Russia Company was the almost solitary instance of a good or useful act of the reign of Mary, which otherwise proved as fatal to the development of trade and industry as the most pernicious years of the rule of Henry VIII. Not content with stifling the inner life of the nation under a hideous religious persecution, the priests into whose hands the government of the realm had fallen repressed all healthful physical energy by laws of the most arbitrary kind, which seemed as if designed to make an end of England as an industrial country, and turn it into a quiescent paradise of monks. One of the first parliamentary decrees of Mary laid heavy duties, much higher than those of the preceding reign, upon all imports and exports; another re-established various ancient monopolies, such as that of the Steelyard Company; and several more put a bridle upon whole classes of the industrial population, and upon buyers as well as sellers of goods. By 1 and 2 Mary cap. 2, it was enacted that "whosoever shall wear silk in or upon his hat, bonnet, girdle, scabbard, hose, shoes, or spur-leather, shall be imprisoned for three months, and forfeit ten pounds, excepting magistrates of corporations and persons of higher rank; and if any person knowing his servant to offend against this law, do not put him forth of his service within fourteen days, or shall retain him again, he shall forfeit one hundred pounds." Another statute, 1 and 2 Mary cap. 7, prohibited, under heavy penalties, "linen-drapers, woollen-drapers, haberdashers, grocers, and mercers, not free of any city, burgh, or corporation town, and living in the open country, out of the said cities and towns, from vending their wares in the said cities and towns, excepting in open fairs." Other acts of the same kind interfered with and obstructed a number of trades and industries, the most notable of them all but annihilating the woollen manufacture. This last statute, 2 and 3 Mary cap. 11, ordered that "no clothier, living out of a city, borough, or market-town, shall keep above one loom in his house, nor let out any loom for hire; no woollen-weaver, living out of a city, borough, or market-town, shall keep more than two looms, nor more than two apprentices; no weaver shall have a tucking-mill, nor be a tucker, fuller, or dyer; no tucker nor fuller shall keep any loom in his house; no person who has not heretofore been a clothmaker shall hereafter make or weave any kind of broad white woollen cloths, but only in a city, borough, town corporate, or market-town, or also in such places where such cloths have been used to be commonly made for ten years preceding this act; and no person shall set up as a weaver unless he has previously served an apprenticeship of seven years to the business." That the English woollen manufacture survived an act like this showed a truly immense vitality of the trade.

The death of Mary, preceded by the loss of Calais—an event far more detrimental from a commercial than a political point of view, as it deprived England of an important staple for woollens and other merchandize—finally closed the long course of industrial decline; and the accession of Elizabeth opened up an era brighter and fuller of prosperity than any yet seen. Weak and arbitrary as a political ruler, capricious as

a religious lawgiver, and vulgar as a patron of art and literature, Elizabeth was superlatively great as a queen of trade and industry. Possessed of a commercial talent approaching genius, careful in husbanding the resources of the state like her own, but liberal to prodigality whenever high interests were concerned, whenever the harvest promised to repay amply for the seeds thrown into the ground, Elizabeth was eminently fitted to raise England from its low condition, and to lead it onward into rivalry with the first industrial powers of the world. In attempting this immense task, which seemed to stand clear before her eyes from the beginning, the queen was highly favoured by outward circumstances and opportunities such as no other monarch had enjoyed before. England was bursting with repressed energy, and the nation cried for nothing more than to be freed from the heavy shackles which restrained all its movements; and at the same time, just while the cry was loudest, a field was opened which afforded room for more than the pent-up current of industrial activity that was awaiting the opening of the flood-gates. At the accession of Elizabeth the people of the Netherlands engrossed the trade of Europe, but at the very moment their prosperity was highest, the heavy blight of a combined military and priestly despotism was upon them, and there were all the signs that Spain and Rome together would drag them to the ground, and if not utterly annihilating the social and political life of a marvellously industrious race, yet inflict such wounds as to drag the country down to the rank of secondary states. That such was the fate in store for the Flemish dominions of Philip II., neither Elizabeth nor her great minister could doubt for a moment; so that while raising English trade and industry, they had to look forward to expanding both sufficiently to embrace and hold a part of the rich heritage of the Low Countries. It seemed too great almost to be received even in part, and but for an Elizabeth on the throne, England in the middle of the sixteenth century could have no more presumed to compete with the Netherlands for the world's commerce, than the city of London to rival Antwerp, and the villages of Liverpool and Manchester to emulate Amsterdam and Bruges. How prosperous were the great Flemish towns, particularly Antwerp and Amsterdam, at the period of Elizabeth's accession, and how vast their trade, compared with that of England, may be seen from a very remarkable description of the Netherlands by a contemporary Italian writer, Luigi Guicciardini, a native of Florence, and nephew of the great historian Francesco Guicciardini, who left the most clear and detailed account of commerce and industry of the age that has come down to the present time.

In his "*Descrizione di Paesi Bassi*," Guicciardini left on record that Antwerp had at certain periods no less than two thousand five hundred ships lying at anchor in the harbour, and that "it was usual for five hundred ships to come and go in one day, and four hundred to come up the Scheldt in one tide;" also "that ten thousand carts were constantly employed in carrying merchandize to and from the neighbouring countries, besides many hundreds of waggons daily coming and going with passengers, and five hundred

coaches used by people of distinction." The trades of Antwerp, according to the Florentine, long a resident in the city, comprised "one hundred and sixty-nine bakers, seventy-eight butchers, ninety-two fishmongers, one hundred and ten barber-surgeons, five hundred and ninety-four tailors, one hundred and twenty-four goldsmiths, besides a great number of lapidaries and jewellers, three hundred master painters and gravers," and an infinite number of mercers, drapers, haberdashers, and other retail dealers. The houses he calculated at thirteen thousand five hundred, mentioning the rent as "extravagantly dear, so as, except Lisbon, to surpass any city of Europe; a set of lodgings of five or six chambers, with a hall and garrets, not letting for less than two hundred crowns yearly, and the greater lodgings and smaller kind of houses usually at five hundred crowns and upwards." But the riches of the inhabitants were in proportion. "One of the foreign merchants," Guicciardini says, referring to a member of the house of Fugger of Augsburg, whilom weavers, and afterwards money-lenders to Henry VIII. and other kings and potentates, "died worth above six millions of crowns; and there are many natives, traders and others, worth from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand crowns." The greatness of Antwerp essentially consisted in its being a cosmopolitan city, open to all creeds and races, and aiming at free trade as far as understood by the age. "Besides the natives," Guicciardini records, "and the French, who are here very numerous, there are six principal foreign nations who reside at Antwerp, both in war and peace, making above one thousand merchants, including factors and servants, namely, first, Germans, secondly, Danes and Easterlings, thirdly, Italians, fourthly, Spaniards, fifthly, English, and sixthly, Portuguese." The habits of the mercantile community were "to meet twice every day, in the morning and the evening, one hour each time, at the English Bourse, where, by their interpreters and brokers, they treat of buying and selling all kinds of merchandize; from thence they go to the New Bourse, or principal Exchange, where, for another hour each time, they transact all matters relating to bills of exchange, with the said six nations and with France, as also for loans of money at interest"—usually at twelve per cent even with such distinguished borrowers as Kaiser Charles, Philip II., Henry VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, all of whom at times, when their exchequers were empty, made humble applications to the merchants of Antwerp. But both Henry VIII. and Mary lost their credit at Antwerp towards the end of their reigns, and Elizabeth could borrow with difficulty at the commencement of her own, the industrial prosperity of England being very accurately gauged and taken account of by the shrewd men of the "six nations" who spent two hours each day at the New Bourse.

Continuing his account of Flemish trade and commerce, Guicciardini furnishes an interesting sketch of the intercourse between England and Antwerp. "To England," he says, "Antwerp sends jewels and precious stones, silver bullion, quicksilver, wrought silks, cloth of gold and silver, gold and silver thread, camblets, programs, spices, drugs, sugar, cotton, cum-

min, galls, and linen both fine and coarse; also serges, tapestry, madder, hops in great quantities, glass, salt fish, metallic and other merceries of all sorts, to a great value, as well as arms of all kinds, ammunition for war, and household furniture. From England Antwerp receives large quantities of fine and coarse draperies, fringes, and other things of that kind; also the finest wool, and excellent saffron, but in small quantities; a great deal of lead and tin; sheep and rabbit skins without number, and various other sorts of fine peltry and leather; beer, cheese, and other sorts of provisions in considerable quantities, as, likewise, Malmsey wines, which the English import from Candia." As regards Scotland and Ireland, they added but little to the world-trade of the active Flemings. "To Scotland," states Guicciardini, "Antwerp sends but little, as that country is chiefly supplied from England and France; however, some spicery finds its way thither, with sugars, madder, wrought silks, camblets, serges, linen, and mercery. And Scotland sends to Antwerp vast quantities of peltry of many kinds, leather, wool, and indifferent cloth, fine large pearls, though not of quite so good a water as the oriental ones. To Ireland Antwerp sends much the same commodities as to Scotland, and Antwerp takes from Ireland skins and leather of divers sorts, some low-priced cloths, and other gross things of little value." Concerning the total amount, in money value of the time, of the trade between England and the Netherlands, the Florentine writer brings forward some curious and interesting calculations. "In recent years," he states, "they imported upwards of one thousand two hundred sacks of English wool to Bruges, worth two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and of drapery brought from England into the Netherlands there are undoubtedly, one year with another, above two hundred thousand pieces of all kinds, which, at the moderate rate of twenty-five crowns per piece, is five millions of crowns, or ten millions of guilders," or about one million of pounds sterling. "So that," says he, "these and other merchandize brought to us by the English, and carried from us to them, may make the annual amount to be more than twelve millions of crowns, or twenty-four millions of guilders," or about two millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling—certainly more than two thirds of the total commerce of England at the time. Nevertheless the dealings of the Flemings with England were small compared with their commercial transactions with France and Germany, the latter country especially, from which they imported, among other articles, according to Guicciardini, "above forty thousand tuns of wine annually, which, at thirty crowns per tun, amount to one million four hundred and forty thousand crowns," and "sixty thousand lasts of grains, chiefly rye, worth one million six hundred and eighty thousand crowns." The latter merchandize was mainly carried by sea to Amsterdam, where, the Italian records, "twice in every year fleets of three hundred ships together come in from Dantzick and other ports on the Baltic, and five hundred ships are often seen, mostly belonging to the inhabitants." Guicciardini adds that Amsterdam stood next to Antwerp in extent of trade among the cities of the Netherlands.

Queen Elizabeth, in attempting to bring the commerce and industry of England on a level and in competition with that of the Low Countries, could not be unaware of the immensity of the task before her, the trade of the whole realm at her accession being insignificant even when compared with that of Antwerp alone, into the port of which four hundred vessels glided with a single tide, and in whose merchants' books all the monarchs of Europe figured as debtors. Shortly after her accession Elizabeth attempted to borrow the small sum of sixteen thousand pounds from the citizens of London, but could not get it on account of their real or pretended poverty; and though Cecil managed after a while to raise the amount by threats and coaxings from a few wealthy aldermen, they declared that they could not lend it to her for longer than six months. All this was very little hopeful for the great object in view; but Elizabeth understood her subjects, as they began to understand her after a while, which proved a long step onward in the road to progress. To inspire confidence, the queen openly explained in the first session of her first parliament the simple principle upon which she meant to act in raising the prosperity of the kingdom, it being to make trade flourish by making it free. The motive was embodied in the earliest statute affecting commerce and industry that was passed, the 1 Elizabeth cap. 13, which repealed the most obstructive portion of the old navigation laws, decreed for the "protection" of English shipping. It was stated in the preamble "that since the making of the said statutes, other sovereign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said acts, as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries, in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions, by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure betwixt the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endamaged," on which good grounds the prohibition against the use of foreign shipping by British subjects was repealed, with the proviso, however, that all ships so employed, whether in exporting or importing goods, should pay aliens' customs. Exceptions were made in favour of two London companies engaged in the continental trade, the "Merchant Adventurers," and the "Merchants of the Staple," who were permitted "to lade merchandize on foreigners' ships, provided there be not English ships sufficient in number for such embarkations, without being for that cause subject to aliens' duties." The merchants of Bristol were likewise privileged, on account of "having sustained great losses at sea from enemies, who have taken all their best ships and much substance," to use foreign ships without liability to aliens' duties, "if there be no English shipping sufficient within forty miles of Bristol." It was a movement towards free trade greatly in advance of the current notions of the age, and for which the queen had to suffer much obloquy till the time when results came to justify her wise policy.

In her endeavours to raise the nation to a higher state of prosperity, Elizabeth was fortunate enough

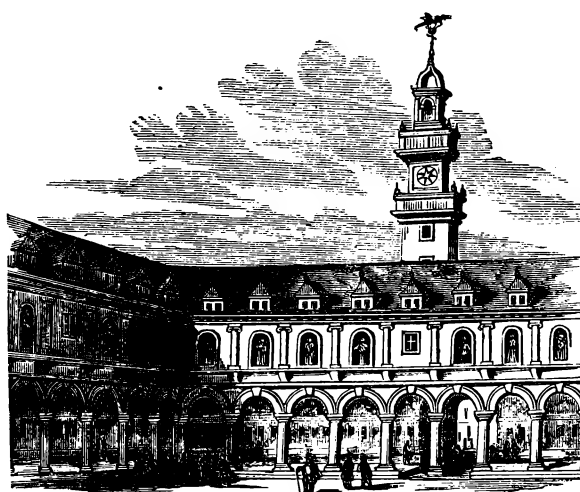
to meet with a most able man, of large views and spotless integrity, who before long became her commercial, as Cecil was her political, adviser. This was Thomas Gresham, the son of a lord mayor of London, born in 1519, and who joined to the advantages of having been a mercer's apprentice in the city that of a learned education at Cambridge, where philosophy made him understand trade better, and trade philosophy. When still young he went to Antwerp, to assist there in a mercantile agency kept by his father, one of his occupations being to negotiate loans for Henry VIII., whose perennial want of cash furnished employment to more than one firm of bankers at the great European money-market. Having been in his father's service for about seven years, Thomas Gresham was himself appointed "king's agent" in 1544, at a salary of twenty shillings a day. He filled the office till the death of Henry VIII., and during the whole of the reign of Edward VI., with ever-increasing demands upon his activity as a loan negotiator; but in spite of his zeal he was dismissed soon after the accession of Mary, on account of an odour of heresy that was hanging about him. However, the saintly advisers of the queen soon repented themselves of their act, for the successor they appointed to him, one Dauntsey, though undeniably orthodox, could raise no cash, and they were glad enough to reinstall Gresham anew as "queen's agent." At the coming to the throne of Elizabeth, Gresham had two places of business, one at Antwerp, managed by an able assistant, Richard Clough, and another in Lombard Street, in the city of London, in which latter "shop," flourishing under the sign of the grasshopper, he himself carried on the trade of banking and money-lending. It was here the queen got acquainted with Gresham, who showed himself as able and willing to help her in her necessities as he had helped her three predecessors on the throne; and forming a very high opinion of his mercantile tact and wisdom, she knighted him at the close of 1559, and sent him to Antwerp with the double function of ambassador and financial agent. In his new capacity, the penetrating knowledge of her commercial adviser proved of immense service to the queen. Entering with his whole heart into her great objects, he assisted her in every possible way to carry them out; he sent her plans for ships, and workmen to build them; he furnished her with instructions to erect gunpowder mills, with receipts for dyeing wool, and with information for making steel, for tempering sword-blades, and for casting cannon; and he told her how Antwerp had risen, and how London might rise to be equal to Antwerp. That the great city on the Scheldt had now arrived at the meridian of its glory, and got into imminent danger of being crushed under the iron heel of Spanish despotism, was a fact patent to the inhabitants themselves; and many of them, including the wealthiest of the merchants, began making preparations for flight the year after Gresham's arrival as ambassador. He himself stayed not to hear the forerunners of the inquisition and the hangmen of the "council of blood" knocking at the gates, but returned to England before the legions of Alva came tramping down the banks of the Rhine.

The murderous persecution that burst forth in the Netherlands after the arrival of Alva and his bands, all but unparalleled for hideousness even in the history of religious strife, exercised singularly beneficial effects upon England. Nothing Elizabeth could have done, and nothing that was in the nation's power itself to accomplish, could have raised the prosperity of the kingdom so rapidly as King Philip, greatest enemy of England, did by the act of sending his bloodhounds against the unfortunate Protestants of the Low Countries. Murderous as was the persecution, it yet had its bounds in the very number of the victims, whose heads could not be struck off all at once, and whom all the prisons could not hold, so that many escaped to France and Germany, and many more to England. "Hence," says the author of the "*Historia Belgica*," a contemporary writer, "after D'Alva had hanged, beheaded, and burned such numbers, yet greater numbers still fled to find shelter and bread for their families in foreign parts, carrying thither arts and manufactures before only known in the Netherlands. In England the decayed cities and towns of Canterbury, Norwich, Colchester, Sandwich, Maidstone, Southampton, and many other towns, were filled with manufacturers of woollen, linen, and silk, the same as it happened two hundred years before," or about the year 1360, "when the Belgians and Flemings, driven from their homes by frequent inundations, first taught the English the art of making woollen cloth, of which they were before ignorant, being skilled only in husbandry, keeping of sheep, and war." "It was now," the author continues, "that the fugitive Netherlanders taught the English the making of bayes, sayes, and other slight stuffs, as also the weaving of fine linen, and made their country very populous." The first great stream of Dutch immigrants settled in the eastern counties, particularly in and about the city of Norwich, which, long in a state of decline, had become almost deserted since the rebellion of the agricultural labourers, led by "King Ket," in 1549. Under the feet of the industrious Flemings, the grass soon ceased to grow in the streets; the whole population, foreign and native, took to spinning and weaving; the city grew far beyond its former dimensions, opulence took the place of poverty, and education of ignorance, and Norwich manufactures got famous all over the world. The Flemings, too, had a taste for art as well as for industry; they filled their houses, once they had settled down and become citizens of a new land, with paintings and sculpture, such as could not be found even in baronial halls; and all around their dwellings they planted choice flowers, unknown before in England, the Provence rose, carnations, and gillyflowers, till the country far and wide had been changed into a great garden. As at Norwich, so at Colchester, at Canterbury, Maidstone, Sandwich, and numerous other places in the eastern and south-eastern counties, the current of immigration uniformly spread industry and wealth. It spread in circles, and continued to flow unceasingly till towards the end of the century, flying Huguenots pressing in the rear of flying Walloons, all being equally well received, cared for, and protected by the sagacious queen whom providence had placed on the throne of England. Nothing

that Elizabeth did in the course of her long reign was so intrinsically great, and so great in its consequences, as her unwavering constancy in stretching her protecting arm over the earnest and conscientious crowds of men who left their homes for the sake of religion to seek in England a better home. They profited by the change, but England profited still more.

The rapid growth of national prosperity under the wise rule of Elizabeth began to show itself before the first ten years of her reign had come to an end, in the erection of a building serving as a monument of English commerce, the London Exchange. It was entirely the work of Sir Thomas Gresham, who, with the trade and industry of the Flemings as a constant model before his eyes, kept telling the queen that any further loans of money she might require ought to be raised, not in foreign countries, but among her own subjects; and that in order to centralize the financial transactions of the mercantile community in a convenient manner, and facilitate the whole of the operations connected therewith, it was essential that there should be a public edifice for the purpose, or a Bourse, like that of Antwerp. The necessity for such a building had shown itself long before, in the fact of the London merchants holding regular meetings in a dingy place in Lombard Street, so that, the want being indisputable, the only question under discussion was who should bear the expense of erecting the required Bourse. Elizabeth, earnest as she was in her endeavours to encourage commerce, never liked to part with cash unless absolutely indispensable; and not seeing her way to recouping herself in the outlay for the proposed building, she insisted that the citizens themselves should raise the money. But the majority of the London merchants as yet were mean-spirited, with little faith in the great future in store for England; and many of them even hated Gresham for proposing that the government should raise loans at home, instead of from foreign money-lenders, their notion being the old-fashioned one of the wealth of nations consisting, not in the amount of their industry and trade, but in the hoarding of so much coin or bullion. Impatient to lose his time and waste arguments with his thick-headed brother citizens, Sir Thomas Gresham at last determined upon a grand act of munificence, that of building the Bourse which London wanted, but would not pay for, at his own expense. His intention having been announced, the corporation of the city, half ashamed of their meanness, offered to give the ground for the building; and a plot of land covered by three small lanes, called St. Christopher's Alley, New Alley, and Swan Alley, was bought for the purpose, at a cost of three thousand five hundred pounds. Gresham now set to work at once, laying the first stone of the new edifice on the 7th of June, 1566; and under the direction of a Flemish architect named Henricke, the Bourse, designed in imitation of that of Antwerp, with a square piazza in the centre and rooms over it, grew up rapidly, the slate-covered roof being completed in the autumn of the following year. Some time was lost over the internal decorations, the taste and liberality of the "queen's merchant," as Sir Thomas Gresham was now generally called, not suffering him to make a present of mere bare brick wall to his fellow citizens; but

everything was completed before the end of 1569, and in the first month of 1570 Elizabeth inaugurated it with becoming pomp. As reported by Raphael Holinshed, quaint chronicler of contemporary events, "on the three and twentieth of January, the queen's majesty, accompanied by her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset Place, and entered the city of London by Temple Bar, Fleet Street, the Cheap, and so, by the north side of the Bourse, to Sir Thomas Gresham's in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined; then after dinner her grace returned through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and after her highness had viewed every part thereof above ground, especially the Pawn, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the same Bourse, by an herald and trumpets, to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, so to be called from thenceforth." If Elizabeth's subjects had reason to be proud of their queen, the queen had equal reason to be proud of such subjects as Sir Thomas Gresham.



GRESHAM EXCHANGE.

The period of the building of Gresham's Exchange was memorable as an epoch in which the commercial enterprise of the nation took wings and attempted to fly, England itself becoming too narrow for it. It was as if, awaking from a long torpor, the effect of half a century of ruthless despotism, the people seemed to become suddenly aware of the latent power resting within them, the capabilities of their brains and arms, and the immense resources of the land which had given them birth; and getting bold in the consciousness of their strength, sprang forward to enterprises destined to spread the glory of the English name all over the globe. The new-born energy manifested itself in a hundred different ways, but in none so remarkable as in the rise of a number of daring maritime adventurers, who, with material means utterly inadequate to their lofty dreams, entered upon a series of marvellous discoveries, navigating unknown oceans in frail boats, mere cockleshells in size, laying their hands upon mighty empires like waste lands pertaining to the first comer, and groping their way round the great globe itself as

if it had been a lake belonging to England. The first, in order of time, of these great sea-rovers, was Martin Frobisher, a native of Yorkshire, of parentage not known, but probably a sailor in early life. His notion, often expressed, was that the finding of a north-west passage to Cathay and the Indies was "the only thing of the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate;" and acting upon this idea, engendered chiefly by the failure of Cabot's plan to discover the shortest road to China by sailing to the north-east, Frobisher made the greatest possible efforts to get the necessary means for carrying out his vast scheme. He succeeded in finding a patron in the earl of Warwick, elder brother of Leicester, the favourite, and with his assistance and that of several London merchants, fitted out three small vessels, the "Gabriel," of thirty-five tons, the "Michael," of thirty tons, and a pinnace, or open boat, of ten tons, with which he left the Thames on the 8th of June, 1576, Queen Elizabeth looking on and waving her hand when the tiny craft glided along in front of Greenwich Palace, as King Edward had done twenty-three years before, when Willoughby sailed down the river on the dreamt road to Cathay. The new undertaking was even more perilous than that of Willoughby, the diminutive embarkation to which he intrusted fortune and life being less than one fourth the size of the vessels fitted out by Sebastian Cabot, and to all appearance utterly inadequate, not only to brave the dangers of the polar regions, but even to cross the Atlantic. But Martin Frobisher, determined to do "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone," sailed forth with his three little boats into the unknown regions of the north-west, as if engaged on a river trip: steering along the east coasts of England and Scotland, he made his way to the Shetlands; from thence to the Faroes; then westward to Iceland and Greenland; and, rounding Cape Farewell, got into the channel leading to the vast Hudson Bay—channel still known as Frobisher Strait. Not being able to find a western outlet of Hudson Bay, and running short of provisions, the daring adventurer now saw himself compelled to return, which he did after capturing one of a tribe of Esquimaux, which the English sailors, on their first appearance, took for porpoises, but which their captain declared to be merely "strange infideles, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before." With his Esquimaux passenger, and several other curious things he was able to pick up, Frobisher started back for England; and after encountering a terrible storm, safely arrived at Harwich on the 2nd of October, "highly commended by all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathay."

Frobisher firmly believed in the existence of a passage westward from Hudson's Bay; and his great object in returning to England was to fit out some larger vessels, with a better stock of provisions, so as to be able to sail onward to the golden lands of the east. In this, however, he was greatly disappointed; the queen commended him much, but would advance no money, and the London merchants, his old friends, being equally unwilling to invest

their spare cash in hypothetical roads to Cathay, he saw himself compelled with the deepest regret to abandon the enterprise, or at least to postpone it. Thus passed seven or eight years, at the end of which a curious accident did more for the bold adventurer than all his eloquence, his real merits, and his energy had been able to achieve. One of the sailors in the expedition to Hudson's Bay had brought home to his wife, as a memorial of the voyage, a large piece of stone-like black mineral, which, after being carefully kept for a long while, happened to fall into the fire, where it "glistened with a bright marquest of gold." The good woman opened her eyes very wide, lost in blank astonishment, but recovering her senses, snatched the bright stone from the flame, at the risk of burning off her fingers, and ran with it to a goldsmith. The man told her it was ore containing gold, and advised her to keep the secret of the discovery, which she did so well that in a few days all London knew of it. Now was the time for Martin Frobisher. There was no more need for begging, entreaty, and persuasion; he had vessels offered to him on all sides; and the queen herself showed great anxiety that he should accept one of the ships of the royal navy in searching again for the north-west passage—and bringing back as large a quantity as possible of the black-looking stuff which the sailor's wife had seen glittering in the fire. Frobisher took the proffered queen's ship, the "Aid," with two other vessels, and embarking in great haste, set sail again in May, 1577, once more made his way to Iceland and Greenland, and once more ran into Hudson's Bay. After taking on board several hundred tons of the golden ore, not without some severe conflicts with the Esquimaux, who resented the invasion of their territory, and the previous capture of one of their brethren, Frobisher turned his face homeward, and reached England in safety in the latter part of September. Being carefully assayed now, it was discovered that the black mineral which had been found in America contained, indeed, gold, but in very minute quantities, so as to make it a not particularly valuable commercial transaction to fetch it from across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, it was thought that the ore might not have been well chosen, and that some of it would contain a much greater proportion of the coveted yellow metal; which supposition being favoured by the queen, the gold fever spread all over England, and half the vessels of the kingdom were put at the disposition of Martin Frobisher. He selected fifteen of the finest ships, with which, well equipped, and stored with abundance of provisions, he set sail on the 31st of May, 1578, resolved both to discover the north-west passage, and to bring back abundant supplies of the gold-containing mineral. This time, however, with vastly greater means than before at his command, he was most unsuccessful, for, arrived at the American continent, Frobisher found the strait which bore his name blocked up by ice, and could not get into Hudson's Bay; and though he subsequently entered it by another channel, he could discover neither a western outlet nor the golden ore, and had to return to England completely disappointed. But although a failure so far, the searches for the north-west passage

to Asia proved highly beneficial to the nation, encouraging the spirit of enterprise which had now been awakened, and which came to form the basis of England's future greatness.

In the same year when Martin Frobisher made his second voyage of exploration to the north-west, a maritime hero greater than he, Francis Drake, left the country on a southward expedition, the most wonderful and daring that had ever been undertaken by English sailors, being nothing less than an attempt to circumnavigate the globe. Drake was already known as a bold and successful adventurer, when planning this great enterprise, through having made several voyages to the Spanish West Indies, in which "he got some store of money by playing the seaman and the pirate;" and his new scheme starting professedly with the main object of looking after money, he had but little difficulty in obtaining the assistance he wanted, both in ships and men. Like all his brother sea-kings of the period, Drake held vessels of the size of little fishing-boats quite sufficient for the purpose of exploring the most unknown regions, crossing the ocean through storms and hurricanes for thousands of miles, and examining the sea-girt globe to its farthest confines; and thus for his voyage round the world he collected no more than five frail barks, the largest, the "Pelican," of less than a hundred tons burthen, and the smallest of but fifteen tons. With this little fleet, manned by one hundred and sixty-four sailors, a goodly number of them the sons of gentlemen, Drake set sail from Plymouth on the 15th of November, 1577, steering due south. After a long and stormy voyage, in which the five little boats were tossed about like feathers on the waves of the Atlantic, the adventurers reached, on the 29th of May, 1578, the port of St. Julian, where they remained for two months, refitting and laying in a stock of provisions. On the 20th of August following, Drake rounded the continent of South America, passing through the Strait of Magelhaens; and having parted company by this time with the other vessels of his little fleet, sailed in his own ship, the "Pelican," along the coasts of Chili and Peru, attacking and plundering the Spaniards whenever occasion offered. Continuing his north-westerly course, he then made his way along the shores of California and North America, as far as Vancouver Island, in the hope of being able to discover a passage into the Atlantic, and finding in the west what Frobisher had sought in the east. Failing in this attempt, he landed near the mouth of the Fraser River, and "took possession" of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth—the planting of a small flag, taken from a bark of a hundred tons, being deemed quite sufficient to annex an empire of boundless extent to the little peninsula which had given birth to Drake and the "Pelican." The annexation having been accomplished, and the name of "New Albion" been given to the million and odd square miles of newly-acquired landed property, the "Pelican" shaped her course to the south-west, across the Pacific Ocean, and reaching the Molucca Islands on the 4th of November, 1579, Java on the 16th of March following, and the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th of June, the little vessel proudly ran into Plymouth

Harbour on the 3rd of November, 1580, having accomplished the voyage round the world in two years and ten months. The whole nation received Drake with rapturous applause, in which the queen joined by honouring him with a visit on board his ship. She ordered the "Pelican," according to Camden, "to be drawn up in a small creek near Deptford, upon the Thames, as a monument of his so lucky sailing round the world; and having, as it were, consecrated it as a memorial with great ceremony, she was banqueted in it, and conferred on Drake the honour of knighthood. At this time a bridge of planks, by which they came aboard the ship, sank under the crowd of people, and fell down with an hundred men upon it, who notwithstanding had none of them any harm. So that the ship may seem to have been built under a lucky planet." The world-rounding little "Pelican" remained at Deptford till quite decayed, and when broken up in very old age its oaken backbone furnished an arm-chair for the professor of history at the university of Oxford.

While Frobisher was seeking a north-west passage to India, and Drake was sailing round the globe, the old idea of Cabot of getting to Asia in an easterly direction was nigh being realized, though in a somewhat different sense than he had dreamt of, by the commercial association formed under his auspices, the Russia Company. The first operations of the company were subject to singular vicissitudes. The year after obtaining the royal charter incorporating it, the association sent Richard Chancellor, with three ships, to Novo Dvinsk, or Archangel, from which he made his way over the route he had previously explored to Moscow, had fresh interviews with the Czar, to whom he presented some rich gifts, and in return obtained large trading concessions, and the promise that a Russian ambassador should be sent to England, in order to keep up constant relations of friendship and goodwill between the two nations. That the promise might not fail, Chancellor offered to convey the imperial envoy in his own ships, which being accepted he set sail again from the White Sea in the summer of 1556, taking with him the body of Sir Hugh Willoughby, found on the Lapland coast, as well as the two vessels laid up there amidst snow and ice for three years. The return voyage was prosperous until Chancellor sighted the coast of Scotland, when a terrible storm arose, which dashed his vessels upon some dangerous rocks near Pitsligo Bay, Aberdeenshire, leaving him with nearly all his companions to perish. Among the few that escaped from the wreck was the Russian ambassador, who made his way to London in sore plight, having lost not only the whole of the splendid presents destined by the Czar for the sovereign of England, but all his private property, to his very clothes, thus presenting himself somewhat in the guise of a homeless vagabond. Queen Mary nevertheless received him, but very coldly; and the Muscovite diplomatist becoming soon conscious that the government to which he was accredited was too busy killing men for their religion to be able to do much for trade, he took his departure in the spring of the following year, escorted by three new vessels which the Russia Company had fitted out. As commander of the new expedition, and their chief

representative in the Czar's dominions, the company appointed Anthony Jenkinson, a very able man, who had no sooner arrived at Moscow when he set to work to obtain new privileges and concessions for a trade not only in but through Russia, his great object, conception of a vast mind, being to establish an overland transit to China and India. By dint of soft speech and liberal presents he got all he wanted, after which he despatched several agents to the Caspian Sea and the frontiers of Persia, from whom he received the report that an immense field for commerce was lying open in that direction. To the exploration of this field Jenkinson now devoted his whole energy; and to protect himself against interlopers, he advised his company to obtain a parliamentary charter securing their privileges and monopolies, in lieu of the royal concession upon which their previous transactions had been based. This was done, though with great difficulties, the rumour of fabled wealth to be found in Russia having started not a few eager competitors, anxious to secure a share in the overland road to Cathay and the Indies. Elizabeth, however, did not encourage these pretensions; little favourable as she was to exclusive privileges, she thought that the interests of commerce would be best secured by granting to the Russia traders the full benefit of their previous exertions, and they accordingly obtained, in the eighth year of her reign, the sought-for parliamentary charter. Its tenour strikingly showed the thirst for enterprise that had arisen in England.

The act of parliament organizing the work of the Russia traders who sought to establish an overland route to Asia, commenced by giving to their company a new name, not a little curious in its vague ambition. It was enacted "that the said company, society, and corporation, shall henceforth be incorporated, named, and called only by the name of the Fellowship of English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades, by that name alone to continue a corporation for ever, with all the powers and privileges of their charter, or of any other corporation; and that no part of the continent, isles, ports, or arms of the sea of any emperor, king, prince, ruler, or governor, before the said first enterprise not known or frequented by the subjects of this realm, and lying from the city of London northwards, north-westwards, or north-eastwards, nor any parts now subject to the Czar Ivan Bazilowitch, or to his successors, sovereigns of Russia, nor the countries of Armenia, Media, Hyrcania, Persia, or the Caspian Sea, nor any part of them, shall be sailed or trafficked into, nor frequented by any subject of England, either by themselves or their factors, directly or indirectly, other than by the order, agreement, consent, or ratification of the governor, consuls, and assistants of the said fellowship, or the more part of them and their successors, upon pain, for every offence, to forfeit all such ships, with their appurtenances, goods, and merchandizes, one moiety to the queen, the other to the company." Appended to the act were several clauses, the first of them leaving the trade to Norway free, and the second providing "that, for the better maintenance of the navy and mariners of this realm, it shall not be lawful for the said company to trans-

port any commodity of this realm to their new trade, but only in English ships, and with a majority of English mariners, and the like in bringing into this realm any merchandize from their new trade, on pain, for every offence, of forfeiting two hundred pounds, one moiety to be the queen's, and the other moiety to go to any English port town having a decayed harbour that will sue for it." A final clause provided "that every of the queen's subjects inhabiting the city of York and the towns of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Hull, and Boston, who have for the space of ten years continually traded the course of merchandize, and who before the 25th of December, 1567, shall contribute, join, and put in stock to, with, and amongst the said company, and shall take for the furniture of one ordinary, full, and entire portion, or share, and do in all things behave himself as others of the society are bound to do, shall from the said 25th of December, 1567, be accounted free as one of the said society and company in all respects." The latter clause was due to the northern ports mentioned having largely contributed to the expenses of Cabot's first attempt to discover the north-east passage, which the queen, with the constant view of encouraging maritime enterprise, thought fit to reward in this manner. Notable in other respects, the act of parliament confirming the "Fellowship of English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades" was additionally so in being the first which established an exclusively mercantile corporation in England.

By the desire of the new company, which counted among its shareholders some of the most influential merchants of London, the queen despatched, in the spring of 1568, a special envoy to Russia, in the person of Sir Thomas Randolph, most experienced diplomatic gentleman of the age, employed in no less than eighteen different embassies. Randolph landed at Novo Dvinsk, where he found, besides the castle and a large house built by the English traders, only a few huts; but proceeding up the River Dvina for about seventy-five miles, he came to the town of Colmogro, and eight hundred miles further upwards he reached Vologda, an important city, and the seat of a large commerce. From here he travelled overland for five hundred miles, through a country well inhabited, to Moscow, where the Czar received him with much cordiality, granting all the demands preferred in favour of the "English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades." Meanwhile the active representative of the company, Anthony Jenkinson, had gone already in search of the new trades, and had succeeded in establishing a regular intercourse between the Caspian and the White Sea, so as to form the last great link in the important chain connecting Asia and England. The arrangements he had made consisted in transporting goods from Astrakhan up the river Volga, in vessels scooped out of an entire tree, as far as Yaroslar, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, and from thence to carry them overland, for about one hundred and thirty miles, to Vologda, where new hollow trees were ready to swim them down to Novo Dvinsk and the White Sea. The route into the interior of Asia soon got so far perfected that the agents of the company began to push their way

to the confines of Afghanistan, bartering Persian silks, turquois stones, galls, carpets, and Indian spices against English merchandize, establishing offices at Yzed and Teheran, and looking forward with great confidence to the establishment of intercourse with Cathay. These hopeful prospects suddenly came to an end in 1571, with the breaking out of a vast civil war in Russia. The first signs of it showed themselves while Sir Thomas Randolph was on his visit to the court of Moscow; and not long after he had left, having concluded his diplomatic and commercial transactions, the long pending storm burst forth in full fury. Aiming to do the same work in his country which Henry VII. had accomplished in England, to curb the power of the feudal aristocracy, Czar Ivan exasperated the whole powerful class, and suffering some reverses in one of his warlike expeditions, the nobles rose against him in a body, calling in to their aid the Khan of Crim Tartary. The latter, at the head of fifty thousand Mahometans, invaded Russia in the spring of 1571, penetrating as far as Moscow, which he set on fire, burning down, as reported, one hundred and eighty thousand houses. But this useless ferocity had the effect of bringing the rebellious nobles again round to their monarch, and fighting at the side of Ivan Basilowitch, they drove the Mahometans quicker out of Russia than they had come into it. In the meanwhile, however, the country had suffered enormously in the savage warfare carried on, and the trade of the English company had been all but annihilated, the burning of Moscow alone having caused the destruction of merchandize valued at above a hundred thousand roubles, while the loss suffered by the plunder of several rich caravans from Persia amounted to quadruple the sum. This created great despondency among the shareholders, and although Anthony Jenkinson, whom the queen, in addition to his other functions, had nominated her representative at the court of Russia, did everything in his power to restore the fallen fortunes of the company, and even obtained the Czar's promise to make good their losses, the affairs of the corporation gradually dwindled down, until after a number of years they became quite insignificant. Thus ended the first attempt to make an overland road to India, an attempt which, in boldness of conception and skill of execution, considering the narrow means at the command of the promoters, was not inferior to any other of the grand enterprises of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

The vast and all but marvellous increase of English trade and industry, which began with the accession of the queen, made itself strikingly felt towards the end of the first half of her reign. "There were," reports a contemporary writer, "brought in an immeasurable use of luxurious commodities into England, as wines, spices, silk, and fine linen; of the latter sort, of above ten groats the ell, there is more than three hundred and sixty thousand pounds yearly spent, which is half the value of our woollen cloths exported." The increase of luxuries led to the enactment of several sumptuary laws, ill in keeping with the spirit of free trade fostered by Elizabeth, and, probably, much less of her own make than that of parliament the representative rather of the old agri-

cultural, than of the new commercial and industrial interest, and violently attached as such to the traditional policy of repression. The laws forbidding the wearing of various certain costly articles were pretty harmless, inasmuch as few took any notice of them; but far more dangerous were several attempts made about this period to "protect" certain trades by giving them exceptional privileges, which proved only an impediment to their own activity, as well as an obstruction to others. To raise the woollen manufactures of the eastern counties, the merchants of the Steelyard, who had been shorn of all their monopolies at the beginning of the reign, and entirely lost their old influence, were forbidden to import any goods similar to those made in England, as well as to export raw wool to Holland and Germany; while at the same time other trades were placed under paternal supervision by heavy import duties on rival goods, and even parliamentary injunctions for the more rapid consumption of their own produce. One of the most curious statutes of the latter kind was for the protection of "cappers," or knitted cap makers, whose grievance was that the people of England insisted upon wearing felt hats, while they were able to make the most beautiful head coverings of wool. Struck with this injustice and perversion of public taste, parliament in its wisdom enacted "that every person above seven years of age shall wear, on Sundays and holidays, a cap of wool, knit, made, thicked, and dressed in England, and dressed only and finished by some of the trade of cappers, on the forfeiture of three shillings and four pence for every day so neglected to be worn; excepting, however, out of this act, maids, ladies, and gentlewomen, and every lord, knight, and gentleman, of twenty marks in land, and their heirs, and also such as have borne office of worship in any city, town, or shire, and also the wardens of the London companies." But so stubborn were the subjects of Elizabeth, so opposed to be guided by a wise legislature in matters of taste,



LADIES' CAPS, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

and so blind in beholding the vast superiority of fine knitted woollen caps, keeping the brain tight and warm, over coarse hats of felt, that the poor "cappers," instead of doing more business in consequence of the parliamentary decree, actually got more decayed in trade. The statute protecting the "cappers," though disobeyed, was never repealed, thus leaving it in the power of all succeeding kings of England to put their subjects into knit woollen caps.

Although repressive laws were found to be of very little if any effect, the principle was persevered in during the whole of Elizabeth's reign, giving rise to not a few absurd statutes and royal proclamations. Among the most extraordinary of these enactments was an edict of the queen against the growth of London, published in the twenty-second year of her reign, the consequence mainly of a census of the inhabitants of the city that had taken place, showing the population of the metropolis to amount to above one hundred and fifty thousand souls, among them no less than six thousand four hundred aliens. Thereupon Elizabeth issued a proclamation of a very remarkable character, strikingly illustrative of the views of political economy prevailing in her age. "The Queen's Majestie," the proclamation, dated Nonsuch, July 7, 1580, ran, "perceiving the state of the citie of London—being aunciently termed her chambre—and the suburbs and confines thereof to increase dayly, by accesse of people to inhabite in the same, in such ample sort, as thereby many inconveniences are seene already, but many greater of necessity like to followe, being such as her majestie cannot neglect to remedie, having the principal care, under Almighty God, to foresee aforehand, to have her people in such a citie and confines not onlie well governed by ordinarie justice, to serve God and obey her majestie,—which, by reason of such multitudes lately increased, can hardly be done without devise of more new jurisdictions and officers for that purpose—but to be also provided of sustentation of victual, foode, and other like necessities for man's life, upon reasonable prices, without which no citie can long continue. And finally, to the preservation of her people in health, which may seem impossible to continue, though presently, by God's goodness, the same is perceived to be in better estate universally, than hath been in man's memorie; yet where there are such great multitudes of people brought to inhabite in small roomes, whereof a great part are seene very poore, yea, such as must live of begging, or by worse means, and they heaped up together, and in a sort smothered with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement; it must needes followe, if any plague or popular sickness should, by God's permission, enter amongst those multitudes, that the same would not only spread itself, and invade the whole citie and confines, but that a great mortalitie would ensue the same, where her majestie's personal presence is many times required: besides the great confluence of people from all partes of the realme, by reason of the ordinary termes of justice there holden, the infection would be also dispersed through all other partes of the realme, to the manifest danger of the whole body thereof; out of the which neither her majestie's owne person can be, but by God's special ordinance, ex-

empted, nor any other, whatsoever they be. For remedie whereof, as time may now serve, until by some further good order be had in parliament or otherwise, the same may be remedied; her majestie, by good and deliberate advise of her counsell, and being also thereto moved by the considerate opinions of the lorde-mayor, aldermen, and other the grave wise men in and about the citie, doth charge and straightly command all manner of persons, of what qualitie soever they be, to desist and forbear from any new buildings of any house or tenement within three miles from any of the gates of the said citie of London, to serve for habitation or lodging for any person, where no former house hath bene knownen to have been in the memorie of such as are now living; and also to forbear from letting or setting, or suffering any more families than one onely to be placed or to inhabite from henceforth in any one house that heretofore hath bene inhabited." The latter prohibition showed a not unwise regard of sanitary considerations, which now, for the first time, were considered worthy of attention by the government, the constant recurrence of the fatal plague, or Black Death, proving a stern teacher.

After this injunction, the proclamation continued: "And to the intent that this her majestie's royal commandment and necessary provision may take place, and be duely observed, for so universal a benefite to the whole body of the realme, for whose respects all particular persons are bound, by God's lawe and man's to forbear from their particular and extraordinarie lucre, her majestie straightly chargeth the lorde-mayor of the citie of London, and all other officers having authoritie in the same, and also all justices of peace, lordes and bailifes of liberties not being within the jurisdiction of said lorde-mayor of London, to foresee that no person do begin to prepare any foundation for any new house, tenement, or building, to serve to receive or hold any inhabitants to dwell or lodge, or to use any victualling therein, where no former habitation hath bene in the memorie of such as now do live; but that they be prohibited and restrained so to do. And both the persons that shall so attempt to the contrary, and all manner of workmen that shall after warning given continue in any such work tending to such newe buildings, to be committed to close prison, and there to remain without baile, until they find good sureties, with bonds for reasonable sums of money to be forfeitable and recoverable at her majestie's suite, for the use of the hospitals in and about the said city, that they will not at any time hereafter attempt the like. And further the said officers shall seaze all manner of stuff so, after warning given, brought to the place where such newe buildings shall be intended, and the same cause to be converted and employed in any publick use for the city or parish where the same shall be attempted. And for the avoyding of the multitudes of families heaped up in one dwelling-house, or for the converting of any one house into a multitude of such tenements for dwelling or victualling-places, the said lorde-mayor, and all other officers, in their several liberties within the limites of three miles, as above mentioned, shall commit any person giving cause of offence, from the day of the publication of this present proclamation,

to close prison, as is afore limited. And also for the offences in this part of increase of many indwellers, or, as they be commonly termed, inmates or undersitters, which have been suffered within these seven years, contrary to the good auncient laws or customes of the city, or of the boroughes and parishes within the foresaid limit of three miles afore-mentioned, the said lorde-mayor, and the other officers above-mentioned, shall speedily cause to be redressed in their ordinarie courtes and law dayes, betwixt this and the feast of All-Saintes next coming; within which times such undersitters or inmates may provide themselves other places abroad in the realme, where many houses rest uninhabited, to the decay of divers auncient boroughes and townes. And because her majestie intendeth to have this ordinance duely executed, her pleasure is, that the said lorde-mayor of London, and other the officers having jurisdiction within the said space of three miles above-mentioned, shall, after the proclamation hereof, as speedily as they may, meete in some convenient place near to the said city, and there after conference had accord among themselves how to proceed to the execution hereof; and, if any cause shall so require, to impart to her majestie's privy counsell any let or impediment that may arise, to the intent that remedy be given to any such impediment, according to her majestie's pleasure heretofore expressed." In the wake of this proclamation followed another forbidding the use of coal in the metropolis—the latter as nugatory as the former. The mighty current of trade of the chief city of the realm had already grown too strong for restrictive legislation, for, as told by Sir William Monson, "the Turks in those days believed England to be a town in the kingdom of London."

The trade of London received a new impulse in 1585 through the storm and sack of Antwerp by the prince of Parma, resulting in the final and absolute ruin of the large and opulent city. It had suffered much before from the Spaniards, by whom it was partly burnt in 1576; but its vitality hitherto had shown itself greater than the overwhelming force of despotism, defying even Alva's soldiers and the bloodhounds of the Inquisition. However, Philip II. was determined to effect the destruction of Antwerp, both as a punishment of the heretics against whom he was warring with ever increasing bigotry, and to annihilate the chief rival of Lisbon; and seeing that the killing of the principal inhabitants, the confiscation of their property, and the wildest licence given to the Spanish soldiers, had not the desired effect, he issued orders to his representative in the Netherlands to stamp out the city from the face of the earth, to crush its commerce, and raze its principal dwellings, warehouses, and palaces to the ground. The orders were faithfully obeyed; and in the autumn of 1585, nineteen thousand people, the flower of the population, were driven from their homes, and had to seek a refuge in Amsterdam and other Dutch cities, while equal numbers fled into England and Germany, leaving none but the poorest, least industrious, and most abandoned part of the inhabitants behind. The ruin of the great Flemish emporium of trade had an extraordinary effect upon the commerce of England as well as of Europe. In the words of Adam

Anderson, "the famous city of Antwerp, not only the finest of all Brabant, but likewise almost of all Europe, was miserably stripped of its wealth and prosperity, whilst riches, arts, ingenuity, and industry crowded into Amsterdam, in a manner so sudden as hardly to be paralleled in story." According to John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, "about one third part of the dealers in and weavers of says, damasks, and stockings, who were settled at Antwerp, went into England because those trades were then new to the English, and therefore under no halls or guilds excluding foreigners; another great part went to Leyden; the traders in linen fixed at Haarlem; and the Flemish fishing went mostly to Holland." Commenting upon the fall of Antwerp and the rise of Amsterdam, John de Witt remarks, "the king of Spain acted according to the practice of all absolute monarchs in destroying the great city, which he thought too powerful, and dispersing the traffic over his other numerous towns; but the merchants of Antwerp, being compelled to forsake their homes, chose Amsterdam to settle in, because the isles of Zealand were not so well situated for inland commerce, and there was no toleration of religion either in France or England; in the latter country also there were heavy duties on goods exported and imported." On the last point the Flemish traders held maxims far in advance of the age, as reported by John Botero, author of a remarkable treatise on the causes of the rise and decay of commercial towns. "The Flemish cities," says Botero, "were the most mercantile and the most frequented for commerce and traffic in all Europe, on the principal cause that the infinite quantity of merchandize imported and exported paid but a very small custom." This was a lesson which English governments took a long time to learn.

The series of maritime expeditions commenced by Cabot, Frobisher, and Drake continued without interruption till the end of Elizabeth's reign, serving not a little to make the English name known all over the globe. In 1586, Thomas Cavendish, a native of Trimby, in Suffolk, set out on a second circumnavigation of the earth, quite as remarkable as that effected by Francis Drake ten years before. He left Plymouth with three small vessels on the 22nd of July, and on the 7th of January following passed the strait of Magellan, from which point he kept his course close to the western coast of America, in the track of his great predecessor. When opposite the Californian shore he fell in, on the 28th of July, 1587, with the "Santa Anna," an Acapulco ship of seven hundred tons, laden with a cargo of immense value, and after a desperate conflict extending over six hours, boarded it and seized the treasure, which proved sufficient to make every man under the command of Cavendish independent in fortune for the rest of his life. From California the adventurers, in their little fishing-boats, sailed right across the wide Pacific and the Indian Ocean, doubling the Cape of Good Hope on the 12th of May, 1588, and reaching England again on the 9th of September, thus accomplishing the circumnavigation of the world in little more than twenty-five months. The riches brought back by Cavendish and his companions had a great effect towards stimulating similar enterprises; and crowds of bold sailors started

on voyages to the eastern and western coasts of America, which, though many of them were little else than filibustering expeditions, had yet considerable influence in assisting the growth of English commerce. This was more particularly the case with the maritime explorations of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who himself was in many respects the noblest and most perfect type of England's sea-kings in the age of Elizabeth. Gilbert, a native of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, descendant of an old Norman family, began his career as a learned soldier, having studied at Oxford, and after distinguishing himself in the Irish wars and the Low Countries, became a member of parliament in 1571. He next published a treatise attempting to demonstrate the existence of a north-west passage to Cathay and the Indies; and to show his belief in the theories advanced by him prepared an expedition to the regions already explored by Frobisher in 1578, having obtained in the same year letters patent from the queen giving him authority to "discover and take possession of any remote heathen and barbarous lands not being actually possessed by any Christian prince or people." In the fitting out of the expedition, Gilbert's half-brother, Walter Raleigh, took an active part; but on the first start turning out a failure he retired from it, preferring for the time his brilliant career at court to the dangers of the sea. Gilbert finally sailed from Cawsand Bay, near Plymouth, on the 11th of June, 1583, with five small ships, he himself at the helm of the foremost vessel, a jewel in the form of a golden anchor, a present from the queen, conspicuously on his breast. After taking possession of Newfoundland, Gilbert tried to make his way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but lost the largest of his vessels in a gale off Cape Breton, which made him take the command of the "Squirrel," a boat of ten tons, which he called his "little frigate." The storm continuing, the remaining vessels ran extreme danger; but it was in vain the captain of the "Golden Hind," a bark of forty tons, entreated Gilbert to turn back, or at least to transfer himself to the larger ship. Sir Humphrey refused to leave his post of danger, and kept battling with the gale till Monday, the 9th of September, when, in the words of the captain of the "Hind," the "little frigate" was "near cast away, oppressed by the waves, yet at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us, as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ." "That same Monday night," the captain continues his narrative, "about twelve of the clock, the frigate being ahead of us in the 'Golden Hind,' suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried the general was cast away, which was too true, for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up by the sea."

It was in emulation of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whom he felt, probably, ashamed of having deserted in the hour of need, that Walter Raleigh formed, the year after the death of his half-brother, a vast scheme for exploring the southern parts of North America, adjoining the great bay known as the Gulf of Florida.

He began by fitting out at his own expense two ships, which left England in the month of April, and returned in September, reporting that they had discovered and taken possession of a beautiful country, possessing the most excellent climate and soil, with many fine rivers, and intersected by numerous arms of the sea, offering splendid harbours. The idea of forming an English settlement in the new country at once occurred to Raleigh, who had been knighted in the meanwhile, and the queen encouraged the plan so far as to give the district the name of Virginia. The following year, 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh despatched a fleet of seven ships to the projected colony, under the command of his relative, Richard Grenville; and shortly after, encouraged by the royal donation of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited estates of the Irish earl of Desmond, he fitted out a third fleet for Virginia, to carry a number of emigrants thither. According to the account of William Camden, the antiquary, this expedition, which proved in a great measure abortive, made England acquainted with the tobacco plant, the use of which spread so rapidly that by the end of the reign of Elizabeth smoking had become quite general. "These men," says Camden, referring to the unsuccessful settlers of Virginia, "who were brought back to England, were the first that used that Indian plant called tobacco, or nicotia, which they used against crudities, being taught it by the Indians. And from that time forward it began to grow into great request, and to be sold at a high rate, whilst in a short time men everywhere, some for wantonness, some for health sake, with insatiable desire and greediness, sucked in the stinking smoke thereof through an earthen pipe, which presently they blew out again at their nostrils." His first attempt to establish a settlement having failed, Raleigh, with undaunted perseverance, fitted out three more vessels for the same object, inviting emigrants to America by the publication of a pamphlet called "A True Report of the New-found Land of Virginia," which painted the state of the country in rose colours. This brought him one hundred and fifty adventurers of both sexes, who sailed from Portsmouth on the 26th of April, 1587, and arrived in Hatorask Harbour on the 22nd of July. The first sight that met their eyes on landing was a quantity of human bones scattered on the beach, the remains of settlers from England, who had been slain by the natives; and on proceeding inland to the old colony, which was expected to be still in existence, nothing but ruins could be found, the village built by the first emigrants sent out by Raleigh being represented by a few heaps of stones, among which the wild deer were crouching, feeding on the herbage and melons which had overgrown the floor and crept up the walls of the former dwellings. Though profoundly discouraged by this spectacle, the emigrants nevertheless set to work building fresh houses, not, however, on the old site, but on the island of Roanoke, which new settlement they called the city of Raleigh. Nature here offered everything in abundance for the supply of physical wants; but for this very reason the settlement proved a complete failure. Having nothing to do but gather juicy fruit coming to their very lips, shoot the fearlessly approaching deer, and draw nets from the water

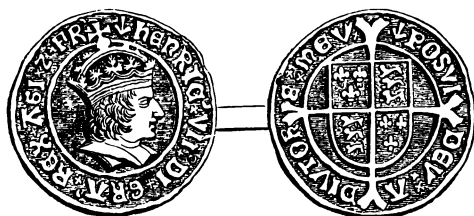
crowded with fish, the adventurers, freed, to their own misfortune, from the struggle for existence, began by quarrelling among themselves, and after that entered into disputes with the natives. On hearing that his new colony was not getting on better than the old one, Raleigh, at the end of two years, sent out a small fleet with supplies, both in men and stores, to the settlers, hoping to inspire them by this means with new energy. But the fleet, attacked by storms and Spanish privateers, flying offshoots of the great Armada, did not reach Virginia, and the ultimate fate of the English settlers was never known. All perished in the earthly paradise where they had sought a home, without leaving a trace behind them; their very bones disappeared under the rich vegetation of the south, and the city of Raleigh became the habitation of bears, wolves, wild cats, and rattlesnakes. Thus sadly ended the first attempt of England to found a colonial empire.

Elizabeth took very little direct interest in the colonisation schemes of Raleigh and others, her efforts for the encouragement of commerce and industry being directed more to carry immigrants into England than to send emigrants away from it, and more to form a navy fit to undertake the profitable carrying trade of the Dutch and Flemings than fleets entering upon showy conquests like those of the Spaniards and Portuguese. At the accession of the queen the navy of England was of the most insignificant dimensions, the whole number of ships owned by natives not being equal to the arrivals or departures of the port of Antwerp on a single day, taking the average of the year. The vast increase of commercial activity, and the unwearying efforts of the government, had the result that in 1573, when Elizabeth had been thirteen years on the throne, the entire navy, royal as well as mercantile, comprised one hundred and forty-six vessels, of which thirteen belonged to the crown and the rest to merchants, the latter, however, being armed as well as the former, and bound by law to assist in the defence of the country. For the next ten years the number of ships increased but little, but they augmented in size. According to the authority of Burchet, for many years secretary to the board of Admiralty, "the merchant ships of England, in the year 1582, the twenty fourth of Queen Elizabeth, were reckoned one hundred and thirty-five, many of them of five hundred tons each," and "these ships were esteemed the principal part of our maritime power." The greater part of the navy of England was fitted out and put to sea to encounter the Spanish Armada, in 1588, the number, by one account, comprising one hundred and seventeen ships, manned by eleven thousand sailors, and by another, which probably included some foreign craft, principally Dutch, one hundred and eighty vessels. In a report, or remonstrance, sent by the corporation of the Trinity House to the lord high admiral of England, in the last year of Elizabeth's reign, it is stated "that in the year 1588 the queen's majestie had at sea one hundred and fifty sail of ships, whereof forty were her own, and one hundred and ten the ships of her subjects; and that in the said year there were likewise one hundred and fifty sail of English merchant ships employed in trading voyages to all parts, each

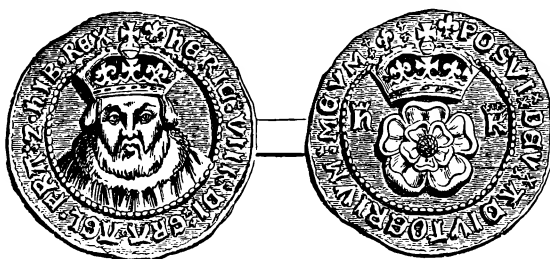
being of about one hundred and fifty tons burthen, one with another." The whole of these three hundred vessels, a great many of them coasters, or fishing-boats, were, by the same account, "manned with thirty thousand seamen, namely, the queen's forty ships with twelve thousand, or three hundred in each ship; the one hundred and ten hired vessels with twelve thousand one hundred, or one hundred and ten in each ship on an average; and the one hundred and fifty trading ships with six thousand seamen, or forty in each ship." The wars with Spain had an ill effect upon the development of the navy, according to the report of the Trinity House corporation, which goes on to say that "a little above twelve years since, the said year 1588," or just at the commencement of the seventeenth century, "the shipping and number of seamen are decayed about one third part." Altogether the fleet of England, both for war and peace, remained comparatively small until the end of Elizabeth's reign; but the queen, nevertheless, as if conscious of the prodigious strength that was sleeping within the nation, spoke in **very high language** to the greatest maritime power in the world. "Upon Spain's complaining," says William Camden, "that the English ships frequented the Indian seas, Queen Elizabeth declared that the ocean was free to all; forasmuch as neither nature, nor regard of public use, do permit the exclusive possession thereof." There was a potent seed of future grandeur in this new doctrine started by Elizabeth of the ocean being free to all.

One of the greatest services rendered by the queen to the internal commerce of the country was the restoration of the coinage, which had been vilely debased by her predecessors, to the extent of seriously interfering with the interchange of commodities. Under Henry VII. the standard originally fixed by Edward IV., in 1464, and adhered to subsequently, was well preserved, the pound of silver being coined into four hundred and fifty pennies, or thirty-seven and a half nominal shillings. The first shilling coins, or large groats, as the people called them, were struck by Henry VII. in 1504; and to the end of his reign the king continued making money on the legal standard, deeming the principle of honesty in this respect a very important part of commercial policy. But his son had no sooner ascended the throne when honesty came to an end. Being always in want of money, spite of his gigantic robberies and extortions, and having not the slightest regard for the welfare of his subjects, but taking the satisfaction of his whims and passions as his sole guide, Henry VIII. hit upon the idea, new as yet in England, of multiplying his cash by debasing the coin—that is, by mixing brass with the precious metals. He at first made five hundred and forty pennies out of a pound of silver, instead of four hundred and fifty, as his father; and seeing that his subjects submitted to the fraud with admirable patience, he gradually increased his brass and diminished the silver until he had come to coin five hundred and seventy-six pennies out of only four ounces of silver. The distress and confusion created by this deterioration of the medium of exchange were enormous, and lasted throughout the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary. Under Edward

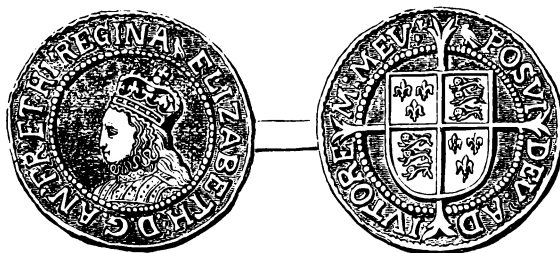
some feeble attempts were made to restore the coinage, though without effect; and Mary, after issuing a virtuous proclamation dwelling upon the miseries caused in the two preceding reigns by base money, made it baser still to a considerable amount. Thus things had arrived at a frightful state of disorder, almost paralysing trade, when Elizabeth came to the throne, and at once set a stop to the anarchy that had arisen by calling in, at a large sacrifice to herself, the whole of the debased coin, and issuing instead money after the legal standard. It was an undertaking of no little difficulty, greatly increased through the old coin, bad as it was, having been lessened in weight by clipping, to the extent of not being worth frequently even one half its nominal value. To prevent as much as possible a recurrence of this species of fraud, Elizabeth introduced milled edges, and otherwise perfected, with the help chiefly of foreign artisans, the outward shape and appearance of the money coined in her reign, making it superior to any yet produced in England. She likewise multiplied the various descriptions of coins, to the infinite advantage of small dealers and the poorer classes in general, who previously experienced the greatest trouble in carrying on the trading transactions of daily life. There were struck in her reign sovereigns and half sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, angels, half angels, and quarter angels, nobles and double nobles, dollars, shillings, sixpences, and groats. So much did the question of coinage, of the industrial importance of which she was fully aware, occupy her mind, that in



COIN HENRY VII.



COIN, HENRY VII.



COIN, ELIZABETH.

the very last year of her life she harboured schemes for improving the existing system by striking small coins of copper, to be called farthings and half farthings, for the special benefit of the poorest of the poor. But death stopped, as many higher plans, so the making of farthings. Nevertheless, of all the virtues inscribed upon her tombstone as belonging to the great queen, there was none she more truly deserved as that formulated in the words, "moneta in justum valorem reducta."

The latest event of Elizabeth's reign affecting commerce was also one of the greatest. On the 31st of December, 1600, two years and two months before the death of the queen, she granted a charter to George, earl of Cumberland, and two hundred and fifteen knights, gentlemen, and merchants, "That at their own cost and charges they might set forth on one or more voyages to the East Indies, in the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and to the islands thereabouts, to be one body politic and corporate, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies." The charter granted to the company the exclusive privilege "to trade, by such means and passages as are already found out, or as shall hereafter be discovered, into the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic or merchandize may be used to and from every one of them, in such manner as shall from time to time be limited and agreed on at any public assembly, or general court of the company, any statute, usage, diversity of religion or faith, or any other matter to the contrary notwithstanding, so as the trade be not to any country already possessed by any Christian potentate in amity with her majesty, who shall declare the same to be against his or their good liking." It was also provided in the charter that "none of the queen's subjects but the company, their servants, or assigns, shall resort to India without being licensed by the company, upon pain of forfeiting ships and cargoes, with imprisonment, till the offenders give one thousand pounds bond to the company not to trade thither again." When this charter was signed by Elizabeth, English ships had already found their way to India, the first in 1591, in a privateering expedition fitted out by some London merchants against the Portuguese who had taken possession of a small territory on the western coast. The expedition consisted of three ships, the largest commanded by Thomas Raymond, as chief "general," and the next in size under the captaincy of James Lancaster, a skilful and daring seaman, well acquainted with the navigation of the southern seas. Misfortune overtook the little fleet from the outset; before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, a pestilence broke out on board one of the vessels, the smallest, which had to be sent back to England, and the Cape had no sooner been passed when there arose a terrible gale, the full fury of which fell upon Raymond's ship, which was heard of no more. Lancaster succeeded in reaching India, and after visiting Tranquebar and Ceylon, and shipping a valuable cargo of pepper and spices, set sail for

the Spanish possessions in America, in the hope of falling in with a stray argosy that would pay, better than the spices and pepper, for the expenses of the expedition. He met none, however, and getting short of provisions, landed on the uninhabited island of Mona, midway between San Domingo and Porto Rico, where he disembarked with the greater part of his crew. While on shore, looking for food, six of the sailors who had remained behind in the ship resolved to run away with it; and the captain and his men were left on the lonely isle, where they had to remain for nearly two years, suffering fearful privations. At last, after several of the men had perished of hunger and disease, the rest were picked up by a passing French vessel, and got home again towards the end of 1593. The miseries he had undergone had no effect whatever in extinguishing the spirit of adventure in James Lancaster, and returned to his friends, he made all possible efforts in getting up another expedition to the semi-fabulous east which he had been the first to visit from England. He succeeded in interesting the earl of Cumberland, a genial maritime adventurer and friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, in his schemes, and the consequence was the formation of the "Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies."

As soon as the company had obtained their charter they raised the sum of seventy-two thousand pounds, in fifty-pound shares, and fitted out four vessels, the best that could be found in England, for a voyage of exploration to India. James Lancaster was appointed to the command in chief of the expedition, with the title of "Admiral of the Fleet;" and having shipped twenty-seven thousand pounds' worth of merchandize and coin, with a large quantity of stores, artillery, and ammunition, the four vessels, the largest of six hundred, and the smallest of two hundred and forty tons burthen, with a total crew of four hundred and eighty, dropped down the Thames on the 13th of February, 1601. Remaining some time at Torbay, where John Davis, discoverer of the Davis' Straits, and renowned for his nautical skill, joined the fleet as chief pilot, Lancaster finally set sail for India on the 22nd of April. After a long and dangerous voyage Lancaster reached, on the 5th of June, 1602, the port of Acheen in Sumatra, where he was exceedingly well received by the native king, in consequence chiefly of a letter from Elizabeth, which strongly appealed to his intellect as well as flattered his vanity, under the pleasing illusion that the epistle was solely addressed to him, whereas it was but a copy of a circular directed to all the dark chieftains in the southern seas with whom the "Admiral of the Fleet" should happen to fall in. The circular, highly creditable to the queen, as containing very enlarged views of international commerce, ran as follows:—"Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. To the Great and Mighty King of ———. Whereas Almighty God, in his infinite and unsearchable wisdom and gracious providence, hath so disposed of his blessings and of the good things of this world created and ordained for the use of man, that the same, however they be brought forth, do either originally grow and are gathered or otherwise composed and made, some in one countrie and some in another. Yet are

they by the industrie of man, directed by the hand of God, dispersed and sent out into all partes of the world, that his wonderful bountie in his creatures may appeare unto all nations, his majesty having so ordained that noe one place should enjoye as the native commodities thereof all things appertayninge to man's use, but that one countrie should have need of another, and out of the abundance of the fruits which one region enjoyeth the necessities or wants of another should be supplied. By which means men of several and far remote countries have commerce and traffique one with another, and, by their interchange of commodities, are linked together in amitie and friendship."

After this preamble, the letter went on:—"The above considerations, most noble king, together with the honourable report of your majesty for well entertaining of strangers that visit your country with love and fear, with lawful traffique of merchandize, have moved us to give license to divers of our subjects who have been stirred up with a desire by a long and dangerous navigation to find out and visit y^r territories and dominions, being famous in this part of the world for honourable merchandize, and to offer you commerce and traffique in buying, bartering, and interchanging of commodities with your people according to the course of merchants, which commerce and interchanging of yours shall accept of and receive and entertain our merchants with favour, according to the hope that gave them encouragement to attempt so long and dangerous a voyage; you shall find them a people in their dealing in conversation of that justice and civilitie that you shall not mislike of their repair to your dominions, and upon further conference and inquisition had with them, both of the kind of their merchandize brought in their ships and of other necessarie commodities which our dominions may afford; it may appear to y^r majesty that by their means you may be furnished in their next retourne into your ports in better sorte than you have been heretofore supplied, either by the Spaniard or Portugals, who of all other nations in the parts of Europe have onelie hitherto frequented your countrie with trade of merchandize, and have been the onelie impediment both to our subjects and divers other merchants in the parts of Europe, that they have not hitherto visited your countrie with trade, whilst the said Portugalls pretended themselves to be the sovereign lords and princes of all territories, and gave it out that they held your nation and people as subjects to them, and in their stiles and titles doe write themselves kings of the East Indies; and if y^r Majesty shall in y^r princelie favour accept with good liking this first repair of our merchants unto y^r countries resorting thither in peaceable traffic, and shall entertain this their first voyage as an introduction to a further continuance of league and friendship between y^r majesty and us, of commerce and intercourse between y^r subjects and oures, we have given order to this our principal merchaunt, if y^r majesty should be pleased therewith, to leave in y^r countrie some such of our said merchants as he shall make choice of to reside in y^r dominions under y^r princelie and safe protection, untill the retourn of another fleete which we shall send unto you, who may in the meantime learn the language of y^r countrie

and applie their behaviour as it may best sorte to a connexion with y^r majesty's subjects, so that amitie and friendship being interchanged and begun, the same may the better be continued when our people shall be instructed how to direct themselves according to the fashions of y^r countries. And because, as the consideration of the entertaining of amitie and friendship in the establishment of intercourse to be continued between us, there may be required on y^r majesty's behalf such promise or capitulation to be performed by us which we cannot in these letters take knowledge of, we therefore pray y^r majesty to give care therein to this bearer, and to give him credit in whatsoever he shall promise or undertake in our name concerning our amitie and interchange, which promise we for our parts, in the worde of a prince, will see performed, and will be redie gratefully to requite any love, kindness, or favour that our subjects receive at y^r majesty's hands. Praying y^r majesty for a better satisfaction of y^r kind acceptance of this our love and amitie offered y^r highness, you would by this bearer give testimony thereof by y^r princilie letters directed unto us, which shall give us great and wonderful content."

The letter was received with the greatest satisfaction by the king of Acheen, who appeared to be much impressed with its contents, and came to form a high idea of the good sense, honesty, and straightforwardness of the new race with whom he had got into contact. After receiving the English admiral at a public audience, with great display of pomp, he concluded with him a treaty of amity and commerce, granting all the privileges asked for, and allowing the shipment, free of duties, of a fixed quantity of pepper and spices. His business in Sumatra finished, Lancaster set sail with his four ships—the "Dragon," of six hundred, the "Hector," of three hundred, the "Ascension," of two hundred and sixty, and the "Susan," of two hundred and forty tons—for Bantam, in the island of Java. On the way thither he fell in with a Portuguese carrack, of nine hundred tons, loaded with calicoes and other manufactures of India, which he captured; contenting himself, however, with laying hands upon the goods, and allowing the crew to retain possession of their vessel. On the 5th of December, 1602, the English fleet arrived at Bantam, where Lancaster met with as agreeable a reception as he had found at Acheen, and having delivered the queen's letter, he made propositions for a commercial treaty. The agreement was duly

concluded, and put into force at once by the opening of a brisk trade with the natives, who were found willing to sell bags of pepper, weighing sixty-two pounds, for five and a half Spanish dollars, or about twenty-five shillings, which gave an extremely handsome profit to the purchasers. From Bantam the admiral sent a pinnace, with twelve men, and some of the merchants, representatives of shareholders of the company who had come with him from England, to establish a factory in the Molucca Islands; and having completed the cargoes of his ships, and taken affectionate leave of the king, an intelligent youth, he started on the return voyage on the 20th of February, 1603, leaving three agents with eight assistants behind him, to watch over the interests of the new settlements. After encountering dreadful storms, in which Lancaster's own ship, the "Dragon," lost rudder and spars, and had to be taken in tow by one of the smaller vessels, the admiral arrived, in the month of July, at the island of St. Helena, of which he took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth—now no more. The voyage across the Atlantic from St. Helena was highly prosperous, and the Indian adventurers, unconscious founders of a new empire, reached the mouth of the Thames on the 11th of September, 1603. They bitterly wept on learning the news that the great queen who had helped them to plant the flag of England on the shores of the Indian Ocean was lying in her marble tomb in Westminster Abbey.



SEAL OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER VI.

History of Manners and Customs, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Elizabeth.

As in religion, politics, literature, and commerce, so in the various conformations of social life, the Tudor period forms the connecting link between the barbarism of the middle ages and the progress of modern civilization, its commencement resting in the former

and its end in the latter era. During the greater part of the reign of Henry VII. the mediæval aspect predominated; the vices engendered by long years of brutal warfare were still on the surface, and the virtues of peace and industry slow in coming. Bands

of robbers, waifs of the great military host of the feudal aristocracy, kept infesting highways and by-ways; and, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the laws, murder, rapine, and theft were flourishing, not only in the thinly populated country, but in the very midst of large cities. "There is no country in the world," wrote a diplomatic Venetian traveller, who visited England about the middle of the reign of Henry VII., "where there are so many thieves and robbers as in England; insomuch that few venture to go alone in the country, excepting in the middle of the day, and fewer still in the towns at night, and least of all in London." Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," bestows great praises upon "that strait and rigorous justice which at that time was executed upon felons, who were, for the most part, twenty hanged together upon one gallows." But he himself acknowledges that even this summary mode of justice did not answer; and "seeing so few escaped punishment, he could not choose but wonder and marvel how, and by what evil luck, it should come to pass that thieves nevertheless were in every place so rife and so rank." The latter fact is repeatedly stated by the Venetian traveller, who declared that he "did wonder and marvel" at the combined existence of so many thieves and so many gallows. "People are taken up every day by dozens," he says, "like birds in a covey, and especially in London; yet for all this they never cease to rob and murder in the streets." So great was the lawlessness that more than one generation was required for its cure.

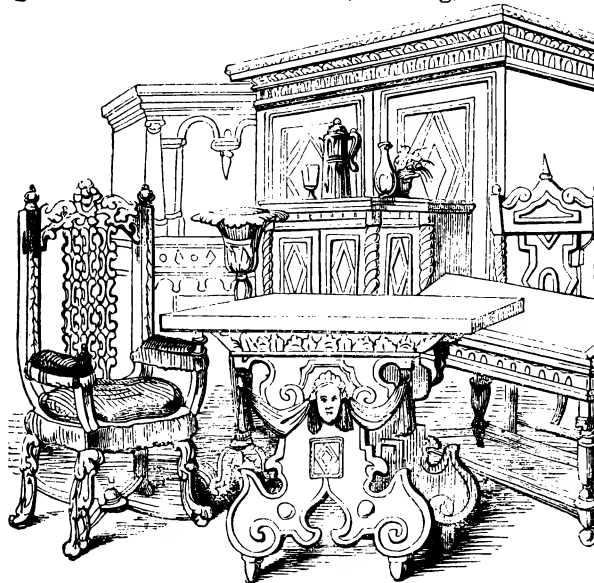
At the side of all this crime and wretchedness among the lower classes, the upper ranks of society, chiefly of the clergy, exhibited barbaric splendour in their doings, shows, and entertainments. At the priory of St. Thomas, at Canterbury, there was a hall, 150 feet long and 40 feet broad, appropriated to the accommodation of pilgrims, who fared there in the most sumptuous manner, waited upon by many stewards and attendants; besides these liberalities, there was a daily distribution to the poor of all the fragments of the refectory. More princely still in his hospitality was the abbot of St. Alban's, who entertained every traveller who came to his gates for full three days. The proud dignitary himself used to dine every day in state, at a table raised fifteen steps above the rest of the hall, at which he sat alone; only very high guests had the honour of sitting near to the abbot. He was waited upon by monks, who performed a hymn at every fifth step, and sang hallelujahs when their master had swallowed his due quantity of victuals. These monks seemed to consider good cheer a part of their religion. Ingulphus, the historian of Croyland Abbey—the weird old ruins of which still raise their head above the Lincolnshire fens—passes a high eulogium upon the cook, Lawrence Chateres, who, "prompted by the love of God and zeal for religion," gave the monks, at his own expense, milk of almonds on fish days. The Venetian traveller before mentioned, well acquainted though he was with the luxurious life of the priests at Rome, was yet surprised at the immense wealth displayed by the English clergy. "There is," he exclaims, "not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, patens, and cups of silver; nor is there a convent of

mendicant friars so poor as not to have all these same articles in silver, besides many other ornaments worthy of a cathedral church." Further on he breaks out: "But the magnificence of the tomb of St. Thomas the Martyr, archbishop of Canterbury, is that which surpasses all belief. This, notwithstanding its great size, is entirely covered with plates of pure gold; but the gold is scarcely visible from the variety of precious stones with which it is studded, such as sapphires, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds." The contrast of all this pomp and splendour of the religious bodies, and of the utter wretchedness of the masses, struck others besides the Venetian traveller.

The great barons lived not nearly so well as the men of the church; their entertainments showed a mixed state of barbarism and magnificence, and with much ostentation, there was an utter absence of the refinements and even the comforts of life. A minute delineation of the daily routine in the establishment of one of these feudal barons is given in the "Northumberland Household Book," printed after the original of a noble earl of this family, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. The family of this earl of Northumberland consisted of 166 persons, including servants, and there were reckoned, besides, 57 visitors every day, so that board and lodging had to be provided for not less than 223 individuals. According to the accounts in the "Household Book," the daily expense of each person, for food, drink, and firing, amounted to two pence halfpenny; but servants, away from home on their master's service, were only allowed two pence a day. For the whole household, somewhat above a quarter of wheat was allowed for every month throughout the year, the wheat being estimated at five shillings and eight pence a quarter. Two hundred and fifty quarters of malt were also allowed, at four shillings a quarter, and two hogsheads were to be made of a quarter, giving about a bottle and a third of beer a day to each person, which liquor was certainly not very strong. One hundred and nine fat beeves were bought at Allhallow-tide, at thirteen shillings and four pence a piece; and twenty-four lean beeves were purchased at St. Helen's, at eight shillings a piece. The latter were put into the pastures to feed, so as to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas, which was the only time during which the family had fresh beef, the members living for all the rest of the year on salted meat. One hundred and sixty gallons of mustard were allowed in a year; which quantity was indeed requisite for the salt beef. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were also allowed, at twenty pence a piece; but these, too, were all eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas. Only twenty-five hogs were allowed, at two shillings a piece; with twenty-eight veals at twenty pence, and forty lambs at ten pence or a shilling. The latter were, however, reserved for my lord's table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights' table. The lower servants, getting nothing but salted meat almost through the whole year, and with few or no vegetables, had a very bad and unhealthy diet. "So that," says David Hume, "there cannot be anything more erroneous than the magnificent ideas formed of the Roast Beef of Old England." Modern Englishmen must entertain as mean an idea of Old England's cleanliness, for only seventy ells of linen,

at eight pence an ell, were annually allowed for the great family, and no sheets were used. The linen was made into eight tablecloths for my lord's table; and one tablecloth for the knights—this last, it appears, was washed but once a month. Only forty shillings were allowed for washing throughout the whole year, and most of this small sum was expended on the linen belonging to the chapel. The drinking, however, was tolerable, namely, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine, at the rate of four pounds thirteen shillings and four pence a tun. On the other hand, only ninety-one dozen of candles were given out for the whole year.

The family rose at six in the morning, dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at nine, and no farther ingress or egress permitted. My lord and lady had set on their table, for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats. On flesh days there were half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of beef boiled. Mass was ordered to be said at six o'clock, in order, says the "Household Book," that all my lord's servants may rise early. Only twenty-four fires were allowed, beside the kitchen and hall, and most of these had only a peck of coals a day. After Lady-day no fires were permitted in the rooms, except half fires in my lord's and lady's, and the nursery. It appears from the "Household Book" that the ancient lord was constantly stirring about. When on his travels he carried with him thirty-six horsemen, together with loads of furniture, bedding, and kitchen



FURNITURE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

utensils, the existing inns not being able to give more than bare room. My lord passed the year in three country-seats, all in Yorkshire, Wryfel, Leckenfield, and Topclyffe; but he had furniture only for one. He carried everything along with him, beds, tables, chairs, and kitchen utensils, all which articles were, probably, so coarse that they could not be spoilt by the carriage. Yet seventeen carts and one waggon sufficed

for the whole—one cart for all the kitchen utensils, cooks' beds, and the rest. A very remarkable circumstance was that this ancient earl had eleven priests in his house, with seventeen attendants, chanters, and musicians, belonging to his chapel; while there were only two cooks for a family of 223 persons. Their meals were certainly dressed in the slovenly manner of a ship's crew. "It is amusing to observe," says David Hume, commenting upon the "Household Book" of the Northumberland earl, "the pompous and even royal style assumed by this Tartar chief. He does not give any orders, though only for the right making of mustard, but it is introduced with this preamble, 'It seemeth good to us and our council.' If we consider the magnificent and elegant manner in which the Venetian and other Italian noblemen then lived, with the progress made by the Italians in literature and the fine arts, we shall not wonder that they considered the ultra-montaine nations as barbarous."

The Venetian traveller who visited England about the reign of Henry VII.—presumed to be the secretary of Francesco Capello, first ambassador of the great republic on the Adriatic to this country—noted in his account, which has come down to the present time, everything he saw with wonderment and surprise. Social life in England evidently appeared to him very different from the forms to which he had been accustomed in France and Italy. "There are three estates in England," he notes, as not a little remarkable, "the Commons, the Nobles, and the Ecclesiastics. The people are held in little more esteem than if they were slaves"—il popolo è in poco maggiore stima che se fosse servo. "The clergy," he continues, "are they who have the supreme sway over the country, both in peace and war. Amongst other things, they have provided that a number of sacred places in the kingdom should serve for the refuge and escape of all delinquents; and no one, were he a traitor to the crown, or had he offended against the king's own person, can be taken out of these by force. Many a villain of this kind, who, for some great excess that he has committed, has been obliged to take refuge in one of these sacred places, often goes out of it to prowl on the roads, and returning, escapes all punishment. This commonly proves no loss to the purses of the priests, nor to the general income of the sanctuaries. Every church is a sanctuary for forty days; and if a thief or murderer, who has taken refuge in one, cannot quit it in safety within this time, he may give notice that he wishes to leave England. In this case, being stripped to the shirt by the chief magistrate of the place, and a crucifix placed in his hand, he is conducted along the road to the sea, where, if he finds a passage, he may go in peace. And if there is no ship, he has to walk into the sea up to his throat, praying for a passage, which must be repeated till a vessel can take him on board." The writer concludes: "It is not unamusing to hear how women and children lament over the misfortune of these exiles, asking how it is possible to live out of England, and repeating to each other that 'they would rather die than go out of the world,' as if England were the whole world!"—come se Inghilterra fosse tutto il mondo! The Venetian gentleman clearly thought the England of Henry VII. anything but a desirable part of the world.

But there was one thing the Venetian admired in the Englishmen he met with: they fed well, and, better still, they drank well. "They take great pleasure," he says, "in having a quantity of excellent victuals, and also in remaining a long time at table." "But," he adds, maliciously, "they are very sparing of wine when they drink it at their own expense. Few people keep wine in their own houses, but buy it, for the most part, at a tavern; and when they mean to drink a great deal they go to the tavern. This is done not only by the men, but by ladies of distinction." The Venetian here speaks only of drinking wine, which to him appeared the only beverage fit for civilized beings. He adds that the strange people who live in England have "an abundance of ale and beer, to the use of which they have become so habituated that even at an entertainment where there is plenty of wine they will drink beer in preference and in great quantities. Like discreet people, however, they do not offer it to Italians." Now comes a master stroke of shrewd observation. "These English," he exclaims, "think no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in his distress." If the cap fitted "these English" as closely in the reign of Henry VII. as four centuries after, the Venetian was a true philosopher.

A much greater man than this Venetian traveller, the famous Erasmus of Rotterdam, "the glory of the priesthood and the shame," left a far worse description of the social state of England at this period. The learned Dutchman, though most favourably inclined towards the English people, from whom, indeed, he received nothing but praises and caresses, could yet not shut his eye to many of the horrors of all but savage life which he saw everywhere around him. That England was periodically, and at short intervals, visited by the plague was to him no wonder at all. "The floors of the houses," he says, "are mostly of clay, and strewed with rushes. Fresh rushes are from time to time laid over them, but the old ones remain as a foundation for perhaps twenty years together." Of the living and dead contents of this "foundation," the great Rotterdam scholar then goes on to give a description in elegant Latin, which decency forbids to render into modern English. Erasmus advised his friends to do away with their rushes, and politely also gave it as his opinion that "it would contribute to health if people ate and drank less, and lived on fresh rather than salt meat." Erasmus, as well as other observers, natives and foreigners, complained of the great dinners being mere animal feeding, unenlivened by intelligent conversation. Harrison, in his preface to "Holinshed's Chronicle," mentions "the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable sort, generally all over the realm;" and the Venetian traveller also was struck in seeing "how punctiliously they sat in their order, and the extraordinary silence of every one." This was on the occasion of a lord mayor's dinner, which lasted above four hours, and at which there were more than one thousand persons at table. "There was," the guest relates, "an infinite profusion of victuals and of plate,

which was for the most part gilt;" but all this, in his opinion, was poor compensation for the want of good spirits and sociability. There was another thing he did not like, namely, that "the English being great epicures, and very avaricious by nature, indulge in the most delicate fare themselves, and give their household the coarsest bread and beer, and cold meat baked on Sunday for the week." One more charge, worse than that of "cold meat," was that of want of domestic affection. "Although their dispositions," says the Venetian, "are inclined to licentiousness, I have never noticed any one, either at court or among the lower orders, to be in love. One must conclude, therefore, either that the English are the most discreet lovers in the world, or that they are incapable of love. I say this of the men; for I understand it is quite the contrary with the women, who are very violent in their passions. Howbeit the English keep jealous guard over their wives, though anything may be compensated in the end by the power of money."

The reign of Henry VII. was remarkable for the spread of ideas of social equality, mainly derived from the teachings of the Lollards, and which the upper classes sought to combat by propagating doctrines of the opposite kind. The latter found a warm champion in Alexander Barclay, clergyman and poet, who furnished a legendary explanation of the divisions of blood, in one of his seven "Eclogues." His story was that God went to visit Eva one day, when Adam was away from home, planting turnips or something else, and that she, seeing him come up to the house, while a great number of her untidy or ugly children were loitering about, hid the worst-looking lot away, so as not to give offence to the Creator. "Some of them," the Reverend Alexander Barclay reports, "she placed under hay, some under straw and chaff, some in the chimney, and some in a tub or draff; but such as were fair and well made she wisely and cunningly kept with her." Entering the dwelling after this had been accomplished, God told Eva that he had come to see the children, with the intention of promoting them in their several degrees, assigning to each a rank or occupation. The mother of mankind then put her little ones forward, and God appointed the first to be an emperor, the second a king, the third a duke, and so forth, making successively earls, lords, barons, knights, squires, and "hardy champions." While this was going on, Eva's maternal heart gave way, and fearing that there would be nothing left upon earth for the children she had hidden, she drew them forth one by one from cupboard and chimney, hay and straw, and put them up in a row. They were not pleasant to look at, dirty, dusty, begrimed, and ill-shapen as all of them were, "so that anybody might be frightened at the sight of them," and God, too, did not conceal his disgust. "None," he exclaimed, looking around him at the as yet unordained group, "can make a vessel of silver out of an earthen pitcher, or goodly silk out of a goat's fleece, or a bright sword of a cow's tail; neither will I, though I can, make a noble gentleman out of a vile villain. You, therefore, shall all be ploughmen and tillers of the soil, to keep oxen and hogs, to dig and delve, and hedge and dike, and in this wise shall ye live in endless servitude.

Even the townsmen shall laugh you to scorn; yet some of you shall be allowed to dwell in cities, and shall be admitted to such occupations as those of makers of puddings, butchers, cobblers, tinkers, costard-mongers, hostlers, or daubers." This account of the origin of servile labour, though much admired, like the rest of Barclay's poetical and prose works, was not at all accepted as true by the majority of the lower classes, who, to judge by the literary productions of the period, took every occasion to exhibit by rudeness and extreme insolence towards superiors their notions of social equality.

Of the riotousness, incivility, and arrogance of the numerous troops of domestics and followers which the nobles and great landowners of the reign of Henry VII. were obliged to keep in their service, Alexander Barclay furnishes many instances, neglecting not to show, as a true moralist, how this behaviour reacted upon the manners and habits of the upper classes. Coarseness abounded everywhere, even at the royal court; high-born ladies and gentlemen amused themselves by bandying vile jests; and the very meals, to which all devoted the greatest attention, were gross to a loathsome degree, neither courtiers, lords, nor belted earls desisting to dip their hands into a common platter to fish out a delectable piece of flesh or fowl. The poet feelingly complains of a "special custom," very bad indeed, in that of the servants scampering off with the dishes before they have been well ransacked, thus leaving not even time for a fair stand-up fight for the victuals.

"A speciall custome is used them among,
No good dish to suffer on borde to be longe;
If the dish be pleasaunt, either fleshe or fishe,
Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe,
And if it be fleshe, ten knives shalt thou see
Mangling the flesh and in the platter flee;
To put there thy handes is perill without fayle,
Without a gauntlet or els a glove of mayle."

Several writers mention that in the earlier part of the sixteenth century the English had gained the character of keeping the most profuse tables, and being the most formidable gluttons in Europe. According to an author whose manuscript has been printed in the "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*," there was a merchant who went abroad in the last years of Henry VII., and was invited to dinner by a rich nobleman. When at table, the foreign lord wondered that his guest did not eat as much as he expected, and thereupon broke forth doubtingly, "Englishmen are called the greatest feeders in the world; and it is reported that one man of them will eat as much as six of another nation, and that more victuals are consumed there than in any other region." To which remark the merchant replied by saying, "It is true, and it is for three reasonable causes that so much victual is served with us on the table: one of which is for love, another for physic, and the third for dread. As concerns the first, we are accustomed to have many divers meats for our friends and kinsfolk, because some love one manner of meat, and some another, and we wish every man to be satisfied. Secondly, in regard of physic, because for divers maladies which people have, some men will eat one meat, and some another, it is desirable that everybody

should be suited. The third cause is for dread, for we have so great abundance and plenty in our realm of beasts and fowls, that if we did not kill and destroy them, they would destroy and devour us." The existence of the rude abundance boasted of by the merchant is confirmed by all the writers of the time, notably by Bishop Latimer, who, in the account of his own early home, left a picture of the social condition of the yeomen of the reign of Henry VII. Latimer's father paid four pounds a year rental, for which he had as much land under tillage as kept six men, thirty cows, and one hundred sheep. He had enough, moreover, to keep constantly a horse and a man for the king's service, to send his son to school and college, to give to each of his daughters a dowry of five pounds on marriage, and to keep his hands open in throwing alms to the poor, "all which," says Latimer, "he did from the said farm." The secret of this plenitude of riches, derived from a piece of land rented at not more than four pounds, was that farms like those of Latimer's father were mostly held under a church lease. Abbots, priests, and monks, themselves fond of good cheer, had no objection that others should live well also; and if they destroyed souls they certainly fed bodies.

The reformation under Henry VIII. brought with it an immense change, as in the mental and moral state, so in the manners, habits, social life, and general physical condition of the people. Besides the dissolution of the monasteries, leading to a redistribution of great part of the soil of the kingdom, a number of other causes, the discovery of America, and influx of precious metals, the newly-awakened commercial spirit of the nation, and the universal spread of education, went to overturn all the former conditions of society, and to erect a new England on the ruins of the old. Like other great changes, this one, in all respects the mightiest ever known in English history, affected many classes of the people very injuriously, and gave rise to a great deal of individual suffering. It was the agricultural population especially that felt the burthen of the revolution; for the courtiers, adventurers, and rogues of all descriptions among whom Henry VIII. distributed the church lands, were anything but good or wise stewards of the property intrusted to their hands, and looking to nothing but individual gain, to be realized immediately, they frequently reduced the farmers and day labourers to a worse condition than they had been in for centuries. The rent of land in many parts of England rose threefold and fourfold; the successor of Latimer's father paid a rental of sixteen pounds, instead of four, and the consequence, the bishop relates, was that the new tenant was unable "to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, nor to give a cup of drink to the poor." What greatly embittered the position of the tillers of the soil was the vast increase of enclosures, due to the augmented value of land, the general rise of prices, and the growing desire of the people of the towns to invest their savings in real property. "Hence," says Roger Ascham, speaking of enclosures and the rise of rents, "so many families dispersed, and so many houses ruined; hence the honour and strength of England, the noble yeomanry, broken up and de-

stroyed." In a curious dialogue, in which a husbandman of the period exchanges notions of popular grievances with several townspeople, the former is made to exclaim, "Marry, for these enclosures do undo us all; for they make us to pay dearer for our land that we occupy, and causeth that we can have no land in manner for our money to put to tillage; all is taken up for pasture, either for sheep, or for grazing of cattle, in so much that I have known of late a dozen ploughs, within less compass than six miles about me, laid down within this seven years; and where three score persons or upwards had their livings, now one man with his cattle hath all." And concentrating, in the usual narrow vision of men attached to a certain description of physical labour, all his thoughts upon this one point, the farmer cries, "Yea, those sheep are the cause of all the mischiefs, for they have driven husbandry out of the country, by the which was increased before all kind of victuals, and now it is altogether sheep, sheep, sheep. It was far better when there were not only sheep enough, but also oxen, kine, swine, pig, goose, and capon, eggs, butter, and cheese; yea, and bread-corn, and malt-corn enough besides, reared altogether upon the same land." Many others, with the farmer represented here, felt the magnitude of the revolution that was coming over English society, and vainly groping after the causes, broke forth in lament of the "good old times."

Notwithstanding the increase of wealth, marked by the general rise in prices, and other signs of industrial progress which distinguished the reign of Henry VIII. from that of his predecessor, the bulk of the people, not only of the lower, but of the middle, and in part even of the upper classes, continued to live in a very rude and comfortless manner. Most of the dwellings, in town as well as country, were without chimneys, and, as of old, "made of sticks and dirt," that is, wattle plastered over with clay, the fire being lighted against the wall, and the smoke seeking its way out, as best it might, through the crevices in the roof, through door and windows. Only the wealthier classes enjoyed the luxury of beds, and the people slept on straw pallets, with a bit of wood under the head for a pillow, and nothing else but a piece of coarse matting, or perhaps a bundle of hay, for a covering. Of the rude mode of living of the bulk of the people in the time of Henry VIII., Raphael Holinshed, the historian, has left a curious picture. "There are men yet dwelling in the village where I remain," he records, writing towards the middle of Elizabeth's reign, "who have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance. One is, the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm—the religious houses and manor places of the lords always excepted, and peradventure some great personage—but each made his fire against a rededosse in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; 'for,' said they, 'our fathers and we ourselves have lain full oft upon straw pallets, covered only with a sheet under coverlets made of dagswaine, or hapharlots, and a good round log under

their head instead of a bolster. If it were so that the father of the good-man of the house had a mattress or flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town,' so well were they contented. 'Pillows,' said they, 'were thought meet only for women in child-bed.' As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well, for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas and rased their hardened hides. The third thing they tell of is the exchange of wooden platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin. For so common were all sorts of wooden vessels in old time that a man should hardly find four pieces of pewter, of which one was peradventure a salt, in a good farmer's house." Dwelling further upon the good old times when Henry VIII. was king, Holinshed continues: "In days past, men were contented to live in houses builded of sawall and willow, so that the use of oak was in a manner dedicated wholly unto churches, religious houses, and princes' palaces; but now sawall and willow are rejected, and nothing but oak anywhere regarded. And yet see the change. For when our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men; but now that houses have come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw. Also, we have now many chimneys, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses; then had we none but rededosses, and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed the best medicine to keep the good-man and his family from the quack or pose." Holinshed fairly represented the conservative tendencies of the majority of Englishmen of his time, and his words go far to explain the protracted existence, into a period when the nation was getting civilized and wealthy, of chimneyless houses and wooden bed-pillows.

Not only the chattels and fittings in the houses of the poorer classes, but likewise those in the mansions of the greatest nobles were extremely mean and wretched during the whole of the reign of the second Tudor sovereign. It appears, from numerous inventories that have been preserved, that wealthy people during the period spent their money upon little else than plate, and perhaps a few costly silk and velvet hangings, together with a splendid bed, and that all the rest of the furniture was of the most paltry description. An ancient bundle of papers in the collection of manuscripts in the Cottonian library, furnishing "an inventorye of all the goodes and cattells of Sir Adrian Foskewe," dated the thirtieth year of Henry VIII., gives a picture, among many others, of the interior of the house of a rich nobleman of the period. The list begins with a large and magnificent service of plate, silver as well as silver-gilt, the cost of which must have been beyond measure greater than all the rest of things enumerated, including the mansion itself. The latter had a vast number of apartments, the chief of which were the hall, the "perler" for the reception of important guests, the best bedroom, and the "chamber over the perler," specially reserved for the noble owner. In

the hall there was "a hanginge of grene say, bordered with darneng," or needlework; "two grete side tables, with standinge tressels; a small joyned cuberde, of waysscott, with a short peice of counterfett carpet upon it." A "square cuberde," with a "short peice of carpet in the wyndowe," and "five formes," constituted all the rest of the furniture. In the "perler," the principal "cattels," besides "hanginge of grene say and red," were "one Flemishe chaire; four joyned stooles; a joyned forme; a rounde table of cipress, with a peice of counterfett carpet upon it; a paynted table," or picture, "of the Epiphany of our Lord." In the best bedroom, the furniture consisted again "with hanginge of grene and red say," of "one great trussing bed, with two fether beds, whereof the one is downe, with two bolsters; two pillowes of downe; three blankets of woollen clothe; a coverlet of verder work enlyned." A table, two chests, "an old Flemishe chaire," and sundry minor articles, such as "a fyer pan; a payer of tonges; a chaser of brass; two basons; two joyned stools," completed the furniture of this apartment. Lastly, in the "chamber over the perler," in many respects the best fitted up room in the mansion, there were "an hangynge of redd and greine say; a sparver of greine and blake say, with curteyns of the same; a trussinge bed, framed of wenskotte; two fether bedds; one grete bolster; two fustians, with a large counterpoynt of grete verders," and a number of smaller articles, among them "a turned chaire; a pair of tonges," and "a grete standerde, with divers appariell belongynge to the Lady Foskewe." The picture of the inside of a noble mansion here given altogether indicates a state of semi-barbarism in home life, the utter absence of refined and luxurious ease being as remarkable as the vulgar ostentation taking its place. That the inventory of the "goodes and cattells" of Sir Adrian Foskewe represented that of the wealthiest class of English nobles is shown by the fact that Cardinal Wolsey himself, whose prodigious expenditure was the marvel and envy of his contemporaries, had his apartments fitted in very similar style, the only notable things being splendid hangings and some magnificent beds, while all the rest of the furniture was of the shabbiest kind. A great change in this respect, however, took place within the next generation, when the vast development of commerce brought England into closer contact with the nations of the Continent, leading to the adoption of more refinement in the modes and habits of every-day life.

Henry VIII. himself was to some extent the inaugurator, if not of improved tastes, at least of increased luxury in the internal arrangements of dwellings. It was owing partly to his personal intercourse with some of the most accomplished monarchs of the age, such as Francis I. and Kaiser Charles, and partly, and more still, to the influence of his wives, especially of Anne Boleyn, whose education at the court of France had led her to appreciate to the full many of the comforts and refinements of home life common in that country, but unknown as yet in England. Several of the king's palaces, notably that of Westminster, and Wolsey's great brick case at Hampton Court, which he appropriated to himself, were furnished in a very sumptuous manner, although the prevailing taste of the

period was responded to so far that the great article of English furniture, the bedstead, towered like a giant over all other chattels. The royal bedroom at Hampton Court, at the time his dread majesty shared it with his third spouse, was described as follows in an inventory of the time:—"Item, a bedstede, the posts and heade curiously wroughte, painted, and guilte, having as well foure bullyeons of timbre gilte, of foure vanes of yron painted with the kinges armes, haveing cellar, tester, double vallaunces, and bases of cloth of golde tissue, and a cloth of silver paned together, embroidered upon the seames; with a worke of purple vellat, having the kinges armes crowned with the crown imperial within the garland upon the cellar and tester, and also with roses and floures de luce, likewise crowned within the garlande, upon the said clothe of silver." The whole of this magnificent upholstery was of the most expensive kind. "The double vallaunce, every one of them," says the inventory, "took in depth one quarter of a yarde, with a deepe fringe of gold, silver, and silke; the tester fringed upon bothe sydes, with a narrow fringe of Venice gold and silver, touke in depthe one yerde, one quarter, three nailes, and in height three yerdes; the three bases fringed at the endes and at both sides with a narrowe frynge of lyke gold, and silver, as aforesaide, together with five curtaines, touke twenty-three paines of taphata, pained purple and white, garnished on both sides with passamynce of Venice gold." From some accounts it appears that the cloth of gold which Henry VIII. was so fond of using cost not less than forty-six shillings a yard, so that the cost of furnishing his bedroom alone must have been enormous, considering the value of money at the time. However, the sleeping apartment at Hampton Court Palace devoted to the use of his majesty had little else than the superlative bedstead in it, the rest of the furniture being, as usual, of the shabbiest description. It consisted, as set down in the inventory, of "two joyned cupbordes, one joyned stoole, two awndyrans, with fire-fork, tonges, and fire-pan, and a steel glass covered with yellowe vellat." The last-named article was the mirror chiefly in use at the time, looking-glasses as yet being only made for the personal use of the fair sex, of very small size, and always kept in cases, which the ladies might put in their pockets, or lock up among their trinkets, for fear of damage on the costly article being left to vulgar touch. The steel mirrors themselves were only in possession of very wealthy people, and treated as great luxuries, covered by curtains; one belonging to Henry VIII., and hung at his palace in Westminster, was described as "a faire grete lookinge steale glasse, sette in crymsonne velvete, richly embrowdered with damaske pirls, with knots of blew, and a curtain to the same of blew tafata, embrowdered with Venice gold, and cordiauntes of the same gold."

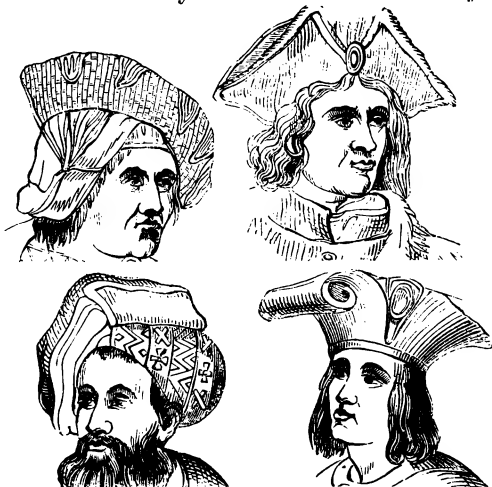
The dress worn in the time of Henry VIII. by the upper classes was very much in keeping with the furniture of the houses, the old simplicity giving way everywhere to showiness, and comfort to ostentation. The example of the court here, as in other weightier matters, set the fashion of the time, and Henry's extravagance in apparel was imitated by his subjects just as much as the plainness of the garments of his

economical father. How the first Tudor king was dressed is quaintly stated by the author of a work called the "Boke of Kervynge," who instructs the "chaumberlayne" in his duties, telling him "warne your soverayne hys petycote, his doublet, and his stomachere, and then put on hys hosen, and then his schone or sylppers; then stryke up his hosen mannerly, and tye them up; and then lace his doublet hole by hole." The nobles of the reign of Henry VII. were simple in their attire like the king; and even the great dignitaries of the church, otherwise given to ostentation, thought fit to imitate the royal example. "The



COSTUMES—HENRY VII.

cleargy of England," wrote Elizabeth's Archbishop Parker, "never wore silke, or velvet, untill the time of the pompous Cardinall Wolsey, who opened that dore to pride among them, which hitherto cannot bee shut." Before Henry VIII. had been a dozen years



MEN'S HATS—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

on the throne, an entire change of fashions had taken place, manifesting itself in the cut as well as the material of the garments, both tending towards a greater adornment of the person, though mostly at a sacrifice of comfort and physical well-being. In Barclay's satire, the "Ship of Fools," the gentlemen are laughed at for having "their necks charged with collars and chaines," with "their fingers full of rings," and for leaving "their necks naked almost unto the raines," and "their sleeves blazin like unto a crane's winge." The moralists of the age chiefly declaimed against the new-fangled bands, cuffs, and ruffs of the men, the rich doublets of silk and satin, and the showy kinds of head coverings, which took the place of the simple old round-cornered hats. Stow's Chronicle reports that "in the reign of Henry the Eighth was begun the making of Spanish felts in England, by Spanyards and Dutchmen, before which time the English used to ride and goe, winter and summer, in knit caps, cloth hoods, and thrum'd hats." The latter articles, and, indeed, the chief portion of the dress of the upper classes, remained in use among the lower ranks of the people long after getting out of fashion. In the "History of George Dobson," published towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, it is said of an "alc-wife" in the country, "she put on her fairest smocke, a petticoat of a good broad red, her gown of grey faced with buckram, with her square thrum'd hat, and before her hung a clean white apron." The history of "Jack of Newbury"—"Jack" being John Newchombe, a famous clothier living in the time of Henry VIII.—describes the tradesman as follows, when going to meet the king: "He had on a plain russet coat, a pair of kersie



MILITARY COSTUMES—HENRY VIII.

breeches, without welt or gaurd, and stockings of the same piece sowed to his slops, which had a great cod-piece on which he stuck his pins." Joseph Strutt, the antiquarian, speaking of the last-named portion of the dress of "Jack," justly calls the fashion

"abominable;" nevertheless it was introduced by Hans Holbein in a great painting of Henry VIII. sitting on the throne in all his regal majesty and handing a charter to the barber-surgeons. In Henry's reign, as in others, dress had its influence upon morality and morality upon dress.

Four different acts of parliament were passed during the reign of Henry VIII. to regulate and fix the dress of the various classes of the population. These statutes ordered that none but the king, the queen, the royal children, and the king's mother and sisters, should wear any cloth of gold, or any silk of purple colour, or any fur, called "fur of black genetts;" and that none under the rank of a duke or a marquis should wear any cloth of gold, or tissue of gold. None under the degree of an earl were to wear any sable furs; none under the degree of a baron any embroidery of gold and silver; and none under the degree of knight any woollen cloth of foreign make, or any crimson or blue velvet. Descending lower in the social scale, the statutes provided the apparel of all other ranks of his majesty's subjects, by fixing the limit of costliness or shape of each. No man under the degree of a knight, except gentlemen possessed of a clear yearly income of two hundred marks, was allowed to wear "any chain, or collar of gold, or gilt, or any gold about his neck, or in bracelets," nor to wear "sattin in damask in his gown," under pain of forfeiting forty shillings for each offence; and no man under the property qualification of one hundred pounds sterling per annum was allowed to wear "sattin damask, or silken chamlet, in his doublet," under like penalty. The enactments further specified that "no man under the degree of a gentleman, possessed of less than ten pounds per annum, or goods and chattels to the amount of hundred pounds—which goods are to be proved by oath—shall wear any fur which is not got in the kingdom;" that "no man under the degree of an earl, marquis, or knight of the garter, shall wear embroidered apparel, broched or guarded with gold, silver, or goldsmith's work;" that "no man under the degree of a knight shall use more cloth in a long gown than three yards;" that "no serving man under the degree of a gentleman shall wear a gown, or coat, more than three yards broad, nor any chamlet, or any manner of fur, lambs' excepted, nor any cloth in his hose above twenty pence per yard, unless it be the gift and leaving of his master;" that "no man under the degree of a gentleman shall wear any silk, or chamlet, or any points in any apparel of his body, ornamented with aiglets of gold, or silver gilt, or buttons, or broches of gold, or any goldsmith's work, except it be the badge of his lord;" that "no man under the degree of a knight shall wear gowns of velvet, pinch'd shirts, or pinch'd partlets of linen cloth, or plain shirts garnished with silk, or gold, or silver;" and, finally, that "no husbandman, or common labourer to any artificer, out of cities or boroughs, having no goods of their own above the value of ten pounds, shall use or wear any cloth, the broad yard whereof passeth two shillings and four pence, or any hose above the price of twelve pence the yard." The punishment for breaking the law consisted in penalties of from ten to forty shillings in all cases, except the last, concerning

the husbandman and common labourers, who had the threat of "imprisonment in the stocks" hanging over them, if presuming to dress better than allowed by king and parliament. The statutes, however, affected only the apparel of the male population, the mighty despot himself probably seeing the impossibility of meddling with the dress of women.

Of the personal attire of Henry VIII.—who to all his other titles might have added with good reason that of Chief Tailor of England—a list found in the Harleian Library, giving an inventory of the king's private wardrobe at Westminster, furnishes a curious picture. His majesty had among other articles of apparel of the richest kind "a gowne with a square cape of crimson vellat and crimson satten, all over embraudered with pirls of damaske gold and silver, having a riche border and gaurde of crimson vellat, embraudered with damaske gold and pirls, faced with crimson satten." On the sleeves of the gown were "twenty-six diamonds set in buttons of gold," while the kirtle was of "crimson satten, all over embraudered with damaske peece, and pirls set in gold." There are enumerated, besides, "shirt bandes of golde, with ruffles to the same," many cloaks "of tawny satten embraudered with Venice gold;" a number of stomachers, "some of purple, of silver tissue, others embraudered with gold and pirls;" a plentiful choice of caps, ornamented with "plumes of white ostrich feathers, richly garnished with passemayne, and fringes of Venice gold, with gold spangles intermix'd;" and vast quantities of "sweete gloves, lined with white vellat, trimmed with buttons and small aigletts of gold enamelled; also knitte gloves of silk, and handkerchers edged with gold and silver, others with needlework." On one occasion the king's dress and that of his horse, when he rode from the Tower to Westminster, was, according to Recorder Hall, minutest of historiographers, a very mountain of gold and jewelry. "His grace," says Hall, "wared in his upperst apparell a robe of crimsyn velvet, furred with armyns; his jacket or cote of raised gold; the placard embrowdered with diamonds, rubies, emeraudes, greato perles, and other riche stones; a greato bauderike aboute his necke, of large balasses; and the trapper of his horse damaske gold, with a depe purfell of armyns." The crowd of Henry's attendants were likewise magnificently arrayed, "his knights and esquires for his body in crimosyn velvet, and all the gentlemen, with others of his chappell, and all his officers, and his household servautes, were appareled in skarlet." In magnificence of attire Henry outshone not only all his male subjects, prevented by statute from becoming rival tailors, but even his wives, the vainest of the six, Anne Boleyn, never exhibiting half as many pearls, diamonds, and rubies as he in his public shows. At her coronation alone, fair Anne was allowed by her royal lord to compete with him in dress, by putting on a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same material, lined with ermine, while the litter in which she rode was covered with cloth of gold, and the horses which drew it had coats of white damask. Poor Anne Boleyn had to pay dearly for her short-lived splendours, and her successors wisely gave up the competition.

The military costume of the time of Henry VIII. partook to some extent of the changes affecting the dress of ordinary life. Much of the armour worn by knights ceased to be plain, but became embossed and otherwise ornamented, and steel skirts, called "lambeaux"—from the French word "lambeaux," shreds, or scraps—made of ribbed and fluted metal, were introduced from the Continent. But the greatest of all changes respecting military life during this period was that of weapons, the old English cross-bow, which had won many a great battle and hardened the muscles of the fighting part of the population, gradually giving way to the new matchlock or hand-gun. Henry VII. had commenced arming a portion of the yeomen of his guard with matchlocks, and his son continued the process by importing the "wheellock gun," invented by the Italians, and the pistol, so called from its being made at Pistoja, in Tuscany. However, the substitution of firearms for the ancient bow took place very slowly, both on account of the popular antipathy to the new weapon, and of the intrinsic difficulty of using it in any but fair weather and under the most favourable circumstances. The method of firing the rude matchlocks, or arquebuses, with which Henry VII. and Henry VIII. armed a portion of their troops, was indeed of the clumsiest kind. Though called a hand-gun, the weapon was so heavy that in firing it had to be laid on a "rest," or a thick staff with a curve on the top, which the soldier always carried with him, fastening to the top of it the lighted match with which the powder was ignited—the flint-and-steel pan being of much later invention. A military author of the reign of Elizabeth declared that even then, in the more improved state of the hand-gun, it was of little or no use "in rain, snowe, fogges, or when the enemy has gained the wind." The same author, John Bingham, describes the various operations necessary in letting-off the "musket"—new name for a perfected firearm, derived from the Italian "moschetto," a small hawk—showing the whole to be an extremely slow and tedious performance. "The muskettier," he says, "takes down his musket, uncockes the matche, blowes, proynes, shuttes, castes of the pan, castes about the musket, opens his charges, drawes out his skowring sticke, rammes in the powder, drawes out againe and puts up his skowring sticke, layes the musket on the rest, blowes off the match, cockes and tryes it, gardes the pan, and so makes ready: all which actions must necessarily be observed if you will not faile of the true use of the musket." It was, probably, this great slowness, as well as difficulty of handling firearms, which caused the maintenance of the old weapons of war for a long time to come, so that till the end of the reign of Henry VIII. the "muskettiers" marched in the midst of, and were protected in some sort by archers and henchmen, or men with axes.

The mode in which English soldiers went into battle in the reign of Henry VIII. is described in a manuscript preserved in the Cottonian Library, delineating the early wars of the king in France. "First," says the account, "go a strong party of horse, and on either side two cannons, guarded by two troops of horse, one to the right and the other to the left; then follow a large body of muskettiers and

henchmen, rank'd alternately, preceded by a small party of henchmen and followed by a larger party of muskettiers only, and at either end as wings go a small party of archers, and on the right and on the left several pieces of cannon; then follows the main body, flanked at each wing by a strong party of archers, and on either side a large wing of horsemen well armed. The main body is composed of pikemen and henchmen, the henchmen being placed in the middle to guard the king's person; after the main body follows a small party of muskettiers, and then a larger body of muskettiers, flank'd on either side by a small company of archers, which is followed by a party of muskettiers also. On either side are many pieces of cannon, and behind, guarded by a strong troop of horse, come the baggage, the women, the oxen, the sheep, and the like." Another manuscript of the time of Henry VIII., likewise preserved in the Cottonian Library, explains "the order to be had when the kinge goeth to battle," apparently referring to Henry's last continental expedition. "When the kinge goeth to warre in the countrie of his enemyes, and intendeth to make batayle, he must have in the forewarde the maister of his cross-bowes, and after the forewarde the high stewarde and the marshall of his lodgyng; and then the king, accompayned with dukes, and earles, and barons of his realme; and then in the rerewarde a duke, or an earl, or one of the marshalles, if the forewarde be stronge enough to resist the enemyes." Next follows "the order of the kinge if he intend to fyghte," not in his own person, but through others. "The kinge," says the manuscript, "arrayed in his own coat of armes, must be on horseback, on a good horse, covered also with his armes; the kinge must also wear a crown upon his headpiece, and on each side of him two dukes, or knyghtes of the valiauntest that he hath in his armye, well mounted, and armed on all poyntes. Behind the kinge his gentleman shall go bearynge his pennon, wheresoever the kinge goeth; and the king ought to be accompayned with dukes, and earles, to contynue under his banner. If the enemy will fight on foote, the kinge must still byde on horseback, and those that carry his banners must be on foote, accompayned as beforesaide: the kinge must be on horseback because that the dignitee of a kinge hath that priviledge, and for that it ought to suffice to see his people fight. And it is requisite that he see from one ende of the fiede to the other, to comfort his armye and give them courage; also if it happen that the fiede should be lost, he may save himself, for it is better to loose a battayle than to loose a kinge, inasmuch as the loosyng of a kinge is often the loss of a realme." The last sentence well expressed the prevailing political feeling of the Tudor period.

The fondness of Henry VIII. for all sorts of shows and exhibitions, whether of war or peace, where his vanity could find room to display itself, had some effect upon the character of the sports and pastimes of the people during the first half of the fifteenth century. Besides spending a great deal of his time in tournaments and jousts, the king was liberal in encouraging theatrical performances, and himself introduced a new kind of entertainment called a "maske." According to the contemporary historian, Edward Hall, in the

third year of Henry's reign, "on the day of Epiphanie at night, the kinge with eleven others were disguised, after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thing not scene afore in England; they were appareled in garments long and brode, wrought all with gold, with visers, and cappes of gold." The novel entertainment soon got into fashion through constant repetitions at court. When Kaiser Charles visited Henry, the latter, says Hall, "gave a great entertainment at Windsor, and on Sunday [June 16, 1522] at night was a disguising, or play, in the greate halle. The form of it was that there was a proud horse which would not be tamed nor bridled, but Amitie sent Prudence and Police, which tamed him, and Force and Puissance bridled him. This horse was meant by the French kinge, and Amitie by the kinge of England and the emperor, and other persons were their counsaill and power." After this terribly pedantic prologue came the "maske" proper, performed by twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen. "They played a dialogue before the kinge, the purport whereof was whether riches were better than love; and when they could not agree, each called knightes who fought a fair battle of the barriars and left the place. Then came in an old man with a silver beard, and he concluded that love and riches both be necessary for a prince, that is to saie, by love to be obeied and served, and riches to reward his lovers and friends." Henry VIII. as usual was profuse in scattering gold and cloth of gold, always the Lord Bountiful when his private amusements were concerned. On one occasion, as reported by Hall, "there came a certayne number of gentlemen, whereof the kinge was one, apparayled all in one swete of shorte garmentes, little beneath the poyntes, of blew velvet and crymsyne, with long sleeves, all cut and lyned with clothe of gold, and the upper parte of the garmentes were powdered with castels, and shefes of arrowes of fine docket gold; the upper partes of their hosen of like sewte and facion, the nether partes of scarlet, powdered with tymbrelles of fyne gold; on their heads bonets of damaske and silver, flatte woven in the stole, and thereupon wrought with gold and ryche fethers in them, all in visors." These pastimes of Henry VIII. were in direct contravention of a statute of Henry VII., which interdicted going about by night "with painted faces or visors."

Simultaneously with the introduction of gorgeous Italian "maskes," taking the place of the simple old English court amusements, a great change occurred in the stage entertainments prepared for the multitude, by the gradual substitution of regular dramatic pieces for the ancient "mysteries." The latter fell into disuse before the reformation, chiefly on account of the contempt with which the people had come to look upon the lower orders of the clergy and the monks, whose dissolute manners made them unfit in the eyes of devout men to personify sacred characters, such as the angels, the apostles, and Jesus Christ, all which were represented in nearly every one of these performances. But the taste for stage plays nevertheless continued to exist, and grew in strength with the spread of books and of general education, and to satisfy it, a new sort of dramatic entertainment, in which earthly things and earthly passions were

reflected upon, came to be produced. This led to a complete revolution in the highest of all popular diversions, making everything connected with it assume an entirely new form. In the performance of the sacred "mysteries," the stage on which the representations took place consisted of three different platforms, raised one above the other, each serving a particular purpose. On the uppermost sat the "pater coelestis," surrounded by all his angels; beneath it, on the second platform, appeared the holy saints and glorified men; while the lowest stage was occupied by those who represented mere human characters, and all beings not yet past the gate separating life from death. On one side of this lowest platform was a cavern, dark as night, from which fire and flames were constantly issuing while the performance was going on, the audience being treated also, now and then, to hideous yells and screams, to exhibit the sufferings of the poor souls in purgatory—sufferings which, the actors took care to remind the spectators, might be abridged at once by payment of certain sums of money, graduated in proportion of rank as well as wickedness. To heighten the impression made by the yells from the dark cavern, demons were seen ascending the ladder leading out of it from time to time, carrying in their clutches wretched bundles of humanity, which they cast into a place behind the tripartite stage, amidst shrieks drowning all other noises, unearthly in their intensity. All this had its due influence as long as the priestly performers themselves were held in proper estimation; but the sway ceased as soon as the spectators got under the power of new ideas, and came to discover that those who aimed to hold the balance of good and evil before their eyes were imbued themselves with more than the average amount of depravity and vice. Less and less attended by the people, the "mysteries" gradually fell into neglect, and lay performers came to occupy the place of priests and monks on the old stage. The new actors, not knowing what to do with the three platforms, began by pulling down the topmost one, and while shaping the ground floor into a theatre, after the Italian fashion, used the floor above as a stage accessory, and converted the purgatory and home of lost souls into a storehouse of old clothes.

The stage contrivances in the earlier representations of secular dramas were of the rudest kind, differing little from those of puppet shows. No decorations assisted to keep up the illusion of the play, and the actors had no costumes appropriate to the characters they were representing, the latter being indicated merely by inscriptions over the doors through which they entered. Each performer had a door, or rather a movable slip of curtain to himself, for which purpose the background of the stage was divided into a number of small compartments, separated by thin columns of wood, or canvas. During the sway of Henry VIII. and that of his two successors, everything connected with the stage remained low and vulgar; but a vast improvement took place towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, with the rise of the great dramatic poets that shed lustre over her age. "Comedians and stage-players of former time," records John Stowe, writing in the

25th of Elizabeth, "were very poore and ignorant, in respect of these of this time; but being now grown very skilfulle and exquisite actors for all matters, they were entertayned into service of divers great lordes, out of which companies there were twelve of the best choosen; and at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham they were sworne the queene's servants, and were allowed wages and liveries, as groomes of the chamber." "Untill this yeare, 1583," the chronicler continues, "the queene had no players: amongst the twelve players there be two rare men, viz., Thomas Wilson, for a quicke, delicate, refined extemporall wit, and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous, plentiful, pleasant wit." But with all the excellency of the actors, in whose list William Shakespeare himself figured, glorifying the profession for an age, the class was held in low estimation till the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and long after. The Puritans especially, who set themselves against all theatrical performances as leading to immorality, showered abuse upon "the players," whom they accused of irreligion, pride, and vanity, the latter exhibited in too great sumptuousness of dress. "Over-lashing in apparel," exclaims one of their writers, Stephen Gosson, "is so common a fault that the very hyerlings of some of our players, who stand at revirson of six shillings by the week, get under gentlemen's noses in sutis of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the Sunday before they begged an almes." The allusion to the "Sunday" here was due to the fact that the earlier dramatic performances took place only on the first day of the week, probably as much in consequence of growing out of the "mysteries," as because the lower and middle classes retained the Catholic custom of treating Sunday as the chief day of recreation and amusement a long time after the reformation. However, Stephen Gosson made it one of his complaints against the actors that they did not stick to their Sunday only, but allured people to the playhouse more frequently, with the damnable intention of "making four or five Sundays every week."

The theatres of the time of Elizabeth scarcely deserved the reproaches showered upon them by Puritan writers; for though not aiming to be schools of morals, and partaking of some of the coarseness of popular manners of the age, they did infinite service in raising the taste of the masses, and weaning them from more brutal amusements, such as bear and bull-baiting, and cock-fighting. These savage sports were so much the fashion during Elizabeth's reign, that the queen herself did not disdain to attend them, and even gave them her special protection by ordering that there should be no dramatic performances on Wednesdays, so as not to interfere with the great bull-fights that chiefly took place on this day. Of the frightful barbarity of these games, a learned German, Paul Hentzner, who visited England in the year 1598, as companion and tutor to a travelling nobleman, furnishes a striking picture. After mentioning the theatres "without the city," where, he remarks, "English actors represent almost every day tragedies and comedies to very numerous audiences," he dwells at much greater length upon

the rival entertainment, as evidently far more popular among the people whose character and manners he had come to study. "There is still another place," Hentzner says, "built in the form of a theatre, which serves for the baiting of bulls and bears. These are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the dogs, from the horns of the one, and the teeth of the other. It sometimes happens the dogs are killed upon the spot; however, fresh ones are supplied in the place of those that are incapable to fight. To this entertainment there is often added another, that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain; but he defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down those who come within his reach, or who are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands and breaking them." That not only the lowest classes, and those sunk deepest in brutality, but the highest and most accomplished personages in the realm, could look upon such atrocious cruelties as amusement gives a very low idea indeed of the moral standard of "Eliza's golden age." On many an occasion, the great maiden queen, who knew Greek and Latin, French, German, and Italian, who wrote verses, and counted a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Sidney among her subjects, looked complacently on while a poor animal whose eyes had been torn out was being whipped to death. "Her majesty," says a letter, describing the "princely pleasures" of Kenilworth Castle, on Elizabeth's visit to her favourite, the earl of Leicester, in 1575, "her majesty this day hath appointed a Frenchman to doe feats upon a rope in the conduit court, and to-morrow she hath commanded the beares, the bull, and the ape to be bayted in the tilt-yard." No less than thirteen bears were tortured to death on the day here referred to. "It was a sport very pleazaunt of theez beastz," reported an enthusiastic eyewitness, who feasted his eyes upon the sport, together with the maiden majesty of England, "to see the bear with his pink nyez leering after his enemies' approach . . . and what shyft, with byting, with clawyng, with roring, tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wynd himself from them, and when he was loose to shake his ears twyse or thyrse with the blood and the slaver about his fizonamy was a matter of goodly relief." Scenes like these, and their necessary results, explain much of the character of Elizabeth and of her times.

In intimate connection with the brutality of many of the popular sports of the Tudor period was the prevailing gross superstition of the age, from which the queen was as little free as the meanest of her subjects. The belief in witches, among others, was so universal that the learned and pious Bishop Jewel addressed Elizabeth from the pulpit on the subject, exhorting her to destroy those poor creatures whom fools or villains might point out as sorcerers. "It may please your grace," exclaimed the prelate of Salisbury, in a sermon preached before the queen in 1558, at St. Paul's Cathedral, "it may please your grace to understand that witches and sorcerers within these few last years are marvellously increased

within your grace's realm. Your grace's subjects pine away, even unto the death, their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft." "I pray God," added the loyal and zealous preacher, "the sorcerers may never practice further than upon the subject." The hint was sufficient to lead to the bringing in of a bill during the next parliamentary session making witchcraft and enchantments felony, in the passing of which act one of the bishops spoke of his personal acquaintance with witches' doings, exclaiming, "these eyes have seen most evident and manifest marks of their wickedness." Many persons suffered under this statute, and Elizabeth was not loth to ascribe all her ailings, great or little, to "the effect of magic," not excepting the regular visitations of the toothache, consequence of her too great indulgence in sweetmeats and other indigestible dainties. In 1589, one Mrs. Dier was put to the torture for having "worked some mischief to her majesty;" and having been racked, "her words and doings were sent to Popham, the queen's attorney, and Egerton, her solicitor, by Walsingham, the secretary, and Sir Thomas Heneage, her vice-chamberlain, for their judgment." Fortunately for this poor woman, she escaped the extreme penalty by strict adherence of the judges to the letter of the law, it being found that she "was not within the compass of the statute touching witchcraft, for that she did no act tending to that purpose, and neither set figure nor made speeches." The act here mentioned as a ground of acquittal, that "to set figure" was believed to be one of the most prominent parts of the occult art of magic, and as such was duly embodied in Elizabeth's sorcery statute. A writer of the time laid it down that witches "take the roots of mandrake, or else the roots of briony, which simple folke take for the true mandrake, and make thereof an ugly image, by which they represent the person on whom they intend to exercise their witchcraft." So deep was the belief in sorcery rooted in the superstition of the age, that even Bacon did not deem it beneath his dignity to refer to it in several of his works, though with evident incredulity. "The ointment that witches use," he says in one place, "is reported to be made of the fat of children digged out of their graves, of the juices of smallage, wolfbane, and cinquefoil, mingled with the meal of fine wheat. But I suppose the soporiferous medicines are likeliest to do it, which are henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, or rather nightshade, opium, saffron, poplar leaves, and tobacco." Of the connection between the last-named herb and witchcraft, an odd tale was current in Bacon's time. It ran that when the Christians first discovered America, the enemy of mankind got afraid of losing his hold over the people there, and to revenge himself upon his adversaries taught them the use of tobacco, thereby achieving the most extraordinary success, overthrowing at one swoop bodies and souls. In allusion to this story, Raphael Thorius, poet and physician, designated rolls of tobacco as "the devil's addle eggs."

A wonderfully clear and graphic picture of the general aspect of England, and the habits, customs, and manners of the people at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, has been left on record in Paul Hentzner's

description, already cited. The observant traveller, with his noble companion, several friends, and the proper retinue of servants, landed at the port of Rye, in Sussex, rode from thence, by way of Tunbridge, to London, and having examined carefully all that he deemed worth seeing in the capital, visited Cambridge, Oxford, Windsor, Hampton Court, and other places, and finally embarked again at Dover, much pleased with the exploration of Queen Elizabeth's realm, the main facts and results of which he noted down in his diary in elegant Latin. "As soon as we had come on shore at Rye," says Hentzner, beginning the account of his journey, "we gave in our names to the notary of the place, who demanded our business, and being told that we had none but to see England, we were conducted to an inn, where we found ourselves well entertained, as is generally the case in this country. From here to London we took post-horses, which carried us surprisingly swift; they had light bridles, and their saddles were little more than a span in width. At Flimwell we first changed horses; then we passed Tunbridge, another village, and at Chipstead we had fresh steeds for the second and last time." Arrived at London, the traveller got enraptured with all the sights which his eyes beheld—some very ugly things among them. "The city," he records, "being very large of itself, has extensive suburbs, and a fort, called the Tower, of beautiful structure. It has also a great number of public buildings and churches, of which latter there are above one hundred and twenty parochial. On the south is a bridge of stone, eight hundred feet in length, and of wonderful workmanship; it is supported upon twenty piers, made of square stone, sixty feet high and thirty feet broad, and joined by arches of about twenty feet diameter. The whole is covered with houses, so disposed as to give the appearance of an ordinary street, and not at all of a bridge. On the one side stands a tower, on the top of which the heads of persons executed for high treason are stuck upon iron spikes; we counted above thirty heads." Dwelling at length upon the public buildings and the government of London—the "thirty heads" receiving no further notice—Hentzner goes on: "It is worthy of observation that every year, upon St. Bartholomew's day, when the fair is held, it is usual for the lord mayor of London, attended by the twelve principal aldermen, to walk in a neighbouring field, with a gold chain about his neck, to which is hung a jewel representing a fleece. During his year of magistracy the lord mayor is obliged to live so magnificently that anybody, native or foreigner, is free to dine at his table—if he can find a chair empty. When the lord mayor leaves the precincts of the city, a mace, a sword, and a cap are borne before him, while he is followed by the aldermen in scarlet gowns, all on horseback, with chains round their necks. Upon their arrival at the appointed place, where a tent is pitched, the mob begin to wrestle before them, two at a time, and the victors receive rewards from the hands of the magistrates. After this a lot of rabbits are turned loose among the crowd, and pursued by the boys, who endeavour to catch them, making an astounding noise. While we were looking at this entertaining show, one of our company, Tobias

Salander, doctor of physic, had his pocket picked of a purse containing nine crowns of gold. It was done in an exceeding clever manner, by an Englishman, who always kept near the doctor in a friendly way; and it was not till he was gone that our companion discovered that his purse was gone too." All the German travellers admired the cleverness, except Herr Tobias Salander.

Having seen the London curiosities, the Germans went down the river to Greenwich, to pay a visit to the court of the ruler of England, inspecting by the way "the ship of that noble pirate, Sir Francis Drake, in which he is said to have surrounded this globe of earth." Paul Hentzner had a near view of Queen Elizabeth, and, putting upon paper everything he espied, with the greatest minuteness, left on record a pen-and-ink picture surprising for its clearness. "We were admitted," he relates, "by an order from the lord chamberlain, into the presence-chamber, through which the queen usually passes on her way to the chapel; it was hung with rich tapestry, but the floor was strewn with rushes only, after the English fashion. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office it was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait upon her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobles and other personages; there were present this day the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, and a vast number of councillors of state and officers of the crown, all awaiting the arrival of the queen. She came at last from her own apartment, attended in the following manner. First there went a file of gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed, and next came the lord chancellor, carrying the seals in a scarlet silk purse, and walking between two nobles, one of them holding the royal sceptre and the other the sword of state in a red scabbard. Now appeared the queen—in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told. She looked very majestic: her face oblong and fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, dark, and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black. She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red, and upon her head rested a small crown of gold. Her bosom was uncovered—as all English ladies have it till they marry—and around her neck hung a string of magnificent jewels. Her hands seemed very small, her fingers long, and her stature of the middle size; and though her deportment was stately, her manner of speaking was mild and obliging. She was dressed in a robe of white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, over which hung a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; the train was very long, and borne by a marchioness. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, addressing in turn foreign ministers and others in English, French, and Italian. All spoke to her kneeling, but at times she raised some one with her hand. While we were there, Baron Slawata, a Bohemian, had letters to present to her, on which she, as a mark of particular favour, took off her glove and let him kiss her right hand, sparkling with rings and jewels. Wherever

she turned her face as she was going along, all fell down on their knees. Next to the queen followed the ladies of the court, very handsome and well shaped, and mostly dressed in white; and at her side marched the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chamber, next the hall where we were, many persons presented petitions to the queen, which she received very graciously, causing frequent shouts of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth.' To which she replied, 'I thank you, my good people.'"

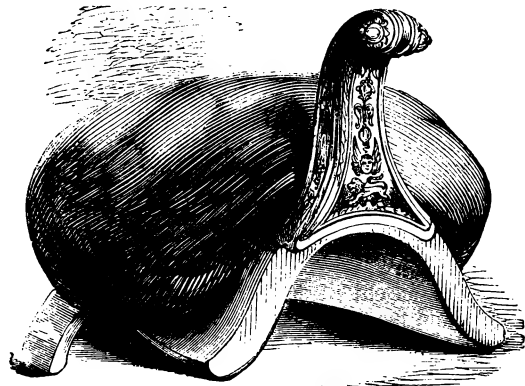
While the queen attended divine service, "which scarce exceeded half an hour," Hentzner and his friends watched the setting out of the royal table for dinner, an elaborate process, and not a little curious. "A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a tablecloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table; after this both again kneeled thrice and then retired. Next came two other gentlemen, one with the rod, and the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and some bread, and when they had kneeled as the others had done, they retired with the like ceremonies. Several other attendants made their appearance, and at last came a married lady, a countess in rank, and with her an unmarried one carrying a tasting-knife in her hand. The former, who was dressed in white silk, prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, and then approached the table and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen herself had been present. The two ladies kept standing near the table, and when they had waited a little while, twenty-four yeomen of the guard entered the apartment, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, each with a golden rose upon his back. They brought in successively, on rich plate, twenty-four dishes, which they handed to a gentleman, who placed them upon the table, while the lady in attendance gave to each of the guards a mouthful of the dish he had been carrying. This, we were told, is done for fear of poison. During the time that the yeomen—who are selected from among the tallest and handsomest men that can be found in England—were bringing in dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. The whole ceremony of setting out the table having come to an end, a number of unmarried ladies made their appearance, and carried the dishes away into the queen's private room, where, as we were told, she selects her own dinner and sends the remainder to her attendants. The queen takes her dinner and supper nearly always alone, with very few servants about her, and it is seldom that anybody, native or foreigner, is admitted at the time." Hentzner does not mention the time at which the queen dined; but it was probably the hour which had become customary at the end of Elizabeth's reign, namely twelve o'clock. At the beginning of the reign it was eleven, as mentioned by William Harrison, in his "Historical Description of the Island of Britain," inserted in Holinshed's Chronicle. "With us," says Harrison, "the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, do ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at five, or between five and sixe, at afternoone." Fashion, at

the end of the sixteenth century, put back the hour of dining till noon. "At ten," says a character in one of Thomas Middleton's plays, published about 1590, "we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven, look around for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve, go to dinner, that's eating-hour." Twelve o'clock remained the dinner-hour for the next hundred years.

Having finished his tour through England, and seen many curious things at Cambridge, Oxford, Windsor, and Canterbury, as well as in the capital, the German traveller put down in his diary the following reflections about the country and the people. "The soil of England," his account runs, "is fruitful, and abounds with cattle, which inclines the inhabitants rather to raising flesh than corn, and near one third part of the land is left uncultivated for grazing. The climate is most temperate at all times, and the air never heavy, as a consequence of which, maladies are scarcer and less physic is used than anywhere else. Although the soil is productive, the grape is not grown; but the want is supplied by the importation from abroad of the best kinds of wine, such as Rhenish and Spanish, Gascon and Orleans. The general drink, however, is beer, prepared from barley, which tastes well, but is strong and very intoxicating. Upon the hills, many of which are treeless and dry, wander numerous flocks of sheep, and whether it be the soft temperature of the air, or the goodness of the soil, it is certain that they produce finer and softer wool than the flocks of any other country: in these flocks, with golden fleeces, lies the chief wealth of the inhabitants." After some further description of the country, Hentzner continues: "The English are serious, like the Germans; but greater lovers of show. The nobles and wealthy persons like to be followed wherever they go by great troops of arms, who wear their master's badge in silver, fastened to their left arm. Many of the people excel in dancing and music, and all are active and lively in their movements, though somewhat stouter than the French, whom they resemble in this respect. They cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side. The English are good sailors and better pirates; they are famous thieves, and it is said that above three hundred of the class are hung annually at London—beheading is with them less infamous than hanging. They are more polite in eating than the French, taking less bread but more meat, which they roast to perfection; they also put a great deal of sugar in their drink. They are often troubled with the scurvy, which is said to have crept into England with the Norman conquest. Their houses are commonly of two stories, except in London, where there are sometimes three, and more seldom four; they are built of wood, and those of the richer classes of bricks; the roofs are mostly low, and in some cases covered with lead. The English people certainly are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, and impatient of anything like slavery. They are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, the beating of drums, and the ringing of bells; and it is common for a

number of them, if they feel somewhat elated, to go up into some church tower and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. Vanity is very general among them; and if they see a foreigner particularly handsome or well made, they will say 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman.'

Taken all in all, virtues and defects, lights and shadows, the people of England at the end of the Tudor period gave every sign and manifestation of becoming one of the leading nations of the world. As yet the total population was little above four millions, but the subtle brains and strong arms of this mere handful of men, inhabiting part of a small island, already pointed them out as rulers of future empires. "The kingdom of heaven," says Bacon, in his essay "On the true Greatness of Kingdoms and States," written a few years before the death of Elizabeth, "the kingdom of heaven is compared, not to any great kernel or nut, but to a grain of mustard seed, which is one of the least grains, but hath in it a property and spirit hastily to get up and spread. So are there states great in territory and yet not apt to enlarge or command, and some that have but small dimensions of stem and yet like to be the foundations of great monarchies. Walled towns, stored arsenals and armouries, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, ordnance, artillery, and the like, all these are but as a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike." "And thus much is certain," Bacon continues, further on, "that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, whereas those that are strongest by land are many times, nevertheless, in great straits. With us of Europe, particularly, the vantage of strength at sea—which is one of the principal dowries of this kingdom—is great, as well because most of the kingdoms of Europe are girt by the sea, as because the wealth of both Indies seems, in great part, but an accessory to the command of the seas." Bacon in his essay overlooked one feature of national greatness. "The English people," Paul Hentzner observed, "are impatient of anything like slavery." Here was the main source of England's future greatness.



SADDLE OF ELIZABETH.

THE STUART PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

The Civil and Military History of Great Britain from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Death of Charles I., A.D. 1649.

IN the grey dawn of Thursday, the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth was lying dead on her lonely couch at Richmond Palace, in the same chamber in which King Henry VIII. had breathed his last, and her kinsman, Robert Carey, was galloping along in furious haste on the road to Scotland. Without stop or delay, the rider kept his horse's head northward, not taking rest till arrived the next morning within the borough of Doncaster, after a whirlwind flight of one hundred and sixty miles. Another gallop of a hundred and sixty miles brought the rider over the Scottish border; and at noon on Saturday, the 26th of March, he crossed the Tweed at the foot of Norham Castle, full of hopes of reaching Edinburgh before sunset. He had not got far, however, before his jaded steed stumbled under him, throwing him on the ground, and on his attempting to get up, gave him a blow on the head with one of his hoofs, inflicting a deep wound, and leaving him prostrate and almost senseless. But the kinsman of the last Tudor queen, carrying a crown to the first Stuart king, felt as if his life depended on a quick ride to Edinburgh, and though faint from loss of blood, and half dead with fatigue, he managed to crawl into the saddle again and pursue his road northward. Midnight was approaching when at length he reached the gate of Holyrood Palace; he knocked, was admitted, and on his earnest entreaty allowed to see the king, who had gone to bed. Carey kneeled at the bedside, and wiping his blood-stained face, and lifting the sapphire ring that had fallen from the window of the dying chamber of Queen Elizabeth, exclaimed: "Hail to thee, James! King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France!"

Joyfuller sounds never reached the ears of the son of Mary Stuart. For many weary years he had been expecting the event announced to him, until at last it seemed as if it would never come, as if the golden fruit that was hanging above him temptingly would never drop upon his parched lips. It was not ambition alone, and greed of political power, that turned all the desires of James towards the throne of England, but his longings had their source in considerations of a far simpler and far more prosaic nature. A quiet, shy, and studious man, a pedant in learning and theorist in statecraft, he would have been abundantly content in his limited sphere as ruler of Scotland, or, if need be, asthane of a Scotch village, if allowed to live at ease, with a fair allowance of the good things of the world, and no people

about him to contradict his wise sayings, oppose his whims, or otherwise ruffle his temper. But none of these delights were offered to James of Scotland, chief of a turbulent commonwealth of mailed barons, warlike yeomen, fanatic preachers, and rebellious traders and artisans, all of them ready at the least provocation to take him by the throat and make him responsible for evil times and evil deeds. In name still a monarchy, Scotland in fact had become a republic ever since the day that the Lords of the Congregation made Mary Stuart their prisoner; and James himself, whose natural shrewdness was not entirely obscured by his pedantry and mental conceit, was perfectly well aware, through the bitter experience of a quarter of a century of nominal kingship, that his power was a sham, and his sceptre a toy, not quite as useful as an ordinary walking-stick. The absence of substantial dominion James might have borne with patience, but he fretted for not enjoying even the outward honours to which he thought himself entitled as a crowned head, and, what made matters much worse, for being wretchedly remunerated as a crown-bearer. His high theoretical notions of what a king ought to be, laid down not only in multifarious speeches, but in books composed by himself, came in everlasting conflict with dire reality: his nobles defied him; his servants disobeyed him; his clergy preached against him; and his spouse laughed at him; and there was scarce a subject in his realm who would properly follow his commands, or even read his literary compositions. A little more money, he knew, would have set him all right, at least in his own house; and his constant penury, therefore, put the culminating point to his unhappiness, as well as to the burning desire to get out of it by seating himself on the golden throne of Elizabeth, and obtaining at one stroke all that earth could offer or his heart could desire. The picture before his eyes was so dazzling, and so complete in its offer of unalloyed blissfulness, that James after long impatient expectation had come to fancy at last it would never be a reality, or, at the best, could be realized only by some kind of superhuman effort on his part. Labouring under this impression, he had kept up for years a secret correspondence with Cecil, Essex, Northumberland, and a number of other eminent men grouped around Elizabeth's throne, and had despatched ambassadors to almost all the potentates of Europe, the pope included, offering concordates, alliances, and treaties of peace, in return for their

friendship and goodwill. His mind, delighting in intricate and mysterious combinations, found contentment in thus forestalling, as he fondly believed he was doing, the current of events; yet he nevertheless felt trembling as on the verge of a precipice when hearing at last that the hour had arrived that was to justify all his hopes and expectations. Taking the zealous messenger who was kneeling at his bedside, greeting him as ruler of three kingdoms, by the hand, he enjoined him to keep the weighty intelligence which he had brought a secret for a while. Though transparently conscious of his own merits, James seemed to feel for the moment more than ever doubtful whether his head would ever bear the delicious burden of the crown of England.

The fears and doubts of King James were very unfounded. Had he been the only son of Elizabeth instead of mere collateral heir, her subjects could not have been more inclined to transfer her crown to his head, and to kneel in mute obedience before his sceptre. Some very erudite people, almost as full of scholarship as James himself, had been counting up a list of fourteen claimants of Elizabeth's throne; and the pedigree of one or two of these claimants had been discussed in pamphlets and news sheets, but beyond this the movement never went, and the great body of the nation was fully and absolutely prepared to accept the king of Scotland, and no one else, as sovereign of England. Everything spoke in his favour, and nothing against him. His claim of blood was decidedly better than that of any other possible pretender; he was unobjectionable on the score of religion, having been educated in the strict tenets of Protestantism; he furnished guarantees of undisturbed succession in several children, offspring of a Protestant wife; and last, not least, he added most materially to the power and greatness of England by establishing the long-desired union with Scotland. The last consideration would have been sufficient to eliminate a hundred lesser claimants of the crown from competition, and as it was served to add, in an extraordinary degree, to the unanimity with which the English people saluted the accession of King James. To the leading men of the government this unanimity was perfectly well known, and immediately after Elizabeth's decease they exhibited their acquaintance with the state of public opinion by slavishly bowing before her successor. Cecil's correspondence with James had become very intimate during the last weeks of the illness of the queen; and as soon as her eyes were closed he called his colleagues in the privy council together, and showed them a proclamation to the people announcing the death of Elizabeth and the accession of the king of Scotland. The edict had been agreed upon previously between the king and Cecil, of which fact most of the privy councillors were well aware; and all them having no other object in view but that of intently worshipping the rising sun, they resolved with marvellous unanimity that the supreme power of the realm, growth of four generations of unrestricted despotism, should be made over unconditionally and at once to James. Before Elizabeth had been dead five hours, the proclamation was signed by all the high dignitaries of state; and when the citizens of London arose from their slumbers on

the morning of the 24th of March, they heard the clatter of many horsehoofs in the silent streets, and heralds proclaiming that the kingdom had changed masters. Soon after daybreak, Cecil himself, with a crowd of noble lords at his heels, issued forth from Whitehall to read his proclamation to the people. First on the steps of the royal palace, and next under the High Cross, at Cheapside, he announced "most distinctly and audibly," as recorded by John Stow, an eyewitness, that the queen's blessed majesty was dead, and that the right of succession was wholly and undisputedly in James king of Scots, now king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France. Thereupon, says John Stow, "all the multitude with one consent cried aloud: 'God save King James!'"

Two official envoys were despatched by Cecil immediately after the reading of the proclamation to carry the news of his accession to James; but they were no match to Robert Carey in hard riding, and it was not till Wednesday, the 30th of March, four days after his arrival, that they made their solemn entry into Holyrood Palace. Their appearance put an end to many heavy doubts that had been agitating the mind of James, and he gave himself up to unrestricted joy, limited only by the consciousness of his own ineffable grandeur and dignity. Cecil having, very considerably, sent him some money for the journey to London, the king was for leaving Scotland at once, but was retained a few days by the importunities of his wife. Anne of Denmark thought it beneath her dignity to go on a journey with a throne for a goal without a full assortment of crown jewels; and learning from the English envoys that they had not brought the regalia, and could not fetch them either, she declared her intention to stop at home until further arrangements could be made. Finding persuasion useless to turn the attention of his consort from this weighty matter, James resolved to set out without her; and early on the morning of the 5th of April quitted Edinburgh, with an immense train of courtiers, arriving the same day at Berwick-on-Tweed. Here, in the rapture of a most cordial greeting from his new subjects, he fired off a big gun with his own hand, astonishing all the people present by his pluck, and none more than himself; and this done he sat down to write a long letter to his "right trusty and right well-beloved" Cecil and others of his privy council at London, giving thanks for the money sent, and asking to let him have some more. At the same time he despatched a wonderfully characteristic note to his eldest son, Henry, a boy nine years of age, who had been left at Stirling Castle under the care of the earl of Mar, giving him paternal advice as to how he ought to behave now that he had become heir of the English throne. "Choose none to be your playfellows but of honourable birth," the counsel, or rather order, ran, "and, above all things, never give countenance to any but as ye are informed are in estimation with me." Then his majesty continued: "I send you herewith my book, lately printed: study and profit by it as you would deserve my blessing; and as there can nothing happen unto you whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices with the rules there set down, allowing

and following their advices with the rules there set down, and mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise you to the contrary." The marvellous work of James's own composition, "my booke lately prentid," as he described it, was called the "Basilicon Doron," and consisted of a mass of precepts and injunctions on religious, social, political, and moral subjects, on all which the king gave his final judgment with the tone of absolute authority, considering the opinions of all other men as unconditionally worthless. It was sheer modesty in the royal author to say that there could "nothing happen" in the world of which his book did not give the "general ground, if not the particular point." After this announcement, there was no room to doubt that England, for the first time in its history, was getting a universal philosopher for a king.

The immeasurable conceit of James, and belief in his own infallibility, was raised to the utmost pitch by the reception given him by his new subjects. A century of despotism had done its work in destroying all sense of manhood among the upper classes of English society; and they bowed before the new king, not as free men face to face with a freely-chosen sovereign, but like slaves crouching at the feet of a fresh master. The Scottish gentlemen who followed in the train of James were perfectly amazed at the cringing and fawning attitude of the English nobility. "This people will spoil a gude king," one of them exclaimed, with a slight feeling of disgust, remembering the bold manner in which his countrymen had opposed absolutistic pretensions, a famous Presbyterian minister among others declaring from the pulpit that all royal autocrats were "the devil's bairns." The servile worship paid to him by his English subjects fairly turned James's head before he had got far on his progress to London. He crept along in slow stages, advancing not more than ten or fifteen miles a day, dining at the houses of the chief gentry on the road, listening with composure to the most inflated adulation, and dubbing everybody a knight who came across his path, making nobles at the rate of more than forty a week. At York, Cecil was lying in wait for the king, and had a long secret interview with him, which ended in his being formally reinstated and confirmed in his position of secretary of state and prime minister of England. The son of Burleigh had not a few enemies, who, as he was well aware, were making the greatest efforts to eject him from his high post; but he defeated all their machinations by intrigues of a very superior kind, buying up everybody possessed of influence with James, and sparing no exertions in words or deeds to make the king believe that he was indispensable to him. Always under the sway of some particular favourite, who ruled him by humouring his whims and simulating profound admiration of his sublime wisdom, James for the moment had two guides about him to whom his ears were always open, in Sir George Hume, a member of his Scottish privy council, and Roger Aston, his barber. To both Cecil applied himself very diligently, sparing neither bribes nor promises, and the result of his work became visible immediately in many declarations of royal affection expressed in his favour. Not trusting

too much to these, Cecil determined to keep close to James, so as to prevent the access of other influences. Obtaining the king's promise to honour St. Theobald's, his sumptuous seat in Essex, with a visit before making his public entrance into the metropolis, Cecil led him thither very slowly, making use of every moment to increase his authority by outbidding all other sycophants in the royal suite in flattery and intrigue. Thus the long train, increasing every day, swept on, through York, Doncaster, and Worksop, to Newark-upon-Trent, where James performed his first great act of kingship. Hearing that a thief had been caught in the vicinity of the court, he issued his warrant to the recorder of Newark, ordering that the man should be hung at once, without examination, trial, or judgment. The order was executed without delay, to the intense consternation of the people, who wildly opened their eyes at the approach of the new-fangled despot, yet dared not tell him that what he was doing was simply murder, for which any English jury might send him to the gallows.

After making two hundred and nine new knights on the road, and hanging one thief, James at last reached St. Theobald's on the 3rd of May, having taken very nearly a month to accomplish the journey from the border. Cecil had made great preparations to receive the king, converting the splendid mansion which his father had built at an immense expenditure, into a sort of fairy palace; and the sight of all the splendour and luxury spread out before his eyes so much startled the royal visitor that he seemed beside himself for joy. The shrewd son of Burleigh spared neither good dinners, nor fine wines, nor smiling obsequiousness to keep up the good-humour of his majesty; and everything succeeding according to his wishes, he made a great exhibition of his new established power, designed to strike his enemies dumb, by summoning all the lords of the privy council to his house to do homage to the new ruler. James was well content with the scheme, feeling enraptured with the sumptuous dwelling and the exquisite wines of his host, so that, showing no hurry to leave St. Theobald's, Cecil had time not only to present to him the privy councillors collectively and individually, but to influence his mind to the extent of giving all places of importance to his own adherents, and keep all those inimically disposed to him out of office. It had always been a prominent feature of Burleigh's policy to suffer no conspicuous men at his side to obscure his own importance in the eyes of the sovereign, and Cecil followed the course somewhat further than his sire, being instinctively conscious that he had more reason to do so. It was his jealousy, acting in concert with the undisguised animosity of several other of Elizabeth's advisers, that had brought Essex to the block; but since the noble and hot-headed earl had fallen, new dangers appeared before him in the rise of some of the old foes of Elizabeth's favourite, and it was to destroy these that Cecil's present efforts were chiefly directed. James, not devoid of generosity as long as it was cheap, and seemed profitable, professed the belief that Essex had suffered for his faithfulness to him, which led him to speak of the gallant earl always as "my martyr," not forgetting, probably, that the name

thus tenderly apostrophised enjoyed boundless popularity in England. Upon this genial piece of hypocrisy, for it was little else, Cecil built a notable scheme of his own. Wishing to get rid at once of the four most distinguished men in and near the government, whose ambition he dreaded most, he whispered into the king's ear that the earl of Northumberland, Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Grey, had been chiefly the means of destroying Essex, and that it would be well, therefore, to visit them with some marks of royal displeasure. James did as advised, conveniently forgetting that Cecil himself had been the principal actor in the Essex drama, and the four rivals and old allies of the secretary were given to understand that they must expect no promotion, while Raleigh, the most ambitious of the number, and consequently most dangerous, was deprived in addition of the various posts he filled. This done, James remodelled his council, leaving none but friends of Cecil, such as Egerton, the lord keeper, the two Howards, Buckhurst, Mountjoy, and Nottingham, in office, and adding to the number four Scottish lords, together with his own secretary, James Elphinstone. Finally, on the 7th of May, the king quitted St. Theobald's, after dubbing twenty-eight more knights, thus raising the list of nobles he had created within a month to two hundred and thirty-seven, or about four times as many as Queen Elizabeth had made during the whole of her long reign.

James made his entry into the metropolis late in the evening of the 7th of May, received by the lord mayor and aldermen of the city at Stamford Hill, and escorted by them to a residence prepared at the Charter House, through streets lined by dense crowds of people, full of enthusiasm, but somewhat astonished at the personal appearance of the new majesty of England. The contrast between the city dignitaries and the king was great indeed; the former being clad in their gorgeous scarlet robes, and the latter in a garb suggestive of the traditional dress of the followers of Robin Hood. A spectator on the road left a description of "the colours" of King James, describing his garments "as green as the grass he trod on, with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side." The figure and features of James were not made to do away with the ludicrousness of this attire. "He was of middle stature," according to Sir Anthony Welldon, clerk in the royal household, "more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes being made large and easy, the doublets quilted to be stiletto proof, and his breeches in plaits and full stuffed—he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets." Then, to complete the portrait in a few strokes, "his eyes were large and ever rolling," "his beard was very thin," "his tongue too large for his mouth," "his skin as soft as taffeta sarsenet," and "his legs extremely weak." James himself became aware on the day of his entry that he had made no very favourable impression upon his subjects in the metropolis, and to gain popularity he issued a proclamation suspending the operation of all the monopolies granted by Queen Elizabeth until they had been examined by the privy council. This had a good effect upon the multitude;

and to earn the plaudits of the middle classes as well, the king set to manufacture still more knights, determined apparently not to rest till every shopkeeper in the realm had been turned into a nobleman. From the Charter House, where he did nothing else but knight individuals who came in his way, James removed to the Tower, continuing there the business, and from thence proceeded to Greenwich, unwearied in his labours, till he had ennobled some seven hundred people by the touch of his sword—or that green "horn" which hung "instead of a sword by his side." Having shaped a sufficient number of knights to form a regiment, or people a small town, James set to produce peers of the realm. The first upon whom the honour was conferred was Cecil, who was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Cecil of Essendon, which promotion was followed immediately by the creation of nine more barons and four earls, most of them Scotchmen. The sudden rise of these strangers brought out the loud murmurs of the English courtiers and sycophants, who believed themselves entitled, by length of service and servility to the predecessor of James, to earliest consideration; and to appease their clamour the manufacture of earls and barons continued until sixty-two new names had been added to the roll of the House of Lords. The silly and highly impolitic proceeding gave rise to much amusement among the wits of the city, who stuck up bills in the public lounge at St. Paul's offering to teach, on the most moderate terms, a new and improved art of mnemonics, requisite for remembering the names of all the bran-new nobles baked by King James.

James was little affected by the gibes of his subjects, dwelling, blissfully ignorant of pasquinades and lampoons, in a lofty atmosphere of his own, which he established for himself as soon as he had settled down in the old abode of Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich. Surrounded by a dense crowd of court parasites, he employed all his spare time, left after eating, drinking, and making nobles, in preparing proclamations to the people of England brimful of oracular wisdom, and expounding all things, high and low, under the new light of his sublime understanding. Of his predecessor on the throne he only spoke with an air of contempt; and the tribe of flatterers around him, who had crawled in the dust before the great queen, hesitated not to echo his words, and to admire everything falling from his lips as bits of divine inspiration. James, for once in his life, appeared to feel satisfied with the incense bestowed upon him, and his happiness seemed complete but for one little black cloud in the distance, upon which he looked with gloom and apprehension. This was the conduct of his wife, left behind at Edinburgh. Anne of Denmark, from the first year of her marriage with James, had taken the measure of the man, and broken his conceit by letting him understand on every suitable occasion that she was fully aware of being wedded to a pedant and a charlatan, in whose head and heart alike there was no room for love, or any other high feeling, but only for illimitable vanity and egotism. Knowing that it was impossible for him to impose upon her, the pluckless royal husband stood in awe of his consort, and the dread had given rise

already as to many ludicrous scenes, so to a dark tragedy, the details of which were hidden in profound mystery. On the 5th of August, 1600, two years and seven months before the death of Elizabeth called him to the English throne, James had left Falkland Palace on a hunting excursion, in company with Alexander Ruthven, one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, a handsome youth on whom the queen had recently bestowed extraordinary marks of favour. Before the hunting commenced, on the road to the forest, James turned aside to visit the earl of Gowrie, Ruthven's elder brother, at his mansion at Perth, telling his suite to leave him alone for a few hours. The time had not expired when the royal attendants came galloping up, and found that a double murder had been committed, both the earl and young Ruthven being stretched out in one of the rooms of



FALKLAND PALACE.

their mansion, weltering in blood. James sullenly stated that the brothers had been slain by his order, having previously attacked him and tried to do violence to his own person. Utterly improbable as was the story, the young nobles not having previously shown the slightest cause of ill-will against the king, but, on the contrary, being known as fervent partisans of the crown, the courtiers did not refuse credence to their master, and the dead bodies of the Ruthvens were dragged away by them to be judged for treason, according to the ancient law of Scotland. The queen fainted on hearing the account of the tragedy at the Gowrie mansion, and refused to see James, openly accusing him of participation in a foul murder, and her opinion was shared by many of the people, especially the Presbyterian clergy. Nevertheless, the Scottish parliament, in conformity with the royal behest, judged the two Ruthvens guilty of treason, and the remains of the brothers were ordered to be torn to pieces by the hangman. On the day on which the judgment was executed, the 19th of November, 1600, the queen gave birth to a son, christened Charles—destined to follow his father on the throne as Charles I. It was reported that, in the agony of her confinement, the queen exclaimed “she hoped God would not visit her child with his vengeance for the murder of the Ruthvens.”

There was a seeming reconciliation between James and his wife after the birth of Charles, but it was hollow and deceitful on both sides. The year after dissensions broke out afresh, and in 1602 the king went so far as to accuse his consort of plotting against his life, and harbouring in her private apartments a sister of the Ruthvens who meant to give him poison. The accusation was true as regarded the secreting of the unhappy woman, whose nearest relatives had been killed, and the queen was forced to deliver her up, and promise never to see her again. Further quarrelling between the royal pair was stopped by the arrival of the great news that James had succeeded to the crown of England, in the burst of which glory and excitement Anne forgot her own deep private sorrows. Ambitious as much as her partner, though possessed of less vanity and more pride, she would have been glad to set out with him on the journey to the new throne; but the absence of the indispensable jewelry forbidding the progress, she agreed to let James go alone in his green coat, with his feather in his cap, and horn at his side, consoling herself with the hope that in his absence she would be reigning queen of Scotland. But the expectation was entirely destroyed by the arrangements made at the last moment by the king, followed up by orders despatched on his journey to London. These were to the effect that his eldest son, Henry, just past nine, should represent his own exalted self in his absence, and be kept for this purpose under the close care of the earl of Mar at Stirling Castle, not to be allowed to stir from thence, nor, on any account, to get into the custody of his mother. When learning how she had been thwarted, Anne got furious, and instantly hurried off from Holyrood to Stirling, determined to take possession of her son, if necessary, by main force. The earl of Mar had left a few days before on a journey to England when the queen arrived at the gate of Stirling Castle, with a great body of armed attendants, and demanded of Lady Mar, who filled the place of governor in her husband's absence, instant admission. This was refused for the armed men, whereupon Anne came rushing in with a few of her courtiers, took her son by the arm, and made an attempt to run away with him. But Lady Mar, a stanch Scotchwoman, not suffering from the nerves, opposed her majesty in a very determined manner, declaring “that she had the king's warrant for retaining the prince under her charge, and till she saw equal authority for surrendering him, she must keep him by force.” Anne now broke forth in hysterical shrieks; her attendants drew their swords, and the officers of the castle, on a wink from Lady Mar, drew their swords likewise. The scene ended by a long fainting fit of the queen, from which she had no sooner recovered when she was delivered, prematurely, of a dead son. James received the lamentable news in the middle of May, just after he had settled comfortably at Greenwich Palace, making lords and writing proclamations. He had been cherishing fond hopes that his royal consort would let him have peace for awhile; but the report of her behaviour at Stirling upset him completely, and utterly at a loss how to defend himself, he gave orders to the earl of Mar to let her do everything

she liked, to deliver Prince Henry up to her, and to pay her all the honours of a reigning queen. However, even this failed to pacify the irate royal lady; she refused to receive her son from the hands of the earl of Mar when offered to her, and deeming she could not punish her husband better than going to him, she started for London immediately after she had recovered from her confinement. The affray at Stirling castle had taken place in the first week of May; and on the 2nd of June the queen found herself sufficiently strong to set out for the English capital, carrying with her in an oaken coffin the body of her still-born infant.

It took nearly a month for Queen Anne to get to London, her progress being delayed by endless quarrels with the court officials sent to her by James, she insisting to appoint her own people, and he swearing great oaths that he would "break the pate" of any man accepting office without his permission. While she was tarrying at Berwick and York, disputing with her servants, polishing her bright English jewels, and looking after her dark little coffin, the king's feelings, dull with the dread of coming days, were agreeably relieved by the announcement that ambassadors from Spain, France, and the Netherlands had arrived to pay their homage to him, and congratulate him on his accession to the throne. The diplomatic envoys of the three countries made their appearance at court almost simultaneously, their errand being to the same purpose, not of congratulation merely, but to get the promise of English gold and English arms for or against the great cause still attracting the attention of Europe, the struggle of the Netherlands against Spanish dominion. The embassy from the people of the United Provinces, representing the greatest stake in the transaction which James was to decide, was the most numerous and most influential of the three; it consisted of Prince Frederick of Nassau, son of the prince of Orange, Johan van Olden Barneveldt, Henry Count Brederode, and other distinguished patriots and statesmen of the republic. They arrived on the 12th of June, and had scarcely set foot in England when there came an opponent in the person of Count d'Arenberg, representative of Archduke Albert of Austria, governor of the Spanish Netherlands, and brother-in-law of Philip III. Two days after his arrival, on the 15th of June, 1603, a French ship of war ran into Dover Harbour, carrying on board a third special embassy, headed by Maximilian de Bethune, baron of Rosny, councillor, friend, and guide of Henry IV., greatest minister of the greatest king of the age. The fame of Rosny already was spread over England, and when the news of his arrival became known, a crowd of distinguished men, among them Lord Sidney, former commander in the Netherlands, Lord Southampton, who had just been released from the Tower, where he had been since the execution of Essex, and many other nobles, flocked down to Canterbury and Gravesend to meet him, and brought him in triumph to London, getting him a residence at Arundel House, in the Strand. James exhibited some jealousy at the conspicuous reception given to the envoy of Henry IV., and to show his disapproval of any other person but himself being honoured by his subjects, made him wait some

days for an audience. The ambassador himself ascribed the delay to a different cause, explained in his "Memoirs." "King James," says Rosny, "was by no means so well inclined to Henry IV. as Elizabeth had been, because he had been told that my sovereign had called him in derision a 'captain of arts and clerk of arms.'" The title given to James by Henry IV. was not bad; but Rosny, after he had made the personal acquaintance of the new king of England, first of the Stuart line, invented a better one by calling him "the wisest fool in christendom."

The great question as to whether England should continue to interfere actively in the promotion of civil and religious liberty in Europe by assisting the oppressed Protestants of the Netherlands, or should help Spain and Rome in recovering its lost ground by becoming a cold and passive looker-on in the mighty struggle, began to occupy the whole nation with the arrival of the three embassies. All politicians and statesmen of the kingdom, as well as the leaders of the various religious parties, debated it with great heat; and James himself made his preparations for the solution by appointing a grand master of the ceremonies for the court. He had felt the want of such an important functionary ever since he had taken possession of Greenwich Palace, and the non-existence of the office was one of the reasons which made him look with pity and disdain upon the government of Elizabeth, so that when the distinguished foreign envoys arrived he hurried to fill the gap that threatened to sink his own rule to the same level. After careful deliberation, the king decided upon intrusting the grand mastership of the ceremonies to Sir Lewis Lukenor, a Scottish gentleman, and the royal letters patent to the effect having been duly issued, orders were given to admit the ambassadors to the Presence. Prince Frederick of Nassau and his colleagues were the first to be introduced, and Rosny was to follow next; but a curious incident, not a little significant of the character of James, prevented the audience taking place on the appointed day. As a mark of respect for the late queen, Henry IV. had given distinct orders to his envoy to put himself and all his suite in mourning on first presenting themselves at Greenwich Palace, where Elizabeth had so long resided, and which seemed intimately connected with her memory. However, immediately after his arrival in England, the resident French ambassador, count de Beaumont, warned Rosny not to carry out the orders given to him, representing to him, according to his own relation, "that his proceeding would certainly be beheld with an evil eye in a court where there was such an affectation of consigning the great queen to oblivion, that no mention was ever made of her, and men even avoided to pronounce her name." "This being the case," continues Rosny, "I should have been very glad to have dispensed with the necessity of appearing in a dress of mourning; but the commands which I received on this head were very positive, and appeared to me highly proper, on which account I disregarded the advice of count de Beaumont, promising, however, that I would consider the subject further if he would write and get the opinion of Sir William Erskine and some other gentlemen of the bedchamber who best

understood the ceremonial of the English court. He wrote on a Wednesday, but received no answer on Thursday, Friday, or during the whole day of Saturday; and I persisted in my resolution to obey the orders I had received in spite of the arguments to the contrary, which he continued to argue. However, on Saturday night, the eve of the day appointed for the audience, so late that I was on the point of going to bed, count de Beaumont came in a great hurry to tell me that Sir William Erskine had sent him word that the courtiers were unanimous in regarding my design of assuming a mourning dress as an insult to them, and that his majesty himself would feel so deeply offended that nothing more would be necessary to render my negotiation abortive from the very beginning." To resist an argument like this was, of course, impossible, and nothing was left to the friend of Henry IV. but to cast aside his mourning apparel and put himself into gay clothes. The philosophic mind of Rosny probably felt startled at the idea that there was actual and imminent danger that the wearing of a black coat and a pair of dark breeches would endanger the existence of the Netherlands and be a serious blow to Protestantism in Europe.

Rosny had his audience on the appointed day, and laid before the king a treaty of alliance between England and France, having for chief object to assist the Dutch in their struggle for independence, and drive the Spaniards from the Netherlands. James at first seemed not at all favourable to the scheme, his love of peace being as great as his dislike to the people of the Low Countries, whose sturdy republicanism and Calvinistic creed were both as utterly repugnant to his own absolutistic tenets as the principles of the Scotch Presbyterians, who had dared to assert to his face that kings were "the devil's bairns." Receiving in turn the Spanish, Dutch, and French envoys, James at the commencement markedly inclined his ear to the first; but this feeling underwent a visible change at the end of a week or two, after repeated interviews with Count d'Aremberg, Rosny, and the prince of Nassau and his companions: Count d'Aremberg, a clever and handsome courtier, but nothing else, offended James by paying more attention to the ladies at court than to his own august person; he was ever distributing perfumes, gloves, and pretty little toys among the fair ones, and so much wrapt up in pleasing them that once or twice he attempted to get away when the king was holding forth on abstruse theological and philosophical subjects. Rosny's deep insight into character allowed him to play his part infinitely better; almost at the first glance he had come to understand the mould of "the wisest fool in christendom," and at the end of a couple of audiences he had become his master. Instead of troubling himself about the ladies, for whom his learned majesty never cared in his life, Rosny gained over the few intimate favourites of James, including the barber, by a liberal distribution of gold; and the effect of the whole was that in a very short time the prospects of the French alliance were secured. To this result the envoys of the Netherlands contributed a fair share. Pedantic and self-conceited as he was, James felt struck by the high mental calibre of the stately patriots who had come to invoke

his aid, especially the most remarkable man among them, John van Olden Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland and West Friesland. His anti-Spanish and anti-Jesuitical arguments, scholastic in part and of the kind most appreciated by James, made a considerable impression, which was heightened by a circumstance calculated more than any other to make the stay of the handsome Count d'Aremberg at the English court of the very shortest duration. While the negotiations were at their briskest, a Roman Catholic priest, named Gwynn, had been laid hold of in the Channel by some cruisers, and confessed to his captors that he had been sent from Spain to England for the purpose of assassinating the king. All further hesitation on the part of James now came to an end. The representative of Archduke Albert, who had succeeded in gaining immense popularity among the bevy of fair ones awaiting the arrival of Queen Anne, received a hint that he had better retire to the court of Bruges from whence he had come; and Rosny and the Dutch ambassadors learnt to their infinite satisfaction that the good swords of Englishmen would be raised once more to win liberty of conscience for a kindred race by wrestling with the dark hosts of Spain and of Rome.

The conditions of the alliance between England, France, and the Netherlands got settled by the end of June; but the signature of the treaty was postponed for several weeks through the arrival of Queen Anne, which gave rise to a series of festivities, as well as commotions. After troubling not a little the peace of her husband, who would have been glad to see her remain in Scotland quietly for a year or two, Anne had found her way to the English capital; and to show her independence to the last, she refused to seek her lord at Greenwich, but went to Windsor instead, so as to compel him to follow her. Poor James, terribly afraid of his consort by this time, made all haste to do as she wished, and on the 1st of July the royal pair met at Windsor, and embraced each other very solemnly, amidst great thundering of cannon and ringing of bells. The next day the king held a chapter of the Garter, and invested his eldest son, Henry, and several Scottish and English nobles, with the order, as well as the queen's brother, ruler of Denmark. The ceremony was scarcely over when a terrible quarrel broke out between the English and Scotch courtiers, in which the queen most unwisely interfered by taking the part of the latter; the affair led not only to high words, but the drawing of swords, and to appease the tumult James had to dissolve the company and remove to Hampton Court Palace. Their majesties had not been here many days when the plague, which was raging in the capital with great violence, broke out in the royal household; and several of his servants having succumbed to it, the king ran away in great haste, and shut himself up in St. James's Palace, dispersing a fair that was being held in the neighbourhood, for fear that the concourse of the people might contribute to spread the pestilence. He also issued a batch of proclamations on and about the mystery of the plague, enjoining everybody to be in fear and trembling of the disease, and forbidding all members of the nobility and others, except certain

persons specially invited, to appear at the forthcoming coronation. The ceremony had been fixed to take place on the day of St. James the Apostle, the 25th of July, and could not well be postponed; but the king's dread of the pestilence, as well as of plots upon his life, engendered by the seizure of a number of suspicious characters, reduced the projected splendour of the rites to the meagrest dimensions. Instead of going with the customary train from the Tower through the city to Westminster, the king and queen went in private by water from Whitehall to the abbey, where the archbishop of Canterbury anointed their heads amidst the flourish of trumpets, interrupted now and then by the rattling of the plague carts and shouts to bring forth the dead, the number of which had risen to near a thousand a week. To shake off the deep feeling of gloom hanging over the court, and pervading even the atmosphere, it raining incessantly, James amused himself by making a few more knights and nobles. He set to work with astounding vigour, knighting in one single day all the judges, all the serjeants-at-law, all the doctors of civil law, all the gentlemen ushers of the court, and "many others of divers quarters." Among those upon whom the honour was conferred were two very remarkable men, Francis Bacon, author and serjeant-at-law, and Roger Aston, the king's barber.

The plague, as well as the arrival of the queen, exerted a damaging influence upon the efforts of Rosny and the Dutch ambassadors to bring the treaty with James to a conclusion. In his terror of being infected with the disease, the king kept all visitors, diplomatic and others, at bay, retiring within the innermost recesses of the palace, and communing with none but his consort and a few favourites; and Queen Anne made good use of this opportunity by influencing her easily-impressed partner as much against the cause which Rosny had come to plead as was in her power. Partly out of personal spite against the earl of Mar, enthusiastic admirer of Henry IV., and partly through the sinister promptings of Romish emissaries, who had got hold of her by some means, the queen openly advocated an alliance with Spain, and though James did not profess to pay much attention to her whisperings on the subject, well aware that to follow them would bring upon him excessive unpopularity, he was so far led out of his former course as to re-enter into communication with Count d'Aremberg, and even to receive another Spanish envoy, who had come direct from Madrid. To break this new dangerous connection, and gain over the queen together with the king, Rosny as a last resource brought forward, at an interview which he obtained, the project of an intimate blood alliance between the royal families of France and England. The scheme was to marry the French heir-apparent to James's only daughter, Elizabeth, not quite five years old, and to give the eldest daughter of the ruler of France, also called Elizabeth, as a wife to Prince Henry, on the children attaining the proper age. The proposal was listened to in silence by the king, but he replied to it soon after at a banquet in a very extraordinary manner. "His majesty," relates the ambassador in his "Memoirs," curiously full of

information, "asked only count de Beaumont and myself to sit down at his table—where, as I was not a little surprised to observe, he was always served by gentlemen on their knees. The conversation during a great part of the repast was about nothing but the weather and hunting, till, an occasion presenting itself to speak of the late queen, the king, to my infinite regret, did so with a kind of contempt. He went so far as to say that, for a long time before the death of Elizabeth, he had guided all her counsels, and had all her ministers at his disposal. His majesty then called for wine—which he never mixes with water—and holding his glass towards Beaumont and myself, he drank to the health of the king, the queen, and the royal family of France. I pledged him in return, not forgetting his children. When he heard them named, he drew towards my ear and whispered, but rather loud, that the next toast should be to the double union between the two royal houses. This was the first word his majesty had said to me on the subject; and though it appeared to me that the time was not at all well chosen for opening such an important matter, I did not fail to greet the words with all possible signs of joy. Imitating the royal whisper, I replied that I felt sure my sovereign would greatly prefer the dauphin should take the hand of Princess Elizabeth than that of a Spanish infanta daughter of Philip III., recently proposed to him. King James seemed much surprised at what I told him, and in his turn informed me that the identical infanta had been offered to his own son." For a king setting up to be a Solomon to engage in after-dinner prattle of this kind, about the most delicate affairs of state, seemed terribly indiscreet, even under due allowance of the habit of not mixing wine with water.

Rosny's perseverance got remunerated at last by the king consenting to put his name to a treaty of alliance with Henry IV., promising assistance to the Dutch Protestants in their struggle for independence. By the terms of this agreement, James granted permission to levy troops for the Low Countries in England and Scotland, under the condition, however, that his royal ally was to pay for them, deducting only a sum of money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to Henry, and which the latter had not been able to repay. The compact was never carried out, the French king having probably his own doubts whether the connection with the "captain of arts and clerk of arms" would be of any good, either to himself or the people of the Netherlands, his ambassador's report of what he had seen and heard giving not much hope on the subject. James had scarcely signed the treaty with France when he left London again in great haste, in mortal fear of the plague, which continued spreading among the population. He hid himself for a while at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, whither he was followed by Rosny; but Count d'Aremberg making his appearance too, and being received with the greatest distinction by the queen, while he himself was looked upon contemptuously by her and the greater part of the courtiers, the friend and counsellor of Henry IV. thought fit to withdraw, and soon after took his departure for France. At Woodstock, prison and palace of his great predecessor on the throne, James



remained till the end of September, when he removed to Winchester, where a notable drama was about to take place. It was the unravelling of a great plot, discovered by Cecil, and aiming, according to his assertions, at the overthrow of the new dynasty, the murder of the king and his whole family, and the re-introduction of the Roman Catholic religion into England. The actual facts of the terrible intrigue which Cecil had brought to light were somewhat thin and cloudy; but it suited the secretary's interests to make them appear of the hugest dimensions, as much with the object of showing the indispensableness of his own services as to entertain his royal master, intensely fond of mysteries of all kinds, whether moral, philosophical, or criminal. The plotters caught by Cecil in the first instance were Lord Grey of Wilton, a Puritan of somewhat exalted opinions; Sir Griffin Markham, a Roman Catholic gentleman discontented with the government; George Brook, brother of Lord Cobham, an unprincipled adventurer; and William Watson, a secular priest suspected by many to be a double spy, in the service of both the secretary and the Jesuits. There was no difficulty in spinning out the idle talk and treasonable boastings of these four persons, not devoid altogether of a share of evil intentions, and the will to do mischief should opportunity offer itself, into a formidable conspiracy; and Cecil opening his net as wide as possible, managed to haul into it half a dozen more victims, among them Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh. There was not the shadow of evidence of Raleigh having plotted either to murder the king or overthrow the government, his sole offence consisting in not guarding his words sufficiently, and, like a disappointed man who had hopes of preferment and been treated with neglect, giving vent to expressions of dissatisfaction with the new rule. However, this was sufficient to procure his arrest, and after being inveigled by Cecil into a friendly correspondence, in which he compromised himself by a hasty allusion to the doings of his old acquaintance, Lord Cobham, he was thrown into the Tower, and an indictment filed against him for high treason.

The trial of the accused conspirators came on at Winchester Castle on the 15th of November, the king having arrived there six weeks before, to prepare for the mysterious exhibition which his prime minister had prepared. To make the scene as impressive as possible, and secure the main object in view, the condemnation of all the accused, Cecil had appointed a special jury, made up entirely of his friends and dependants. The principal commissioners were Sir John Popham, lord chief justice, president of the tribunal; the earl of Suffolk, lord chamberlain; Lord Henry Howard, the earl of Devon; Lord Wotton of Morley; Sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain; and Cecil himself, chief conductor of the whole performance. Next to him, the most important player in the drama was Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general, and as such figuring as public prosecutor, a lawyer unrivalled in the extent of his professional acquirements, and singularly adapted by the vigour of his mind, the keenness of his reasonings, and the unexampled brutality of his vituperation to serve a

despotic government in the management of state trials. Under his guidance, two days, the 15th and 16th November, sufficed to despatch the minor victims, all of whom were found guilty; after which came the turn of the illustrious personage whose destruction was one of the main objects of the prosecution. Sir Walter Raleigh appeared before his judges with a serene air, calm and strong in his innocence, though well aware that it would not protect him against a condemnation already resolved upon, and the finish of which required nothing but a piece of mummery passing by the name of justice. The act of impeachment accused him with conspiring to dethrone the king, and with attempting "to raise sedition and to bring in the Roman superstition by means of a foreign invasion;" but the sole evidence brought in support of these weighty charges was the deposition of Lord Cobham, Cecil's brother-in-law, of Raleigh having proposed to him to get a large sum of money, not less than six hundred thousand crowns, from the king of Spain, and employ it for stirring up sedition in the realm. The false testimony had been wrung from Cobham, a vain and weak man, terrified into madness by sudden imprisonment, under the impression that Raleigh had accused him of treason, for which purpose a line from a letter which the latter had written was artfully made use of by Cecil, to whom it was addressed. Learning subsequently that it had been a mere trick, he retracted his statement, but not to the slightest effect, the written deposition being carefully kept by Cecil and the denial as carefully suppressed. In vain Raleigh demanded to be put face to face with Cobham; his claim, meeting the barest requirement of justice, was replied to only by abuse on the part of the prosecutor, so foul and low that even the judges, venal as they were, felt a sense of shame creeping over them. The scene that took place at Winchester Castle, immediately under the eyes of the king, with his prime minister and his great lawyer acting on the one side as tools of the vilest yet weakest of despotisms, and the most illustrious man of the realm as victim and prisoner on the other, was altogether characteristic of the commencement of the reign of the first of Stuart sovereigns.

Sir Edward Coke began his charge to the jury by oaths and imprecations against Raleigh, strangely intermixed with fulsome praise of the king. "I shall not need, my masters," he exclaimed, "to speak anything concerning his majesty, nor of the bounty and sweetness of his nature, whose thoughts are innocent, whose words are full of wisdom and learning, and whose deeds are full of honour." Then, turning round upon the accused, and charging him with having attempted "to destroy the king and his progeny," he apostrophised Raleigh—"But to whom do you bear malice?" he shouted; "to the children?" At which he was interrupted by the noble prisoner. "To whom do you speak this?" Raleigh calmly remarked: "you tell me news I never heard of." "Oh, sir, do I?" cried Coke, "I will prove you the notorious traitor that ever came to the bar. After you had taken away the king you would alter religion: I will charge you with the words." "Your words cannot condemn me," again interrupted Ra-

leigh; "my innocency is my defence. Prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriest traitor that ever lived, even that I am worthy to be crucified with a thousand torments." "Nay, I'll prove all!" shouted Coke; "thou art a monster! thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart! I charge thee, Raleigh, that thou hast incited Cobham to go to the Spanish ambassador and deal with him for money to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom." "Let me answer for myself!" once more interrupted Raleigh. "Thou shalt not!" fumed the lawyer. "But it concerneth my life," continued Raleigh, getting slightly excited. "Oh, do I touch you?" sneered Coke; and launching forth again in his old strain, he continued heaping the vilest abuse upon the exalted hero who stood before him—a chained lion opposite a cat. At last Raleigh's patience got exhausted, and hearing his scurrilous opponent dwell upon Cobham's guilt, broadly insinuating that his own was inseparable from it, he exclaimed, with dignity: "I do not hear yet that you have spoken one word against me. If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?" Coke's reply was of the most extraordinary kind; so remarkable, indeed, that it passed into a proverb, furnishing the great dramatic genius of the age with one of his quaint satirical touches. "All that Cobham did was by thy instigation, thou viper!" cried the foul-mouthed legal dignitary; "for I *thou* thee, thou traitor!" "It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so," calmly retorted Raleigh; "but I take comfort in that it is all you can do." "Ah! Have I angered you?" screamed the lawyer. "I am in no case to be angry," Raleigh answered, hanging his head on his breast.

For a whole day, from early morning till late at night, the vile abuse of James's attorney-general upon Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to proceed, and not one of all the nobles and high-placed courtiers, who sat there in the king's palace to distribute justice, interfered for shame to make an end of the disgrace. Coke himself at last got hoarse from excess of vituperation, allowing Raleigh to enter upon a superb defence, demonstrating to conviction that the charges against him were entirely groundless. To prove them so, he produced a letter from Cobham, written after his condemnation on the preceding day, retracting all that he had formerly deposed against his friend, and thus doing away with the basis of the whole accusation. "Seeing myself so near my end," Cobham wrote, "for the discharge of my own conscience, and to free myself from your blood, which else will cry vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation I never practised with Spain by your procurement. God so comfort me in this my affliction to say that you are a true subject, for anything I know. I will say with Pilate, 'Purus sum a sanguine hujus.' So God have mercy upon my soul as I know no treason by you!" The letter naturally created a deep impression in court, seeing which Coke sprang again to his feet, resuming his old arguments. "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived," he screamed; and on Raleigh remarking,

"You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly," continued, "I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons." Thereupon the noble prisoner said, smiling, "I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times." After exhausting again his stock of objurgations and expletives, Coke permitted the accused at last to finish his defence. He did so in a few eloquent sentences. "Methinks it is a strange thing," Raleigh exclaimed, "that I who have always condemned and attacked the power of Spain, should now be accused to affect it." Then, continuing in a higher strain, he cried, "Remember, my lords, what St. Austin says, 'So judge as if you were about to be judged yourselves, for in the end there is but one judge and one tribunal for all men.' Now, if you yourselves would like to be hazarded in your lives and ruined in your descendants; if you would be content to be delivered up to be slaughtered, and to have your wives and children turned into the street to beg their bread; if you would be content all this should befall you, upon a trial by suspicions and presumptions, upon an accusation not subscribed by your accuser, without the testimony of a single witness, then so judge me as you would yourselves be judged." Thereupon Cecil's commissioners retired, deliberated for a quarter of an hour, and returned a verdict of Guilty.

The verdict having been announced, Sir Walter Raleigh was asked, in the usual form, whether he had anything to say in protest of judgment of death being passed against him. He replied, with noble dignity, "The jury have found me guilty; they have done what they were directed to do, and I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. But I recommend my wife and my son of tender years to the king's compassion." The appeal to the compassion of a sovereign possessing nothing but vanity, and believing in nothing but his own superior wisdom, was naturally vain; nevertheless Raleigh had a near chance of his life being spared through a sudden fit of his majesty to engage in a dramatic surprise of a novel kind. To show himself a wonderfully magnanimous prince, and at the same time enjoy a little more mystery, James resolved to extend his forgiveness to some of the more distinguished malefactors condemned for wishing to hurt him by sending them a pardon when already under the executioner's axe, so that they might feel all the agonies of death in their minds and yet not be hurt in their bodies. The scheme was carried out to the entire satisfaction of his majesty. After lying for nearly a month in the dungeons of Winchester Castle, in daily expectation of the arrival of the hangman, and seeing the priest Watson, George Brooke, and a third victim dragged forth to the scaffold and despatched after the infliction of cruel tortures, the announcement went forth to the four noble prisoners, Lord Grey, Sir Griffin Markham, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, that their turn would come next, the days of their execution having been fixed. To show that he was in earnest, James signed the death-warrants, and introducing none of his councillors into the secret of the melodrama which he meant to perform, fixed the execution of Grey, Markham, and Cobham for Friday, the 10th of December, and that of Raleigh for the Monday

following. The development of the mystery planned by James was graphically recorded by an eyewitness, Sir Dudley Carleton, a diplomatic gentleman, in a letter to a friend. On the appointed Friday, at ten o'clock in the morning, Sir Griffin Markham, the first victim to be operated upon, was led to the scaffold in a pouring rain, and told to prepare himself to have his head struck off. "One might see," Carleton described the scene, "the very picture of sorrow in his face; but he seemed to want no resolution, for a napkin being offered by one that stood by to cover his face, he threw it away, saying he could look upon death without blushing. He then took leave of some friends that were near, and entered upon his devotions, and those ended prepared himself for the block." At this stage of the proceedings, his majesty, superintending the performance from a distance like a god in the clouds, dropped a spirit messenger. "One John Gib, a Scotch groom of the bedchamber," continues Carleton, "secretly withdrew the sheriff, whereupon the execution was stayed, and Markham left to entertain his own thoughts, which no doubt were as melancholy as his countenance was sad and heavy. The sheriff on his return told him that since he was so ill prepared for death he should yet have two hours' respite; so he led him from the scaffold without giving him any more comfort, and locked him into the great hall to walk with Prince Arthur." It was an idea worthy of James, this of inflicting two hours more of deadly agony.

The turn was now come for the second victim, Lord Grey of Wilton. "He was led to the scaffold," the chronicle goes on, "by a troop of young courtiers, and was supported on both sides by two of his best friends; he had withal such gaiety and cheer in his countenance that he seemed a dapper young bridegroom. At his first coming on the scaffold he fell on his knees, and his preacher made a long prayer to the present purpose, which he seconded with one of his own making, which for the phrase was somewhat affected, and suited to his other speeches, but for the fashion expressed the fervency and zeal of a religious spirit." While praying, the royal sprite, John Gib, again made his appearance, whispering to sheriff and hangman. "Lord Grey having come to a full point, the sheriff stayed him, and said he had received the king's command to change the order of the execution, and that the Lord Cobham was to go before him. Whereupon he was likewise led to Prince Arthur's hall." Thus the second act was neatly played out, with another concession of mental suffering, and the third victim was summoned upon the stage. "Lord Cobham," continues the attentive looker-on, "who was now to play his part, and by his former actions promised nothing but matter for contempt, did much cozen the world, for he came to the scaffold with good assurance and no fear of death. He said some short prayers after his minister, and so outdid the company that helped to pray with him that a stander-by said, 'He hath a good mouth in a general cry, but is nothing single.'" As before, while the praying was going on, the seraphic John Gib, groom of the bedchamber, dropped down upon the scaffold between the block

and the axe. Murmuring psalms with folded hands, Lord Cobham "was stayed by the sheriff, who told him that there resteth yet somewhat else to be done, for that he was to be confronted with some other of the prisoners; but he named none." At the end of a few minutes, Markham and Grey were brought back to the scaffold and confronted with Cobham, and the three "looked strange one upon the other, like men beheaded and met again in the other world." Finally, as told with much humour by the narrator, "all the actors being together on the stage—as use is at the end of a play—the sheriff made a short speech unto them, by way of interrogatory of the heinousness of their offences, the justness of their trials, their lawful condemnation, and due execution there performed, to all which they assented. Then saith the sheriff, 'See the mercy of your prince, who of himself hath sent hither a countermand and given you your lives.' There was no need to beg applause of the audience, for it was given with such hues and cries that it went from the castle into the town." James was delighted with the finish of his mystery. "The resolution of it," Sir Dudley Carleton, evident admirer of the performance, informed his friend, "was taken by the king without man's help, and no one can rob him of the praise of the action; for the lords knew not otherwise but that the execution was to go forward, till the very hour when it was to have been performed. Then, calling them before him, he told them how much he had been troubled to resolve in the business; for to execute Grey, who was a noble young spirited fellow, and save Cobham, who was as base and unworthy, seemed to him a manner of injustice; and to save Grey, who was of a proud, insolent nature, and execute Cobham, who had shown great tokens of humility and repentance, appeared to him as great a solecism. So the king went on with Plutarch's comparisons in the rest, still travelling in contrarieties, but holding the conclusion in so indifferent balance that the lords knew not what to look for till the end came out—'and therefore I have saved them all.' The miracle was as great there as with us who had been looking on at the scaffold, and it took like effect, for the applause that began about the king went from thence to the queen, and so round about the court."

Notwithstanding the great success of his entertainment, James did not repeat it in the case of Raleigh, being dissuaded therefrom by Cecil, who could not but feel secretly ashamed of the puerile and despicable character of a play with men's lives in which the chief part had been assigned to "one John Gib." Accordingly, Sir Walter Raleigh was reprieved quietly, without being dragged before the sheriff, hangman, and groom of the bedchamber, and taken in company with his three fellow-prisoners, Cobham, Grey, and Markham, from Winchester to London. It was ordered by the magnanimous king that after having "saved them all," they should undergo perpetual imprisonment in the Tower; however, Markham escaped from it, and went abroad as a spy in the service of Sir Thomas Edmonds English resident in Flanders; Lord Grey, brave and high-spirited, languished and died at the end of a

few years; and Cobham was suffered to stray out of prison, after his whole property had been confiscated and divided among the crowd of hungry sycophants who fawned under the breath of royal wisdom. The ultimate fate of the miserable man, "base and unworthy," according to the verdict of James, yet redeemed by "great tokens of humility and repentance," was sad in the extreme. Neither his wife, who enjoyed a large independent fortune, nor Cecil, who had married his sister, or any other of his high and noble relations, got moved either by humanity or common decency to give him a lodging or a crust of bread, and after wandering about like a beggar, he was saved for a time from starvation by a poor "trencher-scraper," formerly his servant, who relieved him with a few meals, and lodged him in an empty garret of his own wretched dwelling. Here the brother-in-law of the king's prime minister, head of a noble ancient family, privy councillor of Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, died of filth and hunger. Sir Walter Raleigh was treated with somewhat more of respect; he had been exceedingly unpopular before his trial, chiefly on account of the part taken in the prosecution and death of the earl of Essex, but his manly and dignified behaviour under the false accusation brought against him, and the foul abuse of the attorney-general, won him golden opinions among the multitude, which in turn had the effect of softening the rigour of his confinement, James being ever anxious to catch the wind of public favour, from whichever side it might happen to blow. At the earnest solicitation of Raleigh's wife, she and her son were allowed to share his imprisonment, and books and writing materials being likewise granted to him, he cheerfully made the Tower his home, turning the dark dungeon into a bright study, illuminated by the light of his genius. With his mind, always full of great subjects, and having been, as he himself expressed it, "a soldier, a sea-captain, and a courtier," to which he might have added, a statesman, an ambassador, a planter of colonies, and a discoverer of new empires, he now conceived a mighty task, which he set himself to accomplish in prison. It was nothing less than the composition of a "History of the World."

The trial and condemnation of Raleigh and the prisoners accused with him of plotting the overturn of the government, created a great stir among the religious parties of the kingdom, as revealing the tendency of the new ruler to turn against both Roman Catholics and Puritans, and to favour the latter no more than the former. William Watson, the priest, on the one hand, and Lord Grey, fervent Puritan, on the other, represented religious dissatisfaction rather than political opposition; and the fact that both had been severely punished seemed to show the king's intention to keep, in this respect at least, in the path struck out by Elizabeth, that of upholding the episcopal church by any means, even by persecution. To some extent, the people were prepared for this, James having in the latter years of his reign as simple king of Scotland, gradually wheeled round from Calvinism to orthodox Anglicanism, expressing, after his wont, very dogmatic and intolerant views in each stage of his faith. Up to

1590 he pretended to be a stanch Presbyterian, and in a general assembly held at Edinburgh in the latter year, "he stood up," as reported by David Calderwood, "with his bonnet off, and his hands lifted up to heaven, and said he praised God that he was born in the time of the light of the gospel, and in such a place as to be king of such a kirk, the sincerest kirk in the world." "As for our neighbour kirk of England," James continued, "their service is an evil-said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings; and I charge you, my good ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same—I, forsooth, as long as I brook my life, shall maintain the same." Ten years after, Queen Elizabeth getting very decrepid, and the throne of England becoming distinctly visible at Edinburgh, his majesty's religious opinions underwent a great change. He no longer held the Presbyterian church "the sincerest kirk in the world," but found that the "neighbour kirk," with its "evil-said mass in English," was far the better of the two; which discovery led him to abuse Scottish ministers and elders, and all Calvinists in general, very heartily. In his great polemical essay, the "Basilicon Doron," which he recommended to his son and heir, when on the road to England, as sole guide of life, he expressed his new convictions in very strong terms. "The Puritans," James said in this work, "are very pests in the church and commonweal, whom no deserts can oblige, and neither oaths nor promises bind. They breathe nothing but sedition and calumnies; they aspire without measure, rail without reason, and make their own imagination, without any warrant of the Word, the square of their conscience. I protest before the great God—and since I am here as upon my testament, it is no place for me to lie in—that ye shall never find with any Highland or Border thieves greater ingratitude, and more lies and vile perjuries, than with these fanatic spirits. And suffer not the principals of them to brook your land, if ye like to sit at rest, except ye would keep them for trying your patience, as Socrates did an evil wife."

The Puritans of England ought to have been contented with this royal expression of opinion, but, like hard-headed men, they were not, and labouring under the impression that as his majesty had changed his convictions once before, he might change them again, they kept on besetting him with petitions and remonstrances soon after his accession. James at first took no notice of these supplications, most of them being somewhat vague in their demands, tending merely to elicit his sentiments in regard to religious dissenters; but on their suits becoming more pressing, and more definite in shape, he could not any longer withstand the necessity of returning a reply. The promise of it was extorted from him in the journey from Winchester to the metropolis, after the Cobham-Raleigh trials, when crowds of ministers came to beseech him to give his sanction to the revival of the religious meetings, known as "prophesyings," in vogue during a part of the reign of Elizabeth, but suppressed by her and Archbishop Parker. The demand being made in such a way as to flatter the king's vanity, he agreed to hear the

question of the legality of these meetings, as well as other matters in dispute between the Puritan non-conformists and the established church, discussed before him, and to give his own final judgment thereon. The religious congress was appointed to take place at Hampton Court Palace; and on the day fixed for the opening, the 14th of January, 1604, a great many prelates, ministers, and preachers assembled at the royal residence, the chief leaders of the state church party being the archbishop of Canterbury, John Whitgift, successor of Grindall, and Richard Bancroft, bishop of London; and on the side of the Puritans, John Reynolds and Thomas Sparks, professors of theology at Oxford, with Lawrence Chaderton and John Knewstubs, lecturers on divinity at Cambridge. Besides the prelates of Canterbury and London, there were seven bishops and eight deans admitted to the conference; but the number of dissenters allowed to appear before his majesty was restricted at the last moment to the four deputies from Oxford and Cambridge, the rest of the numerous clergy who had come up to defend their cause receiving orders to return home, on the pretence that there was no room for them. James himself, sitting in all his glory on a high throne, surrounded by a brilliant court, and looking portentously like an infallible pontifex, made a marked distinction on the first day of the conference between orthodoxy and dissent by not admitting the champions of the latter party to his presence, but conferring solely with the bishops. What the king wanted to know from them was their opinion upon a little tract, called "Of the Pacification of the Church," written by a man who was acquiring some influence over him, Sir Francis Bacon, knight and serjeant-at-law. Bacon was not at all inclined towards Puritanism, but he had no liking either for episcopal intolerance, and therefore argued in favour of concessions to dissent, laying stress upon the fact that "the silencing of ministers" might be dangerous, and would certainly be unwise under the existing scarcity of good preachers, and "be a punishment upon the people as well as upon the party." The statesmanlike import of these arguments had made some impression upon James, but the effect was destroyed completely in the interview with the bishops. It was enough for them to hint that the Puritans aimed at crowns as well as mitres, and that the least advantage conceded to the revolutionary party would invite a torrent of destruction. The intimation sufficed to make James wince from further contact with Bacon's book as from the touch of a serpent.

On the day after the interview with the bishops, the 16th of January, the first sitting of the congress took place. John Reynolds, chief speaker of the dissenters, opened the proceeding by requesting the king to give his gracious permission that further reforms be made by parliament in the code of the established church, tending to draw the national creed further away from the superstitions of Rome. He proposed that, with this object in view, the Book of Common Prayer should be revised; that the cap and surplice of the clergy, together with some Catholic ceremonies, such as the ring in marriage,

and the cross in baptism, should be set aside; that non-residence and pluralities in the church should be strictly forbidden; and that, finally, ministers should no longer be compelled to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. Without replying to these propositions, or arguing their justness, the leaders of the episcopal party, in a very unexpected manner, denied the right of their opponents to ask for any reforms at all. Throwing himself on his knees before the king, the bishop of London asked "that the ancient canon might be remembered," which prohibited all schismatics from bringing forward any of their tenets in the presence of their ecclesiastical superiors; and he also invoked another statute, ordering "that no man should be admitted to speak against that whereunto he had formerly subscribed." This statute, Bancroft contended, had been clearly infringed by Reynolds and his companions, all of whom had given their assent to the Communion Book, as well as the Thirty-Nine Articles. The bishop concluded with a somewhat vulgar attempt to heighten the prejudice of the king against the dissenting ministers on account of their dress. It seemed to him, he said, that they wished to conform themselves "in orders and ceremonies to the fashion of the Turks rather than to the Papists, because, contrary to the orders of the universities, they appeared before his majesty in Turkey gowns, instead of their scholastic habits, sorting to their degrees." Bancroft's oration was less effective than he expected, and the bishops trembled when they saw a frown gather upon the royal brow. They had altogether forgotten in their hot zeal for orthodoxy that the king himself had called the conference together, and therefore given rise to the breaking of the statute which they invoked, and that moreover the sudden dissolution of the conference would deprive his majesty of the great opportunity offering itself of making speeches and displaying his learning. Perceiving quickly the great fault his episcopal brethren were committing, Archbishop Whitgift interfered, praying the king to hear the opponents of the church, and to decide everything according to his own unbounded wisdom. Thereupon James's brow smoothed, and he launched forth the stream of his theology. "I was by," reports Sir John Harrington, godson of Queen Elizabeth, "and heard great discourse. The king talked much Latin, and disputed with Dr. Reynolds; but he rather used upbraidings than arguments, telling the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling. The bishops seemed greatly pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wist not what they mean, but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed." James finished the first sitting of the religious congress by swearing furiously at the Puritan ministers, annihilating them, if not by the power of his arguments, at least by the weight of his oaths.

The second meeting of the conference was even more unfortunate to the advocates of church reform than the first. The Oxford deputies, in requesting the king to allow again the former "propheysings," having rashly proposed that any dispute that might arise at these assemblies might be referred to "the bishop and the presbyters," James broke out in

violent anger. "If you aim at a Scottish presbytery," he cried, "it agrees as well with monarchy as God with the Devil. Then Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick, shall meet, and at their pleasures censure me and my council, and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up, and say, 'It must be thus;' then Dick shall reply, and say, 'Nay, marry, but we will have it thus!' And therefore here I must reiterate an old speech, 'Le Roi s'avisera.' Stay, I pray you, for one seven years, before you demand that from me, and if then you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipes stuffed, I may perhaps hearken unto you: for let that government be once up, I am sure I shall be kept in breath." From the narrow despotic point of view, this was clever enough; and hearing the frantic applause of the courtiers, and the more subdued approval of the episcopal dignitaries, who whispered to each other about heavenly inspiration, loud enough that he could hear it, James went to tell them a tale. "After Queen Mary had overthrown the reformation in England," he said, "we in Scotland felt the effect of it. For thereupon master Knox wrote to the queen-regent, a virtuous and moderate lady, telling her she was the supreme head of the church, and charged her, as she would answer it at God's tribunal, to take care of Christ and his evangel, in suppressing the popish prelates who withstood the same. But how long, trow you, did this continue? Even till, by her authority, the popish bishops were repressed, and Knox with his adherents being brought in, were made strong enough. Then they began to take small account of her supremacy, when according to that 'more light' wherewith they were illuminated, they made a further reformation of themselves." Here the king paused for a while, and then turned round to Whitgift and Bancroft. "My lords the bishops," he exclaimed, putting his hand to his hat, and making an obeisance, "I may thank you that these men plead thus for my supremacy. They think they cannot make their party good against you but by appealing to me; but if once you were out and they were in, I know what would become of my supremacy, for 'No Bishop, no King.'" After this explication, which certainly had the merit of plainness, the king addressed himself once more to Reynolds. "Well, doctor, have you anything more to say?" he cried. The Oxford professor, harassed, brow-beaten, and abused for two long days, wisely responded, "No more, if it please your majesty." Then James called out, exultingly, "If this be all your party hath to say, I will make them conform themselves, or else harrie them out of the land—or else do worse." The Puritans bowed and retired: they had learnt one more great lesson, and meant to treasure up its fruit.

The king's triumph at the victory he had achieved was boundless. "I peppered them soundly," he told his barber and other friends, "they fled me from argument to argument like schoolboys." There was some excuse for the immoderate exultation of his majesty in the behaviour of the chief prelates at the end of the disputation. The bishop of London went so far as to throw himself prostrate at the foot of the throne, as if to worship James, exclaiming "that his

heart melted with joy, and made haste to acknowledge to Almighty God the singular mercy in giving them such a king, as since Christ's time the like had not been;" to which the primate added "that his majesty spoke by the special assistance of God's Spirit." Whitgift died six weeks after he had uttered these words, and Bancroft got his reward in being made archbishop of Canterbury. The nomination was followed by the most rigorous measures against the dissenters. Immediately after the closing of the religious conference, the king issued a proclamation ordering all civil and ecclesiastical authorities to enforce strict conformity; which edict was followed by a circular of the new primate to the bishops, commanding a strict supervision of the clergy, and the suspension from their livings of all ministers who exhibited any signs of dissatisfaction with the code and ordinance of the established church. At the same time a spy-system was organized for tracing out and denouncing the leaders of non-conformity among the clergy; and with the aid of the judges of the Star Chamber and county magistrates, the archbishop succeeded in driving above three hundred of the most upright and learned Protestant ministers from their cures, some to wander into prison, some to go abroad, and some to perish with their families of hunger. In the meanwhile, James went through the ordeal of passing from the Tower to Westminster in a gorgeous procession, exhibiting himself for the first time publicly to his subjects. The pageant, originally fixed for the eve of the day of coronation, but postponed on account of the plague, took place on the 15th of March, and not a little frightened the king, with his head always full of plots and murders. Having safely reached the end of the road, he peevishly complained "that when he next came to visit his people, he hoped they would not run here and there as if possessed, ramping as though they meant to overthrow him and his wife," recommending at the same time "that, like his good douce lieges of Edinburgh, they would stand still, be quiet, and see all they could." Such a temper naturally did not contribute to make James popular among the masses of his new subjects. "He was not like his predecessor, the late queen of famous memory," exclaims Arthur Wilson, a contemporary writer, "who, with a well-pleased affection, met her people's acclamations, thinking most highly of herself when borne up on the wings of their humble supplications. He endured this day's brunt with patience, being assured he should never have such another; but afterwards, in his public appearances, especially in his sports, the accessions of the people made him so impatient that he often dispersed them with frowns, and even with curses."

Four days after his procession from the Tower to Westminster, on the 19th of March, James opened his first parliament. He had looked forward for months past with much apprehension to the meeting of the representatives of the people, not unconscious of the slow rise of a new spirit of liberty within the nation, similar to that which he had been compelled to face during the whole of his career as ruler of Scotland. To guard against it, he had issued at the

beginning of the year, together with the summonses for new elections to the House of Commons, a proclamation brimful of advice to his English subjects as to what kind of members they ought to choose, or not to choose. He warned them not to elect on any account men given to dissatisfaction, nor any "noted for superstitious blindness one way," nor "for their turbulent humours" on the other, nor any who had been declared outlaws or bankrupts. Appended to the royal edict was an order of very serious import, involving a clear breach of the privileges of parliament. James commanded that all the returns of the elections should be made into the court of chancery, and that if any "should be found to be made contrary to the proclamation," they were "to be rejected as unlawful and insufficient." The illegal injunction was disregarded by most of the constituencies; and notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to the contrary, the new parliament came to include a large number of men of the class "noted for their turbulent humours," or, in other words, Puritans. By a mistake in the arrangements, either wilful or accidental, the newly elected representatives of the people were not present when the king came to the House of Lords to open the session; he thereupon, desirous to shine by his oratory as much as possible, delivered the address from the throne twice, first to the peers and next to the commons. Like all other productions of James, the speech was prolix, full of bombast and commonplace; it contained, however, some remarkable declarations of opinion on subjects which a ruler of less conceit and more good sense would have carefully abstained from agitating. After expressing, with strongly marked self-complacency, his acknowledgment to the English people for the extraordinary alacrity with which they had greeted him as legitimate heir to the throne, he proceeded to expatiate on the blessings which they had received in his person. He had brought with him two gifts, he said, which he trusted they would accept with gratitude, the one, being peace with foreign nations, and the other the union with Scotland. The king then proceeded to dilate upon the policy which he meant to pursue. To the Puritans he declared himself decidedly opposed, as well on account of their religious convictions, they being "novelists," as because of "their confused form of policy and parity, ever showing discontent with the present government, and impatient to suffer any superiority, which maketh their sect unable to be suffered in any well-governed commonwealth." As to the Roman Catholics, James declared that he had no desire to persecute them, especially those of the laity who would be quiet; but that all priests who continued to maintain that the pope possessed "an imperial civil power over kings and emperors," and who taught, moreover, that excommunicated sovereigns might be lawfully assassinated, should be driven out of the realm. In reply to the address from the throne, the speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Edward Phelips, delivered a short oration, loyal in tone, but reminding the king somewhat pointedly that laws binding upon the nation could be made only in parliament.

The commons had not been sitting a week before

they were in open quarrel with the government. The freeholders of the county of Buckingham having returned Sir Francis Goodwin as their representative, to the exclusion of Sir John Fortescue, the court candidate, the judges of the court of chancery declared the former incapable of sitting, on account of an outlawry which had formerly been issued against him, and of "the king having in his late proclamation prohibited the election of persons outlawed." Notwithstanding the decision, extrajudicial in all respects, the house confirmed the election of Goodwin, and summoning him to the bar, ordered that he should take his seat. At this decided action the king flared up, and sent a message to the commons, telling them that "he had no purpose to impeach their privileges, but since they derived all matters of privilege from him, and by his grant, he expected that they should not be turned against him." The message, involving a question of the highest importance, had no sooner been delivered, when the house assumed an attitude of firm opposition. A committee was appointed to draw up a reply to the king, showing that the commons had always been entirely independent in the cases of disputed elections, and denying that, as asserted in the royal communication, they had come in this instance to a precipitate conclusion. The reply was delivered on the 3rd of April; and two days after James sent another message to parliament, informing the members that he had as great a desire to maintain their privileges as any living man, or as they had themselves; that he had considered carefully the manner and the matter of the subject in dispute, and had heard his judges and privy councillors, and that he was now "distracted in judgment." The conciliatory tone adopted by the king had its due effect upon the members of the lower house, and after some further discussion they elected a deputation to have an interview with his majesty, and, if possible, settle terms of agreement. At the meeting, James, who appeared to get somewhat frightened at the stern behaviour of the commons, adopted a very humble tone, acknowledging that the house was the proper judge of the returns of members, but asking, as a personal favour and to guard his dignity, that they would set aside both the candidates for the county of Buckingham, and issue a writ for a new election. It was a long time since English members of parliament had heard such language from the lips of a sovereign, and they felt not strong enough to withstand its softening influence. The issue of the new writ desired by the king was resolved upon, therefore; and to satisfy those members who were reasonably jealous of compromising the dignity of the house, a letter was obtained from Goodwin, declaring his readiness to submit to the arrangement. Thus the first encounter between an English parliament and a Stuart king ended in a drawn battle; but a battle nevertheless in which keen observers might see the mark of a wound inflicted on absolute authority.

After the settlement of the question of privilege, the commons set to work with great zeal in the reform and curtailment of regal and administrative abuses. The two principal of these discussed for the

moment were the ancient feudal practices of purveyance and of wardship, the former allowing the king on his progresses to appropriate the goods and exact the services of certain classes of the rural population without proper remuneration, and the latter instituting the crown the guardian of rich wards, under no supervision as to the use made of the income derived from their estates or personal property. It was generally known that Cecil derived a large portion of his immense revenues from such wardships; but to prevent their attacks upon the corrupt system assuming a personal character, the commons prepared a petition to the king in which they proposed to lay their complaints on the subject before him, offering at the same time to grant supplies equal in amount to those drawn by the crown from the "court of wards," if he would consent to have the institution abolished. James's prime minister got alarmed at this step, and to stifle the further advance of the proposition, set out upon a dexterous flank movement. In his speech from the throne, the king had already thrown out hints about his intention to accomplish the political union of England and Scotland, and he now persuaded him to bring the matter definitely before parliament, so that active steps might be taken to carry his wishes into effect. The subject had no sooner been mentioned in the commons, when they were all astir, and dropping the discussions about purveyance, wardships, monopolies, and other grievances, began to entertain the union question as one of paramount importance. As foreseen by Cecil, though not by the king, the project of binding the two realms closely together, so as to constitute, in the words of James, "one worship to God, one kingdom entirely governed, one uniformity in laws," met with the most determined resistance of the lower house. Partly out of a narrow spirit of jealousy against the Scotch followers of James, by whom, as was said in the house, "nothing was unasked, and to whom nothing was denied," but partly also out of a sincere mistrust of the purity of the king's intentions, the English representatives blandly refused their co-operation in passing any laws tending towards the great object; and all that they could be persuaded into, after long debates, was to nominate fourteen commissioners to consider the matter, in conjunction with the lords, who were to appoint a like number. Immediately after, on the 7th of July, James prorogued the commons, with an angry letter for farewell. "You see with what clearness and sincerity I have behaved myself in this errand," he wrote, "even through all the progress thereof, though I will not say too little regarded by you, but I may justly say not so willingly embraced by you as the worthiness of the matter doth well deserve. I protest to God the fruits thereof will chiefly tend to your own weal, prosperity, and increase of strength and greatness. But nothing can stay you from hearkening unto it but jealousy and distrust, either of me the propounder, or of the matter by me propounded." The concluding words of the king were very extraordinary. "It is you now to make the choice," he exclaimed, "either by yielding to the providence of God, and embracing that which he hath casten into your mouths, to procure the pros-

perity and increase of greatness to me and mine, you and yours, or else, contemning God's benefits so freely offered unto us, to spit and blaspheme in his face by preferring war to peace."

It was in no amiable mood that the members of the House of Commons returned to their homes at the beginning of July, little pleased either with the personal conduct of the new king, or his wisdom in the management of public affairs. The general dissatisfaction was greatly increased by the report that while parliament had been engaged in a struggle for its own privileges and the liberties of the nation, James had taken to negotiate with the arch-enemy of England, and was actually on the point of concluding a treaty of alliance with Philip III. of Spain. A few weeks more showed that the report was perfectly true, realizing the worst expectations. Led away by his minions, and, to some extent, by the queen, who made no secret of her partiality for all friends of Rome, James consented to enter into communication with the ambassador of Philip III., the count of Villa Mediana, as soon as the great minister of Henry IV. had turned his back upon him; and being drawn onward step by step, he found himself, before many months were over, inextricably entangled in the diplomatic meshes of Spain. Distributing money with open hands, Philip's envoy soon enrolled a large party at court; and two of the new favourites of the king, Henry Howard, whom he had raised to the peerage under the title of earl of Northampton, and Thomas Howard, created earl of Suffolk, laboured with all their might to bring the scheme of a Spanish alliance to a successful end. By the middle of May the party had got so far as to obtain James's consent for the meeting of commissioners to discuss the preliminaries of peace; and on the 20th of the month the representatives of the two governments met for the first time, on the Spanish side Villa Mediana, together with the Count d'Aremberg, who had come back from Flanders; and on the part of England the two Howards, Cecil, the earl of Devonshire, the lord treasurer, Lord Buckhurst, recently created earl of Dorset, and the lord high admiral, the earl of Nottingham, who, as Lord Howard of Effingham, had seen the Invincible Armada fly into the North Sea. All the Howards being favourable to the Spanish interest, and Cecil having likewise touched the gold of the count of Villa Mediana, the negotiations made very quick progress, so that at the end of two months the treaty was ready for the king's signature. To expedite this last formality, Philip III. despatched one of his chief advisers, the constable of Castile, who arrived in England on the 12th of August, five weeks after the prorogation of parliament, bringing with him fresh supplies of gold. The earls of Northampton, of Suffolk, and others who had assisted in advancing Spanish interests, got the payment of their services, and even Cecil felt not ashamed to accept a pension of four thousand crowns, which was raised to six thousand in the following year. This done, James was pushed forward; and on the 19th of August he swore, with great solemnity, to observe the treaty made with his dear friend and ally, Philip III. The news that the king had associated himself with the patron of the

Jesuits and the Inquisition, the protector of the pope, and the oppressor of the Netherlands, was received with sullen and ominous silence throughout the country. In London alone there was some slight stir, the people pointing with fingers of scorn upon Northampton and Suffolk, both of whom were engaged in building themselves splendid mansions upon foundations of Spanish gold.

The conclusion of the treaty with Spain had a great effect in strengthening the puritanical element in the nation. It pleased neither Protestants nor Catholics, for even among the latter, still very numerous in England, there were but few willing to purchase the victory of their own creed at the price of national dependence. The alliance with Philip III., therefore, while it alarmed all the disciples of the new faith, was not much more welcome to the moderate adherents of the old religion, and thus made the whole current of popular feeling move visibly towards the advanced section of reformers, which was upholding political together with religious liberty. However, while puritanism developed itself, the opposite extreme, represented by the fanatic adherents of the church of Rome, gained strength likewise; they formed themselves into a closer, firmer-knit body on the withdrawal of the more moderate men of their own party, and what they lost in numbers they gained in zeal. Desperate men, ready to stake their goods, their lives, and their hopes of eternal happiness, in the cause of what they held to be the true religion, and to advance it through crime and sin, had never been wanting among the latter class; and time and circumstances now joined once more a knot of these wild enthusiasts, bent, like the assassins of the Bartholomew night, to gain the favour of high heaven by sprinkling the earth with blood. It was in the summer of 1604 that half a dozen extreme fanatics came to meet each other for the first time in London, to discuss a plan for a Bartholomew massacre on a small scale. Their meetings took place at the invitation of a gentleman of good family and position, named Robert Catesby, owner of a large estate at Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire, whose ancestors had filled offices of high trust under the crown, one of them having been the favourite minister of Richard III. Robert Catesby himself, educated by Jesuit teachers, was a zealous adherent of the church of Rome, and in the reign of Elizabeth had suffered for his faith by being thrown into prison during the time the Armada was approaching the shores of England. The persecution he had undergone had added to his deep hatred of Protestantism, fruit of his early training, which he sought to satisfy on various occasions by engaging in conspiracies against the government, notably in that of the earl of Essex. On its failure, he kept brooding over new designs to effect a revolution, so as to bring about a return of the Roman Catholics to power, and after long scheming he hit upon a horrible plan for arriving at the desired result with one great effort. It was to blow up, by means of gunpowder, the two houses of parliament at a moment when the king with his family and his ministers would be present, and having thus got rid, with a single stroke, of the whole executive, the legislature, and all the leading men of the realm,

to establish a new government composed entirely of his own partizans. This terrific plan Catesby communicated first to two intimate friends, gentlemen of wealth and education like himself, Thomas Winter and John Wright, who both approved it, and promised their full assistance towards its realisation. The three conspirators were joined soon after by two more, Thomas Percy, a gentleman pensioner, and steward of the earl of Northumberland, and Guido, or Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune who had served as officer in the Spanish army in Flanders, and whom Thomas Winter had met at Ostend and brought to England. All the five met, towards the end of May, 1604, at Catesby's lodgings, a lonely house near St. Clement's Inn, in the Strand, and on their knees and in presence of a priest, swore a fearful oath not to rest till they had accomplished their purpose. Then the priest, Father Gerrard, a Jesuit missionary, gave them the sacrament and the absolution.

The first step of the conspirators towards the execution of their plan was to hire a house adjoining the parliament building, which was done by Thomas Percy without the slightest suspicion being awakened, his office requiring constant attendance at court and in the House of Lords. It was intended at first by Catesby to form a rapid connection between the vaults under the parliament building and the cellars of the house taken in Percy's name, so as to bring on the catastrophe at once; but this was found to be impossible after an examination; and he and his friends therefore prepared for the task of undermining the thick walls, a work which they could not expect to accomplish under several months. To secrete the gradually accumulated stores of gunpowder, another house was hired on the Surrey side of the river, opposite Westminster; and the month of December with its long nights having arrived by this time, they all set to work digging and breaking away stones. The labour was of a kind to which they were entirely unaccustomed, and to advance in it as fast as possible, two more persons were taken into the secret, Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, and Robert Kay, a Catholic gentleman in reduced circumstances, acting as attendant upon Catesby. To the number of seven now, the conspirators went on labouring day and night, armed to the teeth, with Guy Fawkes standing as sentinel at the door, ready to give the alarm at the approach of any foe or intruder. Sleeping on the hard floor, living upon the coarsest food, and thinking of nothing else but the realisation of their potent scheme, the seven cheered their hours of rest by conversing on what they would do when once the spark from their hands had touched the powder-barrels, blowing king and queen, lords, bishops, privy councillors, knights, and commons high up into the air, in such a sheet of flame as the world had never seen before. Catesby proposed that, the whole royal family having perished, except the little Princess Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter, who was being educated under the care of Lord Harrington, at Combe Abbey, near Coventry, they should seize her, proclaim her queen, and carry on the government in her name, until the time when she could be given in marriage to a Spanish or Austrian prince. This arrangement was consented

to generally, after which the parts of the immediate action were divided between the conspirators. To Guy Fawkes, the most determined man among them, was left the task of keeping guard over the cave, and at the final moment applying the match to the train of powder; Thomas Percy was charged with securing Princess Elizabeth; John Wright agreed to despatch the prince of Wales and any of the other children of the king who might not be at his side and share his fate in the parliament building; and Catesby reserved to himself the chief conduct and leadership of the enterprise, including intercommunication with the Jesuit agents, who were to direct a rising of the Catholics of the realm, and send assistance from Flanders and Rome, as soon as the sound of the thunder and the flash of the mighty sheet of fire that was to lay the people of England prostrate should re-echo over the world. Thus they schemed and plotted, the seven men, "all which seven," said Guy Fawkes in his supreme hour, "were gentlemen of name and blood, and not any was employed in or about this action, no, not so much as in digging and mining, that was not a gentleman."

James, in proroguing his first parliament at the beginning of July, 1604, had commanded it should meet again in February of the following year; but when the time arrived he dreaded the meeting, and postponed it till October. Guy Fawkes and his associates were not sorry for the delay, for the walls which they were attempting to pierce were hard as granite, and the further they went the thicker they seemed to grow. They were disturbed, too, in their work by fearful noises, appearing as if produced by spirits of the nether world. Once, at the hour of midnight, they heard the slow tolling of a funeral bell deep in the bowels of the earth, to which they listened awestruck in deepest silence and with unutterable emotion. But the more they listened the louder it grew, and the solemn tolling did not cease until one of them, more courageous or more pious than the rest, took a few drops of holy water, the present of a priest, and sprinkled them on the ground. This instantly stopped the agonising sounds, and they were able to dig with renewed strength, and to stir each other with visions of the grand future, discernable beyond the fiery mountain which they were building up, when heresy would be extinguished in the land of their birth, the mass be heard again in its cathedrals, and a nation of believers kneel once more at the feet of the successor of the apostle. Now they heard the bell afresh, but it came no longer from the nether but from the upper world. The morning dawned, and Guy Fawkes entered, and told his friends that they need dig no longer, as the cave immediately under the parliament building, to reach which they had been labouring for months, was open and at their disposition. A coal merchant who had kept his stock there had just quitted the place, and it was to be let to the first comer. Thomas Percy immediately secured the place; and a few nights after thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were brought from the house on the opposite side of the river, and stowed away immediately under the hall where the king was to meet the lords and commons of the realm. To the seven conspirators,—joined recently by an

eighth in Catesby's servant, a man named Thomas Bates, whom they were compelled to intrust with the secret, yet did not look upon as an equal—the unexpected success seemed nothing less than a mark of divine providence in favour of their undertaking; and they once more sank on their knees and made a solemn oath never to abandon the work.

Everything was ready now for the great design; but it was only May, and the king had prorogued the parliament till the 3rd of October, so that five months had to elapse before Guy Fawkes could put the match to his powder-barrels. To make the best use of the time, Catesby proposed to his friends to seek new accomplices, who might assist them in their vast designs after the powder had done its work, in various parts of England as well as abroad, especial care being taken to select men possessed of means, with the aid of wandering priests and of the secret agents of Rome. This was agreed to, and the thirty-six barrels having been covered up with bars of iron, over which were spread a thousand billets of wood and five hundred faggots, the conspirators started in various directions, Guy Fawkes proceeding to Flanders, Catesby going into the midland counties, Thomas Percy to the west of England, and the others in various directions, Robert Kay being left behind to keep watch over the powder-cave. Guy Fawkes was the first to return from his mission, in the middle of August; he had attempted to gain over Sir William Stanley and Captain Owen, two Roman Catholics holding military commands in the Netherlands, but had been unsuccessful, obtaining nothing but vague promises of assistance, dependent upon preliminary success. Catesby in the meanwhile attempted a bolder stroke. He partly admitted one of his friends, Sir Edmund Baynham, a gentleman of large property in Gloucestershire, into the great secret, and despatched him on a mission to Rome, to tell the holy father that a wonderful event would soon take place in England, burning the head of the serpent of heresy, and to pray for his help to direct the sequence. At the beginning of September, Catesby met Thomas Percy at Bath, when it was decided between them to initiate three more zealous Roman Catholics, all of them men of wealth, into the conspiracy, chiefly with the object of procuring funds for buying arms and enlisting followers. The three men selected were Sir Everard Digby, of Drystoke, in Rutlandshire, a noble-minded, enthusiastic youth, united to a beautiful and affectionate wife, and possessing everything to make life blissful; Ambrose Rokewood, of Coldham Hall, Suffolk, head of an ancient and opulent family, equally young, and also newly married; and Sir Francis Tresham, a middle-aged man, owner of large estates in Northamptonshire, and who had suffered much from persecution in the reign of Elizabeth. Digby and Rokewood were drawn into the plot very unwillingly; they shuddered at the thought of the fearful deed that was to be accomplished, but finally consented to stake their lives on it, solely for the sake of a deep and fervent attachment for Catesby, their bosom friend, whose passionate ardour in the cause for which he was struggling and scheming seemed to exercise a magic influence over all with whom he

came into contact. It also won Sir Francis Tresham, cousin of Catesby; but with him motives of personal revenge were the leading influence, and being a man of wavering mood, and of no great personal courage, the leader of the conspirators repented his trust in him almost immediately after he had given it. His suspicions were shared by Thomas Percy and Guy Fawkes; and for the first time their minds began to be filled with dark apprehensions of treachery. Their hands henceforth clung tight to the hilt of their swords, ready to stab false friends as well as open foes.

By the end of September the whole of the conspirators had returned to London to prepare for the great stroke. They were now ten in number, and had three more allies in three priests, John Gerrard, who had given the sacrament and absolution to the originators of the plot at the house near St. Clement's Inn; Thomas Greenway, the father confessor of Winter and Wright; and Henry Garnet, superior of the Jesuits in England. While the latter were working to bring about a general rising of the Catholics, Catesby employed the money advanced by Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rokewood, and Sir Thomas Tresham, amounting in the whole to about four thousand pounds, to buy arms and ammunition, as well as to fit out a small vessel, in which Winter was to sail for Flanders as soon as Guy Fawkes had sprung the mine, to bring back a number of his old friends, officers in the Spanish army. Everything was complete for the final catastrophe, when once more the calculations were disturbed by a postponement of the meeting of parliament, it being prorogued by the king from the 3rd of October to the 5th of November. The conspirators, already full of apprehensions and misgivings as to the good faith of at least one of their accomplices, were startled by the news of this fresh incident; and to find out whether there was any ground for suspecting that the grand secret had been betrayed, they sent Percy to the House of Lords on the day of formal prorogation to watch the countenances and behaviour of the lords present at the ceremony. He found everything perfectly quiet, and the assembled knot of peers and state dignitaries as dull, drowsy, and apathetic as if sitting at a public dinner, instead of over a volcano prepared to tear their bodies into invisible shreds. The report went far to calm the agitated minds of Catesby and his associates; but a few days had scarcely elapsed before they had another source of uneasiness. Sir Thomas Tresham, whom all had begun to mistrust, came forward to propose that a hint of the fatal stroke which they were preparing should be given to several of his friends in the House of Lords, ardent Roman Catholics, so that they could keep away from their seats at the day of the opening of parliament, and, their lives having thus been saved, might be able to assist them afterwards. He insisted that two noblemen especially should receive notice, Lord Monteagle and Lord Stourton, both distinguished as advocates of the old religion in the assembly of the peers, but more dear to Tresham as being married to two of his sisters. The proposal was received with scorn and indignation by Catesby, who energetically asserted that the whole tribe of ermined

peers were nothing but tools of a vulgar despotism, as well as "atheists, fools, and cowards," and that, besides, the cause for which they were working was far too mighty to think of risking its success by the attempt of saving a few lives, whether worthy or worthless. "Rather than the project should not take effect," he cried, in last reply to his cousin's entreaties to warn the two lords, Monteagle and Stourton, "if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must perish." Sir Thomas Tresham said nothing more, but went his way, silent and gloomy, his mind full of unutterable thoughts.

As the momentous day of the meeting of parliament approached, Catesby and his confederates had frequent interviews at a lonely house at Enfield Chase, belonging to Henry Garnet, the Jesuit, to discuss the doings of each day, as well as plans for the future. They were thus engaged on the evening of Saturday, the 26th of October, but without the presence of Sir Thomas Tresham, who had declared his intention to leave London for a few days in order to collect some money, necessary for the undertaking, on his estates in Northamptonshire. On the same Saturday evening, Lord Monteagle, Tresham's brother-in-law, a good Roman Catholic, but high in favour at court, gave an entertainment to some friends at his mansion at Hoxton, a mile from the city, and on sitting down to supper, a footman came and handed him a letter. It had been given to him, the servant said, at the door by a tall man, whose features he had been unable to distinguish in the dark, and who had hurried off without saying a word. Lord Monteagle opened the letter, glanced at its contents, and finding it rather illegible and without signature at the bottom, tossed it over the table to one of his squire attendants, a gentleman named Ward, requesting he would read it to him. Ward obeyed, and read aloud:—"My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift of your attendance at this parliament, for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you." Although anonymous, the tone of the letter, its studied vagueness, and yet earnest entreaty, made a deep impression upon Lord Monteagle, so that he instantly left the table and set out for Whitehall, to communicate it to the head of the government. Cecil, who had been created earl of Salisbury a few months previous, was ready to sit down to supper in company with lords Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, and Northampton, when Monteagle arrived, and, drawing him into a side room, put the anonymous note in his hands. Some rumours of an intended rising of the

Roman Catholics had already come to the ears of Salisbury through his numerous spies; he nevertheless seemed inclined to treat the matter lightly, and merely offered to take Suffolk into the secret. The latter looked very grave when, being called into the room, the letter was shown to him; the words "they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them," struck him as full of meaning, knowing that the parliament building, of which he held the superintendence as lord chamberlain, had subterranean chambers, let to strangers. The idea that gunpowder might be hidden in one or all of these recesses came upon him in an instant; and Salisbury and Monteagle agreeing in the possibility of such a danger, it was determined to communicate the matter to the king. However, the affair did not appear very pressing, and James being out of town killing hares, his prime minister sat down with his friends and supped very merrily, while a few hundred yards from them Guy Fawkes paced up and down, in the feeble light of a lantern, amidst his thirty-six barrels of gunpowder—sufficient to turn Westminster and Whitehall together into a heap of ruins, and make the suppers of all dwelling therein their last upon earth.

King James was hunting at Royston, in Essex, when Salisbury received the anonymous letter from Lord Monteagle. His majesty had never enjoyed the noble amusement of shooting little animals, and see them bleed to death at his feet in mute agony, so much as at this moment, and therefore instead of returning to town, as expected, on the last day of October, a Thursday, to prepare for the opening of parliament on the following Tuesday, he stayed away till late on Saturday, so that his minister could not hand him the all-important note till the Sunday morning. Salisbury executed his task with courtier-like address, and having hinted at the suspicion as to a powder-magazine being laid in the cave under the parliament building, was content to accept the king's order to search the place as a marvellous effusion of wisdom, produce of sudden inspiration. The royal command was carried out the day after, Monday, the 4th of November, when, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the lord chamberlain, accompanied by a few servants, descended into the cave, under the pretence of looking for some hangings used in the chamber of the lords at the opening ceremony that had been mislaid. On forcing open the door, and throwing a glance into the interior, Suffolk involuntarily fell back a step; he saw the cave was illuminated by a feeble light, and in one corner of it there stood "a very tall and desperate fellow," scowling at the intruders. Recovering from his surprise, and affecting a careless manner, the lord chamberlain asked the stranger who he was, and getting for reply that his name was John Johnson, and that he was in the service of Mr. Thomas Percy, gentleman pensioner, he shut the door again, and retreated with his followers. As soon as they were gone, the "tall and desperate fellow," no other than Guy Fawkes, hurried away to meet his accomplices, and tell them what had happened. They were partly prepared for the communication, the report of the warning letter sent to Lord Monteagle, and of the further proceedings of

Salisbury, having come to their ears already through secret channels, and having given rise to some energetic proceedings on their part. Suspecting Sir Francis Tresham to have written the anonymous letter, they had summoned him to a nightly meeting, prepared to kill him at the instant if showing the slightest sign of guilt in words or manner; however, when charged with the deed, the accused exhibited so serene a countenance, and swore so boldly that he knew nothing whatever of the matter, that they let him go again, thinking that after all the note might be the mere product of the government spies hovering around them, and would not lead to a detection of their plans. They adhered to this belief, though with much doubt and apprehension, even after Guy Fawkes had brought the news of the lord chamberlain's visit to the cave. That their confederate had not been arrested on the spot left some hope in the minds of the conspirators; and after a long and anxious deliberation, they resolved that he should return to his post. It was late on Monday evening when the resolution was come to; the parliament was to meet at ten on the following morning, and, with the stroke of the clock, Guy Fawkes was to drop his spark of fire, and turn his back upon the doomed palace of Westminster.

Guy Fawkes took his place, as ordered, an hour before midnight, booted and spurred, his lantern in his left hand and his right on the hilt of his sword, Robert Kay had accompanied him to the cave, but left at the end of a few minutes, after handing him a watch which Percy had purchased for him, that he might know the right time when to set light to the faggots inclosing the long line of dark barrels, connected by a train of gunpowder. After pacing the gloomy chamber for awhile, Guy Fawkes began to feel drowsy, and sat down to rest himself, his head sinking upon his breast. There was death staring at him on every side, and the danger of being apprehended, shut up in a dungeon, and killed after nameless torments, was great and imminent; yet



VAULT, HOUSE OF LORDS.



GUY FAWKES BEFORE JAMES I.

though he knew it fully, he trembled not, a grand and lofty fanaticism, all but superhuman in its intensity, lifting him above every consideration of dread and fear. He had not the least mercenary or even personal interest in the execution of the scheme of blood on which he was engaged; he received no pay, and hoped for no reward of any kind; and he was conscious that the fatal spark of fire which he was carrying in his hand might, and probably would, claim him as first victim, tearing his body into atoms, and leaving his soul to account to the Creator for the horrible deed of which he had been guilty. But Guy Fawkes trembled not; gaunt fanaticism, hell-born and heaven-soaring, had lifted his body above all earthly calculations of hope or fear, and steeled his soul impenetrably against the whisperings of reason and conscience. He was sitting quietly, with his head upon his breast, as if going to sleep, when faint steps approached from without. A moment more and the door burst open; then came a struggle of a few seconds, and Guy Fawkes was in the grip of a dozen men, who threw him on the ground, bound hand and foot. The approach had been so sudden as to leave him no time to hurl his lantern against the wall, upon the train of gunpowder; but lying on the ground, conquered, foiled in all his intentions, and unable to stir, he yet remained calm and collected, not betraying by a single sign the feelings agitating his breast. To the question addressed to him by Sir Thomas Knyvett, commander of the guards who had taken him prisoner, as to his design, he quietly replied that his purpose had been to blow up in the morning the king and the two houses of parliament; but to the further interrogation as to who were his accomplices he refused to answer, saying they might do with him what they liked. He was thereupon carried straightway to Whitehall, first into the apartments of Salisbury, and from thence, accompanied by the minister, to the king's bedroom. Though bound securely, and surrounded by soldiers, the bold tall man brought before James made him shiver and tremble, and retreating to the end of the bedchamber, he restricted himself to making some cautious interrogations. Guy Fawkes gave his answers without the least hesitation. The king asking how he could have been so wicked to plan the death of a vast number of innocent persons, he quickly replied: "Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies!" and to the next question, regarding the extraordinary quantity of gunpowder he had collected, the curt answer was, "One of my objects consisted in blowing all Scotchmen back into Scotland." James would hear no more, but ordered the criminal to be taken to the Tower, and to be put through all the degrees of torture. "The gentler tortures are to be first used unto him," his majesty was pleased to command; "et in per gradus ad ima tendatur: and so God speed your good work."

The tidings of the apprehension of Guy Fawkes reached his fellow-conspirators at the instant; and by the dawn of day of Tuesday the 5th of November, they had saddled their horses, and were flying away from London at full gallop, on the road to the north. Their intention was not to save their lives, which they might have very easily done by walking

on board the ship which they had chartered, ready to lift its anchors and sail at a moment's notice, but to stir up an insurrection in the midland and northern counties, in accordance with the plan previously determined upon. Catesby and John Wright were the first to leave, starting before the sun had risen; and the two were followed in a couple of hours by Percy and Christopher Wright. Soon after nine o'clock, Robert Kay procured a horse and made off; and at ten Rokewood left the city behind him, he being the best mounted of all, as owner of a magnificent stud of horses, which he had posted in relays all the way to Rugby, the latter town, near which Sir Everard Digby possessed large estates, having been made the general meeting place of the conspirators. The only one of them still remaining in London was Thomas Winter, who determined to examine the state of things with his own eyes before following in the wake of his comrades. He boldly made his way to the royal palace, which he found surrounded by soldiers, with a vast multitude shouting in front, pouring their maledictions upon the heads of all traitors; and this not sounding pleasant to his ear, he attempted to reach the house of parliament, yet could only get to the middle of King Street, being stopped here by guards, who told him that no one was allowed to proceed further south. Unwilling to dispute the point, Winter quietly walked back to his lodgings, through streets getting more and more crowded, and saddling his steed spurred away northward. There were now seven daring men flying along the road to Northampton; but they did not remain long in the order in which they had started. About three miles beyond Highgate, Robert Kay was overtaken by Rokewood, and the two rode together for a short while, till the former found his horse to get lame, and was fain to lay down in a field, where he was taken the next day. The speed at which Rokewood was riding brought him up with Percy and Christopher Wright, forty miles further down the road; and not far off, a little beyond Brickhill, the three met Catesby and John Wright. They pressed on now all five, like men flying for their lives, Rokewood leading the way, and Percy with John Wright, on falling somewhat behind, getting so excited as to tear off their cloaks and throw them into a hedge, in order that they might ride the faster. At six o'clock in the evening they reached Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire, the seat of Catesby, where they encountered some of their friends, learning at the same time that Sir Everard Digby had gathered a number of adherents around him, and was staying at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, anxiously awaiting the signal of the great stroke in the capital having succeeded. They thereupon took to their steeds again and rode on to meet Digby, whom they found in the midst of a large circle of the gentry of the neighbourhood, all staunch Roman Catholics. Catesby appealed to them in eloquent words, not mentioning the failure of his great scheme, with which, indeed, they were unacquainted, but informing them that a revolution was preparing, and "that now was the time to stir for the Catholic cause." But they replied, to his consternation, that they would not stir, and that they meant

to be loyal to the king and government, expecting more good from peace than they could possibly gain by rebellion. With this, they all quitted the place; and when the morning dawned the conspirators once more found themselves alone.

Though greatly disheartened by the refusal of Digby's friends to join their cause, Catesby and his companions were yet loth to give in, and attempt to save their lives by flying to the nearest seaport and embark for Flanders. Joined by Thomas Winter, who had come up slowly from London, they went, on the Wednesday morning, to Warwick, where they seized some cavalry horses, exchanging them for their own tired steeds, and then spurred on to Huddington, in Worcestershire, the residence of Father Greenway, and of Henry Garnet, head of the English Jesuits. On beholding the former, who had come out to meet them, Catesby joyfully exclaimed, "Here at least is a man who will live and die with us!" but the news of the failure of all their plans had no sooner been communicated to Father Greenway, when he turned round and went to hide himself in the house of a Catholic gentleman at Hendlip, always open as a refuge for priests. At Huddington, centre of a large district known for its fervent attachment to the old religion, Catesby made another great effort to stir up a rising, but without the least success, the population refusing to a man to have anything to do with him and his confederates. After a long harangue to a crowd assembled in the street, one of them, acting as spokesman, addressed Catesby. "Who are you for?" he asked. "We are for God and the country," replied the leader of the conspirators. "And we," shouted the other, "are for God, the king, and the country." The danger that the people would lay hands upon them now appeared imminent; they gave their horses once more the spur, and towards midnight arrived at Holbeach, two miles from Stourbridge, on the borders of Staffordshire and Worcestershire. Here they learnt that the sheriffs of both counties, having received orders from London, were in full pursuit of them, with all the forces at their command, determined to take them dead or alive. Sir Everard Digby thereupon took to flight; but Catesby, Winter, Percy, Rokewood, and the two Wrights refused to stir from the spot, deeming further efforts useless, and scorning to run away from their pursuers. They barricaded the house at Holbeach where they were staying, and calmly awaited the arrival of the soldiers, resolved to die arms in hand. As a preliminary, they sat down before the fire to dry some of their gunpowder, which had got wet during the day in crossing the river Stour; but bringing it too near the flame an explosion ensued, burning Catesby and Rokewood severely on face and hands. All present shuddered, seized by a sudden feeling of horror and vague remorse. They thought they saw in the explosion the finger of God's providence, bringing vengeance upon them by the same means which they intended to employ to hurl others into death. John Wright, himself unhurt, went up to Catesby, and crying out "Woe is that we have seen this day!" called for the rest of the powder, that they might blow themselves into the air together. But the leader refused; like a lion at bay

he yearned for the fight, seeking death, but only death in battle.

The battle was not long in coming. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Friday, the sheriff of Worcestershire, Sir Richard Walsh, arrived with a large body of soldiers, and surrounding the house in which the rebels had taken refuge, summoned them to surrender. The reply was a shot, aimed at the magistrate but wounding one of his men. At this, the soldiers rushed against the house from two sides, opening a cross fire upon the inmates, who had gathered in a group in the hall, their muskets thrown away, and with nothing but the naked swords in their hands. Thick upon them now fell the fire of the assailants, one of the first shots killing John Wright, and another stretching his brother dead upon the floor. Rokewood dropped next, bleeding from half a dozen wounds, while Thomas Winter, brandishing his sword, was hit in the right arm. "Stand by me, Tom," Catesby cried to his old friend, "and we will die together." The words were scarcely from his lips, when a shower of lead and iron came flying through the air, laying all the conspirators prostrate, the same bullet passing through the bodies of Catesby and Percy, inflicting mortal wounds on both. A stream of blood gushed forth from the breast of the rebel leader, his eyes got dim, his knees faltered, and he sank upon the ground. But by an immense effort, he half raised himself again, and amidst a storm of fire and flame crawled into an adjoining room, where an image of the Virgin was standing upright against the wall. He clasped it in dumb agony; he pressed it to his heart; he kissed it fervently; and kissing and embracing expired, his stiff arms thrown around the cold marble. Sudden quiet having followed the loud tumult of arms, the sheriff marched in, and carefully examining the bodies upon the ground, put the corpses aside, and carried off those still breathing. There were only two prisoners left for him, Rokewood and Winter, both severely wounded, and praying that they might die before long. But death would not come, freely, or by force; the soldiers, fearing the prisoners might commit suicide, tightly bound their arms, as if pleased that some few at least of the great rebels should be left to face the stern verdict of earthly justice.

On Sunday, the 10th of November, two days after the combat at Holbeach, a solemn thanksgiving was offered in all the churches of London and the chief towns of the kingdom for the escape of his majesty and the royal family from the gunpowder plot. James had opened parliament the day previous, after a postponement of four days, with a very singular speech, descanting upon the moral and philosophical aspect of the conspiracy. At the beginning, he informed the representatives of the nation that human beings had the chance of suffering death in a violent manner in three different ways, namely, from the hands of other men, from wild beasts, and from insensible things: which latter he declared to be the most unmerciful and cruel, and then went on to take great credit to himself for having annihilated the designs of vile plotters that he and others should perish by such means. The merit of the interpreta-

tion of the anonymous letter sent to Lord Monteaule, James kept entirely to himself, hinting that he had accomplished the task by heavenly inspiration, which enabled him to interpret dark phrases, "contrary to the ordinary grammar construction of them, and in another sort than I am sure any divine or lawyer in any university would have taken them." After expressing his gratefulness to providence, his majesty went to look at the picture from another direction. "One thing, for my own part," he exclaimed, "have I cause to thank God in: that if God for our sins had suffered their wicked intents to have prevailed, it should never have been spoken nor written in ages succeeding that I had died ingloriously in an ale-house, or such vile place, but mine end should have been with the most honourable and best company, and in the most honourable and fittest place for a king to be in, for doing the turns most proper to his office." The speech from the throne concluded with an appeal for moderation, honourable to the king, if honest. "It may very well be possible," he said, "that the zeal of your hearts shall make some of you in your speeches rashly to blame such as may be innocent of this attempt; but upon the other part I wish you to consider that I would be sorry that any being innocent of this practice, either domestical or foreign, should receive blame or harm for the same. For although it cannot be denied that it was only blind superstition of their errors in religion that led them to this desperate device, yet it doth not follow that all professing the Romish religion were guilty of the same. For, as it is true that no other sect of heretics, not excepting Turk, Jew, nor Pagan, no, not even those of Calicut, who adore the devil, did ever maintain, by the grounds of their religion, that it was lawful, or rather meritorious, as the Romish Catholics call it, to murder princes, or people, for quarrel of religion; yet it is true, on the other side, that there are many honest men, blinded, peradventure, with some opinions of popery. And if they be not sound in the questions of the real presence, or in the number of the sacraments, or some such matters, yet do they either not know, or at least not believe, all the true grounds of popery, which is indeed the mystery of iniquity." Having delivered his speech, to prevent any possible contradiction, James prorogued the two houses of parliament for a further two months and a half, ordering them to meet on the 21st of January, 1606.

Though upholding the theory of moderation and mercy, the king did little to illustrate it practically. By his special orders, Guy Fawkes had to undergo the most frightful and hideous tortures, every instrument of illegal violence, hidden in the mouldering dungeon of despotism in which he had been caged, being employed successively to tear from him the secrets of the conspiracy. Yet, hero and malefactor of an uncommon kind, the grim sentinel of the powder-cave refused to speak even when his body was writhing under the most hellish torments and the gaolers of the Tower were tearing him to pieces limb by limb. What he himself had done, he frankly and freely confessed at the first examination; but of others he absolutely refused to speak, declining

to inculcate the meanest of his accomplices. Seeing the entire uselessness of their proceedings, and deeming it too merciful to kill him on the rack, the royal inquisitors in the end left Guy Fawkes alone, devoting their attention to other prisoners connected with the plot who had been seized. The first of these who was put to torture was the servant of Catesby, Thomas Bates, who had been seized in Staffordshire, and brought to the Tower together with Rokewood and Winter. His fortitude gave way under the excruciating pain inflicted upon him, and the threats of the inquisitors to double and treble them, and at the end of a few days they got from him a minute account of the whole plot, as far as he was acquainted with it. By his statements the government became aware for the first time of the connection of priests and Jesuits with the conspiracy; and seizing the new threads of the silently-spun web with great eagerness, Salisbury at once issued warrants for the arrest of Garnet, Gerrard, and Greenway, together with several other clerical and lay agents supposed to be in communication with them. But the orders were more easily given than executed. Although the great majority of Roman Catholics in the kingdom had shown that they not only disapproved but abhorred the plot of Catesby and his companions, they deemed it not the less their sacred duty to shelter priests against the arm of temporal justice; and persevering as were the efforts of Salisbury's emissaries to clutch them in their hiding-places, several months elapsed before any trace of their movements could be discovered. At last, towards the middle of January, two months after the catastrophe at Holbeach, the report arrived that two of the three priests sought after, Gerrard and Greenway, had got beyond the grip of justice, they having succeeded, by the help of numerous friends, to reach the coast and embark in a Spanish vessel; but that the third, Garnet, was believed to be still secreted in Worcestershire, in all probability within the mansion of Sir Thomas Abington, at Hendlip, constructed expressly as a hiding-place for priests. No time was lost in following up the clue, and on the 20th of January, Sir Henry Bromley, a magistrate of Worcester, proceeded, in consequence of special directions from Salisbury, to search the house indicated, and, if possible, seize the head of the English Jesuits.

Sir Henry Bromley carefully obeyed his orders, and taking possession of Hendlip Hall in the middle of the night, minutely searched it from top to bottom. However he found nothing suspicious but a quantity of books, described in his report as "a number of popish trash;" and even a repetition of the search, still more circumspect, brought not the least matter of importance to light. The magistrate would have returned home now, but for the special instructions received from Salisbury, which directed him to keep possession of the mansion for a fortnight, and place two men as guards in every room. This was done accordingly, yet led to no result on the first day, nor on the second, nor the third; but on the fourth day of the watch the wainscoting of one of the rooms suddenly slipped away as by enchantment, and from out the wall there stepped two thin

figures, haggard, emaciated, and looking more like ghosts than men. The guards ran away, shrieking, which brought out Sir Henry, who caught the figures, interrogated them, and learnt after much trouble that they were servants of two priests, namely, of Henry Garnet, chief of the Jesuits, and of his chaplain, Father Oldcorn, also called Father Hall. They declared piteously that they had been compelled to leave their hiding-place because of having had nothing to eat or drink for five days except a single apple between them; but when pressed to tell the abode of their masters, they became silent, strictly refusing to reveal anything, even under threat of instant death. Determined to do his duty, Sir Henry Bromley despatched his two prisoners to London, and sat down again to watch, till at the end of a week his patience was rewarded by the coming of another apparition. On the 30th of January, the wall in the great dining room of Hendlip Hall was seen to open, and two more human forms, cadaverous of aspect, stepped forth from it towards the guards. The latter seized them at once, and found that they were the priests watched for. Garnet stated that they had not been in want of food, having received regular supplies of broth through a quill in the wall, and that the cause of their appearance was due to the want of air and room in the narrow space where they had been hidden. "We were well wearied," Garnet confessed, "for we had to sit continually, save that sometimes we could half stretch ourselves, the place being not high enough; and we had our legs so straitened that we could not, while sitting, find place for them, so that we both were in continual pain, and both our legs, especially mine, were much swollen." By express orders of Salisbury, the two priests were well treated, though rigorously guarded, and taken in easy stages to the capital. A dense multitude filled all the streets through which they passed on their way to the Tower, and, pointing to Garnet, more than one of the mob broke out shouting, "There goes a young pope."

When the two priests arrived in London, the curtain had closed already over the career of the chief actors in the gunpowder plot. On the 27th of January, Guy Fawkes was brought up before a special jury at Westminster Hall; with him Winter and Rokewood, survivors of the Holbeach struggle, Sir Everard Digby, who had been caught in the flight from it, together with Robert Kay, and Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, who had been previously captured, were put on their trial. Sir Francis Tresham, the suspected writer of the anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle which upset the conspiracy, had likewise been put in prison, less perhaps with the view of punishment than that of obtaining information; but although treated with the greatest regard, and even allowed the company of his wife and family, he fell ill soon after his arrest, and died of a mysterious disease, not without suspicion of poison. The trial of the remaining conspirators occupied very little time, and was marked by no other incidents but the ravings of the attorney-general and public prosecutor, Sir Edward Coke. After heaping curses and maledictions upon the pri-

soners at the bar, the great lawyer became witty, remarking that "gunpowder was the invention of a friar, one of that Romish rabble," and that it was a curious thing for the conspirators that "as by mining they did descend, by hanging they would ascend." Contrasted with this vulgarity, the behaviour of the prisoners was dignified and even noble. Guy Fawkes looked down upon judge and jury grand and gloomy, without opening his lips; the others had little to say, and said less; and Sir Everard Digby alone, after pleading guilty "fell into a speech." He stated that "the first motive that drew him into the action was not ambition or discontent of his estate, neither malice to any in parliament, but the friendship he bore to Catesby, which prevailed so much and was so powerful with him that for his sake he was ever contented and ready to hazard himself and his estate. The next motive was the cause of religion, which, seeing it lay at the stake, he entered into resolution to neglect in that behalf his estate, his life, his name, his memory, his posterity, and all worldly and earthly felicity whatsoever, his sole hope being to restore the Catholic religion in England." The immense crowd in Westminster Hall listened to the speech in deep silence; then the jury retired, and quickly brought in a verdict of guilty against all the accused, upon which they were condemned to die the death of traitors, to be drawn and quartered. Sir Everard Digby, Winter, and Bates were executed in St. Paul's churchyard on the 31st of January; and Guy Fawkes, Rokewood, and Kay suffered death at Westminster the following day, not any of them being favoured with the slightest mitigation of the terrible sentence pronounced by the judge. All underwent the tortures inflicted upon them before being killed with heroic fortitude, stanch in the persuasion of suffering as martyrs in the cause of God. The multitude looked on in sullen silence; but there were a few Roman Catholics bold enough to greet their friends on the way to the scaffold. When dragged to Westminster, each upon his separate hurdle, Guy Fawkes and his two companions were arrested by loud shouts before a house in the Strand. It was the dwelling of Rokewood's young wife; she stood on the balcony, dressed in her bridal costume, and he looking up, begged her to pray for him. "I will! I will!" she cried, without a sound of trembling in her voice: "and do you offer yourself with a good heart to God and your Creator. I yield you to Him with as full an assurance that you will be accepted of Him as when He gave you to me."

On the 3rd of March, a month and two days after the execution of Guy Fawkes, the trial of Garnet, the priestly leader of the conspiracy, "Superior to the Jesuits in England," as he was termed in the indictment, took place at Guildhall before a special commission. The government, Salisbury especially, attached immense importance to his prosecution, justly deeming priestly influence the centre and source of Roman Catholic disaffection, and holding to the belief that if it could be sufficiently weakened in the eyes of the still numerous adherents of the old faith, there would be an end of further plots and revolutions. A thousand proofs, direct and indirect,

had come to testify that the Catholics as a body felt detestation of the gunpowder plot; and it was thought, therefore, that if Garnet could be distinctly connected therewith, a great end might be gained, and a long advance made towards loosening the invisible ties connecting England with Rome. But the attempt was by no means easy, the chief of the English Jesuits showing himself more than a match for the skill of Salisbury and the whole privy council of James, with brains as clear and lips as firmly compressed as those of any lawyer in the kingdom, the great bullying Sir Edward Coke not excepted. From the commencement, Garnet adopted a plain and simple line of defence; it was that he had been aware of the movements of the conspirators, but had heard of them only under the seal of confession, and that it was his duty as a priest to hold the secrets of the confessional sacred, at any risk and any hazard. This was no defence before a Protestant judge and jury, but it was all valuable before the tribunal of Roman Catholic opinion; and Salisbury was too well aware of it not to attempt to drive the Jesuit chief from his vantage ground by all the means in his power. But he soon found that threats and persuasions alike were utterly thrown away upon the cool, clear-headed, indomitable priest, under the gaze of whose keen grey eyes even the Tower inquisitors kept shrinking, and who weighed his words as carefully as misers would weigh their gold. It was in vain that Salisbury in personal examination threatened him with all the degrees of torture: Garnet perfectly knew that he dared not execute the threat for fear of the public, and for fear still more of his master; and knowing it, his thin lips only got a shade more compressed, and his searching eyes scrutinized a moment longer the restless face of his little opponent. The king, indeed, had given strict orders that Garnet should not undergo on any account the pains of torture, the motive of the injunction being not tenderness by any means, but the dread of bringing down vengeance upon his own head. But while refusing his consent to the placing of a venerable priest upon the rack, James interposed no obstacle to have the priest's servant tortured; and the latter, accordingly, an old man named Owen, the same who had been seized at Hendlip, was fastened to the hideous engines of torment in the Tower dungeons, to see whether he would betray his master. He was racked twice, the second time more severely than the first, but not a word could be got from him to inculcate Garnet, whom he even professed not to know by sight. Threatened with punishments more frightful than he had yet endured, and trembling lest the courage of his mind might give way under bodily despair, the old man then formed a heroic resolution. Possessing himself of a blunt piece of iron, he slowly ripped up his veins, and when the gaolers came the next morning to fetch him again to the rack, they found nothing but a corpse.

All other means to obtain proofs of Garnet's guilt having failed, Salisbury had recourse at last to an artifice more becoming a Spanish inquisitor than an English prime minister. He placed the prisoner and Father Oldcorn, his companion at Hendlip, in two adjoining cells, communicating with each other

by a door, and above it, in a secret place from which everything could be heard and seen, he set two spies to watch them, and to note down any words they might exchange with each other. The success even of this scheme was but moderate, although two men of education, able to understand French and Latin, as well as English, Edward Forset, a learned magistrate, and David Locherson, private secretary of Salisbury, felt not ashamed to take the part of eavesdroppers. They reported to a number of short conversations which Garnet and Oldcorn had held, but the whole scope and purport of which was as to the ways they might use to refute the accusations made against them. Garnet, with his usual caution, did not utter a word that might tend to establish his guilt, but seemed firm in the belief that nothing could be proved against him, or, as he expressed himself to his companion in misfortune, that he would be able "to wind himself out of the matter." However, when brought again before the examiners appointed by Salisbury, he appeared somewhat startled to hear that his conversations with Oldcorn had been taken down, and getting slightly confused, involved himself in various contradictions, denying first, and subsequently admitting, that he had been for some length of time in communication with the principal conspirators. But he did not waver for a moment respecting the great point in his defence, that he had obtained every particular, even the slightest, of his knowledge of the plot under the seal of confession, and that, his duty to God being higher than his obligations to men, he could not, nor ever would, betray the sacred trust. Salisbury felt that he was completely baffled; but there was no choice left for him but to go on with the prosecution, and to convict the dangerous prisoner, with or without proofs. There was no necessity to pack a jury for the purpose of obtaining a verdict, the hatred of the middle classes, particularly in London, against the Jesuits being more than sufficient to that end; and Garnet was put on his trial, therefore, without any kind of evidence that could have led to his condemnation in an open court of justice acting under strictly legal forms. His moral guilt was undoubted, he himself admitting his knowledge of the conspiracy, and yet on this very point the courage of the government failed. The Protestantism of England as yet was not deep-rooted enough to make its rulers dare to attack openly the ancient mystery of the confessional, and to put a priest upon his trial for hiding a great crime under the sacred mantle of religion.

At his trial, which excited immense interest among all classes of the population, the great hall of Westminster being crowded with members of parliament and state dignitaries, and the king himself attending behind a well-screened box, Garnet carried himself so gravely and temperately as to gain the admiration of the whole audience, composed as it was mainly of his bitter enemies. Nevertheless the attorney-general, figuring again as public prosecutor, attacked him with his usual venom, substituting abuses for arguments, and curses for proofs, to such an extent that even James declared his regret of the Jesuit not having fair play allowed him. Salisbury

made a point of claiming from the accused a public acknowledgment that he had been fairly treated, and not undergone "racking or any such bitter torment," which was given, though with slight hesitation, Garnet probably knowing something of the horrible death of his servant. After hearing Garnet's defence, continually interrupted by Coke and the judges on the bench, the jury quickly returned a verdict of guilty, and the lord chief justice pronounced the sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering. The condemnation, being arrived at without any legal proofs of guilt, seemed so unsatisfactory to many of the public that the execution of Garnet was suspended for six weeks, during which time the greatest efforts were made to extract from him avowals of his connection with the gunpowder conspirators, outside of the confessional, promises and threats alternately being held out for the purpose. But all the attempts were in vain; and when led to the scaffold on the 3rd of May, he maintained with his last breath that he knew nothing of the plot except under the seal of confession. The execution of Garnet was witnessed by a crowd of Roman Catholics of both sexes, who listened on their knees to his last words, affirming afterwards that his innocence had been proved by a miracle, a minute but perfect likeness of his head being exhibited on the straws used to wipe up his blood. Another miracle, according to Catholic writers, took place at the scaffold of Garnet's companion, Father Oldcorn, who was tried, convicted, and suffered the penalty of treason at Worcester. "His head and quarters," an eyewitness reported, "were set up on poles in different parts of the city; but his heart and bowels were cast into the fire, which continued sending forth a lively flame for sixteen days, notwithstanding the rains that fell during the time, which was looked upon as a prodigy, and as a testimony of his innocence." The names of both Garnet and Oldcorn were placed subsequently on the long roll of saintly martyrs acknowledged by the church of Rome.

The effects of the gunpowder plot upon the public mind were fully manifested in the parliamentary session which opened on the 21st of January, 1606. On the first day of meeting a bill was passed ordering the 5th of November to be kept "for ever" as a day of national thanksgiving; and the next vote sanctioned an Act of Attainder against the whole of the conspirators, by which their goods and lands were confiscated to the crown, and the bodies of such as had been slain in fight, or died a natural death, were given over to the hangman. Sir Francis Tresham came under the latter category; and though his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, made a great effort to save at least a portion of his property for his wife and children, could not succeed, it transpiring that the king had given a promise of his estate to one of his favourites, Sir Thomas Lake, a day or two after the committal of Tresham to the Tower, thus sacrificing the very man who had averted the great blow from him and the state to vulgar cupidity, before he had even been judged. The launching of the parliamentary attainders occasioned another great scramble for land and valuables among the courtiers, prolonged by the passing of several new statutes, one of them

prescribing a new oath of allegiance, embodying a formal renunciation of papal influence, and another imposing heavy fines, up to total confiscation of property, upon all Roman Catholics coming within the term of recusants, or deniers of the king's spiritual supremacy. The penal laws already in force against them made every recusant possessed of sufficient income liable to a fine of twenty pounds a month; while those who could not pay such large sum forfeited, if the government chose to exact the penalty, two-thirds of their lands during their lifetime, or until they conformed. Up to this time the more wealthy among the Roman Catholics had escaped the penalty of confiscation, for having once paid their monthly fine, the law had no further claim against them, although the amount handed over might be of far less value than the two-thirds of the profits of their estates, which would have been taken from them had they been poorer men. By the new statutes—3 Jac. I., cap. 4 and 5—the king was empowered to refuse the fine in all cases, and to seize the land at once; and in order that the poorer class of Catholics might feel the sting of the law, a penalty of ten pounds a month was laid upon all persons keeping servants who absented themselves from church. It was likewise enacted that no recusant should appear at court, nor be allowed to remain within ten miles of London, unless engaged in some recognized trade or employment, nor receive permission to practise at the bar, to act as attorney or physician, and to execute trusts, wills, and guardianships. Severe penalties were decreed at the same time against all who did not attend church regularly, or who married, or suffered their children to be baptized, with any other rites than those of the established religion; and in order to stimulate the activity of churchwardens, it was enacted that they should pay a fine of twenty shillings whenever neglecting to report persons who absented themselves from church, and that on the other hand they should receive a reward of double the amount upon every conviction obtained through their means. The law was strictly enforced for many years, enriching a great number of churchwardens, and breeding a greater number of hypocrites.

Parliament had been engaged for several weeks in legislating against Roman Catholics, when the king came forward to remind the members that the chief object for which they had been called together was to vote supplies to the crown. Though having lived in a state approaching penury in Scotland, with far less money at his command than most of the upper class of landowners, James had not got from experience the slightest notions of thrift, for immediately after his coming to the English throne he began indulging in the most lavish and wasteful expenditures. A constant golden stream kept flowing into the pockets of his favourites, whom he changed about once a month, every man at and near the court able to flatter his unbounded vanity, to tickle his ear with idle jests, or to minister to his amusement, enjoying in turn the royal beneficence, and taking his share, as large a one in each instance as it was possible to grasp, of the public revenue. Every year, and almost every month, the expenses of the court

increased in alarming proportions, the pension list getting longer, the furniture gayer, the attendants more numerous, the jewels more costly, and the robes more gorgeous. At the end of his first year's occupancy of the throne, James had spent about one hundred thousand pounds more than his income amounted to; and at the meeting of parliament in January, 1606, the debt of the crown had reached the sum of seven hundred thousand pounds, and there did not seem the slightest prospect of a decreasing but rather of an increasing expenditure. Under these circumstances, the session had no sooner opened when the king sent a message to the House of Commons desiring the vote of the supplies to take precedence of all other matters, and confessing that the state of his exchequer had fallen to the very lowest conditions. To enforce the royal summons, the lord treasurer, the earl of Dorset, attended a parliamentary committee, accompanied by several members of the privy council, and with them dwelled strongly upon the magnitude of the king's necessities, and the indispensableness to end the same by a strong display of liberality. However, Dorset's eloquence, backed by a long array of statistics exhibiting the income and expenditure of the crown, with figures so placed as to show the royal extravagance in the least unfavourable light, was all but thrown away upon the prosaic members of the lower house, who listened to the lord treasurer's tale of woe with undisguised displeasure. Instead of proceeding at once to the vote of supplies, as demanded by the king, they kept on with the discussion of religious subjects, and the enactment of recusancy laws, until the patience of James was all but exhausted, and he came forward once more, half whining and half threatening, to demand compliance with his former message. A long debate ensued, in which some bitter allusions were made regarding the executive, and comparisons instituted between the present and the past, the whole ending by a proposal to grant the king two subsidies and four fifteenths, calculated to furnish altogether a quarter of a million sterling. This being no more than sufficient to pay about one-third of the debt owing by the crown, James expressed himself very angrily with the niggardliness of the representatives of the people; and further to show his resentment, he hurriedly quitted all affairs of state, leaving Westminster, and going to shoot hares in Berkshire.

The departure of the king caused some stir in the House of Commons, which increased on the receipt of a new message, delivered by the lord treasurer. "It troubleth his majesty," the message ran, "that, by discourse upon the subject of his necessities, strangers abroad are become privy to those arcana imperii which he only wished to lay open to his loving subjects, in which consideration he can use no better means nor more intelligible than he hath done to make you capable of the condition of his estate, nor ever meaneth to go about to obtain anything by importunity, or contestation, which may be thought to concern his own interest, especially if he shall discover that you are unwilling to strain yourselves to keep him and his from failing in the honour and dignity which is due to the eminency of his degree

whom God has made your sovereign." The lord treasurer ended by informing the commons, "that if the noise of more doubts, debates, and contradictions should continue but a few days longer, not only the value of that which is desired would be lessened by the form of giving, but much of the estimation would be impaired of those subsidies whereof by the honest gratuities you have already put his majesty in possession." The appeal had some effect in stimulating the loyalty of the commons, and after a short debate a committee was appointed to draw up the bill of supply. It was to the effect of offering a grant, already proposed, of two subsidies and four fifteenths, but on the bill coming up to be voted, an amendment was made on the part of the government to increase the supply by an additional subsidy with its accompanying fifteenths, so as to make the provision somewhat more adequate to the wants of his majesty. A sharp debate followed, and the amendment, being handled very roughly, seemed in great danger of being lost, when all on a sudden a terrible piece of news came flying into the house. Every cheek blanched on the whisper going round, first with subdued breath, but getting force in passing from ear to ear, that the king had been assassinated at his hunting-box at Oaking, in Berkshire. The report had come into the houses of parliament from the city, but apparently from various directions, for the particulars differed, some stating that his majesty had succumbed under a poisoned dagger, directed by the hand of a Jesuit, others that a Spanish knight in armour had hewn him down while riding after the hare, and others again that an old Scotch woman had smothered him in bed with a feather pillow. But though varying in details, all the reports agreed that his majesty had been truly and unmistakably killed; there was weeping and lamentation all over the city, women tore their hair, and men their beards; and the commons themselves were so affected that they instantly and without further discussion voted the additional supply of one subsidy and a fifteenth to the dead king. The vote was given about the hour of noon on the 24th of May; and lo, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, King James came riding into Whitehall, not assassinated by a Jesuit, nor beheaded by a Spaniard, nor even smothered by a Scotch widow, but in perfect health and the highest good-humour. The cries of the loyal citizens, male and female, that greeted his majesty on his passing through the streets were deafening; but within the House of Commons unusual quietness appeared to prevail. Some of the members marvelled how the strange rumours could have originated, and others, in silent cogitation with themselves, thought they had been somewhat rash in voting the supplies.

A few days after the commons had granted him the money he so much wanted, on the 27th of May, the king prorogued parliament for six months, and then launched out into a career of extravagance wilder than any he had yet attempted. He began by turning half a dozen of his latest favourites into earls, viscounts, and barons, giving to each large estates to support the title; after which, as if afraid of not being able to melt down the parliamentary subsidies soon enough, he invited the brother of the queen,

Christian IV. of Denmark, to pay him a visit. Christian, a young man of twenty-nine, addicted to dissipation in general and hard drinking in particular, had been desirous to enjoy the hospitality of his brother-in-law ever since the English inheritance had fallen on him; and the invitation, therefore, had no sooner reached him, when he hurried off to make use of it. He came sailing up the Thames in the middle of July, and from the moment he set foot on shore till the day of his departure, at the end of five weeks, had to go through one unceasing round of shows, pageants, and festivities, James swelling with pride to show his relative the splendid property he had got into. The heads of Guy Fawkes and his companions were still withering in the sun, above the Tower gates and at Westminster, yet the king's mind was already free from every thought of the gunpowder conspiracy, and every moral connected with it. "The court, city, and some parts of the country," a contemporary, Arthur Wilson, wrote sarcastically, "are swelled to such greatness with banquetings, masques, dancings, tiltings, barriers, and other gallantry, as if there were an intention in every particular man this way to have blown up himself." Sir John Harrington, another eyewitness, related some of the doings during the royal visit in a letter to a friend in the country. "I came here a day or two before the Danish king arrived," wrote the lively godson of Queen Elizabeth, now one of the courtiers and new knights of James; "and from the moment he did come until this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort as might persuade me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles, for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his majesty so seasonably with money, for there has been no lack of good living, shows, sights, and banquetings from morn to night."

Very soon after the arrival of the Danish monarch, Salisbury led both him and James to his splendid mansion at St. Theobald's, desirous that the two kings should enjoy themselves to their hearts' desire. Among the entertainments provided by the busy prime minister, who had come to be the all but absolute ruler of England, was a great masque, representing the visit of the queen of Sheba to Solomon. "The lady who did play the queen's part," Sir John Harrington informed his friend, giving a detailed description of the wonderful performance, "did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties, but, forgetting the steps rising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; soon cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His majesty then got up and would dance with the queen of Sheba; but he fell down and

humbled himself before her, and had to be carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen that had been bestowed upon his garments, such as wine, cream, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. Meanwhile the entertainment and show went forward, but most of the presenters went backward, or fell down, wine occupying very heavily their upper chambers. First there did appear, in rich dresses, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Hope essayed to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, hoping the kings would excuse her brevity. Faith then came up from behind, yet was not joined with good works, and quitted the court in a staggering condition. Charity next came to our king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; by some effort she made obeisance and brought presents, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Faith and Hope, who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour, and by a strange medley of versification did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long, for after much lamentable utterance she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antechamber. Now Peace did make entry, and strive to get forward to the king; yet must I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto some of her attendants, and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming." The outrageousness of the scene did not make the spectator forget its bitter sadness. "I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries," Harrington concluded his letter, "and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our great queen's days, when I was sometimes an humble presenter and assistant, but did ne'er see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as now. I have passed much time in looking at the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing men."

His loose brother-in-law having set sail again for Denmark, James received another august visitor in Prince Vaudemont, one of his kinsmen of the Guise family; and after a fresh series of revels and drinking-bouts, as degrading to the royal character as surprising to the English people, who could not help contrasting the mean crapulousness of the king with the exalted dignity of his predecessor, the time approached for another session of parliament. James looked forward to the meeting of the two houses of legislature with some eagerness, having set his mind on carrying out at last the scheme dearest to his political ambition, the union of England and Scotland. It had been intended that the matter should form the chief subject of debate during the session which was to have commenced on the memorable 5th of November of the preceding year; but the enactment of the new persecuting laws against Roman Catholics, together with the quarrel about supplies, had occupied too much time to allow the proper opening of a question of such importance, which was postponed therefore till the

autumn of 1606. The opening of parliament took place punctually on the day fixed, the 18th of November, and the union of the two kingdoms was, by special command of the king, the first business brought before it. In his speech from the throne, James replied beforehand to some of the objections which he fancied would be brought against his scheme. "Some think," he exclaimed, "that I will draw the Scottish nation hither, and talk idly of transplanting trees out of a barren ground into a better, and of setting lean cattle out of a barren pasture into a fertile soil. But can any man displant you unless you will? Or can any man think that Scotland is so strong as to pull you out of your houses? Or do you not think I know England hath more people, and Scotland more waste ground? So that there is room in Scotland rather to plant your idle people that swarm in London streets and other towns, and disburthen you of them, than to bring more unto you." The puerility of arguments like these, delivered with an air of profound wisdom, was not made to convince men whose great objection to the union was not the measure itself, but the utter aversion and distrust they felt for its originator; and the discussion had no sooner commenced in the House of Commons when it became apparent that James's plan would meet with the most determined resistance on all sides. The first that was done was to read the memorial of the twenty-eight commissioners from the lords and commons, appointed in the session of 1604 to report upon the union, which was very elaborate, though somewhat vague in its counsel, exhibiting an evident desire to please both king and parliament. Four points, however, were distinctly recommended as preliminary measures by the commission, namely, freedom of commercial intercourse between the two kingdoms, the abolition of all hostile laws springing from the old border warfare, the mutual extradition of criminals, and facilities for the naturalization of Scotchmen in England and of Englishmen in Scotland. It was on the first of these points that the debate opened, in a spirit of extraordinary violence, little hopeful for the good relationship between the two nations.

Before the discussion about establishing freedom of commercial movement across the border had gone far, there was read in the House of Commons a numerous signed petition of English merchants, declaring strongly against the proposal. The merchants expressed their conviction that they should be absolutely ruined by the competition with which they were threatened, as Scotchmen were certain to be for ever on the move between the two countries, and equally certain to be always in the way when they wanted to drive a bargain, but slip quickly back to their homes when it came to the payment of taxes and subsidies, leaving these burthens upon the shoulders of their rivals. Some of the speakers ridiculed these arguments, but others, composing the majority, approved them; and one of the latter, Nicholas Fuller, a learned oriental scholar, as well as a violent, headstrong politician, showered abuse upon the Scotch, declaring that they were nothing but a tribe of pedlars. For this speech he was taken to task in the upper house by the lord chancellor, who

scolded the merchants for their petition, warning the commons at the same time that if they did not yield with a good grace, the king would take the matter in hand, and would carry out the union by his own authority. The threat had some effect in softening the excited temper of the members of the lower house, and banishing the spirit of acrimony in which the subject had been hitherto discussed; and after a lengthened debate it was decided to accept a number of starting points, which might serve for the heads of a future bill defining the relations between England and Scotland. The repeal of all hostile laws, and the mutual extradition of criminals was admitted to be just in principle; and as for the more important point of free commercial intercourse, it was proposed to arrive at a gradual settlement, allowing of the destruction of the barriers opposing trade year by year and step by step. It was recommended, in the first instance, that certain productions of each country should not be allowed to be exported to the other, live animals and their produce figuring at the head of the list of prohibitions. It was said that the English were afraid of a rise in the price of cloth if sheep-farmers were permitted to send their wool to be manufactured in Scotland, and that the Scotch people were equally alarmed at the prospect of high prices for meat if their cattle could be driven across the Tweed to a more profitable market than Edinburgh or Perth could offer. The commons allowed, though provisionally only in theory, voting being carefully abstained from, that, with these and two or three other exceptions, the two countries might make a trial of free trade. One member observed in the course of the discussion that free intercourse would indisputably be beneficial to the merchants of both kingdoms, the Scotch gaining wealth, and the English wit—if clever enough to sell anything to their neighbours north of the Tweed.

The good-humour of parliament was interrupted when the session had lasted nearly a month by a subtle question, full of legal, political, and constitutional niceties, which James felt delighted in starting. It was whether the children born in Scotland after the accession of the king, and the union of the two crowns, were to be regarded, like those who had seen the light before the great event, as aliens, or whether they were to stand on the same footing with Englishmen, as native fellow-subjects under one ruler. To James the matter was not for a moment doubtful, all his notions of government centering in the one of divine right of kingship, with subjects dependent on the sovereign as earthly things on the sun's rays; this, however, was not the view taken by the House of Commons, some of the leading members of which ventured to suggest that, as the union of the two crowns had not yet come to mean the union of the two countries, the children of the north born after his majesty's accession were in precisely the same position as those who had come into the world before. The difference of opinion gave rise to a terrible contest of words in both houses of parliament, echoed all over the two kingdoms, every man taking his stand with either the "Post-nati" or the "Ante-nati." To settle the matter, James ordered the law officers of the crown to draw up a statement expounding the

constitution of the realm to the uninitiated, and to lay it on the table of the House of Commons. This was done, and the verdict of the law authorities, including the great Sir Edward Coke, resulted in the declaration that by the common law of England the "Post-nati," or children born in Scotland after the king's accession, were as little to be regarded as aliens as if they had been born in Exeter or York, and that only the "Ante-nati," or individuals born before the accession, were divided politically from their English fellow-subjects, and if wishing to acquire the same rights in the southern kingdom had to take out letters of naturalization. The legal opinion was anything but satisfactory to the members of the House of Commons, who kept looking with constantly increasing jealousy upon the crowd of Scotchmen surrounding the king, and engrossing many lucrative offices under the crown, to the exclusion of Englishmen who, if not better fitted to do the work, held themselves better entitled by birthright to gather the fruits of the same. Personal considerations of this nature not being made to lessen the bitterness of the strife, the discussions soon assumed a tumultuous character, leading to the utterance of speeches all but revolutionary in tone. To still the excitement, Salisbury advised a prorogation of parliament, and the session was adjourned accordingly from the middle of December, 1606, to the 10th of February of the following year.

The two months' rest, however, had little effect in calming the passions of the commons. A few days after the reassembling of the house, Sir Christopher Pigott, who had been chosen to represent Buckinghamshire, after the refusal of the government to admit Sir Francis Goodwin, poured forth a torrent of abuse, not only against the project of union, but against the whole nation of Scotland. He said that they were a pack of rebels and traitors, and, worse than that, beggars; that they were ever engaged in killing each other and assassinating their rulers, there not having been a single king who had not been murdered by his subjects; and that therefore it would be as reasonable to unite Scotland and England as it would be to place a prisoner at the bar upon an equal footing with a judge on the bench. The house listened in silence to this extraordinary harangue, as if actually sympathising with the speaker; there was no applause, but there was likewise no expression of displeasure from even a single member. James heard the next day of Sir Christopher Pigott's speech, and getting into a towering rage, summoned at once his prime minister, commanding him to take prompt steps to bring the libeller of Scotland within the reach of the law. However, the strict royal command notwithstanding, Salisbury went to work leisurely, and sending private information of what had happened to the commons, left them to understand that they must follow their own course. The hint was acted upon promptly, and by a vote the next day the house decided that the jurisdiction over its members resided within itself, and that the member for Buckinghamshire, having broken the parliamentary rules by his intemperate address, should be expelled. But immediately after, Nicholas Fuller, who had distinguished himself in the previous session

by his vehement opposition to the union project, delivered another ill-natured attack upon Scotland. Comparing England to a rich pasture threatened with an irruption of herds of famished cattle, he proceeded to draw a most desponding picture of the moral and social state of the northern kingdom, describing it as altogether out of the question and unfair to the highest degree to marry such a beggarly country to a rich and flourishing state like England. He then asked, in language which never failed in meeting with a response in the House of Commons, whether the famous "Post-nati" doctrine of the naturalization of the rising generation of Scots, by the mere fact of their being born under the dominion of the king, was really based upon the constitutional law of the realm. Once admitted, he said, the doctrine might prove fatal to English liberty as well as nationality, for instances had happened, and might happen over and over again, of the crown being on the head of a prince holding sway over alien races. If Philip and Mary had left a male heir, that son would have inherited the dominions of both his parents, and would have naturalized millions of Spaniards and Sicilians in England, without any reference to parliament. The arguments made a great impression, which was increased when the speaker went on to describe the results which in his opinion would spring from the impending northern invasion. Already, he affirmed, the population of London was far too numerous; the existing trade did not suffice for the support of the merchants who attempted to live by it; and there was not sufficient preferment for the number of scholars who crowded to the universities. What would become of England if Scotland were turned into it, heaven only could tell. The oration concluded, there was a burst of rapturous applause from all sides of the crowded house, little hopeful for the union of the two kingdoms into one Great Britain.

When Nicholas Fuller had sat down, Sir Francis Bacon arose. Bacon was known to be the only man in the House of Commons, if not the only Englishman, sincerely and warmly favourable to the union, and he now came to vindicate his enthusiasm in the cause he had long advocated in a magnificent speech. He commenced by entreating his hearers to raise their minds above all petty considerations and personal and national prejudices, and to look upon the proposed change from a loftier vantage ground, with the eyes of statesmen. It had been said that England would be inundated with immigrants from the north, and that there would not be sufficient room and provision left for the children of the soil. But to this assertion he entirely demurred; no such incursion was to be expected, for the simple reasons that men, living in families, were not as easily moved as cattle, and that if a man brought with him no means of his own, and had no way of supporting himself in the country to which he came, he would starve. Yet even if this were not the case, he denied that England was fully peopled. The country could support with ease an immensely larger population than it had ever yet known; and fens, commons, and wastes innumerable were crying out for the hand of the cultivator. If this were too little, the sea was

open; commerce and trade would give support to thousands; Ireland was waiting for colonists to cultivate its fertile soil, and the solitude of Virginia was crying aloud for inhabitants. To the objection that it was unfair to unite poor Scotland to rich England, Bacon replied by saying that it was well the difference consisted "but in the external goods of fortune." "For, indeed," he continued, "it must be confessed that for the goods of the mind and the body they are like ourselves; to do them right, it is known that in their capacities and understandings they are a people ingenious; in labour, industrious; in courage, valiant; in body, hard, active, and comely." The advantages of a union with such a race, he argued, were not to be measured by the amount of money they might have in their pockets. With respect to the legal part of the question, he expressed himself satisfied that the "Post-nati" were already naturalized; but he thought it advisable that this should be formally declared by statute. Bacon concluded by pointing out the dangers to the people of England which might ensue if the proposals for union were rejected; quarrels might break out, and estrangement, and even entire separation, might follow. On the other hand, if the members of the House of Commons would put all prejudices aside, viewing the question from the highest point of view, the permanent interest of the nation, they would make the united kingdom of England and Scotland to be the greatest monarchy the world had ever seen. The eloquence of the marvellous speaker to whom the house had listened, drew forth warm applause; but it was plain, nevertheless, to all observers, that Nicholas Fuller had expressed its feelings far more accurately than Sir Francis Bacon. Towering high above his age, a mighty intellectual giant, Bacon unconsciously went too far in desiring his parliamentary colleagues, servile worshippers of despotism but a few years before, to raise themselves at once to the height of statesmen and philosophers.

The impression made by Bacon's speech did not last long, it waning the sooner as it was generally perceived that in one important point it furnished no reply to the objections of Nicholas Fuller. If, according to the "Post-nati" doctrine brought forward so prominently by James, England and Scotland were called upon to unite chiefly because all persons born after the king's accession were within the king's allegiance, it seemed clear that England and Spain might be called upon to join one day under similar circumstances. Bacon, Coke, and the judges might repeat as often as they liked that the naturalization of the "Post-nati" was in perfect accordance with the law, yet public opinion, which found its expression in the lower house of parliament, refused to assent to it, deeming that if it was so, it ought not to be so. Nevertheless, after discussions extending over several months, the commons began to exhibit a very conciliating spirit, and seemed ready to take some steps towards the union, particularly in the all important point of commercial intercourse, when the conceit of the king once more upset all proceedings. Deeming his eloquence irresistible, he rushed into parliament, and personally addressed the members. "I am your king!" he cried, in the tone of a schoolmaster addressing naughty children; "I am placed to govern you, and

shall answer for your errors; I am a man of flesh and blood, and have my passions and affections like other men: I pray you, do not too far move me to do that which my power may tempt me unto." The tirade, absurd enough to set the commons laughing, was followed by no other action than an action at law. Obstinate bent upon asserting his "Post-nati" theory, James determined to avail himself of the known opinions of the judges to obtain a formal decision that Scotch children born after his accession were possessed of all the rights of native Englishmen, including that of holding land. A piece of ground was accordingly bought in the name of one Richard Calvin, an infant born at Edinburgh in 1605, and an action was brought in his name against two persons who were supposed to have deprived him of his land, with a correlative suit against two other persons for detaining papers relating to the ownership of the property. The case came first before the court of Chancery, and was from thence adjourned into the Exchequer chamber, before the lord chancellor and the twelve judges. Two only of the judges argued that the child was an alien; but the other ten, together with the chancellor, laid down the law as previously expounded in the declaration to parliament, holding that Richard Calvin was a natural subject of the king of England. Though no other decision had been expected from the beginning, the king bore himself as having obtained a great triumph, his vanity and narrowmindedness preventing him from seeing that in the realm which he was ruling public opinion was overtopping legal opinions. Some time before the eleven judges had declared Richard Calvin of Edinburgh to be an Englishman, he had prorogued parliament in a very bitter mood. The prorogation took place nominally from the 4th of July, 1607, till the 10th of November of the same year; but the king had no intention to see the representatives of the nation so soon again, and they did not meet till the end of three years. It was the first attempt of James to govern without a parliament.

Hitherto the foreign policy of England had not engaged much of the king's attention; but events now forced him at last to declare whether he meant to follow in the footsteps of Elizabeth, and uphold Protestantism on the Continent, or whether he would take the opposite course, either maintaining absolute neutrality, or allying himself with Spain. Indolent by nature, and valuing the renown of deciding a knotty point in theology, or astrology, far more than the glory of arms, James would have preferred strict neutrality above all, if his mind had been but strong enough to arrive at a decision by himself; as it was, he merely kept it as an ideal aim before him, allowing his favourites to pull him in any direction most convenient to their tastes or interests. Thus he had come to conclude, in the first year of his reign, a treaty with France and the Netherlands, and in the second with Spain; and it seemed highly probable that he would in turn enter into alliances with all the sovereigns of the known world, as long as they chose to send envoys for the purpose, well loaded with gifts, and with purses capacious enough to satisfy the cupidity of the thick swarm of courtiers, male and female, which crowded around the throne.

But harmless and profitable as seemed the amusement of making treaties with foreign governments not intended to be kept, the pastime yet was fraught with danger; and circumstances occurred soon which seemed to make it probable that the colourless foreign policy set up by James would end by involving England in war with all the great powers of Europe at one and the same time. By the terms of his first treaty, the king had granted to the French and the Protestants of Holland the right of levying soldiers in his dominions, and by his second treaty he had granted the same right to the Spaniards, so that the oppressed together with their oppressors had a chance of meeting each other in England, and transferring thither, on a more or less limited scale, their battlefield. This threatened to occur as early as the summer of 1605, a year after James had entered into an alliance with Philip III. On the 14th of May, 1605, a Spanish fleet, carrying twelve thousand men, left Lisbon for the Netherlands, under the command of the Grand Admiral Don Luis Fajardo, who received the orders of Philip III. that, if unable to land his troops in Flanders, all the ports of which were closely blockaded by the Dutch, he was to set them on shore in England, where, under the benignant sceptre of King James, they would find protection till means could be obtained to send them across the channel in small boats, preferably English, which might slip over from time to time. The Spanish commander fully confided in the generous impulses of James, showing his trust in them before leaving Lisbon by forcibly seizing two English vessels that were lying in the roadstead, and employing them to make up the required number of transports. There were many more French ships to pick from; but Don Luis Fajardo did not give them a look, evidently without confidence in heretic King Henry IV.

The new Armada sighted England towards the end of May, and closely hugging the shore, arrived off Dover on the 2nd of June. Here, at the narrowest part of the straits, the passage was barred by a small Dutch squadron, under Admiral Haultain, who boldly attacked the Spanish fleet, though quadruple the strength of his own. But the Spaniards did not want to fight, and the two foremost men-of-war at once sought a refuge in Dover Harbour, while the Grand Admiral with the main body of his forces retreated towards Dungeness. The next day, Don Luis Fajardo cautiously advanced again up the channel, his fleet in battle order, but he himself hidden on board the largest of the English merchantmen which he had seized at Lisbon, their flag appearing to him much safer than his own. On the Armada coming up, the Dutch immediately attacked the enemy, and once more, without attempting fight, the Spaniards fled in all directions, a number of them running into Dover, foremost among the runners the Grand Admiral. In the heat of the pursuit, the bold Flemings advanced a little too far, until they were reminded by the guns of Dover Castle that they had trespassed upon English ground. The firing of one gun might have been sufficient, but the officer in command of the castle, deeply imbued with Spanish sympathies, and presumed to be in Spanish pay, used all he had, aiming so well as to kill more than a hundred men on board the

Dutch fleet. Very naturally, the slaughter gave rise to the greatest indignation throughout the Netherlands, leading very nearly to an opening of hostilities against England, in which France seemed ready to join, Henry IV. bursting with indignation at the conduct of the "captain of arts and clerk of arms." On the other hand, the king of Spain felt equally angry on learning that his troops had arrived in England, but could not get out again. Quivering under the open threats of the French and Dutch ambassadors, James had summoned up boldness to give a direct refusal to the demand of the Spanish envoy, a marvellous piece of effrontery, that the soldiers who had landed at Dover and other places on the coast should be conveyed to Flanders in English vessels and under the protection of English men-of-war; and the Spaniards not daring to go to sea again on their own account, King Philip had the ill satisfaction of seeing his soldiers locked up in England as in a mousetrap. Through the importunities of the Spanish envoy, coupled, as always, with rich distribution of bribes to favourites, James after a short while allowed himself to be prevailed upon to request the states of Holland to give permission to their armed enemies to pass the channel unmolested. The demand was too utterly absurd to meet with other than a blank rejection, whereupon the king informed the Spaniards that they might remain in England as long as they liked, provided they lived at their own expense. To this the Spanish government, after some negotiation, assented in principle, but forgot to send the money; and many of the wretched men despatched by Philip III. having died of starvation, and others gone as deserters to France and Holland, the rest set sail from Dover in a dark winter night, when the Dutch blockading fleet had been driven from the coast by a storm, and made their way across the channel to Dunkirk and Gravelines. James had escaped war, but his peace policy nevertheless had received a rude shock.

The pusillanimity and indecision of the king proved an advantage in the end, if not to England, at least to the Netherlands. Philip III. had reckoned upon the assistance of the English government to put a stop to the success of the rebellious Flemings; he knew that the queen was entirely devoted to his interests; he had won over by gold the principal favourites of the king, and was paying a large pension to Salisbury, chief helmsman of the vessel of state; and he was not without hopes that jealousy of the growing maritime power of the Netherlands would prompt the trading classes to throw their influence in the balance to quench national sympathy for the struggling Protestants of the Low Countries. Seeing all these expectations vanish, and all the elements in his favour broken and kept in check by the drowsy timidity of the king, Philip came to the resolution to make peace with his rebel subjects, even at the price of acknowledging their independence. He had scarcely any other choice left, the power of the Dutch by sea having increased within recent years to such a degree as seriously to threaten the communication of Spain with the Indies, suggesting fears that in a time not distant the vast empire of the west might be entirely cut off from the mother country, and a death-blow be

inflicted upon the monarchy. Swayed by all these considerations, the Spanish king bent his pride so far as to beseech the Flemish heretics to enter into negotiations with his representative, Archduke Albert, the first fruit of which was a six months' truce, concluded in April, 1607. To show their contempt for James, neither the Dutch nor the Spaniards asked him to take part in the negotiations, a proceeding which he was mean enough to resent by attempting secretly to upset the arrangements already come to, and thereby to destroy all chances of peace. This dishonourable course was mainly due to the advice of Salisbury, who, besides his innate love of intrigue, was driven to it by the fear of losing the annual bribe of six thousand crowns paid to him by Philip III., in case the latter should come to terms with his contumacious subjects. He therefore instructed the English representatives at the government of the states general, Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Richard Spenser, to use all their efforts to induce the leading statesmen to drop the negotiations, on the plea mainly that it would be for the interest of the republic to continue the war, Spain having not yet been sufficiently humiliated to leave hopes that the offered peace would be permanent. The invidious counsel took no effect upon the rulers of the republic, chief among them John van Olden Barneveldt, a statesman of remarkably clear vision, and ardent advocate of peace; and Salisbury's diplomatic exertions, so far from retarding the agreement with Spain, only accelerated it, the secret motives impelling them not being unknown to the politicians of the commonwealth. To disarm the vanity of James, the Dutch invited him, after some delay, to join in the conferences opened at the Hague, where France was playing the lofty part of mediator, Henry IV. having despatched for the purpose his great minister, Pierre Jeannin, the colleague and rival of Rosny. At the side of Jeannin, the English plenipotentiaries came to make a poor figure, their instructions compelling them not so much to help in the conclusion of peace, than to extract money from the exhausted states general, James insisting that the loans they owed to England should be repaid before he would guarantee their future independence. After long and wearisome negotiations, the Dutch government subscribed to these conditions, acknowledging a debt of 818,408*l.*, which they promised to repay in half-yearly instalments of 30,000*l.*, reduced subsequently to 20,000*l.* Finally, on the 30th of March, 1609, the treaty of peace was signed between Spain and Holland, Philip III. giving a general recognition of the independence of the republic, and Henry IV. guaranteeing it, as a sort of arbiter of European politics. To France the treaty gave a large amount of honour and glory, and to England a small amount of money.

The money extracted from the Dutch, small as it was in amount, was most welcome to Salisbury, who was nigh being driven to despair by the extravagant expenditure of James, and the impossibility of meeting it by the resources at his command. Absolutely like a child, the king kept giving away, day by day, and week by week, large presents and prospective endowments to his courtiers, foolishly careless as to whether he had a right to give, or even whether the things

he promised were his own. Very frequently, James's exchequer was so completely drained that for many months at a time there was nothing left to pay the wages of the attendants and to buy a stock of daily provisions; and on one occasion the lord treasurer, the earl of Dorset, was stopped in the streets by the servants of the household, clamouring to get their allowances, and by enraged purveyors of the royal table, who swore that unless they got their debts paid they would let his sacred majesty starve. The unfortunate treasurer, breaking down under his heavy duties, died in the spring of 1608, and was succeeded by Salisbury, who, jealous lest the important post should be filled by a rival, preferred to take the duties upon himself, together with the chief secretaryship. His first step was to make a great and almost desperate effort to raise the miserable condition of the exchequer by imposing, without regard of parliamentary prescriptions, a number of new duties, chiefly on imports, and raising several loans; and this not sufficing, he set out on the still more difficult task of attempting retrenchments of the royal expenditure. The king was ready to promise anything, and almost touched to tears when his minister told him of the impoverished state of his finances; but the feeling did not last long, and a few days had scarcely elapsed before he squandered treasure more lavishly than ever, regardless of solemn engagements and declarations, and still more regardless of the misery inflicted upon others by his monstrous wastefulness. To raise money, Salisbury established, and bartered away to the highest bidder, monopolies more oppressive than any abolished in the reign of Elizabeth; laid customs-duties on articles of prime necessity; invented imposts upon trades and handicrafts, chiefly falling upon the poor; and even sold to the Dutch the right of fishery on the coasts of England and Scotland. Besides these exactions, and ruinous efforts to cover a prodigality all but criminal, every other means was employed to bring money into the exchequer. The discharge of debts due to the crown was enforced with cruel strictness; public lands were sold for half, or less than half, their value; and all officials were ordered to be more vigilant than ever in demanding the full acquittal of payments to which the king could lay claim. Yet all exertions were fruitless to cover the yawning gulf of royal indebtedness; and after a nine months' struggle, Salisbury found that he could get no further, and that nothing remained but to call in the aid of parliament to extract James from his financial difficulties. They had long ceased to be a secret to anybody, and threatened to become a national disgrace, the bankrupt state of the king's exchequer, and wretched consequences resulting therefrom having become a theme of conversation at all the courts of Europe. At Brussels, James was publicly caricatured as half naked, dressed mainly in a hose doublet, with empty pockets hanging out, and an empty purse in his hand.

The parliament which was to fill his majesty's exchequer, and provide a sufficient number of purses for his favourites, met on the 9th of February, 1610. Salisbury, who opened the session in the name of the king, lost no time in bringing forward his financial statement, winding up with a demand for the grant of

new and extraordinary supplies. Cleverly marshalling his figures, the lord treasurer was able to prove that there had not been the least prodigality in the king's expenditure, and that, if he had spent twice as much as his predecessor, and got deeply into debt besides, it was owing solely to his intense desire to rule the country well, to make his subjects happy, and to reward true merit whenever it came within his notice. He thought, the treasurer hinted, that by this time all, or nearly all, who required rewarding had got their dues, and that universal happiness was not far off, and he therefore implored the honourable members of the House of Commons "not to allow the ship of state to be wrecked at the entrance of the port." After the flowers of rhetoric came the thorns of arithmetic. Salisbury demonstrated, by a compound process of division, addition, multiplication, and subtraction, to which the members of the lower house listened with the deepest attention without being able to comprehend it in the least, that though the exchequer was bankrupt it was very near getting in an exceedingly flourishing and satisfactory state, nothing more to the effect being required than the grant of his own modest demands. These were, that the house should vote for the use of his majesty an immediate gift of six hundred thousand pounds, half of which was to be employed to pay off a portion of the debt, and the other half to meet extraordinary expenses; and that, besides this gift, solemnly guaranteed not to form a precedent for future demands of the same kind, there should be a permanent grant to the crown of two hundred thousand pounds a year, in addition to the usual subsidies, which would give the king an annual income of six hundred thousand pounds, calculated to be nearly fifty thousand pounds in excess of the expenditure. The expenditure thus fixed, Salisbury allowed, was contingent on certain retrenchments which he had recommended, and to which his majesty had given his gracious consent, so that, any doubt in the fulfilment of the royal word being impossible, the state of the exchequer must be admitted to be settled for ever on the securest and soundest financial basis. The lord treasurer wound up his statement by declaring, in the name of his majesty, that if the house would freely consent to assist the king in his need, he would, on his part, be ready to redress all just grievances. The royal promise was brought under discussion at once, and the commons decided by a quick resolution that they would be deeply grateful to have the grievances redressed first, and to be allowed to decide afterwards upon the supplies.

It was evident from the attitude assumed by the members of the lower house that they knew themselves masters of the position, and James therefore submitted, with ill-concealed resentment, to pay for the relief of his difficulties by satisfying the chief demands of the representatives of the nation. The discussion of grievances commenced immediately, and soon assumed the proportions of a great constitutional battle. Among the first questions coming under the notice of the commons was that of the right of the crown to lay impositions, either in the shape of personal taxes or of customs-duties, upon the people without the consent of parliament; and starting from

matters that had arisen out of the endeavours of Salisbury to raise money, the debate soon assumed the portentous forms of an inquiry into the general functions of the executive. The starting point was, whether the recent order laying new duties upon various imports was legal, the discussion of which was taken up by the ablest speakers in the house. Sir Francis Bacon, who had the year before been appointed solicitor-general, and was striving hard to obtain court favour for a rise to still higher dignities, stoutly advocated the royal prerogative to decree commercial imposts without the consent of parliament. "The king," he argued, "had power to restrain goods from entering the ports, and if he might prohibit their entrance, he might also continue the prohibition until a certain sum was paid." The reasoning was adopted by several other of the crown lawyers, among them Henry Yelverton, a friend of Bacon, who astonished the commons by a new and extraordinary unfolding of constitutional doctrine. The law of England, he asserted, with much emphasis, extended only to low watermark all around the shore of the kingdom, and beyond it everything was subject to the law of nations, which ignored both statute and common law. From this he drew the argument that all things upon the sea were under the immediate jurisdiction of the king, as sole representative of international law within the realm, and that he on this ground had an absolute right to restrain any foreign merchandize from approaching the shore, or, if so willed, to put a certain tax upon his permission to enter, in other words, to impose customs-duties. The speech was received with indignation by the commons, and as soon as Yelverton had sat down, John Martin, member for Christchurch, sprang to his feet to refute his legal niceties and special pleadings. All Englishmen, Martin insisted, were by the constitution of the kingdom entitled to be judged by the law of England and no other, and the common law of the realm extended "as far as the power of the king," in the same relation to external government "as the soul to the body." The life and wealth of the merchants and mariners of England, he added, were "upon the seas," and they had "as good right to plough the sea as the farmer had to plough the land," the liberty of the sea being "parcel of the liberty of the subject." Immense applause followed the address of the member for Christchurch, who had touched a chord vibrating in the heart of every Englishman.

James received the report of the proceedings in the House of Commons with violent anger, and, to stifle further discussion, at the beginning of May summoned the members to Whitehall, to hearken to an oration more astounding than any he had yet delivered. The king began by reminding his hearers that they had now been sitting for fourteen weeks, without doing anything towards the chief object for which they had been called together, the relief of his necessities, but wasting their time instead in senseless discourse about matters affecting his high prerogative, which they had no right whatever to touch, and which he dared them to discuss any longer. "Kings," he exclaimed, "are justly called Gods, for that they exercise a manner or resemblance of divine power upon earth; for if you will consider the attributes of

God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a king. God hath power to create or destroy, make or unmake, at his pleasure; to give life or send death; to judge all, and to be judged by none, nor accountable to any; to raise low things, and to make high things low, at his pleasure, for to God both soul and body are due. And the like power have kings: they make and unmake their subjects; they have power of raising and casting down, of life and of death; they are judges over all their subjects and in all causes, and yet accountable to none but God only; they have power to exalt low things and abase high things, and turn their subjects like men at chess, a pawn to make a bishop or a knight; they may cry down any of their subjects as they do their money; and to them is due both the affection of the soul and the service of the body." James finished his blasphemous speech, sounding in many respects like the out-pouring of a maniac, by asserting that kings existed before laws, the latter being mere gifts of the royal will, to be changed, taken back, and suspended at any time; and that subjects had no more right to discuss the decrees of a reigning prince than to contend against the ordinances of the Almighty God. "I conclude then this point," he exclaimed, "touching the power of kings, with this axiom of divinity, that as to dispute what God may do is blasphemy, so it is sedition in subjects to dispute what a king may do in the plenitude of his power." The commons stood like men transfixed, listening to this amazing speech, and wondering whether they were still in England, or had been carried through the air into the dominions of the pope or the king of Spain. But there was evidently no time for arguments, and some of the members of the lower house having noted down the chief points of the royal oration, they quietly went to their homes, and next morning assembled again for the transaction of business. It was decided, without a division, to appoint a committee to consider the best means to be employed "to obtain satisfaction" from the king, and to protect the claims and the interests of the commonwealth. The work of the committee consisted in drawing up a Petition of Right, in which the commons declared, in moderate but firm language, that they could not and would not be prevented from debating on any matter affecting the public interest, and that, without touching the royal prerogative, they must hold to their duty of asserting the prerogative of the nation. Against all expectation, James received the members of the house who laid the document into his hands in the most affable manner, declaring with a serene air that they had misunderstood his speech, delivered with no other object than that of warning them not to impugn his prerogative, which they now affirmed they had no intention of doing, thus leaving him perfectly satisfied. He had no wish, his majesty finally declared, to abridge any of their privileges, and he gave them full liberty to continue their discussions, only hoping that they would not forget his wants. The commons were almost as much surprised at the new speech of James as at the oration in which he had compared himself to Almighty God. They could not quite understand the wonderful and erratic courses of the royal mind, yet they were more than ever im-

pressed with the fact of possessing a very extraordinary king.

The strange behaviour of James on this occasion, fatal alike to his dignity as a sovereign and his honesty as a man, was occasioned only in part by the boundless puerility and deceitfulness of his temper, often hovering on the border of mental aberration, but due still more to the deep impression made upon him by the report of a frightful event that had taken place in France, the assassination of Henry IV. In the twenty years that had elapsed since the great and sagacious king had raised himself to the throne by the aid of Huguenot swords, he had succeeded in gaining the love and admiration of all his subjects, had restored peace to France, brought order into the public finances, encouraged learning, art, and science, raised industry and commerce, spread prosperity all over the land, and established a lofty system of freedom of conscience and religious toleration not known to any other country of the civilized world. Having now arrived at the mature age of fifty-five, he resolved to spend the evening of his life in an undertaking greater than any ever attempted by king or emperor. It was the formation of a federate republic of all the states of Europe, presided over by a senate of wise and disinterested judges, who should settle all disputes among sovereigns and nations, so as to render further contests of arms unnecessary, if not impossible, and make, for the first time since the coming of the gospel upon earth, its divine precepts a reality. But to arrive at this grand and holy peace, war had to be the beginning, the angels, as quaintly expressed by the Huguenot preachers, not having room for their work till the devils had been chased. The great spirit of evil, with them and with Henry, was the ruling family of Spain and Austria, puissant upholder of popedom, chief protector of Jesuitism, and source and centre of all superstition, bigotry, and mental darkness afflicting Europe. To strike a mighty blow against the great Catholic power, Henry IV., in the spring of 1610, assembled two armies in the south and the west of France, intending with the first to seize the Italian provinces of Spain, and with the second to fall upon Austria, in concert with the Protestant princes of Germany and the oppressed and persecuted reformers of Bohemia. The plan, far reaching as it was, had high chances of success, not the least being that of Henry, the acknowledged greatest military commander of the age, possessing fifty thousand trained fighting men and fifty millions of francs, and his double-headed antagonist being nearly destitute of soldiers and completely destitute of money. At the beginning of May, 1610, the king prepared to place himself at the head of the army crossing the Rhine, and before leaving Paris appointed a council of administration, under the nominal presidency of his consort, Marie de Medici. She, a vain, conceited woman, insisted on being crowned before assuming her functions, the rite having never been performed; and the king, though most unwilling to spend an hour of time in useless ceremonies, consented, after much pressing, to the fulfilment of her wishes. The coronation took place at the cathedral of St. Denis on the 13th of May, and the following day was fixed for the solemn entry of

the queen into Paris. To meet her, Henry left the royal residence in the Louvre early in the morning, escorted only by a small guard, which became separated from him in the narrowest part of the street of St. Honoré, blocked up temporarily by a number of market carts. The king's carriage was making its way slowly through the crowd, when suddenly a man in the garb of a priest jumped on the step of it, drew a dagger from his bosom, and struck at the king, wounding him in the breast. Henry threw up his arms, crying, "Je suis blessé;" but at the same moment the assassin dealt him a second stroke, which went right to the heart. He fell back on his seat without uttering another sound—Henry the Great, the noblest, wisest, and truest king that ever ruled France was no more.

The assassination of Henry IV. created the most profound excitement throughout the whole of Europe. All men felt that the dagger which pierced the heart of the great Huguenot king had turned the current of history, and the excitement was not lessened by the fact that the true origin of the fatal deed could not be discovered. It was in vain that the assassin, a fanatic and half insane monk, named Francis Ravallac, was put through all the degrees of torture to get at the secret; he sternly refused to reveal anything, and even when arrived at the place of execution, and tied feet and hands to wild horses which were to tear him to pieces, his lips remained mute and his eyes looked bright, cheered by the words of his confessor, who bent over him telling him that the kingdom of heaven was his. The wild horses did their work, and his secrets perished with the assassin; but though the unknown hand that guided his dagger could not be traced in legal evidence, all Europe seemed to be conscious instinctively of the direction from which the fatal blow had been struck. In Spain, Italy, and Austria the priests made no concealment of the joy they felt at the death of the man who had established religious toleration, and who wanted to extirpate Jesuitism; and in Protestant Germany, Denmark, the Low Countries, England, and Scotland, there was as little disguise of the belief that the policy of Philip II. had once more prevailed in the councils of the church of Rome, and that the murder of the Huguenot king was a crime to be laid directly to the charge of the ancient religion. In the House of Commons, stirred to violent emotion by the news of the fatal deed, it was resolved almost immediately that the English Catholics should pay their share of the penalty. The crime of the French monk was, in the opinion of the commons, an attempt not unconnected with that by which their own lives and those of the whole royal family had been endangered five years before, and they set to punish it after the same manner, by strengthening the penal legislation against the adherents of the old religion. They began by petitioning the government to open a new persecution against recusants, by putting in force, with the greatest possible strictness, all the statutes against them, which request met with the warm thanks of the king, and promises of receiving full compliance. The next step of the lower house was the passing of an act ordering all English subjects to take the new oath of allegiance, which had been

voted in 1606, in the wake of the discovery of the gunpowder plot, and the adoption of which was expressly forbidden to Roman Catholics by a breve of Pope Paul V., published the same year. Not content with thus exasperating to the utmost the partisans of the ancient faith, the commons, having got into a savage mood, went on to increase the already insupportable burthen of fines hanging over the heads of the unfortunate recusants. Even married women, hitherto not subject to the recusancy laws, as being supposed, the same as in ordinary legislation, to be under the influence of their lords, were drawn by the new statutes within the circle of penalties, one clause, among others, ordering that if they refused to take the sacrament in the church of England they were to be imprisoned, unless their husbands were willing to pay ten pounds a month for their liberty. Fortunately for Roman Catholic wives, the clause was not rigorously enforced.

The religious excitement consequent upon the murder of Henry IV. diverted the attention of the members of the lower house of parliament for more than a month from the great constitutional question on which they had been engaged, and when they recurred to it, towards the end of June, it was with a greater spirit of forbearance and moderation than before. On the proposition of Thomas Wentworth, member for the city of Oxford, one of the leading speakers on the liberal side, it was resolved to draw up a list of grievances, and present the same to the king, and afterwards, if the behaviour of his majesty should be sufficiently conciliatory to indulge in hopes that at least some of the complaints would be remedied, to vote a moderate amount of supplies. They then set to make out the list, a proceeding which required more than a week. Among the principal grievances were the existence of the ecclesiastical High Commission court, the proceedings of which, the commons complained, kept increasing in tyranny; the abuse of royal proclamations, some of them interfering with the liberty of the person, others with property, occupations, and inheritances, and all of them substituting the mere despotic will of the government for the regular operation of the law; the delay of many of the courts, notably that of chancery, in granting justice, and bringing suits to a conclusion; the arbitrary jurisdiction of the council of Wales over the four bordering shires of Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, and Worcester; the establishment of new monopolies, most oppressive among them the duke of Lennox's "patent" for searching and sealing new drapery; and, finally, the general augmentation of illegal imposts, taxes, and customs-duties, laid on without the consent of parliament. The long list of grievances, enumerated under nearly a hundred different heads, was presented to the king on the 7th of July, by a deputation of the House of Commons. James, on catching sight of the immense roll of parchment held out before him, called out that it was big enough to serve for a piece of tapestry; but seeing the non-appreciation of his wit in the earnest looks of the commons, he changed tone, engaging to give his best consideration to all the matters placed before him as requiring reform, and promising in particular to bestow his assent upon an act prohibiting the govern-

ment from assessing any further new imposts without parliamentary co-operation. To the majority of the commons the royal promises appeared satisfactory, and the next day they resolved to grant a supply. But in spite of all the exertions of the court party, they refused to give more than one subsidy and one fifteenth, sufficient to meet the most pressing necessities of the king, yet not enough to enable him to prorogue the house for more than the space of a session. The intention was not openly expressed in the speeches, but was well understood, for in the course of the debate one member was heard whispering somewhat loudly to his neighbour, that the limitation of the supply would do his majesty good, and would serve as a subpoena to bring him to answer for himself when he was wanted. His majesty's faithful commons had come to understand most distinctly the power of the purse in the government of England.

While the house was exhibiting in all its actions a deep distrust of the king, the people, particularly among the more educated and religiously trained middle classes, began to look upon him with a profound feeling of contempt. James well deserved it, his conduct, as in matters of state so in personal manners and morals, gradually showing itself under the most despicable light. He had never held much intercourse since his arrival in England with his wife and family, and as years advanced estranged himself more and more from them, leaving his consort to divert herself with lovers and father confessors, and his children to grow up as they might, among servants, intriguers, and flatterers. He himself gradually came to devote nearly the whole of his time to hunting, drinking, and cock-fighting, keeping the very lowest company, and swearing terrible oaths on every occasion, the curses being intermixed now and then with bits of sermons and scraps of theology. Even these vices, bad as they were, might have been pardoned by subjects very much inclined to be indulgent to a king, but for the last and most criminal of all his tastes, his affection for male favourites, whom he used to kiss and caress in the face of the whole court, and to intrust with the most important affairs of state, constantly leaving the welfare of the nation at the mercy of some mean and wicked creature, distinguished by nothing else but good looks and perhaps the cut of his clothes. The propensity showed itself in a marked way from the moment of the king's accession, and kept growing with every year, until it reached a climax in the advent of a minion more worthless and vile than all his predecessors, yet at the same time exercising a more absolute sway than any of them over James, and rising to such an extent as to gather in his own hands, without contraction and limitation, the supreme power of the realm. This favourite was Robert Carr, a handsome youth of obscure origin, born in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and who attracted the king's notice accidentally at a tournament, held in the autumn of 1607, when serving as a page or groom to a Scottish nobleman. Riding up the lists behind his master, Carr's horse became restive, and, plunging and shying, finally threw him on the ground, right in front of the seat occupied by James. Struck with the beauty of the lad, and

hearing that his leg had been broken by the fall, the king gave orders to carry him at once into his own room, and to let the royal surgeons attend upon him; and as soon as the tilting was over, he followed himself, and sat down at the bedside to act as a nurse. He sat till late at night, and came back next morning and every day following, until his patient got better, performing in the meantime not only the office of nurse, but in addition to it that of schoolmaster, on discovering the extreme ignorance of the handsome youth. Leaving his couch on Christmas-eve, 1607, Robert Carr received the honour of knighthood, and at the same time was sworn a gentleman of the bedchamber, James indicating plainly that he was to be the new star at court. "Now the English lords," says Sir Anthony Welldon, "who formerly coveted an English favourite—to which end the countess of Suffolk did look out choice young men, whom she daily curled and perfumed their breaths—left all hope, and she her curling and perfuming, all adoring the rising sun, and every man striving to invest himself into his favour, not sparing for bounty or flattery." England, after passing under the sceptre of all sorts of rulers, was about to try a groom.

The aspect and condition of James's court, at the time the Scotch groom was rising into power, was graphically described in a letter of Lord Thomas Howard, a member of the privy-council, to his friend Sir John Harrington, who wished to obtain a favour from the king. "You must come well trimmed," Howard wrote; "get a new jerkin, well bordered, and not too short: the king saith he liketh a flowing garment; and be sure it be not all of one sort, but diversely coloured, the collar falling somewhat down, and the ruff well stiffened and bushy. We have lately had many brave men who failed in their suits for want of due observance of these matters. The king is nicely heedful on such points, and dwelleth on good looks and handsome accoutrements; there were eighteen servants lately discharged who were not to his liking in these matters. Robert Carr is now most likely to keep the king's affection, and hath done it wondrously in a little time. The king leaneth on his arm, pinches his cheek, and smooths his ruffled garment, and when directing discourse to others, he looketh at Carr. The young man doth much study all art and device; he hath changed tailors and tiremen many times and all to please the king. You must see Carr before you go to the king, as he knoweth his taste and what pleaseth. In your discourse you must not dwell too long on any one subject, and touch but lightly on religion. Do not of yourself say, 'This is good or bad;' but, 'If it were your majesty's good opinion, I myself should think so and so.' Ask no more questions than what may serve to discover the king's thought. In private discourse, the king seldom speaketh of any man's temper, discretion, or good virtues; so meddle not at all, but find out a clue to guide you to the heart and most delightful subject up in his mind. I will advise one thing: the roan jennet whereon the king rideth every day must not be forgotten to be praised, and the good furniture above all. This not doing ruined a great man the other day. A noble did come in suit of a place, and saw the king mounting the

roan; he delivered his petition, which was heeded and read, but no answer was given. The noble departed, and came to court the next day, and got no answer again. The lord treasurer was then pressed to move the king's pleasure touching the petition. When the king was asked for answer thereto, he said, in some wrath, 'Shall a prince give heed to a dirty paper when a beggar noteth not his gilt stirrups?' Now it fell out that the king had new furniture when the noble saw him in the courtyard, but he was overcharged with confusion, and passed admiring the dress of the horse. Thus, good knight, our noble failed in his suit."

The bantering tone of Lord Howard's letter but thinly covered, and not throughout the whole communication, the feeling of despair, shame, and misery moving the heart of the writer, as of every honest Englishman, at the scenes daily witnessed at court. "You have lived to see the trim of the old times," Howard concluded his epistle to Elizabeth's godson; "you know what passed in the queen's days. These things are no more the same. Your queen did talk of her subjects' love and affections, and in good truth she aimed well; our king talketh of his subjects' fear and subjugation, and herein I think he may do well, too, as long as it holdeth good. Carr hath all the favours as I told you before; the king teacheth him Latin every morning, but some one should teach him English too, for as he is a Scottish lad, he hath much need of better language. The king doth much covet his presence; the ladies, too, are not behindhand in their admiration, for I tell you this fellow is straight-limbed, well-favoured, strong-shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of cunning and show of modesty, though he well knoweth when to show his impudence. But I say, good knight, you are not young, you are not handsome, you are not finely; and yet will you come to court and think to be well favoured? Why, your learning, your Latin and your Greek, your Italian and your Spanish tongues, your wit and discretion, may be well looked unto for a time, as strangers at such a place; but these are not the things men live by now-a-days. Will you say the moon shineth all the summer day? That the stars are bright jewels fit for Carr's ears? That the roan jenny surpasseth Bucephalus, and is worthy to be bestridden by Alexander? That his eyes are fire, his tail is Berenice's locks? And a few more such fancies worthy your noticing. Your lady is virtuous, somewhat of a good housewife, and has lived at court in her time, and I believe you may venture her forth again; but I know those who would not so quietly rest were Carr to leer on their wives, as some do perceive, yea, and like it well too they should be so noticed. If any mischance is to be wished here 'tis breaking a leg in the king's presence, for this fellow owes all his favour to that bout; I think he hath better reason to speak well of his own horse than of the king's roan jennet. We are almost worn out in our endeavours to keep pace with this fellow in his labours to gain favour, but all in vain. Where it endeth, I cannot guess." It ended in Robert Carr becoming prime minister, and sovereign of England in all but name.

Among the public, the doings of the king and his new minion gave rise to the most degrading reports

and insinuations, which found vent at last in parliament in a general outcry against his favouritism, prodigality, and wastefulness. The explosion took place in the House of Commons in the second part of the session of 1610, an adjournment having taken place in August, soon after the vote of the small supply for which the king had to wait so long. The one subsidy and one fifteenth going but a very little way to satisfy the royal wants, the commons were called together again at the end of October, to hear another statement of the lord-treasurer about the extreme necessities of the crown. To this they listened in silence, but before entering upon any discussion requested to be furnished with the king's full answer to the petition of grievances, in all the points enumerated. The demand led James once more to assume the absurdly haughty tone he had before attempted, of irresponsible despot. On the 5th of November, he sent a message to the commons by the speaker, telling them that they must grant him a supply of five hundred thousand pounds, to make him take into consideration their grievances, and that, as a remedy of some of them involved a serious loss to his revenue, they must raise the latter by an additional grant of two hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year, not in irregular subsidies, but "certain, firm, and stable." After the promises already given by the king, and which were coolly ignored in the message, the new demands fairly irritated the house, and a storm of anger burst forth from all sides. The prevailing system of favouritism at court and in the government was openly criticised, one member exclaiming that he "wished the king would be pleased to live of his own, to remove his pensioners, and lessen his charges," and another declaring that it was "unfit and dishonourable that those should waste the treasure of the state, who took no pains to live of their own but spent everything in excess and riot." All the speakers agreed that no supply ought to be granted unless the whole of their grievances were redressed, which proposal was adopted in the form of a resolution. The next day, parliament was adjourned by the king's command, until, as was stated, his majesty had time to consider on the position of affairs. James's chief object in the adjournment was to try again the weight of his own eloquence, for which purpose he summoned the principal members of the lower house before him at Whitehall. Only thirty answered the call, and with them he entered into a discussion, taking care, however, to start only topics of his own choice, and to do the chief part of the speaking. At length he asked, "Whether they thought he was in want, according as his treasurer and chancellor of the exchequer had told them," requesting Sir Henry Nevill, member for Berkshire, to give him a direct answer. Sir Henry blandly replied that he had not the least doubt his majesty was in want, as stated by the lord treasurer. "Then," exclaimed the king, "tell me whether it belongeth to you that are my subjects to relieve me or not?"—"To this," said the member for Berkshire, "I must answer by making a distinction. Where your majesty's expense groweth by the commonwealth, we are bound to maintain it; otherwise we are not." The reply was of a kind to profit a king, though not a king of the stamp of James.

After a fortnight's prorogation, parliament met again on the 26th of November. On the day of meeting, a letter was read from the king in which he promised to remedy some of the grievances, but asked the commons not to delay the vote of the supplies any longer. The letter was brought under discussion at once, but the debate led to nothing but poignant remarks about the king's favourites, and a general expression of feeling that the house should not give way in the struggle in which it was engaged, or, as one member quaintly expressed it, "not replenish the royal cistern without a guarantee." It was finally resolved to thank the king for his proposed concessions, but to tell him plainly that the house would not be satisfied, and would not vote any further supplies, unless the list of grievances laid before the government underwent a serious examination, leading to a reform of all or most of the evils under which the nation suffered. The earnest remonstrance was taken very ill by James; he had long been chafing under the language which was held in the House of Commons about his prodigality and the influence of his favourites, and rousing himself into another fit of wrath, he declared that he would bear it no longer. Summoning the privy council, he uttered some wild speeches about his prerogative, dwelling again on the godlike nature of kings, but apparently losing sight of the fact of his own nature being anything but godlike, nor even of the high human cast. The councillors listened in silence; Salisbury alone, who, next to his own perfumed minions, was the only one to exercise any influence over James, took the word, advising him to have patience. The king, more and more enraged, cried that he could not have "asinine patience," and that he was determined not to accept the largest supply which it was in the power of the commons to grant, if they "were to sauce it with such taunts and disgraces as had been uttered of him and those that appartained to him." He then talked of sending all the members of the House of Commons who had attacked his conduct or that of his favourites to the Tower, and it was with difficulty Salisbury and other members of the privy-council prevented him from signing the warrants. James's anger having cooled down at last, he allowed himself to be persuaded to adjourn the meeting of the commons for a few weeks, at the end of which, on the 9th of February, 1611, parliament was dissolved by royal proclamation. The parliament thus brought to an end had lasted more than six years, opening the reign of the first Stuart king of England, in a manner significant enough to show that the nation had arrived at a turning-point of its history. The question whether England, having become Protestant and risen high in intelligence and prosperity, should still be ruled by the will or fancy of a single man, or should be under the authority of fixed laws, springing from the collective wisdom of the representatives of the nation, had been fairly started by the first parliament of James; and to its successors was left the task to fight out the battle, the issue of which was to decide whether the flag of despotism, or of constitutional liberty, should be floating over the island kingdom.

The dissolution of parliament was the signal for

James to launch into a career of tyranny and extravagance more atrocious than anything he had yet attempted. So far from reducing his lavish expenditure, he kept on increasing it in every direction, and to fill his exchequer had recourse to the most illegal means, to plunder and extortion. He began by issuing mandates to wealthy persons, requiring them to lend specified sums to the "public service," no security being offered for the loan, nor the slightest prospect held out that it would ever be repaid. The fear of arbitrary proceedings on the part of the government made this source of revenue prolific for some time, but the circle within which "loans" could be levied was necessarily restricted, and ingenious ways for raising money had to be hit upon. On the advice of one of his favourites, the king next revived an obsolete law by which all owners of landed property were compelled to compound by a certain fine for not receiving the order of knighthood; and the crop from this gold-field having been taken in, another was opened in the entirely original idea to establish a new rank of nobility, between knighthood and peerage, under the title of baronet, and to sell the same to all comers for the round sum of one thousand pounds sterling. The scheme was started by Sir Robert Cotton, a learned courtier, and greatly approved of by Salisbury, who impressed its usefulness upon James. When the latter hesitated to adopt it, for fear of offending all his new-made knights, a numerous army, Salisbury cried, with fine malicious humour, "Tush, sir! The money will do you good, and the honour will do the buyers very little." To make his baronetcies go off quick, James gave his royal promise to limit the number strictly to two hundred; but no sooner had these been sold when he began bringing another two hundred into the market, and after that a system of free-trade was inaugurated, leaving no one willing to disburse any sum approaching a thousand pounds to complain that he could not get a nobleman. At last, when there were no people left with money in their pockets who wished to become baronets, James set the peerages up for sale. For five thousand pounds, cash down, he made a baron; for ten thousand, a viscount; and for twenty thousand, a belted earl. The manufacture of nobility, high and low, produced very handsome sums; nevertheless, the more the money came flowing in on the one side of the royal treasury, the faster it seemed to flow out on the other, the receivers increasing at a much larger ratio than the givers. With a view of getting rid of some of the former, James after a while had recourse to the desperate expedient of publicly notifying to his Scottish subjects that they must cease applying for bounty to him, as to an all-beneficent "king-in-law." A proclamation was issued at Edinburgh, setting forth that the daily visit of persons "of base sort and condition" was not only very unpleasant to his majesty, they being in his opinion and that of all beholders but "idle rascals and poor miserable bodies," but that the realm of Scotland itself was disgraced by this influx of its sons to the English capital, the people of it getting into the belief that the native country of their lawful ruler contained no persons "of good rank, comeliness, nor credit." To check the peregrinations of his northern

subjects, James at the same time ordered that no captains of ships should transport any passengers from Scotland to England without license of the privy council, a special interdict being laid upon the movement of persons going southward upon the errand of recovering old debts, which, said the royal proclamation, "is of all kinds of importunity the maist displeasing to his majesty."

Six weeks after the dissolution of parliament, on the 25th of March, 1611, the king's chief favourite for the time being, Robert Carr, was raised to the peerage, under the title of Viscount Rochester, the step indicating that the minion henceforth would take part openly in the government of the realm. Previous to his elevation to the peerage, the whilom groom had employed his time to acquire a suitable fortune, and when the patent of nobility was issued to him, he found himself one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom. By dint of confiscations and extortions of all kinds, James provided his minion not only with abundance of money, but with large landed estates, one of the properties made over to him being taken from the aged hero still confined in the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh. Queen Elizabeth had granted to Raleigh, in recompense for his great services in defending England against the Spanish Armada, as well as a reward for his large colonization schemes and enterprises, in which he had spent his family fortune, the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, a splendid domain, once belonging to the see of Salisbury. The estate was greatly improved by Raleigh, by the purchase of surrounding lands, and the erection of many buildings, among others a splendid mansion for his own use, he considering it his chief property, and one that was to be the principal heirloom of his descendants. Shortly before the death of Elizabeth, fearing evil days approaching, Raleigh executed a conveyance, by which he assigned the domain to trustees for the benefit of his wife and eldest son, only reserving part of the income to himself during his own life. The settlement was not only left undisturbed after Raleigh's condemnation, followed by a pardon, but formally approved of in the course of the same year by the king; but this did not prevent the royal favourite from making a grasp at the property. Looking about for fine estates upon which to support his rising dignity, Robert Carr cast his eye on Sherborne manor, and he had not long to wait for accomplices who would help him to rob the owner. The lawyers whom he set to work discovered that the original gift of the estate by Queen Elizabeth contained a flaw, the clerk drawing out the document having misspelt or left out several words; and the case having been laid before Chief Justice Popham, a tool of the government and declared enemy of Raleigh, he at once decided that the grant was void, and that the king was at liberty to bestow Sherborne upon whomsoever he liked. The report of this attempt to rob him of his property, the only source of maintenance of his family, threw the noble prisoner in the Tower into the greatest consternation, and in his despair, knowing that it would be vain to seek for legal remedies, he sat down to pen a touching appeal to the king's favourite, imploring him to have pity upon his wife and children.

"After some great losses and many years' sorrows," the hero addressed the minion, "it has come to my knowledge that yourself, whom I know not but by an honourable fame, hath been persuaded to give me and mine our last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children, said to be lost in the law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life, despoiled of all else but the title and sorrow thereof. His majesty, whom I never offended, stayed me at the grave's brink: not, as I hope, that he thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold all mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king who, loving honour and truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established for ever. And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is but now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many favours and much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation. I have been ever bound to your nation, as well for many other graces as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty, against whom had I been found malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greater number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions; neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects, especially of your nation, to bewail his overthrow who had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust, sir, that you will not be the first who shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of those that enter the fields of the fatherless." The letter had not the least effect; nor were the further steps of Raleigh in protecting his property of the slightest use. As a last step, Lady Raleigh herself went to Hampton Court, where James was residing, and threw herself at his feet imploring justice. The king passed her by in silence, hanging on the arm of his minion, and leering at him with his big, wolfish eyes. Despairing to move the heart of the despicable tyrant, yet encouraged by the persuasion of her friends to make one more attempt to the effect, Lady Raleigh finally went to Hampton Court with her two sons, the eldest, Walter, a youth of sixteen, and a younger boy, Carew, born while residing with her husband in the Tower. She again threw herself at the king's feet, and begged for justice and for mercy in terms that might have touched the most savage barbarian. But there was nothing in the idiotic despot that a woman could stir in the depth of her sorrow; kneeling before him, James coldly looked at the noble lady, mumbling, "I maun have the land: I maun have it for Carr." Raleigh's wife rose in indignation, and hurrying back to her prison, sank on her knees, praying in the bitterness of her soul that God would punish the wicked monsters who were bringing ruin upon her, ruin upon her children, and ruin upon England.

On his elevation to the peerage, Carr was also sworn

in as a member of the privy council, and from that moment began to take an active share in the government, ruling the court and the cabinet, and making the miserable king in almost every instance the mere mouthpiece of his wishes. There was only one man left strong enough to oppose him, and his opposition was not destined to last long. The son of Burleigh, worn out with fatigue, ambition, study, hard work, intrigue, and licentiousness, began ailing in the summer of 1611; and while engaged in unceasing activity, labouring day and night to induce the commons to assist him in bearing the financial burthens that weighed heavily upon his mind, expressed to his intimate friends a presentiment that his life would not last much longer. Towards the end of the year, he broke down under a severe attack of rheumatism, which was complicated two months after by a new disease, the ague, brought on by careless exposure to the night air. However, he rallied somewhat in March, so as to be able to walk in his garden; but the change did not last long, and at the beginning of April he made up his mind to try the efficacy of the mineral waters of Bath, although told by his physicians that they would only prove injurious to his health. But Salisbury felt anxious above all things to be quiet, and to be away from the knot of brainless favourites, contemptible in his eyes, who, as he was well aware, were only waiting for his death to enter upon a scramble for his offices, if not for his property. He set out for Bath towards the end of the month; and before starting he twice went into the privy council, speaking on each occasion for nearly two hours, attempting to impress upon his colleagues the necessity of entering upon retrenchments, and of coming to an understanding with the representatives of the nation. Salisbury remained at Bath for sixteen days, at first improving a little, but soon after getting rapidly worse, his weak body tortured by shooting pains, and his strong mind harassed by tantalizing fears, springing from the remembrance of the plotters he had left behind him in the capital. Fear and agitation kept growing from day to day, till he resolved to make his way back to London, to drag himself once more to the council table, and to warn the king with his dying breath that he must reform, and that the ruin of the country was hanging in the balance. He left Bath on the 19th of May, but before he had gone far he fainted in his litter, upon which his attendants placed him in a coach, where he could lie outstretched, and slowly took him to Marlborough, to lodgings in the parsonage house. The dying minister and his suite arrived at Marlborough late in the evening of Saturday, the 24th of May; the following morning he seemed to have rallied slightly; but at noon on Sunday it became evident that his end was approaching. "After dinner," relates his chaplain, the Rev. John Bowles, "Dr. Poe did rise, and I came unto him. My lord's head lay upon two pillows, upon Master Townshend's lap. Ralph Jackson was mending the swing that supported him. 'Lo,' saith he, 'let me up but this once.' Then he called to Dr. Poe for his hand, which having, he griped somewhat hard, and his eyes began to settle; when he cried 'O Lord!' and so sank down without groan, or sigh, or struggling." The last of the

statesmen of the Elizabethan age was gone to his rest.

The news of the death of the lord treasurer was received with great and general satisfaction throughout England. Most of the exactions, illegal imposts, and other oppressive measures of which the government had been guilty within the last few years, were ascribed to him; and he was indeed so far responsible for them as he had not used the great power he possessed sufficiently for the good of the nation, but had made it his guiding policy throughout to please the king in the first instance, so as to keep his position, and only looked to the public benefit when he could do so without fear of losing his court influence. But want of strength, and a certain unscrupulousness in getting rivals out of the way of his own ambition, had been the greatest faults of the minister; and the people had soon to find that those succeeding him in power were as immeasurably below him in general honesty of purpose, as in administrative talent, and capacity for work. The scramble for his offices, which Salisbury expected to occur as soon as he was out of the way, took place immediately after the news of his death arrived in London, and for some days it seemed uncertain who should be the new treasurer and the new secretary of state, or whether there should be a treasurer and a secretary of state at all. Robert Carr was anxious to be Salisbury's successor in both places; but he had sharp competitors, who were the more formidable as the king was getting slightly tired of his favourite, having enjoyed the pleasure of his company unusually long, and yearning for the sight of other handsome youths with golden locks and perfumed breath. However, not to break with his minion too suddenly, James allowed him to take the secretaryship of state, giving the white staff of the lord treasurer to the earl of Suffolk, lord chamberlain, whose indispensable lady had begun again curling and perfuming beautiful lads, fit for attendance upon his majesty. The earl succeeded in filling his post to the king's satisfaction, being possessed of much energy, and entirely unscrupulous in placing new burthens upon the people, and raising money by any means within his reach; but Robert Carr did not get on so well, his ignorance and idleness being conspicuous above all his other qualities, unfitting him even for ordinary clerk's duties. He had the sense, after a while, to perceive his inability to do the work of a minister of state, and on his demand two gentlemen of ability, Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Thomas Lake, were nominated joint secretaries, he reserving to himself a share in power, and assuming in the meanwhile the duties of lord chamberlain, vacated by Suffolk. An appointment more important than either of these had been made some months before in the elevation of George Abbot, bishop of London, to the primacy of England, vacant by the death of Archbishop Bancroft. George Abbot, the son of a poor clothworker settled at Guildford, in Surrey, had attracted the attention of James, as chaplain to the Scottish earl of Dunbar, and writer of a treatise attempting to prove that the mysterious Gowrie murder had sprung from a conspiracy against the king: the pamphlet, overrunning with fulsome laudation of the royal wisdom, led to his

being raised to the bishopric of Lichfield, from which he was transferred to London, and finally to Canterbury. Abbot's elevation to the primacy was generally looked upon as having a political significance, he being attached to Puritan principles, and having shown some courage in the House of Lords in the defence of popular rights against the attacks of the ultras in church and state. But his first measures scarcely justified his renown for liberality, clerical or political.

In the midst of his hunting and drinking diversions, and play with his minions, James occasionally languished, feeling the want of change and more varied amusements; and when in this mood he mostly took refuge in theology, writing books, and delivering sermons to his courtiers on Christian wisdom, and kindred subjects. The applause he met with suggested further efforts in the same direction; and in the end the idea occurred to his majesty that he ought to sit now and then in judgment on heretics, showing to the world that he was not merely nominally but in reality Defender of the Faith. An opportunity to carry out the plan soon offered itself in the apprehension of one Bartholomew Legate, a citizen of London, accused of disseminating Arian heresies, and of having publicly declared his disbelief in the Trinity. James ordered the prisoner to be brought before him, and having severely cross-examined the man, in presence of several bishops, who threw up their hands at the astounding sagacity of their monarch, he at last elicited from the heretic's own lips that he had not humbled himself in worship before Christ for seven years, his prayers during all that time having been directed solely to God the Father. On hearing this confession, his majesty, in utter horror, kicked the man with his foot, and commanded him to be given over to justice, to be dealt with according to his merits. The consistory court at once laid hold of the citizen, who was thrown into Newgate, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be burnt. But a little difficulty still offered itself. The king was told that there were grave doubts about the legality of the proceedings of the consistory court, it possessing no jurisdiction in the case, besides which an act of Elizabeth had formally abolished all statutes concerning the burning of heretics. However, James was determined to burn, and he therefore directed Archbishop Abbot to write to the lord chancellor, Lord Ellesmere, requesting him to get the opinion of some of the judges in the matter, with a hint to select his persons well. Ellesmere did as ordered, and succeeded in procuring the verdict of a number of legal dignitaries, including Bacon, but excluding Sir Edward Coke, whose belief in the necessity of upholding the forms of justice was greater than even his subserviency to the crown, declaring that the Arian might be given to the flames without hurting the law. The king now had the satisfaction of signing the warrant "*de heretico comburendo*," and Bartholomew Legate was burnt at Smithfield on the 18th of March, 1612. While he was preparing for death, another sufferer was nearly ready to share the same fate. Dr. Neile, bishop of Lichfield, a prelate distinguished by the obsequiousness of his loyalty, had been eagerly watching the king's newly awakened taste for heretic-hunting, and

while the lawyers were disputing about the first victim, had dragged to light a second, in a poor fellow called Edward Wightman, whom he charged with entertaining the errors of ten heresiarchs, including the false doctrines of Manichæus, Cerinthus, and Simon Magus. Wightman's solemn declaration that he had never heard of these names, nor of those of a number of other terrible heretics whose dogmas he was accused of holding, greatly told against him in the consistory court, and he was unanimously declared to be guilty, and sentenced to the flames. He was burnt a few weeks after Bartholomew Legate, an immense crowd looking on at their sufferings, cursing the tyrant and his tools, who after years of happy peace were lighting anew the fires of persecution. A third victim had been prepared for Smithfield; but the attitude of the people had the effect of frightening the king, and he hurriedly sent his respite, to all appearance struck with the consciousness that murder might be dangerous, even though it be legal murder.

The burning of heretics and active negotiations for the marriage of his two eldest children occupied James at one and the same time, in the spring of 1612. His eldest, Prince Henry, had arrived at the age of eighteen, while the next, Princess Elizabeth, was but two years younger; and to marry the two to suitable partners had long been the chief labour of England's diplomatic envoys at the principal courts of Europe, their efforts receiving the hearty encouragement of the king. James had several reasons for wishing to get wives and husbands for his children at as early a period as possible, the first being that their nuptials entitled him to a large sum of money from the nation, by the ancient custom of feudal aid; and the second that he wished to get them away from their mother, who did everything in her power to set their minds against her consort, inspiring them with feelings of contempt, if not of hatred against him. Impelled by these considerations, the attempts of James to marry his eldest son and daughter had commenced very early, and been pushed in all directions. With Spain treaties for a double marriage had been on foot almost from the day of his accession; but the chief object of Philip III. being to lure the government into a war against the Dutch Protestants, and he perceiving before long that whatever else his royal brother of England might do, he certainly would not fight, the matter gradually dropped, and the rich infanta who was going to bring a couple of millions of golden ducats to Prince Henry, little by little vanished out of sight. James next entered into negotiations with the duke of Savoy, who solicited the hand of Princess Elizabeth for his heir apparent, and offered that of his sister for the acceptance of Prince Henry, the lady to be accompanied by a dowry of half a million ducats. The king thought the money was not enough, which led to the breaking off of communications with Savoy, and the taking up of fresh ones with Tuscany, France, and several German princedoms. In Germany the negotiations were conducted by Sir Ralph Winwood, an ardent Protestant, who exerted himself so zealously in the matter as to bring about an actual treaty, furnishing his royal master not only with a son-in-

law, but with a new title. At a meeting of Lutheran princes held at Wesel, early in the year 1612, it was resolved to make James protector of a Protestant Union, about to be formed against Austria and papal encroachments; and in order to bind more closely the ties connecting reformed Germany with reformed England, Frederick V., count palatine of the Rhine, and one of the seven electors of the empire, a youth born in August, 1596, and therefore not quite eighteen, offered his hand to Princess Elizabeth. The envoys conveying the offer arrived in London at the beginning of May, and assisted by Sir Ralph Winwood, who meanwhile had been made secretary of state, and had found means to win Carr over to his views, as well as Archbishop Abbot, who strained every nerve to bring about an alliance which he deemed highly important to the Protestant interest, they completed the affair with great rapidity, bringing the king to sign the marriage contract between his daughter and the count palatine on the 16th of the month. James could have no idea when thus hastily putting his name to a piece of paper, that the act would lead one day to the exile of his own descendants, and the occupation of the throne of England by a foreign dynasty.

Prince Frederick, count palatine of the Rhine, duke of Bavaria and Silesia, and elector, cupbearer, and high steward of the holy Roman empire, was not a lazy lover; and anxious to see with his own eyes what kind of bride his agents had got for him, he set out for England as soon as learning that the marriage contract had been signed by his royal father-in-law. What accelerated his speed was the news that his alliance with Princess Elizabeth was creating unbounded enthusiasm all over the country, the cause of which he naturally ascribed to his own personal qualities, not aware that it was purely political and religious, the long-pending negotiations with Spain having served thoroughly to frighten all Protestants, who now gave way to rejoicings at the prospect of the hereditary rulers of the realm being drawn over by blood alliances more and more to the reformed faith. However, the reception of the count palatine in England was all that he could desire, for on hearing that the ship in which he sailed had arrived at Gravesend, all London put itself in festal attire, and on his barge passing up the Thames to Whitehall, the banks of the river were lined by thousands of spectators, who shouted themselves deaf in bidding him welcome. James received his future son-in-law with much cordiality, due not a little to the fact of his having heard from Winwood that the elector held the very highest opinion of his princely wisdom and scholarly accomplishments, and, what was little less important, that his august consort hated him. The queen, indeed, had all along been scheming to get a Spanish prince as husband for her daughter, not only on account of her Roman Catholic tendencies, but because of the flow of golden ducats which was to come with him, and of which she stood even more in need than James; the news, therefore, of the chosen son-in-law being a German Protestant duke, with a very long title and a very short purse, put her into a great rage, making her declare that she would not give her consent to the nuptials, nor receive the elector on his arrival. A hint from the secretary of state that disobedience

to the will of his majesty might lead to the withdrawal of certain supplies, had the effect of bringing her round; nevertheless she did not fail to show Prince Frederick in sternness of countenance the depth of her dislike. The scene of Frederick's arrival at Whitehall, and first meeting with the royal family, was prettily described by Sir John Finett, deputy master of the ceremonies, in a letter to a friend. "The count palatine's approach, gesture, and countenance," Sir John reported, "was seasoned with a well-becoming confidence; and bending himself with a due reverence before the king, he told him, among other compliments, that in his sight and presence he enjoyed a great part—reserving, it should seem, the greatest to his mistress—of the end and happiness of his journey. Then turning to the queen, she entertained him with a fixed countenance, and though her posture might have seemed, as was judged, to promise him the honour of a kiss, his humility carried him no higher than her hand. From which, after some few words of compliment, he made to the prince [Henry], and exchanging with him, in a more familiar strain, certain passages of courtesy, he ended where his desires could not but begin, with the princess—who was noted till then not to turn so much as the corner of an eye towards him. Stooping low to take up the nethermost part of her garment to kiss it, she, most gracefully, curtsying lower than accustomed, and with her hands staying him from that humblest reverence, gave him at his rising a fair advantage, which he took, of kissing her." The count palatine, cupbearer of the holy Roman empire, clearly understood the strange family into which he was going to marry.

The arrival of his prospective son-in-law was a welcome occasion for the king to display his love of pomp and show. The treasury was perfectly empty; but this did not for a moment prevent him from indulging in luxuries and pastimes to any amount, loans and benevolences serving to cover urgent necessities, and for the rest credit taking the place of cash. James soon found that he had to apply the credit system on a very large scale, the pockets of the count palatine being nearly as empty as his own; but the deficiency did not interfere with his good-humour, raised to the highest point by the amiable manners and judicious flatteries of the German relation. Prince Frederick made himself friends in all directions by his extreme suavity, which was the more delightful to those who came in contact with him, as nothing of the kind had been expected, the queen having painted him beforehand, with colours drawn from the depth of her own imagination, as a species of human monster, ugly, ill-formed, ignorant, ragged, and brutish. The surprise of the courtiers on seeing, instead of an ogre, a handsome youth of eighteen, magnificently dressed, of princely deportment, thoroughly well educated, and most affable in speech, was described by Sir John Finett to his friend. "He hath most happily deceived good men's doubts and ill men's expectations," the deputy master of the ceremonies wrote to his friend; "report of envy, malice, or weak judgment, having painted him in so ill colours, as the most here, and especially our ladies and gentlewomen, who hold themselves not a little interested in the

handsome choice of her grace's husband, prepared themselves to see that with sorrow which they now apprehend with much gladness. He is straight and well-shaped for his growing years; his complexion is brown, with a pleasing countenance, and promising both wit, courage, and judgment. He becomes himself very well, and is exceeding well liked of all—unless of those that are now sorry they did so honour him as to discommend him." The last allusion was, probably, meant for the queen, who, after having abused and slandered her unwelcome son-in-law to the best of her power, now felt more than ever vexed that her description should prove so palpably an untruth. To revenge herself, she treated the count palatine with a haughtiness approaching insolence, while for her daughter she had no other title than "Mistress Palsgrave," and the "Rhenish gudewife." Feeling reasonably anxious to get away from so unpleasant a mother-in-law, and to carry off his beautiful young bride to his own home, the German prince proposed to the king to hurry on the marriage, and Elizabeth making no objections to the proposition, the betrothal took place on the 27th of November, some months earlier than originally intended. The solemnity of the ceremony was marred at the commencement by Sir Thomas Lake, who acted as secretary of state for the occasion, and in this capacity was called upon to read the marriage contract in French, in order that the young couple might repeat the words after him. But Sir Thomas's knowledge of the French idiom was of the meagrest, and his pronunciation sounded so ridiculous that both prince and princess could not refrain from laughing, their loud merriment being echoed by the dutiful tribe of courtiers around. But all on a sudden, Archbishop Abbot, whose whole heart was in the scene before him, restored silence, exclaiming, in grave and solemn tone, "The God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, bless these nuptials, and make them prosperous to these kingdoms and to His Church."

The archbishop had good cause to check a laughter, not only indecorous in itself, but terribly offensive on account of a most saddening event that had taken place not many days before. Little more than a fortnight previous to the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth, her eldest brother, Henry, prince of Wales, had finished his short career upon earth, under circumstances that had thrown a gloom all over England—saddening every heart save that of his own relatives. From his infancy, Henry had been an extraordinarily promising child, eager to learn, full of mental activity, kind and generous in all his actions, aiming to do noble things, and honest and truthful to an uncommon degree. Even the miserable life led by his parents seemed not to affect for a long while his innocence and uprightness of purpose; and though the mother tried hard to set him against the father, and the father against the mother, their mutual animosity and falsehood appeared to have no other effect than that of estranging him from both, leading him to follow his own inclinations, and to strike out the path he deemed best for himself. The path, unfortunately, was not the best that might have been chosen, and scarcely could be such to a youth in his position, walking on the dizzy heights leading to a throne,

with the glare and temptation of unbounded power before his eyes, with scores of false guides eager to conduct him into the flowery fields of sensuality, and with not a single true friend to point out the thorny way of duty as the only road leading to the gates of bliss, of the here as of the hereafter. Prince Henry was brought to England a few months after the accession of his father, and as soon as he had arrived in London it was thought proper to make him a knight of the garter, at nine years of age, and to settle him with a splendid household in one of the royal palaces. His establishment consisted at first of seventy servants; but the number gradually increased, till in 1610 the prince's family was formed of a crowd of no less than four hundred and twenty-six individuals, exclusive of artificers and labourers. The host of people around him and under his command had some influence of raising a spirit of ambition in the young prince; his studies of history, ill directed and superficial, left no other impressions upon him but those of glaring feats of arms; and seeing nothing in the life of nations but a constant course of battling in which the stronger tried to devour the weaker, he made it his high ideal to become a great military chieftain and leader of fighting men. "He studies two hours a day," the French ambassador, baron de Beaumont, informed Henry IV., "and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, or leaping, or shooting with the bow, or throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of that kind." There was talk already of the intention of the prince to invade France after having succeeded to the throne, and to recover, sword in hand, the old heritage of the kings of England. The thoughtless multitude, little given to calculate the price of "glory," and to weigh it in the scale against the corresponding part of human misery and wretchedness, wildly applauded the pike tossings of Prince Henry, and the French ambassador himself began to be a little restless at view of all the martial ardour. However, a little more examination of the character of Prince Henry and his family went far to reassure him. "The queen," baron de Beaumont told his master, "uses all her efforts to corrupt the mind of the prince by flattering his passions, and diverting him from his studies and exercises, representing to him, out of contempt to his father, that learning is inconsistent with the character of a great general and conqueror." Her majesty's action, the ambassador justly surmised, removed much of the danger threatening the peace of France and of the world.

Whether corrupted by his mother, or by other persons, Prince Henry visibly sank from his high estate when reaching the age of sixteen. About the year 1610, he fell in love with the countess of Essex, daughter of the earl of Suffolk, one of the most beautiful, most profligate, and most worthless women in the kingdom; and the passion, soon growing into infatuation, went far to accomplish his ruin. Frances Howard, countess of Essex, was little more than twelve months older than the prince, but though young in years already ripe in wickedness; married to the earl of Essex, son of the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth, at the age of thirteen, she had never lived with her husband, but given herself up entirely to a

life of voluptuousness and sin. At the time the heir of the kingdom conceived a passion for her, she was the declared mistress of Robert Carr, the royal minion, whom he detested; but this, so far from damping the ardour of his affection, seemed but to make it the more intense. At first, the woman encouraged the approaches of Henry, incited thereto by her parents, as well as her uncle, the earl of Northampton; but she soon grew tired of the timid lover, and Robert Carr using all his influence to banish his rival, she discarded him without much ado. The act seemed to drive the unhappy youth into despair; and to get rid of the feeling of hopeless passion that was weighing him to the ground, he gave himself up to the most violent exercises, as if bent upon ruining his already feeble constitution. Never strong in health, he had lately become less so by growing very fast; before reaching the age of eighteen, he was six feet high, and still his long lean body kept shooting up, though getting little rest or quiet, by day or night. Fatal symptoms, the produce of bodily as well as mental suffering, soon manifested themselves. "His full round face became pale and sharp," according to the report of one of his attendants, "and his pleasant disposition sad and retired;" to get free of his own thoughts, "he accustomed himself to feasting, hunting, and sports of balloon and tennis with great violence," went to swim in the river Thames, near Richmond Palace, "in the evenings after full supper," and galloped from London to Bever, in Nottinghamshire "in two days, above a hundred miles, in the extremity of heat in summer." The arrival of the count palatine, for whom he took a great liking, made matters worse. "He allowed himself too much liberty in accompanying the Palsgrave in a great match of tennis, in his shirt, it being cold, and his looks then presaging sickness. And the day following, Sunday, the 25th of October he heard a sermon, the text in Job, 'Man that is born of woman is of short continuance, and is full of trouble.' After that he presently went to Whitehall, and heard another sermon before the king, and after dinner, being ill, craved leave to retire to his own court, where instantly he fell into great sickness, with faintings, and after that a shaking, great heat, and headache, that left him not whilst he had life." Headache and heartache alike were over on the evening of Friday, the 6th of November.

The death of the prince gave rise to a fearful rumour that spread widely among all classes of the people. It was whispered from ear to ear, louder and louder as the bruit rolled on, that the beloved of the nation had been poisoned, with the consent of his own father, by Richard Carr, the royal minion. Incredible as was the rumour, if not concerning the favourite, whom men held capable of any crime, at least with regard to the king, it yet found numerous believers, their opinion gaining strength in the utterly callous and heartless behaviour of James. He never visited his son in his last hours of fatal illness, but, on learning that he was in great danger, expressly left London and went to St. Theobald's on a hunting excursion: it was here he received the report of his death, manifesting extreme indifference, and exhibiting it still more by issuing orders, at the end of a few

days, that no persons should approach him in the garb of mourning, and that the preparations for the usual Christmas festivities should be continued as if nothing had happened. The amusements that took place left nothing to desire on the point of magnificence, and they were succeeded by still greater exhibitions of pomp on the occasion of the marriage ceremony of Princess Elizabeth to the count palatine. Affianced to the German prince a fortnight after her brother's death, the king's eldest daughter was married to him on the 14th of February, 1613, when the eldest son had not been quite three months in his grave. As at her betrothal, so at the celebration of her nuptials, fair Elizabeth showed great inclination to be gay and sportive. "While the archbishop was solemnizing the marriage," reports Arthur Wilson, "some coruscations and lightnings of joy appeared in her countenance, that expressed more than an ordinary smile, being almost elated to a laughter." The marriage ceremony was performed at the banqueting house at Whitehall, with a blaze of splendour astounding to all beholders. Mourning being forbidden by his majesty, the princess and whole bevy of bridesmaids were arrayed in white, she bearing a crown of pure gold upon her head, and all her followers "so adorned with jewels that her path looked like a milky way." The deputy master of the ceremonies could scarcely find words to express to his correspondent in the country the unbounded magnificence which his eyes had been doomed to look upon. "The bravery and riches of that day," Sir John Finett informed his friend, "were incomparable; gold and silver laid upon lords', ladies', and gentlewomen's backs was the poorest burden, and pearls and costly embroideries were the commonest wear. The king's, queen's, and princess's jewels only were valued that day by his majesty himself at nine hundred thousand pounds sterling." What made the king undertake the valuation of all the expensive toys and nicknacks, the deputy master of the ceremonies did not inform his correspondent; but he, probably, had some idea of pawning or selling them, the bankruptcy of the royal exchequer having reached its lowest ebb. The feudal aid towards the marriage of the princess, which had been levied some months before, had only produced twenty thousand pounds, while James had promised his daughter a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, besides which he had spent sixty thousand more upon festivities and the entertainment of the count palatine. Nothing remained under these circumstances but to increase the already overwhelming burthen of the royal debt, and to raise fresh loans, which brought sufficient to allow the king to send away his son-in-law and daughter in the middle of April, the former consenting to take twenty thousand pounds as the first instalment of his wife's portion. When the raising of loans was going on, Robert Carr, to show his liberality as well as attachment to the royal family, sent for some officers of the revenue, and delivering to them the key of a chest, bid them take its contents into the king's treasury. The officers, opening the chest, found twenty-five thousand pounds in gold, and disposed as ordered of this fraction of Carr's wealth, not a little amazed at the profits accruing from being the minion of even a bankrupt king.

The affairs of the favourite gave rise to much comment at the time of the departure of Princess Elizabeth and her husband, not only on account of his extraordinary contribution to the royal exchequer, but for another far weightier cause. Since his rise to power, Carr had attached to himself a gentleman of high talent and a refined scholar, Thomas Overbury, who assisted him in the management of all the important affairs of state which he took upon himself, acted as his confidential secretary and councillor, and tried by every means to hide his gross ignorance and utter want of education. For several years Carr and Overbury appeared to live in the greatest intimacy, in consequence of which the latter was flattered and caressed by all who were anxious to gain the favour of the minion; the king made him a knight, and the highest nobles courted his society, while the court poets ascribed to him every accomplishment and every virtue under the sun. This lasted till the spring of 1613, when all on a sudden a change took place in the behaviour of Carr to his companion, caused by the latter opposing his intercourse with the profligate countess of Essex, and attempting to prevent his marriage to her. The wretched woman had tried for some time past to effect this union, scheming primarily to get rid of her nominal husband, by murder or otherwise; and hearing that the intimate friend of her lover had used his influence to draw him back, her rage knew no bounds, and she forthwith took steps for his destruction. Exercising unbounded influence over her paramour, she had little trouble to effect her purpose. On the demand of the minion, Overbury was thrown into the Tower, nominally for having declined to go on a diplomatic mission to Russia, but in reality with the scarcely disguised object of getting rid of him by poison. All his friends were strictly prohibited from seeing him, and his sole attendant, preparing his daily meals, was a ruffian, named Weston, who was employed expressly on account of his knowledge of drugs. His doings exciting the suspicion of the lieutenant of the Tower, the latter was dismissed in a hurry, the king appointing in his stead Sir Gervase Elways, an instrument notoriously fit to commit crime to any amount. Slow poisons were now regularly administered to the unfortunate prisoner, his daily food, and even the water given to him, being tainted with deadly powders. For upwards of three months his strong constitution, and the employment of antidotes which he procured secretly, resisted the effects of the poison, till both the favourite and his mistress became frightened at dark rumours of the murder that was being committed getting beyond the walls of the Tower, the public voice accusing even the king of having a hand in the foul deed, which was to send to the grave a man likely to bring infamy upon him by the disclosure of certain secrets. To finish their suspense, the conspirators had recourse to more potent drugs, and at length, when worn down to a skeleton and covered with sores, a clyster of corrosive sublimate put an end to Overbury's life, on the 15th of September, 1613. The body of the murdered man was secretly buried, a few hours after he had succumbed, within the walls of the Tower, it being given out that he had died of an infectious and

loathsome disease; and one of his friends who demanded a coroner's inquest was seized by the agents of Carr, and the promise of keeping quiet extorted from him by threat of instant death. His friend killed, the murderer entered upon preparations for getting married to the murderess, making all haste to cement the bonds of crime by the bonds of wedlock.

In order to marry her paramour, Lady Essex had to be in the first instance divorced from her husband, which was accomplished in a way disgraceful to the king and to all concerned, and causing an outcry of offended public morals that struck deep at the roots of the throne, and even of the established church. The countess began her proceedings by presenting a petition to the king asserting the impotency of her husband, and requesting that her grievance might be investigated, and, if the charge should be found correct, that she might be declared free to marry another. James thereupon, with uncommon alacrity, appointed twelve commissioners, half of them bishops and half lawyers, to investigate the matter, placing at their side a jury of midwives and matrons, whose report was to guide the verdict. The jury began their duties forthwith by citing the countess before them, and she objecting, on the plea of bashfulness, to come and show her face, a lady completely veiled and wrapped up was introduced for examination, which made the report turn as desired. The proceeding was enough to disgust the more respectable among the commissioners, and the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, and three of the lawyers who were included in the commission, at once declined further action, and although the king personally descended so far from the decorum of his station as to urge the primate in the most pressing manner to continue his services, he remained unmoved, and the other dissentients followed his example. But there was no want of willing tools to assist James and his minion, foremost among them Thomas Bilson, bishop of Winchester, who worked so actively as to gain in a short time from his colleagues a formal verdict of the nullity of the marriage, his zeal being recompensed by his son being knighted, and he himself admitted into the privy council. The dissolution of her tie having been pronounced, the lady lost no time in exchanging the connubial vow with Robert Carr. A few days after the divorce, James turned his favourite into an earl of Somerset, and, on the 26th of December, three months after the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, his assassins celebrated their nuptials at Whitehall in presence of the king, the queen, and the whole court. The pomp exhibited on the occasion was held to be superior even to that of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth; the king in person gave away the profligate bride, stained with the dye of the murderess, and a sumptuous pageant was performed afterwards at the palace, in which the whole royal family took part. A similar entertainment was presented by the benchers of Gray's Inn, originated by Sir Francis Bacon, who succeeded by his eloquence in overcoming the natural repugnance of his colleagues to this act of sycophancy. The authorities of the city likewise gave a splendid feast to the newly-married couple, bowing before them with almost slavish deference. On the earl and his partner entering the

hall where the feast was provided, the trumpets blew, singers raised their voices, the city orators delivered addresses of congratulation, and the mayor and aldermen came forward in their scarlet gowns to do honour to the illustrious visitors. At the sumptuous banquet which followed, they were waited on by the most eminent men of the twelve great companies: after supper there was a gorgeous masque, followed by dancing and a second feast, and it was not till three o'clock in the morning that the bride and bridegroom returned to Whitehall, escorted by the mayor and alderman of the city. Never had the dignitaries of England's capital committed a more undignified, a more vile and contemptible act. The populace felt it; and except among the bespangled men in office, there was not a single voice from the crowd that cried welcome to the titled felons as they passed from Whitehall Palace to the city, and from the city back again to Whitehall.

The happiness of the much-worshipped guilty pair, whatever there was of it, did not last long. It was generally remarked that, almost immediately after Overbury's death, the countenance, gait, and whole appearance of Robert Carr, or, as he was now called, the earl of Somerset, underwent an extraordinary change. All the beauty and graces of his youth seemed to fade on a sudden before the withering sense of secret and atrocious guilt; his bright, sparkling eyes lost their lustre; his rosy cheeks appeared wan and hollow; an air of profound neglect became apparent in his deportment, his dress, and manners; and instead of continuing to be the leader of all court festivities, the gayest among the gay, he began to affect solitude, looked morose and melancholy, and even in presence of the king got sullen and dejected. James was quick in perceiving the change; and he had no sooner observed it, than he determined to get rid of the pleasant minion who was becoming unpleasant. He was the more anxious to do so, as a new object of affection had burst upon his eyes in a handsome youth called George Villiers, the son of a Leicestershire squire, educated in France, where he had been made an adept in dancing and a pink of politeness, and who had been despatched by his mother and friends, well perfumed, and with a stock of elegant clothes, to push his fortune at court. The pretty youth at once attracted the royal notice, and from the moment hundreds of hands were ready to lift him upwards, and hundreds of tongues eager to sing his praise. Among those anxious to see a new minion installed at court was Archbishop Abbot, who had taken a deep dislike to Somerset, on account of the latter having come to engage in secret transactions, and holding constant interviews with priests and Jesuit emissaries, which the primate feared might lead to the allurements of the king towards Romish superstition. Deeming this danger the greatest that could fall upon England, Archbishop Abbot set to work with intense zeal to get the old favourite out of and the new favourite into the good graces of his majesty, throwing aside the dignity of his high position so far as to take George Villiers personally by the hand, and adding a knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England to his other accomplishments. Somerset, keenly on the watch against his

enemies, did all in his power to stop the rise of his youthful rival, but to no effect; and in the spring of 1616 he had the deep mortification of seeing George Villiers knighted and sworn in a gentleman of the bedchamber, the primate giving a religious aspect to the ceremony by laying his hand upon the head of the new knight, and enjoining him to pray to God daily for grace to serve the king faithfully, and to fill the ears of his majesty with nothing but the truth. The action delighted James, who exclaimed that "it was counsel fit for a bishop to give to a young man;" and resolving, on the spur of the moment, to do something eminently charitable and religious, he directed his new minion to wait upon the old one with a courtly offer of becoming "his creature," sending at the same time an intimation to Somerset that it was his pleasure he should receive the tender of graciousness. But the earl, unfortunately, was in one of his morose moods, and repelling the advances of the handsome youth treading in his steps, he cried, "I will have none of your service, and you shall have none of my favour; but I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident." The words were sufficient to seal Somerset's fate.

Having dared to oppose his new choice, James at once resolved not only to discard but to ruin his old favourite, and he set to work with more than usual duplicity and falsehood. He first sent for the lieutenant of the Tower, getting from him all the particulars relating to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; and the depositions having been sworn to, the poisoner Weston, and several others who had taken part in the foul deed, were apprehended and examined in their turn. The murder having been brought home directly, by the united testimony of all the accomplices, to Somerset and his wife, the king, who had conducted personally all the proceedings, secretly instructed the lord chief justice, Sir Edward Coke, to issue his warrant for the commitment of the guilty couple to the Tower. On the day the warrant was to be executed, October 15, 1615, James kept his minion close to his side, professing an extraordinary show of affection, and hugging and kissing him as he had not done for many months. The officers of justice having presented themselves to apprehend Somerset, he trembled in every limb, and then, appealing to his royal friend, cried out that "never was such an affront offered to a peer of England in presence of the king." "Nay, man," quoth James softly, patting his victim on the back, "if Coke sends for me I must go." The consolation having not the desired effect, James assumed a more pathetic attitude. As described by Sir Anthony Welldon, one of the clerks of the Board of Green Cloth, "the earl, when he kissed his hand, the king hung about his neck, slabbering his cheeks, saying, 'For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again.' The earl told him on Monday, this being on the Friday. 'For God's sake, let me,' said the king. 'Shall I, shall I?' then lolled about his neck. 'Then, for God's sake, give thy lady this kiss for me.' In the same manner at the stairs' head, at the middle of the stairs' foot. The earl was not in his coach when the king used these very words—in the hearing of four servants,

of whom one was Somerset's great creature, and of the bedchamber, who reported it instantly to the author of this history—"I shall never see his face more." According to another account, given by Roger Coke, a contemporary writer, his majesty was pleased to exclaim, on seeing his minion dragged off, "Now the devil go with thee, for I will never see thy face more." Somerset could not carry the kiss given him by his royal patron to his wife, for she had been arrested before him, and they were kept in strict seclusion, neither allowed to see each other, nor any of their friends. A few days after their arrest, the chief agents who had helped them to accomplish the murder of Overbury, the governor of the Tower, Sir Gervase Elways, the poisoner Weston, a woman named Turner, a fashionable beauty, intimate with Somerset's wife, and several others, were put on their trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Among the accused was Sir Thomas Monson, chief falconer, and one of the royal favourites, who had been apprehended on a judge's warrant, without the knowledge of James, and was placed at the bar with the other prisoners. The king learning it, and fearing that Sir Thomas might tell things which he did not wish to be known, had him carried off by yeomen of the guard in the midst of the examination, and taken to the Tower, from which he was liberated a few weeks after. The rest of the criminals were duly sent to the scaffold, the beautiful mistress Turner appearing at the gallows stylishly dressed, in ruffs and jewels, as if going to a ball. Almost all the great ladies of the court went in their coaches to Tyburn to see her hung, admiring in her a heroine of the day. Under the distinguished patronage of such high persons as the earl and countess of Somerset, poisoning was getting to be nearly looked upon as one of the fine arts.

The trial of Somerset did not take place till May, 1616, six months after his arrest and the conviction of his accomplices. The delay was occasioned by the intense alarm of the king that his old favourite might become the revealer of secrets "concerning his honour," to prevent which he entered into a private correspondence with Sir George More, newly appointed lieutenant of the Tower, instructing him to work upon the fears as well as the hopes of his prisoner in such a way as to induce him to keep his lips closed regarding all matters that had passed between him and his royal master, who still professed to be his friend. Somerset's conduct had nothing in it to reassure the trembling monarch; for although confined in the most rigorous manner, and shut off from all intercourse with the outer world, he behaved in the most arrogant way, telling Sir George More that his royal friend and patron dared not send him to the scaffold, and finally despatching a message to the king threatening to reveal "their secret" should his pardon not be immediately granted. On this the affright of James increased, and he went to direct a piteous note to his lieutenant, begging him to do his best to bring the terrible prisoner to reason. "Goode Sir George," his majesty wrote, "I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him not only against himself, but against me also as far as he can. I cannot blame you

that you cannot conjecture what this may be, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain." "If he would write or send me any message," James continued, "concerning this poisoning, it needs not be private; if it be of any other business, that which I cannot now with honour receive privately, I may do it after his trial and serve his turn as well." In another note, James told his lieutenant, "Without the knowledge of any, I have put you in that place of trust which you now possess, and I must now use your trust and secrecy in a thing greatly concerning my honour and service;" adding, in the next letter, "Let none living know of this." But all the efforts of James's agent to pacify the caged minion proved fruitless; and as a last resource it was determined to bring his spouse to trial before him, she having made already a full confession of her guilt, the public announcement of which seemed best made to terrify him into quietness, as his sole chance of life was restricted henceforth to the hope of obtaining the royal pardon. Accordingly, on the 24th of May, 1616, the countess of Somerset was brought to the bar at Westminster Hall, under an extraordinary display of ceremony, the lord chancellor riding into court on horseback, followed by his attendants, and a crowd of peers and knights, forming a special commission appointed by the crown. The wretched woman stood pale and trembling before the judges, and without being pressed pleaded guilty to the charge of having poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury; which confession made, she broke out into a flood of tears, and on her knees in frightful anguish implored the peers to intercede for her with the king, that her life might be saved. The bystanders shuddered, listening to the tones of fearful guilt and fearful agony; there was a momentary pause, and then the chancellor put on the black cap, sentencing the prisoner at the bar to be conveyed to the Tower, and from thence to the place of execution, where she was to be hung by the neck: "And may God have mercy upon your soul!"

Somerset was brought to trial the day after his wife's condemnation, the 25th of March. On being informed of it the evening before, by the lieutenant of the Tower, he became very violent, declaring he would not leave his cell unless "they should carry him in his bed; that the king had assured him he should not come to any trial, neither durst the king bring him to trial." He continued talking "in an high strain" till the lieutenant got absolutely frightened, "began to quiver and shake, and however he was accounted a wise man, yet was near at his wit's end." According to Sir Anthony Weldon, curious eyewitness and quaint describer of many strange adventures in the strange court where he was holding a clerkship, "Now away goes Sir George Moore to Greenwich, as late as it was, being twelve at night, and bounceth at the back stairs as if mad, to whom came John Loveston, one of the grooms, out of his bed, inquiring the reason of that distemper, at so late a season. Moore tells him he must speak with the king. Loveston replies, 'He is quiet,' which in the Scottish dialect means fast asleep. Moore then says, 'You must awake him,' and was called in to the chamber of the king. He tells the king those pas-

sages, and desired to be directed by the king, for that he was gone beyond his own reason to hear such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just sovereign. Upon which the king falls into a passion of tears: 'On my soul, Moore, I wot not what to do. Thou art a wise man, help me in this great strait, and thou shalt finde thou dost it for a thankful master,' with other sad expressions. . . . Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three next morning, of that day he was to come to trial, enters Somerset's chamber, tells him he had been with the king, and found him a most affectionate master of him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him. 'But,' said he, 'to satisfie justice, you must appeare, although return instantly again, without any further proceedings; only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to Westminster Hall; yet he still feared his former bold language might revert again, and being brought by this trick into the toil, might have more enraged him to fly into some strange discovery; for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him, with a cloak on their arms, giving them withal a peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the king, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar and carry him away, for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountiful reward." The Tower lieutenant's own reward was a present of fifteen hundred pounds—a somewhat moderate recompense to "goode Sir George" for all his trouble and ingenuity.

The use of the four servants with the big cloak was not required after all, and they failed to add a dramatic scene to the annals of English jurisprudence. Somerset, confident of the royal pardon, behaved with great calmness before the judges at Westminster, denying the whole of the charges brought against him. He was treated in a very tender manner by Sir Francis Bacon, who stood forth as public prosecutor, and made it apparent by his whole demeanour that he regarded the trial more as a matter of form than as an affair by which the life of the accused was placed in jeopardy. Even after the judges had retired, and coming back brought in a unanimous verdict of guilty, wound up by the lord chancellor's awful sentence upon him to be led to the gallows and hung by the neck, the earl retained his composure, merely remarking he hoped the court would recommend the king to exercise his prerogative of mercy. In the meanwhile, James seemed to feel the terrors of the trial far more than his prisoner, evidently mistrusting the power of the persuasive and clever arrangements of the lieutenant of the Tower. He was "in restless motion all the day," according to Welldon, "sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, and would have easily judged all was not right, as there had been some grounds for his fears of Somerset's boldness, but at last one bringing him word he was condemned, and the passages, all was quiet." The feeling of relief experienced by James in learning that his old minion had not brought forth the threatened disclosures was so great that he

not only issued his pardon without delay, but even granted him the splendid annuity of four thousand pounds per annum, and went so far as to order that the arms of Somerset, notwithstanding his being condemned of felony, should remain suspended in the chapel of the knights of the Garter at Windsor. The countess obtained her reprieve at the same time with her husband, and to soften public indignation, naturally excited that the confessed chief instigator in Overbury's murder should escape while her tools had suffered on the scaffold, the king ordered Sir Francis Bacon, before setting his hand to the pardon, to insert a clause into the document stating that she had been led away. Obsequious to the royal will, Bacon, without remonstrance or compunction, wrote thereupon on the paper the manifest falsehood, contradicted by her own declarations before the judges, that she had been drawn into the crime "by the procurement and wicked instigation of certain base persons." For some unexplained reasons, the chief of them being probably the constant terror of James that his former companion might divulge secrets, Somerset and his wife continued residing in the Tower for several years, living together in a certain amount of state, and having a daughter born to them during the time—subsequently married to the first duke of Bedford. Finally, by an order in council, dated January 18, 1622, they were made to reside in the country, it being decreed, "according to his majesty's gracious pleasure and command, that the earl of Somerset and his lady do repair either to Grays or Cowsham, the Lord Wallingford's houses in the county of Oxon, and remain confined to one or either of the said houses and within three miles compass of the same." Here and at other places the discarded favourite lived to a good old age, occasionally visited by James, who hung on his neck, "shedding many tears." The companionship, on the whole, seemed natural.

By the change of the king's minions and chief advisers the government gained little in dignity, and the country profited still less. George Villiers, though possessed of a few more accomplishments than Robert Carr, had even less wisdom, and led by him, James rushed on headlong in his career of imbecile tyranny, having not even the merit of vigour to redeem it from utter contempt. The instalment of the new favourite was marked in the first instance by an increase of extravagance on the part of the king, which passed all bounds, and soon left not only his treasury absolutely empty, but cut off the very sources from which he had managed for some years to draw his income. Benevolences, loans, illegal imposts, monopolies, the sale of honours and dignities, and other streams, which had hitherto fed the royal exchequer, were all alike exhausted, while the expenditure augmented constantly, the sums that could be wrung by force or fraud from the people kept growing smaller and smaller, the very titles of knight-hood, which had been formerly sold for three hundred pounds, not bringing more than sixty, with a want of purchasers even at this price. To call together a new parliament and ask for supplies now became a necessity, which, highly obnoxious as it was to the king, could no longer be forborne. Being pressed hard

by his **privy council**, James consented to the issue of writs for new elections early in the spring of 1614, and on the 5th of April, he opened the session in person. In a long speech, abounding as usual in pedantry and conceit, he told the members of the House of Commons that they had been called together chiefly for the purpose of relieving his wants, and that he expected they would do so speedily and effectually. He would not bargain with them for their money, James concluded his oration, but would see what they would do in their love, he himself having given them a great proof of his affection by having recourse to them, rather than relying upon his royal prerogative, which placed the lives and fortunes of his subjects at his disposition. The commons listened in deep silence to the speech from the throne, and meeting the next day, they decided by a large majority to send an address to his majesty, stating that they could not enter on the vote of supplies before the chief grievances which had been put upon paper by the late parliament, dissolved three years before, had been remedied, and moreover a distinct promise had been given by the government that all illegal exactions, laying on of imposts, and interference with public rights by means of proclamations, should be abandoned for the future. The address had scarcely passed, when James again made his way into the House of Commons to deliver another harangue. This parliament, he told the house, he meant to be a parliament of love, desirous that all the world should see his own love to his subjects, and the love of his subjects to their king. God was loved for the gift which He gave, and he, who as king represented God, would begin by offering them a gift, which he expected would meet with ample and cheerful retribution. An offer of great concessions, he said, should be laid before them immediately, and in the meanwhile he would be glad if instead of talking of general grievances, required by the nation, each member would present them on behalf of his own constituency, as "to heap them together in one scroll like an army did but cast aspersion upon him and his government, savouring more of discontent than of desire for reformation." He wound up by declaring his determination not to give up "any of the honours and flowers of the crown," but promising at the same time that he would not stretch his prerogative further than his predecessors had done. Again the commons listened in deep silence, as if trying to get at the meaning of the strange words uttered by the king. It seemed as if they could as little understand him as he could them—they, representatives of a people gone through the burning fire of the reformation, through flames licking up all idol-worship, and he, poor, witless crown-bearer, holding himself forth as a god. That he was a very ugly god was all they knew.

In the new House of Commons the Puritan element was stronger than in any that had yet met in England, which was strikingly manifested a few days after James had informed the members that he "as king represented God." On the motion of John Pym, a Somersetshire country gentleman, who appeared for the first time in parliament, elected by the borough of Calne, it was resolved that all the members should

receive the holy communion together, the church of St. Margaret's being chosen for the purpose, in preference to Westminster Abbey, "for fear of copes and wafer-cakes." One of the objects of Pym and his friends in making the proposal was to see whether any recusants, or secret adherents of the Romish faith, had slipped amongst them; but when the day of communion, the 17th of April, arrived, it was found that there was not a single member of the house who had absented himself from church. On meeting again for discussion, it was resolved another time that the grant of supplies to the king should not be taken into consideration before the just demands of the house had been fulfilled, and security been given that henceforth the government should be carried on in a constitutional manner, and abstain from all arbitrary actions, especially the illegal assessment of imposts. In the debate upon the subject, some of the members expressed themselves with great boldness. Thomas Wentworth, a Puritan lawyer, member for the city of Oxford, said he must warn the government that the Spanish king had lost the Low Countries by imposing illegal burthens; that all the power of the greatest of the French monarchs had not saved them from dying like calves upon the butcher's knife; and that princes who taxed their people as they had done might read their destiny in Daniel's prediction that there should stand up a raiser of taxes in the glory of kingdom, but that within a few days he should be destroyed. In the wake of the member for Oxford came Christopher Nevill, a younger son of Lord Abergavenny, who poured forth a torrent of strong language against the despicable minions who had grasped the supreme power, declaring that they were "spaniels to the king and wolves to the people;" and he was followed by Sir Walter Chute, who spoke in the same strain, and by John Hoskins, who went so far as to threaten the favourites who were misgoverning the country with an imitation of the Sicilian Vespers. The speeches put James into excessive anger, and after sending several messages to the house, requesting an immediate satisfaction of the wants of his exchequer, and meeting with no obedience, he suddenly, on the 7th of June, dissolved parliament, and the following day sent Wentworth, Nevill, Sir Walter Chute, and Hoskins to the Tower. Four more members, Nicholas Hyde, Sir Roger Owen, Sir Edward Philips, and Sir John Saville, were placed under temporary arrest "for licentiousness of speech," while the rest were almost driven out of London. At court the energetic measure of James was looked upon as a great victory, and the favourites nicknamed the dissolved legislature, which had passed no bills during the two months' session, "the addled parliament." Not being naturally sharp-sighted, the court minions as yet were unable to perceive the very big eggs the commons were hatching.

The king's impotent wrath did not last long. Obtuse as was his mental vision, James could not help becoming conscious of the dark clouds that were gathering before him, with the huge murmur of dissatisfaction arising on all sides, and a vague alarm soon got the upper hand over all other feelings. The four members of the House of Commons who had been thrown into the Tower were liberated one after the other, in the course of a few months, John Hos-

kins alone being retained somewhat longer, in close examination as to what he had meant by threatening the bosom friends of his majesty with Sicilian Vespers. He parried the attack with much humour, saying, that as a member of the bar he was accustomed to deal in figures of speech without being aware of the exact signification, and that as far as the Vespers were concerned he knew nothing of them, nor of Sicilians, his only knowledge of races being that of English and Scotch, the latter in particular, they seeming to have grown of late excessively in numbers. The danger of meddling with such a lawyer was too great to be ventured upon by the advisers of James, and he was set free accordingly in the spring of 1615, after a ten months' imprisonment. All hopes of obtaining the desired supplies from the House of Commons being at an end, the king had again recourse to his old arbitrary measures for getting money into his ever empty treasury, beginning with the impost going by the name of benevolence. In the autumn of 1614, little more than two months after the prorogation of parliament—which was not again to assemble for the next seven years—the privy council despatched circulars to all the sheriffs and judges of assize of the kingdom, asking them to raise as large sums as they possibly could from the people of the different counties, both for the necessities of his majesty and the defence of the realm against foreign enemies. Making clever use of events that had recently taken place in Germany, the circulars stated that the elector of Brandenburg, the king's ally, had been deprived of his possessions by a Roman Catholic army, directed by Austria and Spain; that the elector palatine, his majesty's son-in-law, was placed in a position of considerable danger; and that it was highly probable that, Protestant Germany conquered, an attack would be made upon England, to re-introduce papistry. The appeal, composed by Sir Ralph Winwood, secretary of state, the only man of talent left among the councillors of James, was but partly successful, not more than sixty thousand pounds being raised by it in the course of twelve months. To this sum the bishops, government officials, and wealthy citizens of London, upon whom the strongest pressure could be put, contributed more than one half; and a considerable portion of the rest was only raised under the energetic opposition of the people, and almost by force. Many things indicated that the resistance of the House of Commons to the arbitrary course of the government had resolved itself into a resistance of the nation.

The first signs of opposition showed themselves in the west of England. In Devonshire, the majority of landowners steadfastly refused to pay the benevolence, notwithstanding the threats of the judges of assize and other officers to whom was left the collection of the tax; and on these threats becoming more urgent, they forwarded a remonstrance to the capital, strongly condemning the illegality of the whole proceeding. The people of Somersetshire followed the same course, specially appealing to the act of Richard III. against benevolences, and their example was imitated in Dorset, Wilts, and other counties, which issued protests signed by the most influential persons. In reply to them, the government summoned three or four of the justices of the peace from each of the recalcitrant

counties to the capital, not at once, but successively, so as to prevent a common plan of action, and work upon the fear of individuals rather than communities. Admitted before the privy council, the country gentlemen were overwhelmed with a flood of records and documents, serving to show them how entirely wrong was the opinion of the illegality of benevolences, the lord chief justice himself taking pains to prove that though abolished by the statute of Richard III., they had been raised again under the Tudor sovereigns, and as such been established "de facto." Coming from the mouth of so great a lawyer as Sir Edward Coke, it was not for poor justices of the peace to doubt; and they returned to their homes in submissive spirit, improved upon by the despatch of fresh circulars from the council urging more rapid progress in the levying of the "voluntary contributions," with strong hints that only those subscribing largely would be considered loyal subjects, and the names of the rest noted down as inclined to sedition. But the threat was not sufficient to allay resistance, which even became stronger in some places, as in Marlborough, where a gentleman of property, Oliver St. John, put himself boldly forward as the champion of the opposition. On the new appeal of the privy council reaching the town, the mayor applied to St. John, among other inhabitants, to furnish his share to the benevolence; but the latter not only refused to pay his money, but wrote to the justices of the county, protesting against the further levy of the imposts. In his letter, St. John declared that all such contributions were contrary to Magna Charta, and other statutes, as well as to the often cited act of Richard III.; and after having further argued that those contributing to the benevolence put themselves against parliament, which had thought fit to deny supplies to the crown, he wound up by charging the king with a breach of his coronation oath in attempting to subvert the constitution of the realm. The letter was replied to by the right royal argument of the writer being arrested and thrown into the Tower, to be placed before the judges of the Star Chamber. In the trial that ensued, Sir Francis Bacon, turning away more and more from the cause of justice to become a slave of the court and of his own ambition, took a conspicuous part as public prosecutor, which led to the condemnation of the accused. Oliver St. John was condemned to pay a fine of five thousand pounds and to be imprisoned "during the king's pleasure," for having presumed to speak of Magna Charta and the liberties of the nation.

While the courageous conduct of the citizen of Marlborough, and his persecution by the despotic Star Chamber tribunal, was yet engaging public attention, another trial, springing out of the levying of the new imposition, came to create still greater excitement. A clergyman of puritanical tendencies, Edmond Peacham, rector of Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, had been put into prison on frivolous grounds; and in searching his house a bundle of loose papers was found, containing, among other matters, a sheet of notes drawn up in the form of a sermon. The notes touched upon the chief subjects of popular agitation, the arbitrary assessment of taxes, the misconduct of the officials, the prodigality of the king,

and the licence and oppression with which his minions ruled the country. When James had come to the throne, it was further stated, he had promised justice and mercy, but his subjects had hitherto found neither, and it was possible the people might in the end rise in rebellion under the terrible burthen of despotism weighing upon them, or, if heaven willed, the king might some day be smitten with a death as sudden as that which overtook Nabal or Ananias. Strong as were the expressions used, the papers containing them were yet clearly insignificant, if not inoffensive, inasmuch as they formed the mere private utterances of the writer, not having been looked upon by any other eyes but his own, and nothing amounting to publication of any kind having taken place, nor being likely to take place. Nevertheless, the king had no sooner heard of the existence of the sheet of notes, when he worked himself into a fit of insane excitement, loudly declaring he would make an example of the author. Always scenting plots and treasons in the air, he fancied he could see in the sermon-paper the proof of a frightful conspiracy against himself, for which he found sufficient evidence in the fact of Somersetshire, the home of the writer, having been one of the first counties to remonstrate against the levying of the benevolence. By order of James, the rector of Hinton St. George, an aged man, was thrown into the Tower, and examined as to the plot in which the king asserted he was engaged; and on his sternly declaring that he knew of no conspiracy whatever, and had written the few notes which had been found in his study merely "after the example of preachers and chroniclers," the royal order was given that he should be put to the torture. The command was executed in the most barbarous manner, in the presence of a number of state dignitaries, including Sir Francis Bacon, neither pride, nor shame, nor love of country or of justice, stirring the heart of the great philosopher to keep him from the last degradation of court worship, that of doing hangman's duties. But not all the fiendish cruelty of his persecutors could wring from the old clergyman the lie which they wanted him to declare; "nothing could be drawn from him," Secretary Winwood, one of the examiners, reported; "he persisting in his obstinate denials, before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture." James now determined to put his victim on trial for treason, notwithstanding the opinion of the lord chief justice, who with all his sycophancy could not help declaring that the writing of the notes, of which alone the prisoner could be found guilty, was no felony, a mere declaration of the sovereign's unworthiness to govern not falling within the penalty of treason. However, Bacon, more obsequious than even Coke, took the king's part, consenting to be the executor of his behests. To insure the condemnation of Peacham, he was removed from the Tower and sent to take his trial at Taunton, two judges of assize, loyal up to the standard of the solicitor-general, going the same road. Having been found guilty of high treason, on the 7th of August, 1615, the old minister was condemned to be hung, drawn, and quartered, but he escaped the final ignominy by death in prison, the result of the torture and other sufferings. It was the foulest murder that had yet stained the reign of James.

The money raised by the extortions of the benevolence commissioners lasted but a very short time, and in the spring of 1616 the king's exchequer was as empty as it had ever been. To fill it anew, recourse was had now to the extraordinary expedient of surrendering to the Dutch government the three so-called "cautionary towns" of Brill, Flushing, and Rammekins, garrisoned by English troops in virtue of treaty stipulations entered into with Queen Elizabeth, and renewed subsequently, for one-third of the debt for which they were held as security. The sum owing by the Dutch, and which they had commenced to repay, was six hundred thousand pounds, and the amount James agreed to accept as payment in full was two hundred and fifteen thousand pounds, the round two hundred thousand to go into his own treasury, and the odd fifteen thousand to be made over, in lieu of claims, to the garrisons of the three fortified places. The agreement was duly signed on the 23rd of April, 1616, and the government of the republic closing up their very profitable bargain by depositing the money at once, the king for a month or two revelled in the unusual luxury of ready cash. It went fast enough, however, the crowd of hungry court parasites swooping down upon the heap of Dutch gold like vultures upon a lost sheep, and the chief favourite himself preferring sterling coin to any other remuneration for his eminent services. George Villiers, made into an earl of Buckingham, and ruling the king and the kingdom under the title of master of the horse, had just received the grant of several large estates, for the improvement of which he found himself in urgent want of money, and on his hint to the effect, James hastened to give him the greater part of the treasure that had come to him so opportunely. It was no mean sacrifice on the part of the loving sovereign, he having previously made up his mind to spend the Dutch gold in an excursion to Scotland, planned for the double purpose of astonishing his old subjects by the magnificence of his deportment, and of extinguishing Presbyterianism and its preachers, whose insults of former times kept rankling in his breast. To give up this great scheme entirely was not to be thought of; nevertheless, the money being gone, it had to be postponed for a season, during which time the king made desperate efforts to raise another fund, by creating new monopolies, imposing fresh taxes, and dragging wealthy people before the Star Chamber on all kinds of accusations, to be cleared only by the pay of enormous fines. In addition to the sums so raised, the king borrowed about one hundred thousand pounds from London merchants, native and alien, promising to pay ten per cent. interest; and thus equipped set out for Scotland, early in the summer of 1617. A week before his departure, Bacon obtained the reward of his services to the crown by being appointed lord chancellor, in the place of Ellesmere, who had died a short time previous. Bacon had to thank the minion before whom he had been cringing for the appointment, the announcement of which to him was accompanied by the message that he, Buckingham, "had obtained the seals for him, but with this assurance, that should he ever requite him as he had done others," namely, his old friend and patron, the earl

of Essex, "to whom he had been more bound, he would cast him down as much below scorn as he had now raised him high above any honour he could ever have expected." The spectacle of this man Bacon, sublime genius such as heaven never created another in the realm of Britain, crouching at the feet of a brainless court minion, came to tower above any other in showing the utterly corrupting influences springing from and surrounding the throne of the first of the Stuart kings.

Buckingham played a leading part in the royal visit to Scotland, by taking upon himself all the arrangements of the journey, attending to every affair of state, receiving deputations and issuing edicts, and visibly guiding the king, and pointing out the direction in which he was to go. James made his way to the north very slowly, travelling not more than a dozen miles a day, hunting a little, as far as increasing obesity allowed him, and drinking a great deal, and thus managed to get to the Border in about a month and a half. On crossing the Tweed, at Berwick, his majesty was received by delegates of the nobility and the towns of Scotland, who had come to greet him on his first return to his native country, which they managed to do at a very small cost, by delivering long Latin orations and carefully abstaining from processions, triumphal arches, and other expensive pageantry. The Latin speeches continued the whole way from Berwick to Edinburgh, everywhere officials performing the chief duties of the reception, and the people of the towns and villages looking on with cold apathy, evidently far more alarmed than pleased at the sight of their old sovereign. That Scotland had never been so happy, so quiet, and so prosperous, than since he had turned his back upon it, was what all knew fully; and all dreaded, too, that his return, however temporary, would be productive of evil, the rumour that he was going to attempt changes in the civil and religious government of the country, and to upset its democratic institutions in favour of others more absolutistic, having long been current. The fears were but too soon to be realized. Immediately after his arrival in Edinburgh, at the beginning of June, the king summoned a parliament, and the first business brought before it was that of ecclesiastical reforms, several bills proposing the introduction of the chief rites and ceremonies of the episcopal church, as well as the establishment of an inquisitorial High Commission Court, being intended to give effect to them. The bills met with the most determined opposition of the representatives of the towns no less than those of the nobility, the former trembling for their faith, and the latter, principal holders of church lands, for their estates; but in the end an act was forced through the assembly declaring, "that in ecclesiastical affairs whatever should be determined by the king, with the advice of the prelates, and a competent number of the clergy, should receive the operation and force of law." The act was about to receive the royal assent, in the usual manner, by the king touching it with the point of the sceptre, when the attitude of the Presbyterian clergy stopped him in his course. In a great remonstrance, couched in terms half imploring and half threatening, the ministers disputed the right of the estates to meddle with religious affairs

so far as to alter the fundamental institutions of the national faith; and they at the same time entreated the king, before proceeding further in his course, to hear the clergy, about to meet in a general assembly at St. Andrew's. James consented to the proposal, partly from fear and partly from conceit. The ministers of his native country, he had not yet forgotten, were a powerful body, and though he had no love for them, he had no objection to their admiring his oratorical talent. A journey to old St. Andrew's offered opportunity for a great many speeches, and the display of a fabulous amount of theology.

The St. Andrew's meeting was not so numerously attended as the king had been led to expect, consisting moreover of bishops and the clergy already in communion with the church of England or inclined to it, which put his majesty, prepared both to dazzle and defeat his enemies, into great ill-humour. It showed itself at once by his entering, instead of upon arguments, on the demand that the whole of the ministers should subscribe to five articles, all of them in direct opposition to the teachings not only of the Presbyterian faith, but of all the more advanced reformers even in the English church. The five points propounded were that the Eucharist should be received kneeling; that it should be administered in private to the sick and dying; that baptism should be given privately in cases of necessity; that confirmation should only be bestowed by the bishops; and, lastly, that the great festivals in commemoration of events in the life of Christ, instituted by the church of Rome, should be again duly celebrated. The rites and practices enjoined in these articles were precisely those most objected to by the English Puritans in the service of their own church, being considered relics of popery; and the proposal of the king, therefore, created profound consternation among the Presbyterian ministers. Some of them proudly refused even to discuss the matter, while others, more timid or submissive, fell upon their knees, supplicating James not to enforce his demands, but to postpone the discussion of them till the convocation of a general synod. The king promised this, but at the same time went to work in the most arbitrary manner, enforcing his own views. Dissolving the parliament at Edinburgh, he established, in virtue, as he declared, of his own inherent prerogative and absolute power, the High Commission Court, the bill for which had been thrown out; and setting the new tribunal to work at once, he cited three of the most eminent Presbyterian ministers, Calderwood, Ewart, and Simpson, before it, under the accusation of having stirred up rebellion. Their real crime consisted in having drawn up the remonstrance which had been presented to James in the capital, and of having further distinguished themselves by exhorting their brethren in the ministry to stand true to the faith which they had been preaching all their lives, disregarding alike promises and threats to swerve from it. The offence was great enough to insure immediate conviction from the new despotic tribunal, acting entirely under the behests of the king, the same as the High Commission Court of England. By its decision, Ewart and Simpson were suspended from their ministries and put into prison, while Calderwood, the most learned and most influ-

ential of the three champions of religious right, and as such especially obnoxious to his majesty, was exiled from the kingdom. The tyrannical measure created a storm of excitement and indignation all through Scotland, in the midst of which James thought fit to slip out of the country, without waiting for the meeting of the general convocation of the clergy, which he had promised to attend. Towards the end of August, he recrossed the Tweed in great hurry, and the people of Scotland saw their king no more.

In the same month when James had started on his short excursion to the northern kingdom, another illustrious traveller left England on a great maritime expedition to the south. Sir Walter Raleigh, after spending twelve weary years in confinement in the Tower, had some time previous obtained his release, by means of a large bribe to the reigning favourite, and had set out on another journey of exploration to the mysterious empire of Guiana, on the borders of the Orinoco River, visited by him more than twenty years before, in 1596, when in the prime of his life and fortune. The professed object of his new adventure was the working of a large gold mine discovered by him on his first trip; and to win over both the king and the minion, through whose hands everything passed, he formally assigned to the crown one-fifth part of the bullion to be imported into England. This was enough to arouse the cupidity of James, making him not only give his consent to the scheme, but appoint Raleigh commander-in-chief and admiral of the expedition under his orders, with power of martial law over all officers, sailors, and soldiers. In order to equip his fleet, Raleigh sold everything he possessed, even to a small estate settled upon his wife, for which he received two thousand five hundred pounds; and with this and other sums, raised on loan from friends and relatives, he managed to fit out fourteen small vessels of fishing-boat size, together with one ship of larger tonnage, carrying thirty-six pieces of ordnance, which he called the "Destiny," and to the command of which he appointed his eldest son, Walter. On the 28th of March, 1617, the little fleet dropped down the Thames to sail round the coast to Plymouth, where it was joined by a number of gentlemen eager to share the hazards and the glory of so renowned a sea-captain as Raleigh. The squadron finally put to sea in July, but was detained by contrary winds for more than a month near the Irish coast, and encountering dreadful storms on the Atlantic, did not reach the continent of South America till the beginning of November. Arrived at the mouth of the Orinoco, Raleigh fell ill of fever, so as to be unable to move, and not wishing to delay his work, sent five of the best ships, under his son and Captain Keymer, an officer who had been with him in 1596, up the river towards the gold mine, while he himself remained at Trinidad to prepare against an expected attack of the Spanish fleet. Captain Keymer and young Walter Raleigh ascended the Orinoco as ordered, but when arrived near the mine were attacked by a large Spanish force under General Palameca, governor of the town of Santa Thome. A battle ensued, in the course of which Walter Raleigh, fighting bravely at the head of his troops, was killed by a

pistol shot, which so enraged the men that they stormed Santa Thome and put it on fire, driving the enemy into the woods. But the valour of the handful of Englishmen was thrown away, for returning the day after their defeat in overwhelming numbers, the Spaniards compelled them to take to the ships again; and at the beginning of March, 1618, Captain Keymer rejoined Raleigh, telling him that their forces had been routed, that half his men had been killed, and that his son was among the slain. The hero's despair and anguish on learning the fatal news found vent in bitter reproaches, which had such an effect upon Keymer that he retreated to his cabin and destroyed himself. An attempt of mutiny among the sailors followed; and Raleigh, seeing the ruin of his expedition irretrievable, set sail again for Europe, bowed to the ground with grief and the loss of all his hopes.

The report of the failure of Raleigh's undertaking reached England before his arrival, leading the king to assume all on a sudden the air of an outraged defender of public peace and international rights. Deeply vexed with the disappointment of not getting his expected share from the great gold mine, and frightened besides at the threats of the Spanish ambassador, Sarmiento de Acuna—better known under his subsequent title of count de Gondomar—James determined to take his revenge upon the unfortunate hero, and punish him for his want of success. What added greatly to this determination was the influence which the Spanish envoy had obtained at court, by bribing Buckingham, and deluding the credulous king with the hope of obtaining for his son Charles the hand of the eldest daughter of Philip III., with a dowry of several millions. The negotiations for the marriage, entirely delusive on the Spanish side, had been carried on for several months, but on the news of the burning of the town of Santa Thome reaching England, Gondomar at once rushed to the king, declaring that they would have to be broken off unless the pirate, as he called Raleigh, should receive condign punishment. Thereupon James forthwith issued a proclamation, stating that the invaders of Guiana had infringed the royal commission which authorized them to search for gold, and, accusing them of scandalous outrages, invited all who could give information against them to repair to the privy council. Three weeks after the proclamation, at the beginning of July, 1618, Raleigh landed at Plymouth; but before he had been many hours on shore he was arrested, taken to London, and thrown into the Tower. James by this time had given Gondomar, on the demand of King Philip, the distinct promise that the enemy of Spain should be killed, and the only consideration remaining was how best to effect the deed. To put the hero upon his trial for landing in and attempting to reconquer a country which he himself had taken possession of twenty years before in the name of Queen Elizabeth, seemed dangerous in the excited state of public feeling; and after some irresolution, and consultation with the lord chancellor, James made up his mind to kill him simply under the old charge of conspiracy, for which he had been condemned at Winchester, and been lying many years in the Tower, after respite from the block. This having been settled, the solemn

mockery was gone through of issuing a writ of habeas corpus, upon which Raleigh was carried, on the 28th of October, before the judges of the King's Bench, and asked whether he had anything to say why the execution of the verdict of death, passed upon him fifteen years before at Winchester, should not take place. He had then been condemned on the accusation of being in league with the king of Spain, and the sentence was now to be carried out for having entered upon hostilities against the king of Spain. Brazen-faced as were the men lifted on the bench of judges by a government as utterly corrupt as that of James and his minions, they could hardly help a sense of shame stealing over them in addressing Raleigh.

The aged hero, now near sixty-six, tottering under a fit of prison ague, and borne to the earth by the terrible weight of his sorrows and sufferings, remained silent for a moment after the judges had addressed him, and then murmured that he was too weak from illness to be able to speak. On being told that his voice was audible enough, he summoned strength for a few remarks. "My lords," he exclaimed, "all I can say is this, that the judgment I received to die so long since cannot now, I hope, be strained to take away my life, for since it was his majesty's pleasure to grant me a commission to proceed on a voyage beyond the seas, wherein I had power as marshal on the life and death of others, so, under favour, I presume I am discharged of that judgment. By that commission, I gained a full pardon and new life: for he that hath power over the lives of others, must surely be master of his own. Under my commission I undertook a voyage to honour my sovereign and enrich his kingdom with gold, of the ore whereof this hand hath found and taken in Guiana; but the enterprise, notwithstanding my endeavours, had no other success than what was fatal to me, the loss of my son, and the wasting of my whole estate." Raleigh then entered upon an explanation of the causes of his failure; but before he had proceeded far he was interrupted by the lord chief justice, Sir Henry Montague, the successor of Coke, who had fallen under the royal disgrace and been deprived of office for not showing himself sufficiently obsequious in the trial and judicial murder of Edmond Peacham. Sir Henry told Raleigh, with admirable hypocrisy, that he need not defend his conduct in the expedition to Guiana, that being not under trial, the sole cause why he had been brought into court, in preparation for his execution, being that of his former sentence for treason, delivered at Winchester. A faint flush overspread the wan face of Raleigh; and unable to conceal his disdain of the mendacity confronting him, he exclaimed, "If such is your lordship's opinion, I can only put myself under the mercy of the king." And, lifting anew his feeble voice, he added, "His majesty himself has been of opinion, as known to some that are now present, that in my former trial I have received hard measure: had he not been exasperated against me, certain I am, I might have lived a thousand years before he would have taken advantage thereof." Again the lord chief justice interrupted him, and without further formality pronounced sentence of death. On his concluding with

the words "Execution is awarded," Raleigh once more addressed the court with the calmness which had never forsaken him. "My lords," he said, "I desire this much favour, that I may not be cut off suddenly, but may be granted some time before my execution to settle my affairs and my mind. I would beseech the favour of pen, ink, and paper, thereby to discharge myself of some trusts of a worldly nature that were put upon me. I crave not this to gain one minute of life, for now being old, sickly, disgraced, and certain to go to death, life is wearisome unto me." Then, raising his voice as high as his remaining strength allowed, he exclaimed, with great solemnity, "Here I take God to be my judge, before whom I shall appear shortly, that I was never disloyal to his majesty, which I shall justify where I shall not fear the face of any king on earth: and so I beseech you all to pray for me." Upon this he was led back to prison, where he was informed soon after that he was to die the next morning. With a meanness surpassing itself, James would not grant his illustrious victim even the few days' respite he had demanded, but ordered that he should be led to the block at once. Accordingly, on the morning of Friday, the 29th of October, Raleigh was taken by a strong guard under the sheriffs of London and Westminster to the scaffold, erected at the Old Palace Yard, which was surrounded by an immense multitude. After addressing the people, once more asserting his entire innocence of the crime on which he was convicted, he went to examine the axe that was to strike off his head. Passing his finger along the edge, to feel whether it was keen enough, he said to the sheriff, smiling, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." The executioner, as if conscious that his axe was to sever from its body the noblest head in the realm, hesitated a while to deal the fatal blow, when Raleigh, turning round on the block, addressed him with great composure. "What dost thou fear?" he exclaimed; "strike, man!" Then the glittering steel descended, and the hero's blood gushed forth in one thick stream—a stream enough to cover with infamy for all ages the name of one of the vilest sovereigns that ever disgraced the throne of England.

After the murder of Raleigh, the opposition to the government increased visibly throughout the country, and there were many signs of England getting to the verge of a revolution. Levying taxes and imposts without parliamentary sanction, and having recourse to the most frightful extortions to provide for his own wastefulness and that of his great and little minions, the king had come to be utterly detested; and there was scarce a man in the whole nation beyond the throng of sycophants surrounding the throne and feeding upon the fat of the land, not looking with mixed hatred and indignation upon the spectacle presented by him and his court. Buckingham had become absolute ruler of the weak and vicious master who had raised him from the dust, and while assuming the government of the realm in his name, looking upon England like nothing else but a fertile tree from which to strip the fruit to the very last blossom, did not forget to pull all his friends and relations up to the golden height to which he had risen. Sir Anthony Welldon, looking upon the spectacle before

him with curious eye, inwardly contrasting it with that which he had witnessed in the preceding reign—his father, like himself, having been attached to the household of “the never to be forgotten Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory”—put a graphic description of it on paper. “And now Buckingham,” he records, “having the chancellor, treasurer, and all great officers, his very slaves, swells in the height of pride; summons up all his country kindred, the old countess [minion’s mother, brought up from the Leicestershire wilds and turned into a countess] providing a place for them to learn to carry themselves in a court-like garb. But because they could not learn the French dances so soon as to be suitable to their gay clothes, country dances, for their sakes only, must be the fashion of the court, and none else must be used. Then must these women-kindred be married to earls, earls’ eldest sons, barons, or chief gentlemen of greatest estates, so much that the very female kindred were numerous enough and sufficient to have peopled any plantation; nay, the very kitchen wenches were married to knights’ eldest sons. Yet, as if England had not matches enough in the kingdom, they married, like the house of Austria, in their own kindred, witness the earl of Anglesea, who married a cousin german. Now King James, that naturally in former times hated women, had his court replenished with them, and all of the kindred. Little children did run up and down the king’s lodgings like little rabbit starters about their burrows. Here was a strange change, that the king, who formerly could not endure the queen and her children in his lodgings, now you would have judged that none but women frequented them; nay, but the kindred had all the houses about Whitehall, as if they had been bulwarks and flankers to the citadel.” The corruption created by this state of things was boundless, spreading far and wide, in ever increasing circles. The whole administration of the state, to its farthest ramifications, became venal; all posts and offices were put up for sale, more or less openly, by the favourite and his relatives, who acted as money-takers; everything was to be obtained by bribes, and nothing without them. There were none that could escape the foul taint pervading the whole atmosphere of court and government, from the philosopher Bacon, who prostituted his mighty intellect and the immortal aspirations of his soul to obtain the smiles of the minion, to the lawyer Coke, who made a sacrifice equally as great to obtain the same end. Having fallen into disfavour at court, and lost his place for not lending himself readily enough to judicial murder, Coke fretted for a while in obscurity, and then resolved to get into office again by selling his only daughter to Buckingham’s brother. It was in vain the young girl, who abhorred the match, having given her heart to another, protested against it, and even fled from home, accompanied by her mother; the great lawyer followed them both, and seizing wife and child, threw the former into prison, and married the latter by force. The action so much pleased the favourite, the kidnapped girl having brought a large fortune to his brother, that he re-installed Coke in his former seat at the privy council board, to the intense mortification of Bacon, who

detested the fallen lord chief justice as a rival. It was the natural culmination of general depravity that the two greatest intellects of the age should hate each other like fiends.

Early in March, 1619, little more than four months after the murder of Raleigh, the queen died; but her decease was so little noticed either at court or among the people that not even the date of it was preserved. Openly neglected by her husband, and little regarded by her sons, either Henry, the eldest, or Charles, who succeeded him as prince of Wales, she had long sunk into such total insignificance that even the Jesuits, who for a time kept hovering about her, to get what they could out of her Roman Catholic predilections, gave her up as a tool not worth employing. When hearing that his wife was very ill and on the point of death, James got very concerned—not, however, about her life, but her jewelry. He was aware of her possessing an immense stock of diamonds and other precious stones; and his fear was that unless he, or Buckingham, equally interested in the jewels, could seize them in time, her attendants would pilfer the lot, his suspicions being directed against two of them in particular, a waiting woman known as “Danish Anna,” and a Frenchman called Pierrot. Therefore, though not visiting his spouse when lying on her death-bed, James sent her an earnest exhortation to make her will, with full specification of property attached; and on her refusal to do so, the archbishop of Canterbury and bishop of London were despatched by him to add the weight of their influence for getting at the diamonds. But the queen was obstinate, as against her unbeloved husband, so to the eloquent prelates, who kept preaching to her on the uncertainty of human life, and the duty of all persons stricken with illness to set their affairs in order, and the archbishop and bishop having taken their departure, Pierrot and “Danish Anna” had it all their own way. On the night of her decease, the two were almost alone with the queen, and the woman, by command, brought her a large goblet of Rhenish wine. “Now have I deceived the physicians,” the dying consort of James exclaimed, swallowing the wine at a draught; and on her eyes getting heavy, she added, in a whisper, addressing her female attendant, “Come, lie down by me, and sleep.” The woman went to sleep, and when awaking found that her royal mistress was lying unconscious at her side, apparently dead. Physicians and clergymen were called in now, but they only heard “five or six little moans;” it was “the happiest going out of the world that any one ever had,” as described by an eyewitness. James had no sooner heard of his wife’s death than he ordered the whole of her property to be carried before him, at Greenwich Palace, for personal inspection. “All her coffers and cabinets,” as recorded in a manuscript account, “were brought from Somerset House in four carts, and delivered by inventory to his majesty, by Sir Edward Coke and the queen’s auditor. The king examined all. He found that the queen had received from Herrick, her jeweller, thirty-six thousand pounds’ worth of jewels, of which no vestige appeared; the jeweller produced the models, and swore to the delivery of the property.” Pierrot and Danish Anna were

thereupon taken in custody by order of the king; but their imprisonment led to nothing, and neither the jewels, nor an immense sum of money which the queen was known to have hoarded, was ever recovered. The ghastly farce ended by James ordering a splendid funeral to his consort, after she had been dead for more than two months. On a hot day in the middle of May, an immense procession of courtiers had to walk, following the bier containing the royal corpse, from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey; "they came lagging along, tired with the length of the way, every private lady having twelve yards of black broadcloth about her, and the countesses sixteen yards of the same." The chief mourner in the long procession was Charles, prince of Wales, who alone attracted the attention of the vast crowd lining the streets, gazing at the dismal ladies in broadcloth, and at the youth that was to be king of England. Probably, among the multitude stood a burly young man, a native of Huntingdon, entered as law student at Lincoln's Inn, by name Oliver Cromwell.

Popular dissatisfaction was at its height in the year following the death of the queen; but just at the moment when it seemed as if the whole nation was about to rise, to overthrow one of the most wretched governments ever known to England, events occurred which withdrew for a time the attention of the people from home affairs, directing it, with intense earnestness, to the continent of Europe. The mighty struggle between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which had occupied the greater part of the civilized world for nearly a century, with alternate rise and fall like the tides of the sea, now the new faith getting the upper hand for a while, then the belief of ages asserting its time-grown power, and then again both resting in a deep lull of exhaustion, was once more breaking forth with extreme violence, foreboding a battle fiercer than any that had yet left its trace on the blood-stained earth. The kingdom of Bohemia, cradle of the reformation, where Johan Huss had lighted the torch of free inquiry a century before Martin Luther arose in Germany, stood forth as the new battle-field of religion, attracting the trembling gaze of all the Protestants of Europe, and in a very special manner that of the people of England. Roused into despair by the intolerable despotism of the house of Austria, which, aiming to extirpate the new religion with fire and sword, was weighing as heavily upon Bohemia as the power of Spain had been lying upon the Netherlands, the countrymen of Huss, after long suffering, at last grasped the sword as a final remedy, determined to throw off the yoke of oppression or to perish in the struggle for freedom. The commencement offered high hopes of success; in a short space of time the Austrian troops were driven from the country, and the nation assuming once more their old right, never relinquished, of choosing a ruler, a parliament met at Prague to elect a king of Bohemia. The votes fell upon the elector palatine, Frederick V., son-in-law of King James, the choice being due mainly to the fact of his connection with Protestant England, from which moral aid no less than physical assistance was expected. Frederick V. hesitated for a while to accept the dangerous crown offered to him, feeling instinctively that his head was not strong

enough to bear it; but his wife, ambitious, energetic, and zealously Protestant, managed to overcome all his scruples; and being led by her to the Bohemian capital, he was solemnly crowned king on the 4th November, 1619. The news of the event created great stir all over England and Scotland, which was increased to an extraordinary degree by the reports following in the wake of it. With the election of Frederick V. to the crown of Bohemia, the signal was given for the commencement of the long threatening battle between the Roman Catholics and the reformers of Germany; and while the princes of the Protestant Union on the one hand took up arms for the new king, the Kaiser on the other side launched the ban of the empire against him, confiscated his hereditary estates on the Rhine in favour of the duke of Bavaria, head of the Catholic League, and called in a Spanish army to take possession of them. Thirty thousand Spaniards, under the marquis of Spinola, ablest commander of Philip III., at once advanced from Hainault and Luxembourg into the palatinate, and seizing the country, almost without resistance, commenced a frightful persecution, burning and slaying Protestants without regard to age or sex, not sparing even infants at the breast of the mother. The massacres of the French St. Bartholomew, and the horrors perpetrated by Alva and his Council of Blood in the Netherlands, were once more re-enacted among the peaceful and industrial people on the banks of the upper Rhine.

On the report of the new carnage, committed by priests and their tools, reaching England, the most intense excitement arose instantly among all classes of the population. That Protestants of a kindred race should be foully butchered by Romish fanatics was in itself enough to rouse the spirit of all the reformers of England and Scotland; but the feeling was made more vehement by personal sympathy with the ruler of the palatinate, and his spouse, princess, and now Queen Elizabeth, the latter enjoying a large amount of popularity, on account of the amiability of her manners, as well as her known attachment to the Protestant faith. Soon after the arrival of the sad news, addresses and petitions came pouring in from all parts of the country calling upon the government to aid the Protestants on the Rhine by sending out an army; traders, merchants, landowners, students, and professors, offered to go out as volunteers; and the archbishop of Canterbury himself addressed a public letter to Sir Robert Naunton, secretary of state—successor of Sir Ralph Winwood, who had died the year previous—advocating war. "I am satisfied in my conscience," the primate wrote, "that the cause is just wherefore they [the Bohemians] have rejected that proud and bloody man [the Austrian ruler], and when God hath set up the prince that is chosen to be a mark through all Christendom, to propagate his gospel, and to protect the oppressed, I dare not, for my part, give advice but to follow where God leads." To impress the king, to whom the letter was in reality directed, Archbishop Abbot then went on to give theological reasons for entering upon war, by quoting and explaining for the purpose the seventeenth chapter of Revelation, "The Beast that thou sawest was and is not, and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit and go into perdition: and they that dwell on the earth

shall wonder, whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the Beast that was, and is not, and yet is." The reference to the Apocalypse was not without effect upon the king, he himself having expounded the Beast, and given his decision that it meant the bishop of Rome, and that popery was the Babylonish harlot; nevertheless, though agreeing in the main with the archbishop, he hesitated to follow his advice upon two, to him, very important grounds. The first was that any aid given to the Protestants of Germany would be certain to make an end of his darling project to marry Prince Charles to a Spanish infanta, with mountains of gold; and the second, equally momentous, that by an open alliance with his ambitious son-in-law he would overthrow at a stroke his constantly asserted dogma of the divine right of kings. It was not only incompatible with this grand tenet to countenance the Bohemians in deposing, upon any plea or pretext, the sovereign who had once occupied their throne, and electing another at their own pleasure, but James had laid it down repeatedly that there was an implicit tie among princes, which must withhold them from ever countenancing such practices against each other. However, the high theories of the king soon began to be heavily shaken by the storm of popular excitement that kept rising against them from all parts of the country; and after a few months of painful vacillation, James found himself compelled to give way to the war cry, so far as to allow about two thousand English and Scotch volunteers, under the young earls of Oxford and Essex, who bore a large part of the expenditure of the undertaking, to start for Germany. At the same time, he tried to redeem his fault in the eyes of the Spanish ambassador by protesting that he was acting under compulsion, making use of the greatest duplicity to obtain his end. To the envoys from Germany and Bohemia, who had arrived soon after the election of Frederick V. to solicit his aid, James told, with tearful eyes, that he would do everything in his power to assist his dear son and the true faith, while he assured Count Gondomar, immediately after, that his son-in-law was a villain and a usurper, and that nothing should be wanting on his own part to effect his ruin. As far as he was able, his majesty kept both promises.

The two thousand volunteers hurrying to the Rhine to assist their Protestant brethren, achieved nothing, their numerical weakness being assisted not even by the moral power of coming forward as the representatives of England and Scotland. While they were fighting, James went begging to the enemy, despatching a special ambassador, Viscount Doncaster, to the Kaiser, Ferdinand II., with instructions to intercede in favour of his misguided subjects, not soliciting justice but pardon. Ferdinand, with well-merited contempt, treated the English envoy like an impostor, refusing at first altogether to see him, and though promising it afterwards, not admitting him to audience till after long delay, the viscount during the interval following on the heels of his imperial majesty in many travels and progresses with dog-like attachment. In the mean time, James continuing in his supplicating attitude, while the volunteers whom he had started were being massacred by Spinola, the fate of Bohemia

was decided in another direction. Frederick V. had shown from the first moment of his occupation of the new throne that he was not the man to hold it, for instead of organizing a firm government, and welding the host of his warlike subjects, full of ardour, and brave like lions, but without discipline, into a strong army, fit to withstand the inevitable shock of the advancing Austrian troops and the battalions of the Catholic League, he behaved as if the kingdom into which he had come was the garden of Eden, existing in blissful ignorance of the clang of swords and rattle of muskets. He got up magnificent processions and splendid banquets, rearranged the library in the Hradschin, and formed a picture gallery; but while thus fostering high art, fifty thousand Austrians and Bavarians came pouring in over the mountain ranges on the south and west, disputing his crown and his life. It was only when hearing that the enemy was advancing in rapid marches upon Prague that he gathered some troops around him to defend the kingdom; however, it was too late, and before even his hasty preparations had been accomplished, the enemy was standing under the walls of the capital. There were not more than twenty thousand Protestants under arms to oppose the approach of the Austrians and Bavarians, who, besides the power of numbers, possessed that of a most skilful commander-in-chief, in the person of John Tserclas, count of Tilly, descendant of a noble Dutch family, educated in diplomacy by the Jesuits, and in the art of war by Alva. Pushing forward in long strides towards the Bohemian capital, disregarding the native guerilla forces hovering about him, and bent only upon getting a grip at the head of his foe, Tilly reached it early in the morning of the 8th of November, 1620, and at once proceeded to attack the troops of Frederick. The latter, commanded by Prince Christian of Anhalt, a general possessed of much talent, though wanting in energy, had taken up a very strong position on the top of the White Mountain, a steep eminence adjoining the city and surrounded by earthworks. There was some hesitation visible in the ranks of Tilly's soldiers on being bidden to climb upward on the White Mountain, right into the mouth of the cannon spitting volumes of fire and flame; but a word from the commander restored their courage. "Sons of the church," he cried, "the Lord has given the foe into our hands: onward!" At the first onset, the Catholics were driven back; then Tilly himself gathered a body of veterans, and sword in hand stormed up the hill. In the course of less than an hour all was over, Prague conquered, and the cause of Protestantism annihilated in Bohemia. The son-in-law of King James was sitting at dinner while the battle of the White Mountain was being fought; but he had curiosity enough to leave his meal and get upon the high city wall adjoining the royal palace, to see how matters went. Observing the advance of Tilly and the massacre of his own troops, he got down again from the wall, packed up his valuables, and left the capital, while Bethlen Gabor, with ten thousand Hungarians, was coming to his aid, and had arrived within a day's march of Prague. Curses and taunts followed in the wake of the flying sovereign, whose reign had not endured a twelvemonth; and to his life and memory

clung the title which the Germans gave him, of "Der Winterkönig," the winter-king.

The battle of the White Mountain—commencement of the most horrible series of carnages ever perpetrated by men professing themselves Christians, distinguished in history as the Thirty Years' War—was followed by important consequences in England, no less than in Germany. After years of gloomy wrath at the corruption, weakness, and imbecility of the government, the patience of the people gave way at last, and, blind as he was in his conceit, James himself began to see the necessity of a change. It made itself felt most strongly, as far as he was concerned, in the utter inability of raising money by whatever means; the labouring classes openly refused to pay the illegal imposts any longer; the merchants declined to grant any more loans to the royal exchequer; and the landowners and wealthy citizens would purchase no more titles, or buy places and situations under the crown for their friends and relatives. Even the Hebrew bankers of Amsterdam and Augsburg, who lent money to Christian kings at twenty-five per cent., dismissed the offers of James for further transactions, the rumour of an impending revolution in England having spread all over the Continent, and his tenancy of the throne being deemed so precarious as not to be able to be discounted at the Exchange. Nothing therefore remained but to invoke the aid of parliament once more; and Buckingham, as distressed for money as the king, having given his consent, the summonses for another meeting of the representatives of the nation, after a lapse of ten years, were issued towards the end of 1620. To dispose the commons to enter more readily upon the supply of his wants, James made it publicly known that he intended to assist the Protestants of Germany, going so far as to declare the same in his proclamation for the meeting of parliament. "Although the making of war or peace," his majesty declared, with mingled pride and condescension, "be a secret of empire, and a thing properly belonging to our high prerogative and royal and imperial power, yet nevertheless, in causes of that nature which we shall think fit not to reserve but to communicate, we shall ever think ourselves much assisted and strengthened by the faithful advice and general assent of our loving subjects. Moreover, no man is so ignorant as to expect that we should any ways be able—moneys being the great sinews of war—to enter into the lists against so great potentates without some large and bountiful help of treasure from our people, as well towards the maintenance of war as towards the relief of our crown and estate." The proclamation was not ill received, the promise of war apparently throwing into the background for the moment all other feelings of opposition to the government; and parliament had no sooner met, on the 30th of January, 1621, when the demand for money was at once taken into consideration. After some short but unusually sharp debates, it was resolved, on the 15th of February, to grant his majesty two subsidies, the ready vote of which pleased James so much that he returned exuberant thanks, telling the commons that though the supply was small he preferred it to millions, as being freely and lovingly given, adding that he in return would show his affection by respecting freedom

of speech in parliament. The words showed that James as yet understood very little the temper either of the people or of the House of Commons. With the latter, the time was past for higgling about money matters; it was a feeling, not of weakness, but of never-known strength, relying upon the outspoken national will, which made them throw the subsidies at the feet of the king. This done, the commons felt their arms freer for the struggle; they wanted not his majesty's consent for freedom of speech, but were quite prepared to assert the right for themselves.

It was only a few days after the grant of his supply that James discovered the true spirit of the representatives of the people. Without the least hesitation, and acting as if the sacred veil surrounding the throne had all at once been torn into shreds, the commons set to reform the terrible abuses under which the country suffered, evidently determined to look no more to the king and his favourites, but to take the government of the realm into their own hands, until the time that order and legality should have taken the place of anarchy and corruption. The reform movement commenced with an onslaught upon the chief instruments used by the court in exacting oppressive imposts, in the shape of patents and monopolies; and two creatures of Buckingham, Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell, both local magistrates, or "basket justices," as the people called them, for keeping ever-open boxes for the receipt of bribes, were singled out for the first attack. It was so energetic as to paralyze all resistance; neither the king nor Buckingham had courage enough to shield their tools: and while Michell, upon a vote of the House of Commons, was dragged to the Tower, Mompesson, to escape a similar fate, fled from the country. Victorious in the first assault, the commons now began to fly at higher game, and the terrible word "impeachment" began to resound for the first time among them. Hitherto, they had acted without the assistance of the chamber of the lords, which in all previous sessions had shown itself the dumb servant of the crown; the times, however, were so far altered that the peers themselves were now compelled to obey the national mandate, and on the invitation of the members of the lower house they promptly joined in the attack on James's government. It was decided that the commons should act as public prosecutors, and the lords as judges; and a committee for the purpose having been formed on the 12th of March, with Sir Robert Philips, a distinguished lawyer, as chairman, the lower house commenced proceedings with great activity. Mompesson and Michell, the "basket justices," having been condemned to imprisonment and heavy fines, Sir John Bennet, judge of the Prerogative court, was impeached next for corruption in his office, and found guilty and sentenced accordingly. Doctor Field, bishop of Llandaff, was next impeached for being concerned in a matter of bribery in the Chancery court, and he also having been convicted, Sir Henry Yelverton, the king's attorney-general, was brought to the bar of the House of Lords on the accusation of having drawn out patents for monopolies, contrary to common law and the enactments of parliament. His defence was that he had been forced by Buckingham to commit the

deeds with which he was charged, and that he supposed he was acting under direct orders from the king; but the plea availed him nothing, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned, and to pay a fine of fifteen thousand pounds. There was a moment's pause after the conviction of the attorney-general; it was as if the two houses were drawing breath for a greater effort than any yet accomplished. Determined to "strike high" at last, the commons struck at the head of the administration, the ablest brain in all England, and the most dangerous tool, therefore, of a worthless despotism. On the 20th of March, Sir Robert Philips, in the name of the committee over which he was presiding, recommended proceedings to be taken against the lord chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, elevated two months previously to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans. It was not lightly the impeachment was made against the greatest of living Englishmen; "a man endued with all parts both of nature and art," Sir Robert Philips remarked, with grave mournfulness, "as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough."

The impeachment of Bacon fell startling upon the ear of James, and still more upon Buckingham, fully able to appreciate the value of the magnificent instrument which he had raised, and which was upholding his own power. However, as gratitude and the desire of mutual obligation were things unknown to the nature of the favourite, he made no efforts to save his great adherent, his only desire being to save himself. All that he did was to present to the lords a letter from the chancellor, in which the latter petitioned that the house would "maintain him in its good opinion without prejudice till his cause was heard," as well as allow him convenient time to make his defence, with the assistance of counsel, and the privilege of excepting against and cross-examining the witnesses of the prosecution. The peers returned a courteous and favourable reply to these demands, expressing a hope that he would succeed in clearing his honour, but begging that he would lose no time in preparing his defence. To facilitate it, parliament was prorogued from the 27th of March to the 18th of April, Buckingham advising the step a little out of regard for Bacon, and a great deal for his own advantage. Resolved not to be dragged down with the chancellor, but to sacrifice him without delay, the favourite had been looking about for a successor fit to take his place, and thought he had found the latter in John Williams, dean of Westminster, and former chaplain to Lord Ellesmere, Bacon's predecessor on the woolsack. The dean, a native of Aberconway, Carnarvonshire, born in 1582, had already been employed in various services by Buckingham, who found his keen, clear intellect of the greatest use; and with the danger of the chancellor's impeachment coming upon him, he at once hurried to Williams for advice. The counsel was given without loss of time, and was so remarkable as deeply to impress the favourite. "Your lordship," said the dean, in a written communication, "is jealous, if the parliament continue in this vigour, of your own safety, or at least of your reputation, lest your name should be used and be brought to the bandy. Then follow this parliament in their undertakings, and you may prevent it: swim with the

tide, and you cannot be drowned. They will seek your favour, if you do not start from them, to help them to settle the public frame as they are contriving it. Trust to me and your other servants, that have some credit with the most active members, to keep you clear from the strife of tongues. But if you assist to break up this parliament, being now in pursuit of justice, only to save some cormorants, who have devoured that which must be regorged, you will pluck up a sluice which will overwhelm yourself and others. The king will find it a great disservice before one year expire: the storm will gather, and burst out into a greater tempest, in all subsequent meetings. Do not delay one day before you give your brother, Sir Edward, a commission for an embassy to some of the princes of Germany, or the Netherlands, and despatch him over the sea before he be missed. Those empty fellows, Sir Giles Mompesson, Sir Francis Michell, and others, let them be made victims to the public wrath. Nay, my sentence is, cast all monopolies and patents of griping projections into the dead sea after them. I have searched the signet office, and have collected almost forty, which I have hung in one bracelet, fit for revocation. Damn all these by one proclamation, that the world may see that the king, who is the pilot that sits at the helm, is ready to play the pump, to eject such filth as grew noisome in the nostrils of his people. And your lordship must needs partake in the applause." Small as were his brains, Buckingham could not fail seeing that here was a dean cut out to be a prime minister.

So much was the favourite struck with the advice of his correspondent, that he sought him, took him by the hand, and instantly carried him before the king. They found his majesty, as related by John Hacket, friend and biographer of Williams, "accompanied in his chamber by the prince [of Wales], and in serious discourse together upon the same perplexities." Buckingham having read aloud the paper of his companion to James, the latter commended it, as containing thoughts originally sprung from himself; "and whatsoever seemed contentious or doubtful to the king's piercing wit, the dean improved it to the greater liking by the solidity of his answers." "Whereupon," says John Hacket, continuing his relation, "the king resolved to keep close to every syllable of those directions. Out of this bud the dean's advancement very shortly spread out into a blown flower. For the king, upon this trial of his wisdom, either called for him, or called for his judgment in writing, in all that he deliberated to act or permit in this session of parliament, in his most private and close consultations." Immediately after the recess, the impeachment of the chancellor was brought before the lords; there were twenty-eight separate charges of bribery and corruption laid against him, all so well substantiated that a defence seemed nearly impossible. Bacon felt it, and aware that his only hope to maintain himself was in a dissolution of parliament and another trial of regal despotism on a firmer basis than before, which vanished with the acceptance of Dean Williams' policy to "swim with the tide," he made his submission at once, confessing his guilt in terms as eloquent as abject. In a paper which the prince of Wales delivered to the peers on

the 24th of April, he told his judges, in "words that come from wasted spirits and an oppressed mind," that his misdeeds were great, and that he had "one only justification out of the justification of Job," in the phrase of the man in the land of Uz, "I have not hid my sins as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom." The lord chancellor continued, "It resteth therefore that, without fig leaves, I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that having understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the house, but enough to inform my conscience and my memory, I find matters sufficient and full to move me to desert my defence and to ask your lordships to condemn and censure me." After entering upon many pleas of extenuation, founded chiefly upon the mean defence that if he was guilty, others were guiltier, and that he had been corrupt only because the pestilence of corruption had spread far and wide, he concluded his confession by laying down the judgment which he thought would meet his case. "Let my penitent submission be my sentence," he exclaimed, "and the loss of the seal be my punishment; and I pray that your lordships will spare any further sentence, but recommend me to his majesty's grace and pardon for all that is past." Having fallen so deep in his own abjectness, most of the lords and commons felt inclined to accede to the request and spare the great man, whom they had treated throughout with unusual deference, the marvellous qualities of his intellect enforcing upon them a respect which they could not feel for his actions. But it was now the turn of the king and Buckingham to plead for severity. Having learnt the advice of Dean Williams by heart, James had left the helm, and commenced "to play the pump;" and to show his zeal in the new vocation in which he had started, he deemed it incumbent upon him to pour off the best of his own partisans as first "victims to the public wrath."

The reading of Bacon's appeal and confession profoundly moved the House of Lords; but on the instigation of some of Buckingham's friends, it was resolved nevertheless that the submission was not sufficient, inasmuch as he had acknowledged no particular offences, and attempted moreover to qualify his guilt by entering upon pleas of extenuation. It was decided therefore to send to the chancellor the details of the accusation framed by the committee of the lower house, and to request him to give an explicit answer to each. Bacon complied with the demand so far as to admit unreservedly the greater number of the twenty-eight charges brought against him, qualifying the rest, but giving a direct denial to none. The new confession having been read before the peers, they declared themselves satisfied, whereupon commissioners were despatched to the chancellor, who had taken to his bed, labouring under real or feigned illness, to inquire whether the paper was under his own hand, and whether he would stand to it. "My lords," he cried, piteously, "it is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." The great seal was then delivered up by Bacon; and the next day, on the demand of the speaker of the House of Commons, the peers pronounced judgment. It consisted of four articles:

"That the Lord Viscount St. Albans, lord chancellor of England, shall undergo fine and ransom of forty thousand pounds; that he shall be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure; that he shall be for ever incapable of any office, place, or employment, in the state or commonwealth; that he shall never sit in parliament, nor come within twelve miles of the court." The sentence was not carried out in its severity, for the fine was immediately remitted by the king, who seemed to feel a sense of shame creeping over him for the part he was playing, and the imprisonment in the Tower only lasted two days, at the end of which Bacon retired to his estate of Gorhambury, near St. Albans. It would have well become the great thinker to spend here in rest and retirement the rest of his days, devoted to study and the outpouring of his mighty genius; yet the corrupting influences of the court of James held him too deeply in their fangs to allow such quiet and noble existence, which might have reconciled the world to him, and him to the world. Instead of leading a philosopher's life in his beautiful retreat, an earthly paradise, where faithful friends and admirers were not wanting, Bacon kept hankering after place, money, honours, and dignities, debasing his great mind by sending the most abject letters to the king. "Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master," one of them ran, "and pity me so far as I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced to bear a wallet; nor I that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live." And in another petition, "That which I thirst after as the hart after the stream, is that I may know by my matchless friend [Buckingham] that presenteth to you this letter your majesty's heart, which is an abyssus of goodness, as I am an abyssus of misery. I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructary of myself, the property being yours. Now, making myself an oblation, do with me as may best conduce to the honour of your justice, the honour of your mercy, and the use of your service, I resting as clay in your majesty's gracious hands." Fortunately for the last renown of the great man, neither the "dear sovereign lord," nor "the matchless friend" attended to his supplications; and he was suffered to die in peace, five years after, leaving, as stated in his will, his name and memory "to the judgment of charitable men, to foreign nations, and to future ages."

The resolute energy with which parliament set to work in overthrowing his corrupt administration, made such an impression upon the weak and deceitful mind of James that he abandoned for the moment, or professed to abandon, all his high notions of royal prerogative, exhibiting the greatest eagerness to adopt reforms, and to cast abuses, as Dean Williams had recommended, into "the dead sea." In a visit made to the House of Lords, he gave vent to an extraordinary speech, remarkable alike for its humble and almost penitential tone, as for its indecorous reference to the credit of his minion. After applauding the efforts made by both houses to eradicate the corruption which he had sown, and continued sowing, he exclaimed, "I do assure you had these things been complained of to me before the meeting of parliament, I would have done the office of a just king, and out

of parliament would have punished them as severely, and peradventure more than ye intend to do. But now that they are discovered to me in parliament I shall be as ready in this way as I should have been in the other; for I confess I am ashamed, these things proving so as they are reported to be, that it was not my good fortune to be the only author of the reformation and punishment of them by some of the ordinary courts of justice. Nevertheless, I will be never a whit the slower to do my part for the execution. So precious unto me is the public good, that no private person whatsoever, were he never so dear unto me, shall be respected by me, by many degrees, as the public good." His majesty then launched forth in praise of his minion: "One that sits there," he said, pointing at him, "who hath been ready upon all occasions with good offices, both for the house in general, and every member in particular." The virtue, it appears, had its own reward; "for I remember," James continued, "that since the beginning of this parliament, Buckingham hath told me he never found such quiet and rest as in this time from projectors and informers, who at other times miserably vexed him at all hours." Then came a curious passage. "And now," concluded the king, "I confess that when I looked before upon the face of the government, I thought, as every man would have done, that the people were never so happy as in my time; for even as at divers times I have looked upon many of my coppices, riding about them, and they appeared to me on the outside very thick and well grown, but when I turned into the midst of them, I found them all bitten within, and full of blains and bare spots. Even so this kingdom, the external government being as good as ever it was, and having as learned judges as ever it had, and for peace both abroad and at home, I may truly say, being more settled and longer lasting than ever before, together with as great plenty as ever, so it was to be thought that every man might sit in safety under his own fig and vine tree: yet am I ashamed, and it makes my hair stand upright to consider, how in this time my people have been vexed and polled by the vile execution of projects, patents, bills of conformity, and such like, which, besides the trouble of my people, have more exhausted their purses than subsidies would have done." These were fine words, if sincere; yet not a man who heard them believed, or could believe, in their sincerity.

It was soon discovered what objects James had in view in playing the penitent. Not many days had elapsed after making his "woeing speech," as sarcastic members of the lower house called the "hair stand upright" oration, when he went to the lords to deliver a second address, the commons being invited as before to give their attendance. Commencing with loud praise of the zeal of both houses for the redress of grievances, the king soon went to the main topic, which consisted in nothing less than the demand for a fresh supply. He explained that the amount of the two subsidies granted some months before, at the commencement of the session, and which he once more thankfully acknowledged, had been already expended, the greater portion of it in succours to the princes of the Protestant Union, and

to his daughter and her family, now refugees in Holland. It was owing to his unwearied efforts, he said, that a momentary truce had been concluded between the contending parties in Germany, which might end in a peace, to which his own negotiations were tending; but that nevertheless if war should break out again, he was prepared to support the Protestant cause by force of arms. But neither his negotiations, nor the levy of an army, could be carried on without a new liberal supply, for the grant of which he pressed in the most urgent manner, adding a solemn protestation that he would not dissolve parliament till all the matters in hand, including the reform of the administration, had been satisfactorily settled. It was with natural incredulity that the two houses listened to the splendid promises and engagements of the king, it being generally known that he was doing nothing whatever for the Protestant cause he professed to have so much at heart, but that, on the contrary, the most welcome visitor at court was the count de Gondomar, whose negotiations for the marriage of the infanta to the prince of Wales, and an intimate political alliance between Spain and England, were carried on with the greatest activity. Under these circumstances, the commons refused to grant any further subsidies unless some actual proofs, more than words, had been given, that the foreign Protestants should receive the hearty assistance of the government; and as these were not forthcoming, they set again to work in the reform of abuses, entrenching daily more upon what James conceived to be his royal prerogative. Their career was suddenly brought to a stop by the king, who, seeing he could get no money, commanded the lord treasurer, on the 4th of June, to adjourn parliament for five months, till the 16th of November. It was in vain the commons protested against this step, arguing that adjournment was not in the option of the sovereign, but of each house in itself, to maintain which position they requested a conference with the peers. However, the lords declined to join in the protest of the lower house, in gratitude for which James paid them a visit, returning thanks in person. The commons thereupon gave way; but before dispersing they made a solemn declaration, which was entered in the journals of the house, of their readiness to spend their lives and fortunes in vindication of the Protestant religion, at home and abroad, "as that, by the divine help of Almighty God, which is never wanting to those who in His fear shall undertake the defence of His cause," the nation "may be able to do that by the sword which by a peaceable course cannot be effected." The solemn pledge "was sounded forth with the voices of them all, withal lifting up their hats in their hands as high as they could hold them, as a visible testimony of their unanimous consent, in such sort that the like had scarce ever been seen in parliament."

During the prorogation of parliament, the king filled the high post which Bacon had vacated, giving the great seal to the shrewd adviser introduced to his notice by Buckingham, Dean Williams. The appointment created great dissatisfaction, both as being due to the influence of the favourite, and as falling upon a clergyman, who seemed unfitted by habit and training

to fill the first judicial office in the realm. To allay the excitement, Dean Williams had the wisdom of proposing to the king that he should hold the post in the first instance on probation for a year and a half, during which time he should be regarded only as a commissioner, with two judges at his side as assessors, to guide his decisions, stipulating moreover not to take the title of chancellor, but the more ancient one of lord keeper. This having been assented to, the displeasure of all, except the lawyers, who for a term refused to plead before their chosen head, subsided, and the new lord keeper had the satisfaction of opening parliament, on the appointed day in November, in the name of the king, for whose absence illness was made the excuse. He began by stating that his majesty during the recess had embarked in the greatest efforts towards assisting the oppressed Protestants of Germany; that he had sent "heroically" forty thousand pounds of his own money to keep together a body of troops under Count Mansfield, battling on the Rhine against the armies of the Catholic League; and that he intended to do much more yet, if only obtaining the goodwill of parliament. This meant a supply, the necessity for which the lord keeper demonstrated in eloquent terms, calling for further proofs upon Viscount Doncaster, who had just returned from his continental embassy, and who proceeded now to give a long account of it. The story unfortunately was not one to which Englishmen could listen with much pride. Though embellishing his account as much as possible, and hiding the indignities he had received, the viscount had to report that his mission had not brought the least practical result, the Kaiser having blandly declined to entertain any of his peace proposals, and the duke of Bavaria, whom he had visited subsequently, having treated with something very much resembling ridicule his solicitation to be so kind as to give up the conquered palatinate to its original sovereign. To efface the bad impression made by the relation of the embassy to the Catholic princes of Germany, showing too clearly the contempt into which the government of England had fallen on the Continent, the lord keeper addressed the two houses in another oration, in which he promised, in the name of the king, that active steps should be taken to assist the German reformers, making the whole dependent only upon an immediate vote of supplies. Among the lords the feeling was in favour of the king; but the House of Commons was less than ever in a mood to sanction the policy of James, or put faith in his declarations, and postponing the grant of subsidies, they resolved, in the first instance, to draw up a remonstrance, setting forth the existing grounds of national dissatisfaction, and pointing out the required changes. It was a bold step, and momentous in its consequences, signal and commencement of the great struggle between king and parliament, which involved in its results both the fate of the Stuart sovereigns and the higher destinies of England.

The remonstrance of the commons was divided into two parts, the first enumerating "the causes of the great and growing mischiefs," and the second stating "what be the remedies." The latter clauses necessarily were of most importance, as involving the first

attempt of the representatives of the nation to dictate to the crown and to take part in the government of the kingdom, and the direction of its foreign as well as home policy. First among all the "remedies" proposed by the commons was that of declaring war against the great Catholic powers. "That seeing this inevitable necessity is fallen upon your majesty," the remonstrance ran, "which no wisdom or providence of a peaceable and pious king can avoid, your majesty would not omit this just occasion speedily and effectually to take your sword in your hand. That, once undertaken upon so honourable and just grounds, your majesty would resolve to pursue and more publicly avow the aiding of those of our religion in foreign parts, which doubtless would reunite the princes and states of the Union, by these disasters disheartened and disbanded. That your majesty would propose to yourself to manage this war with the best advantage, by a diversion, or otherwise, as in your deep judgment shall be found fittest, and not to rest upon a war in these parts only, but that the bent of the war and the point of your sword may be against that prince, whatsoever opinion of potency he hath, whose armies and treasures have first diverted and since maintained the war in the palatinate." The next recommendation was to break off all negotiations for the marriage of the prince of Wales to the Spanish infanta, in order "that, to frustrate their hopes for a future age, our most noble prince may be timely and happily married to one of our own religion." As to grievances regarding the internal administration of the kingdom, the commons confined themselves to former petitions on the subject, but laying special stress upon the necessity "to put in execution the laws made for preventing of dangers by popish recusants and their wonted evasions," and protesting likewise against the imprisonment of Sir Edwin Sandys, a member of the lower house, who had been put into prison during the recess, though not, as the lord keeper had taken care already to explain, on account of anything said or done in parliament. The remonstrance concluded by an earnest appeal to the king not to overlook it, but to give his full regard to the submissive counsel tendered by his subjects. "This," said the commons, "is the sum and effect of our humble declaration, which we, no ways intending to press upon your majesty's undoubted royal prerogative, do submit with the fulness of our duty and allegiance to your most princely consideration. The glory of God, whose cause it is; the zeal of our true religion, in which we have been born, and wherein by God's grace we are resolved to die; the safety of your majesty's person, who is the very life of your people; the happiness of your children and posterity; and the honour and good of the church and state, dearer unto us than our own lives, have kindled these affections truly devoted to your majesty."

The king's rejoinder to the important document drawn up by the commons was as weak and irrational as it could possibly be. Before even the remonstrance had been delivered to him, he protested against it in the most foolishly arrogant terms, such as could not have any other result than that of fanning resistance to his own policy. The protest of James was in the form of a letter to Sir Thomas Richardson, speaker of the

House of Commons, which in itself was a most irregular and indiscreet proceeding. "Mr. Speaker," wrote the king, "we have heard by divers reports to our great grief that our distance from the Houses of Parliament, caused by our indisposition of health, hath emboldened some fiery and popular spirits of some of the House of Commons to argue and debate publicly of matters far above their reach and capacity, tending to our high dishonour and breach of the prerogative royal. These are therefore to command you to make known, in our name, unto the house, that none therein shall presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government, or deep matters of state, and, namely, not to deal with our dearest son's match with the daughter of Spain, nor to touch the honour of that king, or any other of our friends and confederates, and also not to meddle with any man's particulars, which have their due motion in our ordinary courts of justice. And whereas we hear they have sent a message to Sir Edward Sandys, to know the reasons of his late restraint, you shall in our name resolve them that it was not for any misdemeanor of his in parliament; but to put them out of doubt in any question of that nature that may arise among them hereafter, you shall resolve them in our name that we think ourself very free and able to punish any man's misdemeanors in parliament, as well during their sitting as after, which we mean not to spare hereafter, upon any occasion of any man's insolent behaviour there that shall be ministered unto us, and if they have already touched any of these points which we have forbidden, in any petition of theirs which is to be sent unto us, it is our pleasure that you shall tell them, that, except they reform it before it come to our hands, we will not deign the hearing nor answering of it. Dated at Newmarket, the 3rd of December, 1621." The commons listened very quietly to the reading of the strange communication, embodying threats so preposterous as to defeat their own object; nevertheless, though feeling a sort of contempt for the menaces hurled at them by the king, to pass his letter over altogether seemed impossible, and in order to refute the propositions it contained, it was resolved by an immediate vote to frame a reply to it, containing a firm assertion of the rights and privileges of the national representatives. James was working very hard to hammer the soft iron of the House of Commons into hard steel.

The new remonstrance, voted by a very full house, was dignified and vigorous, though still extremely humble in tone. The commons began by professing their sorrow at the displeasure shown by his majesty's letter to the speaker, yet declaring that they take comfort to themselves in the assurance of his grace and goodness, and of their own trust and loyalty, in reliance of which they hope they "may not undeservedly suffer by the misinformation of partial and uncertain reports, which are ever unfaithful intelligencers." They therefore begged his majesty would vouchsafe to understand from themselves, and not from others, what their humble petition and declaration, resolved upon by the universal voice of the house, did contain; they also begged that his majesty would not henceforth give credit to private reports against all or any of the members of the house on

whom they themselves should not have inflicted a censure, and that in the meantime they might "stand upright" in his royal judgment. Adverting then to the cause of their assembling in parliament, and to the particulars of information laid before them by the government, the commons declared their being of opinion that they "were called to a war" for the Protestant interest, and against the king of Spain, who had five armies on foot, and was known to have occupied the greater part of the palatinate, and that this subject therefore had been much dwelled upon in their petition and declaration. They added that although they could not conceive that the honour and renown of his majesty and his heirs, the patrimony of his children, invaded and possessed by their enemies, the welfare of religion and the state of the kingdom, were not any time worthy their attention, yet that at this time they were clearly invited to take these matters into their most serious consideration. It was on these considerations they hoped his majesty would now be pleased to receive their humble petition and declaration at the hands of their messengers, and having read it, to give his gracious reply to the chief points, not forgetting the true and weighty interest they felt in his own prosperity and that of the royal family, and the welfare of the state and commonwealth of England. The document wound up by an earnest and emphatic protest. "And whereas your majesty," said the commons, "doth seem to abridge us of the ancient liberty of parliament for freedom of speech, jurisdiction and just liberty of the house, and other proceedings, wherein we trust in God we shall never transgress the bounds of loyal and dutiful subjects—a liberty we assure ourselves so wise and so just a king will not infringe, the same being our ancient and undoubted right, and an inheritance received from our ancestors, without which we cannot freely debate, nor clearly discern of things in question before us, nor truly inform your majesty. We are therefore now again enforced in all humbleness to pray your majesty to allow the same, and thereby to take away the doubts and scruples your majesty's letter to our speaker has wrought upon us." The remonstrance was voted unanimously, amidst great silence of the commons, all seeming to feel that it was less a time for speeches than for actions.

James was very quick in forwarding a rejoinder, as intemperate in language as his letter to Sir Thomas Richardson, to the new declaration of the lower house of parliament. It began by a querulous lament of the house always finding fault with his doings, instead of giving him some share of praise for good government, which, his majesty said, he might claim on various accounts, notably for abolishing by proclamation six or seven and thirty patents—out of five hundred he had established. "But not only have we heard no news of all this," James observed, fretfully, "but, on the contrary, great complaints of the danger of religion within this kingdom, tacitly implying our ill government on this point. And we leave you to judge whether it be your duties, that are the representative body of our people, so to distaste them with our government, whereas it should be your duty, with all your endeavours, to kindle more and more a

dutiful and thankful love in the people's hearts towards us, for our just and gracious government." With respect to being taxed with trusting uncertain private reports and partial information, his majesty remarked, modestly, "We wish you to remember that we are an old and experienced king, needing no such lessons, being in our conscience freest of any king alive from hearing or believing idle reports," adding that if he had personally received the declaration and petition, instead of admitting its contents indirectly, he could have returned no other reply to the messengers than that the contents were unlawful and unworthy of an answer. "For as to your conclusion thereof," he continued, alluding to the final paragraph of the great remonstrance, "it is nothing but 'protestatio contrario facto,' for in the body of your petition you usurp upon our prerogative royal, and meddle with things far above your reach, and then, in the conclusion, you protest the contrary, as if a robber would take a man's purse and then protest he meant not to rob him." After much more language to the same effect, and taunts of the commons wishing to invest themselves "with all power upon earth, lacking nothing but the pope's to have the keys also both of heaven and purgatory," James went on to blame them severely for daring to touch upon his relations with the Spanish monarch, commenting upon "the particular ejaculations of some foul-mouthed orators against the honour of that king's crown and state," and finally told them, in as plain terms as possible, that their business was to vote supplies, and not interfere with his government, quoting to the effect the Latin proverb, "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last." The royal epistle concluded with a sentence which, if a little more gracious in tone than the preceding part of the communication, nevertheless embodied an assertion more momentous than any other, backed by a strong threat. "Although we cannot allow," the king exclaimed, "of the style in which ye speak of your ancient and undoubted right and inheritance, but could rather have wished that ye had said that your privileges were derived from the grace and permission of our ancestors and us, for most of them grow from precedents, which shows rather a toleration than inheritance: yet are we pleased to give you our royal assurance that as long as you contain yourselves within the limits of your duty, we will be as careful to maintain and preserve your lawful liberties and privileges as ever any of our predecessors were, nay, as to preserve our own royal prerogative. But your house shall have need to beware to trench upon the prerogative of the crown, the contrary of which would enforce us, or any just king, to retrench them of their privileges that would pare his prerogative and flowers of the crown." It was impossible for James to express more undisguisedly his absolutistic notions, including the theory that parliament existed only upon sufferance, or what he might consider good behaviour, and accordingly his words brought the all-significant controversy to a crisis. The visors had fallen from the faces of both the combatants in the great duel, and it remained to be seen who first would draw the sword.

The commons of England lost not a minute in
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taking up the challenge hurled at them from the throne. James, foreseeing to some extent the effect of his letter, accompanied it by an order of prorogation of parliament, which was communicated by the prince of Wales to the clerk of the lower house. But the artifice had no effect in subduing, or even postponing, the eagerness of the representatives of the nation to rush into battle for their good cause; and before separating, the same day on which the royal message and notice of prorogation had been received, the 18th of December, 1621, they made reply to it in a new remonstrance, more striking, and more important than any of the previous documents. After a long and spirited debate, which lasted till six o'clock at night, the discussion being continued, almost for the first time in parliamentary history, by candle-light, a solemn vindication of national rights, and protest against royal despotism, was framed and adopted, with a resolution that it should be entered upon the journals of the house. "The commons now assembled in parliament," the declaration ran, "being justly occasioned thereunto, concerning sundry liberties, franchises, and privileges of parliament, amongst others here mentioned, do make this protestation following: That the liberties, franchises, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England; that the urgent and arduous affairs concerning the king, state, and defence of the realm, and of the church of England, and the maintenance and making of laws, and redress of mischiefs and grievances, which daily happen within the realm, are proper subjects and matter of council and debate in parliament; that in the handling and proceeding of those businesses, every member of the house of parliament hath, and of right ought to have, freedom of speech to propound, treat, reason, and bring to conclusion the same; that the commons in parliament have like liberty and freedom to treat of these matters, in such order as in their judgment shall seem fittest; and that every member of the said house hath like freedom from all impeachment, imprisonment, and molestation, other than by censure of the house itself, for or concerning any speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters touching the parliament or parliament-business. And that if any of the said members be complained of and questioned for anything done or said in parliament, the same is to be shown to the king by the advice and assent of all the commons assembled in parliament, before the king give credence to any private information." The great protest having been entered "as of record," the speaker told the house that they stood prorogued for two months, till February, 1622; upon which the members quietly dispersed, conscious of having entered upon a course ending either in ruin to themselves, as individuals, or a bright and glorious prospect of freedom for the nation.

The wrath of James on hearing of the proceeding of the commons was unbounded; throwing off his habitual timidity, and forgetting that he was very ill, or at least reported to be so, he hurriedly quitted Newmarket, "slaving at the mouth," rode to London, and called the privy councillors, together with six of the judges, around him at Whitehall. This done, he

had the clerk of the House of Commons brought up, and commanding him to produce the journals, he with his own hand erased the parliamentary declaration of independence, giving at the same time an order that his valorous deed should be enregistered by a special act in the archives of the privy council. After this exhibition of temper, and specific announcement of the royal will, the reassembling of parliament was out of the question; and on the 6th of January, 1622, the king dissolved it by an offensive proclamation, assigning as motive of the measure the inordinate liberty assumed by some members of the lower house, "evil-tempered spirits who sowed tares among the corn." The proclamation wound up with the gracious assurance of his majesty that he intended to govern well, and might feel inclined, at some future period, to summon another parliament. James's new plan of governing well was unfolded within a few days by a step of the most arbitrary kind, the imprisonment and persecution of the leading members of the House of Commons, who had taken part in drawing up the petitions and remonstrances. Two of these, Sir Robert Philips, and Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, were sent to the Tower; three more, John Pym, Thomas Malleny, and John Selden, were confined in other prisons; and five others, Sir Thomas Crew, Sir James Perrot, Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Sir Nathaniel Rich, were banished to Ireland, under the pretext of executing a royal commission. The ire of James fell most heavily upon Coke, although his participation in asserting the rights of parliament had been of the most moderate kind, confining itself to the strictly legal aspect of the great question under debate. But neither his extreme obsequiousness to the court, shown on every occasion, nor the important and to him degrading services he had rendered to the crown in former times, could save him from the vengeance which the king, in the flush of his new excitement, determined to shower upon all the opponents of his cherished prerogative; and the ex lord chief justice having been put into close confinement in the Tower, his papers were seized, his house was locked up, his property confiscated, and he was struck off the list of privy councillors, upon which he had got, after his first disgrace, at such a heavy expense, by selling his daughter to the brother of the minion. To complete his ruin, James ordered that Coke should be sued for a large debt which, it was pretended, was due from Sir William Hatton, the first husband of his wife, to Queen Elizabeth, and a suit was instituted to the effect in the court of King's Bench. However, the royal vengeance broke down signally on this point, for at the trial the verdict went against the king, the opinion of the crown lawyers themselves being at the side of the persecuted chief justice, the attorney-general exclaiming, when a brief was handed to him in the case, "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth whenever I open it against Sir Edward Coke." That men like Coke, grown grey as slaves of despotism, and insatiable of honours and dignities which the court could bestow, should arrive to be ranked as enemies of the throne, and become martyrs in the popular cause, was of all others the most striking proof that the whole nation was rising in firm opposi-

tion to the arbitrary government of the first of the Stuart kings.

The dissolution of parliament having destroyed all further chance of getting his ever-augmenting necessities supplied in a legal manner, James had once more recourse to what were termed, in bitter humour, benevolences. They grew more and more into undisguised robberies, the choice being left to all men known to be possessed of some wealth, either to pay the sums fixed upon by the king's agents, or to suffer for a refusal by imprisonment, or any other of the many means of retaliation within the power of an arbitrary government—a government, too, getting careless even of the appearance of illegality, utter corruption having destroyed all sense of shame. To accelerate the tardy flow of money into the royal exchequer, the privy council, in the summer of 1622, directed circular letters to the judges, to the high sheriffs, the mayors, bailiffs, and justices of peace all over the country, dwelling upon the grievous wants of the treasury, and urging all functionaries to subscribe liberally themselves, as well as to urge every person within their sphere of influence to do so, concluding with the injunction that if any individuals should "out of obstinacy or disaffection, refuse to contribute herein proportionately to their estate and means," their names should be sent to the government for further orders. The resistance which these measures of oppression and barefaced spoliation naturally encountered among the people, was met with on the part of the government by an organised system of terrorism. Together with the letters of the privy council, the king, according to Roger Coke, grandson of Sir Edward, "ordered the judges on the circuits to make it an article in their charges, that his majesty, taking notice of the people's liberal speaking of matters far above their reach, and also of their licentious and undutiful speeches touching state and government, notwithstanding several proclamations to the contrary, was resolved no longer to pass it without the severest punishment, and they were to proceed to do exemplary justice where they should find any such offenders." While thus oppressing his subjects, driving them to the verge of rebellion, James continued in active negotiations with the Spanish court for the marriage of the prince of Wales with the infanta, his poverty, and the hopelessness of obtaining parliamentary subsidies, making him more anxious than ever to lay hold of the golden stream expected from the connection with the owners of the treasure-laden Indies. To lead him on and dazzle him with false hopes as long as possible, Count Gondomar, who continued representing the court of Madrid in England, raised his demands higher and higher, inducing the king to make all sorts of concessions to the Roman Catholics, in view of a princess of their faith coming into the country. At his instigation and that of Buckingham, who had long been in Spanish pay, the king gave orders, a few months after the dissolution of parliament, to liberate all Catholics confined on account of religion. "I am to give you to understand from his majesty," the lord keeper signified to the judges and sheriffs, "how his royal pleasure is that upon receipt of these writs you shall make no niceness or difficulty to extend his

princely pardon to all such papists as you shall find prisoners in the gaols for any church recusancy whatsoever, or refusing the oath of supremacy, or dispersing popish books, or hearing or saying of mass, or any other point of recusancy which doth touch or concern religion only and not matters of state." The decree, one of the most commendable ever issued by James, gave rise to infinite indignation all through the kingdom, the cry being that the papists were getting the upper hand, and would end by massacring their old opponents, and for a time, the resentment of the people made them forget all other causes of dissatisfaction, even the financial extortions. As yet, the flower of tolerance had not sprung up on the soil of Britain, and zealous Protestants would have been content even to suffer despotism, provided its iron heel was firmly planted on the neck of their religious foes.

National excitement about the Spanish match, and the leaning of the king towards Roman Catholicism, culminated early in the year 1623, in consequence of an incident of a somewhat fantastic kind, which created an extraordinary stir among all classes of the population. The news suddenly flew about that the prince of Wales, accompanied and guided by Buckingham, had set out on a secret and mysterious journey to Madrid, with the object of wooing the long-negotiated infanta in person, making the acquaintance of her family, and forming an intimate alliance between the courts and governments of England and Spain. The report was perfectly true, and the details of the whole affair, highly characteristic of the condition into which the court of England had drifted, were well made to excite public curiosity. Ever since the rise of Buckingham into royal favour, he had been trying to secure the attachment of the heir apparent, as well as the king; with respect to Prince Henry, he had tried in vain, but after his death he had been somewhat more successful with Prince Charles, although it was reported that at times there existed a certain coolness between them. Charles, born in 1600, was now growing into manhood; and the king, though not more than fifty-six, was getting visibly enfeebled, physically and mentally, leading all courtiers to begin worshipping the rising sun, and to attempt to catch some of his rays. To Buckingham, now in the zenith of his power and glory, the worship was an all-absorbing necessity. As far as James was concerned, he could expect no more favours, having obtained already every gift in the power of the king to bestow; nothing was ever denied him, and there was apparently nothing which he scrupled to ask. The doting king was even contented to live himself in want and poverty that he might shower riches with a more lavish hand on his minion; and sublime as were his theories of the majesty of a heaven-ordained sovereign, he was willing in practice to submit almost blindly to the will and pleasure of the fatuitous and capricious favourite, bearing it meekly if, as often happened, the latter did not observe towards him even the common decencies of outward respect. That his power would continue as long as James's life lasted, Buckingham felt no doubt, being conscious that the mere force of habit was adding every day to the mastery he had established over the imbecile old monarch. But his life once run out, there was not a minute's security of power, and

terrible, indeed, would be the fall from the dazzling height to which he had risen, should the new king frown upon him, instead of smile. The very possibility of it was death to a man in Buckingham's position; and to give the host of bitter foes, whom envy and dislike had raised around him, no chance of expecting it, he had tried hard for a long time to ingratiate himself in the affections of Prince Charles. A certain amount of attachment, real or pretended, had been the result, but intimacy was yet wanting, and to achieve it the favourite at last conceived the scheme of taking the prince, under his own wings and protection, to Spain. The plan, strange as it was, seemed to promise notable advantages; the long journey offered more than anything else that could be thought of the means of breeding intimacy; the bride at the end, whose goodwill the favourite intently desired to gain, was likewise an object of importance; and last of all, the romantic adventure, for as such Buckingham wished it to be considered, presented extraordinary facilities for initiating the heir to the throne into the gaieties and corruptions of fashionable life. The minion had already acquired the fame, great in an immoral age, of being the most licentious man of the day, and he could feel, therefore, some confidence of being able to make himself minister of pleasure, and through it master of a hopeful young king.

There was some difficulty in gaining the consent of James to the roving expedition, he feeling instinctively the objects of it, and being most unwilling, besides, to separate himself, if only for a few months, from his darling favourite, his "Steeny," as he had come to call him. But Buckingham had long ceased to beg, and got into the habit of commanding, so that there was no resistance possible on the part of his helpless majesty. All the preparations for the journey, which was to be absolutely secret, having been completed, the king at the last moment had a fresh access of fear and trembling, struck by the thought that he might lose, through the dangers of the journey, his only son, his "Baby Charles," as well as his beloved minion. On this, as told by Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, "he fell into a great passion with tears, saying to them [Buckingham and the prince] that he was undone, and that it would break his heart if they pursued their resolution." He then explained all his fears and all his objections, "ending with the same passion and disorder with which he had begun, and conjuring them, with sighs and tears, to press him no longer to a thing so contrary both to his reason and interest." Charles, who had set his mind on the journey, full of its promised delights, begged his father not to prevent it; but the favourite, better acquainted with the feeble mind with which he had to deal, took another tone, telling James, with great rudeness, "that nobody would believe anything he said when he retracted so soon the promise he had so solemnly made, and that he plainly discerned it proceeded from a breach of his word, in communicating with some rascal who had furnished him with those pitiful reasons he had alleged." The scolded king, after passionately protesting, with many oaths, that he had kept the matter, as enjoined, a strict secret, received at length forgiveness, and was then told that the travellers intended setting out in two days, taking

with them only two attendants, Sir Francis Cottington, one of the gentlemen of the prince's bedchamber, who had been educated at Madrid, and Endymion Porter, employed for many years as the king's agent at the court of Spain. The announcement conveyed a ray of hope to James, and he sent at once for the bedchamber gentleman. "Cottington," his majesty exclaimed, "here is Baby Charles and Steeny, who have a great mind to go by post to Spain, to fetch home the infanta, and will have but two more in their company, and have chosen you for one. What think you of the journey?" Not instructed beforehand in his part, Cottington said something about the dangers of the trip, whereupon the poor king threw himself at once on his couch, crying, "I told you so, I told you so before: I shall be undone, and lose Baby Charles." Buckingham now sprang forward in a rage, asking the bedchamber knight how he dared to interfere in matters of state when his sole duty was that of obedience, which put James into a new agony, on behalf of the servant who, as he well knew, would suffer for answering him honestly. "Nay, by God, Steeny," he took courage to exclaim, "you are much to blame to use him so; he answered me directly to the question I asked him, and very honestly and wisely, and you know he said no more than I told you before he was called in." After this daring observation, the minion's wrath again fell upon the king, and he was glad enough in the end to withdraw all further opposition, starting the adventurers on their journey with a father's blessing. On the 17th of February, 1623, Prince Charles and Buckingham took leave of James, and set out for Spain, with full pockets, false beards, and fresh names, the heir of the kingdom calling himself John Smith, and the actual ruler figuring as his uncle, Thomas Smith.

John and Thomas reached Dover in safety, where their two attendants were waiting for them, having a vessel ready, which quickly carried them to Calais. But before getting to Paris they were recognized on the road, so that the queen regent of France, widow of Henry IV., had time to prepare for the arrival of the illustrious guests, and they were magnificently entertained at court, great care being taken to bring the heir apparent of England face to face with her majesty's eldest marriageable daughter, a young and pretty lady of fifteen, called Henrietta Maria. After enjoying a "masking dance," and several other court shows, in which the little princess was made to take a part, John and Thomas Smith stuck their false beards on again, and set out for Madrid, where, by dint of hard riding, they arrived on the 6th of March, before their attendants, who were left on the road, and the report of their coming had reached either the Spanish court, or the English ambassador accredited at it, Lord Digby, earl of Bristol. Immense was the surprise of the latter dignitary when, in the dusk of the March evening, the proud favourite, who had frowned upon him in London not many months before, entered his apartment with a large portmanteau in his hand, telling him that the prince of Wales was waiting outside in the street till informed that he might come in and have a quiet lodging. Scarcely trusting his ears or eyes, the ambassador hurried out to meet the prince, and having conducted the two high and

mighty travellers, with their portmanteaus, to his own bedroom, listened with utter astonishment to the relation of their adventures, and the object of their journey. It was with no little fear and trembling the earl heard of the plans of Buckingham, and the manner in which he wished to carry them out. To woo a princess in a novel, romantic sort of way was all very well, and could do no harm as far as the lady herself was concerned; but Bristol knew what neither the prince of Wales nor the minion were dreaming of for a moment, that the proposed marriage had never been seriously entertained by the Spanish court, but had been put forward only as a diplomatic trick. Fully acquainted with the dark policy of the government at which he stood accredited, he knew moreover that if following the course bent upon at that moment, the rulers of Spain would be more likely to keep the heir of England and Scotland in prison than to send him home with a wife. The state of public feeling in England and the attitude of parliament, were no secrets at Madrid, nor the inability of James to retain the nation from drifting into a great war in favour of Protestantism, so that really the inducement to lay hold of the heir apparent and keep him as hostage was great enough to tempt even politicians more scrupulous and honest than the Jesuit-bred statesmen holding the helm of the Spanish vessel of state, and representatives as such of the interests of all Catholic Christendom. The chief of these statesmen, and for the time despot of Spain, was Count Gaspar Guzman de Olivarez, who had seized the reins of power on the death of King Philip III., in February, 1621, and was ruling absolutely in the name of his son, Philip IV., a youth of seventeen, entirely addicted to pleasure, and averse to all serious occupation. Olivarez, previous to his access to power, had been Spanish ambassador at Rome, and being still in intimate connection with the pontifical government, a hint from the latter, or a turn in the religious struggle in Germany, seemed enough to open the gates of some prison, or palace doing duty as such, to the legitimate heir of the greatest and now strongest Protestant nation in the world. All these thoughts, with many others, at once crossed the mind of the earl of Bristol when ushering Buckingham and the prince of Wales into the bedroom of the British embassy at Madrid, and he could not help communicating some of his fears to the favourite. But the latter only laughed. Accustomed at all times to treat the weightiest matters of state as court intrigues, he could not bring himself to look upon the trip to Spain like anything else but a pastime. Viewed from the sublime heights to which he had risen, the actions of nations appeared to Buckingham but as bits of a pantomime, and the whole world as a theatre, of which he had taken possession as stage manager, chief harlequin, and clown of clowns.

The first doings at Madrid of the prince of Wales and his leader and companion were of pleasant aspect, as the favourite himself had the kindness to inform King James. "Dear Dad and gossip," Buckingham wrote to his majesty; "On Friday last we arrived here at five o'clock at night, both in perfect health, and the next morning we sent for Gondomar [former ambassador of Spain at the court of England, and now

a member of the privy council of Philip IV.], who went presently to the count of Olivarez, and as speedily got me, your dog Steeny, a private audience of the king; when returning to my lodging, the count of Olivarez, himself alone, would accompany me back again, to salute the prince in the king's name. The next day we had a private visit of the king, the queen, the infanta, Don Carlos, and the cardinal [sister and brothers of his Catholic majesty], in the sight of all the world; and I may call it a private obligation hidden from nobody, for there was the pope's nuncio, the emperor's ambassador, and the French, and all the streets filled with guards and other people. Before the king's coach went the best of the nobility, and after followed all the ladies of the court; we sat in an invisible coach, because nobody was suffered to take notice of it, though seen by all the world. In this form they passed three times by us; but before we could get away, the count of Olivarez came into our coach and conveyed us home, where he told us the king longed and died for want of a nearer sight of our wooer. First, he took me in his coach to go to the king; we found him walking in the street, with his cloak thrown over his face, and a sword and buckler by his side; he leaped into the coach and away he came to find the wooer in another place appointed, where there passed much kindness and compliment to one another." This letter—dated Madrid, the 10th of March, 1623, and signed "Your humble slave and dog, Steeny"—was followed by another, written several days after, which still continued to paint the sunny aspect of things. It told "dear Dad and gossip" how the Baby went "to kiss hands privately in the palace;" how "the king would not suffer him to come to his chamber, but met him at the stair-foot;" how "by force he would needs convey him half way home;" and how, in stalking along, after, probably, much consumption of the best Spanish grape-juice, "they were both almost overthrown into brick pits." Pleasant as was Buckingham's letter, there was a postscript to it which somewhat frightened the "dear Dad and gossip" to whom it was addressed. "They are hankering upon a conversion," the minion told his majesty in an off-hand manner, as if mentioning some trifle; "for they say that there can be no firm friendship without union in religion." The "hankering" expressed but half the truth; for from the moment of his arrival at Madrid becoming known, the heir apparent had found himself surrounded by priests and Jesuits, many of them English, who left no means untried to shake his Protestant convictions, using alternately theological arguments, the decoys of fair voluptuous beauty, and hints scarce concealing the darkest threats. Count Gondomar himself had the effrontery to tell Prince Charles that an Englishman had just been appointed privy councillor to the king of Spain, who had sworn never to rest till the Catholic religion had been re-installed in his native country. "The count of Olivarez watches our prince as a cat doth a mouse," James Howell, a travelling tutor and commercial agent, passing through Madrid, wrote to a friend; and there were many people who thought with him that the son of King James had got into a mouse-trap, and would have difficulty to get out again.

The general feeling in England when the sudden departure of the heir apparent became known was one of consternation. All trembled under the influence of a twofold apprehension, the dread being that either he would be kept a prisoner by the Spaniards, as hostage for the non-interference of his future subjects in the religious struggles on the Continent, or, what created still more alarm, that he would return a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. To dissipate the latter fear, loudly expressed on all sides, James despatched two orthodox chaplains after the Baby, "together," as he informed Buckingham in a letter, "with all the stuff and ornaments fit for the service of God." But with an eye to the forthcoming marriage, and the hoped-for Spanish ducats, his majesty did not pack off the "stuff" and the chaplains without taking his precautions. "I have fully instructed them," he wrote to Steeny, "that all their behaviour and service shall, as I hope, prove decent, and agreeable to the purity of the primitive church, and yet as near the Roman form as can lawfully be done, for it hath ever been my way to go with the church of Rome usque ad aras." The same letter notified to the Baby and Steeny the arrival of other no less important presents. "I send you also your robes of the Garter," the "dear Dad and gossip" wrote, "which ye must not forget to wear upon St. George's day, and dine together in them, if they can come in time, which I pray God they may, for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels, as I promised, some of mine and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending. For my Baby presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; also a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused it so to be enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it she shall see the fairest lady that either her brother's or your father's dominions can afford." "Your poor old Dad is lamer than ever he was," his majesty concluded his epistle, "both of his right hand and foot, and writes this out of his naked bed." To convey all his presents, chaplains, church vestments, robes, and diamonds, with a whole host of noblemen and court functionaries, appointed to wait upon his "two boys," James put half the navy of England in requisition, together with the whole diplomatic talent of the kingdom, to carry orders of the Garter and of St. George. The lords Carlisle, Mountjoy, Holland, Andover, Denbigh, Vaughan, Kensington, Rochfort, and a crowd of other peers of the realm were hurried off to Spain; and in their company went a little man who achieved a greater success at the Spanish capital than any one else, Archibald Armstrong, the favourite court fool of James. It was a mark of particular tenderness and affection on the part of the king to give the loan of his fool, as well as of his chaplains, to Steeny and the Baby, and Archibald, or Archy, as he was generally called, appreciated the compliment by making himself quite at home at Madrid. "Our cousin Archee," James Howell wrote home, "hath more privilege than any, for he often goes where the infanta is with her meninas and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing

and blustering amongst them, and flirts what he lists." Archy deserved the honour of representing King James at the court of Spain, if for nothing else, for a very clever piece of wit uttered soon after the departure of the prince of Wales. "I must change caps with your majesty," said Archy, hopping along the table. "Why?" inquired the king. "Why, who sent the prince into Spain?" quoth the fool, gravely shaking his head. "But supposing the prince should come safely back again," James cried, somewhat alarmed. "Why, in that case," Archy replied very slowly, "in that case I will take my cap from my head, and send it to the king of Spain."

After a month's sojourn at Madrid, matters assumed a somewhat serious aspect for the English heir apparent. He had offered his hand to the infanta, and was accepted; but accepted on terms to be dictated by the Spanish government, and from the fulfilment of which, he was beginning to see, it would depend whether he was allowed to return to England or not. Olivarez first demanded that the future queen should have the free exercise of her own religion, which was granted as a matter of course, and he next desired that the early education of her children should be left to her, which was also allowed, after some hesitation. The point then insisted upon was that the royal children, if preferring to remain attached to the Catholic faith, like their mother, should not be debarred from the right of succession; to this demand the prince of Wales at first demurred, but finally assented, on the advice of Buckingham, the idea, perhaps, occurring to the latter that the English nation might feel disposed, should the time arrive, to settle the little matter their own way, irrespective of agreements signed at Madrid. Having obtained all that he wished in regard to the marriage and its offspring, Count Olivarez went a little farther, and insisted upon stipulations in favour of the English Roman Catholics. To all of them the prince of Wales had to subscribe, and he agreed in the name of his father, who had granted him full power to the effect, that the Catholics under his sceptre should not be troubled henceforth in the exercise of their religion, that no oath should be imposed upon them against their faith, and that all penal acts against them should be repealed. All this, far beyond the power of either King James or his son, having been conceded, Olivarez on a sudden demanded securities for the due fulfilment of the articles, hinting very distinctly that the marriage could not take place without. The prince now got fairly frightened, and had thoughts of running away, which he announced to his father in a letter smuggled out of Spain by Sir Francis Cottington. The note elicited an epistle full of wailings from James. "Your letter by Cottington," he told the Baby and Steeny, "hath stricken me dead; I fear it shall very much shorten my days, and I am the more perplexed that I know not how to satisfy the people's expectation here, neither know I what to say to our council. As for my advice and directions that ye crave, in case they will not alter their decree, it is in a word to come speedily away, if ye can get leave, and give over all treaty. And this I speak without respect of any security they can offer, except ye never look to see your old Dad again, whom

I fear ye shall never see, if ye see him not before winter. Alas, I now repent me sore that I ever suffered you to go away. I care for match nor nothing, so I may once have you both in my arms again. God grant it, God grant it, God grant it! Amen, amen, amen!"

The determination of Prince Charles to escape from the match was owing in great part to the counsels of Buckingham, who, after several months' sojourn at Madrid, had conceived a hatred against Count Olivarez and the chief members of the Spanish government. It was owing, in the first instance, to a slight put upon him in the negotiations for the marriage, which he resolved never to forgive. Not having a very clear notion of his exact official position in England, and looking upon him as a mere young courtier serving as companion to the prince, the Spanish ministers entrusted with the conduct of the matrimonial negotiations, all grandees of the first class, had asked for his credentials before admitting him to their deliberations, and on his not being able to produce any, had simply shown him the door, admitting him only when at length the proper documents arrived. The insult, which he held it to be, deeply ranked in the breast of the vain and haughty minion, who, to put himself on a more equal footing with the grandees, had obtained the title of duke since his arrival in Spain; and his exasperation greatly increased at the private treatment he met with at many of the houses of the high dignitaries of state, where he appeared in company with the prince. From the commencement, the old grandees had been shocked by the airs assumed by the minion, particularly his insolent behaviour towards the prince, whom he called by all sorts of nicknames; and they were still more shocked by the way in which he went running after their own wives and daughters, seemingly under the impression of being still in the realm of the "dear Dad and gossip," who had often assisted him in spreading nets for the decoy of fair and frail ladies, with sublime disregard of husbands and fathers. His conduct towards the wife of Count Olivarez put the climax to all his offences of the kind, resulting in mortal hatred of the powerful minister, which Buckingham did his best to return. Thus, before he had been three months in the Spanish capital, the favourite found the whole court and nobility arrayed against him, and from that moment resolved that the prince should never wed the infanta, if he could help it. He had the more cause to arrive at this determination, as he could clearly see that the princess herself had conceived as deep a dislike to his person as any one at court, probably for the good reason of having learnt that he was doing all in his power to corrupt her future husband, his efforts to this effect going so far as to surround him with quite a crowd of loose characters. To persuade Charles to break off the match was no great difficulty for Buckingham, who had obtained by this time the ascendancy over the mind of the prince, which had been one of the objects of the journey, and in the end a neat plot was settled between them. In order not to bring the vengeance of the Spanish government down upon them, the heir apparent and his guide agreed to continue the marriage negotiations with the greatest

ardour, to sign every paper laid before them, to swear to everything they were asked to, and to run away just in time to escape the tying of the nuptial knot. The plan was executed with the greatest skill, to the infinite credit of Steeny, as well as the Baby.

The solemn farce commenced towards the end of July, when Prince Charles and his companion had been enjoying for nearly five months the hospitality of the court of Madrid. By this time, the marriage treaty was drawn up and ready; all matters relating to the alliance had been fully discussed and settled; and nothing was wanting to proceed to the celebration of the nuptials but the dispensation of the pope, required in all unions between Roman Catholics and Protestants. The document was expected to arrive in the middle of August, and the wedding was fixed to take place on the 29th of the month; but a fortnight or three weeks before, the prince sought King Philip, and with tears in his eyes told him that his father had fallen very ill, and had ordered him to come home at once, so that the nuptials would have to be postponed. He proposed at the same time that the marriage should be celebrated by proxy, the English ambassador, the earl of Bristol, serving as his representative, and that his bride, the infanta, should be transported immediately after by the navy of England to her new home, and into the arms of her affectionate husband. Philip IV. assented to all these proposals, whereupon the prince and Buckingham, with immense alacrity, made everything ready for their departure. The day previous, the heir apparent of England solemnly confirmed by oath upon the Bible the articles of the treaty, witnessed the taking of a like oath by the king of Spain, his privy council, and all the great officers of state, and publicly deposited in the earl of Bristol's hands a proxy, empowering him to marry the infanta a certain number of days after the arrival of the papal dispensation. The parting interview with the infanta—described as “a very comely lady, rather of Flemish complexion than Spanish [mother, an Austrian princess of the big-lipped Hapsburg race], fair-haired, and carrying a most pure mixture of red and white in her face”—was affecting in the extreme, Prince Charles playing the disconsolate lover to perfection. “Many rich presents,” Bristol reported, “were given on both sides; the prince bestowed upon the queen the biggest crown pearl in the world, between two diamonds; he gave the infanta a rope of pearls, and an anchor of great diamonds—symbol of constancy—with many other jewels. Never prince parted with such an universal love of all; he left every mouth filled with his commendations, every one reporting him to be a truly noble, discreet, and well-deserving prince.” So much was King Philip taken with the splendid acting of his English brother-in-law, that he ordered a marble trophy to be erected at the place where they parted, and for his sake even looked kindly upon the favourite, giving him many presents, among them a great number of camels and asses. The latter, Buckingham made over at once to the “dear Dad” at home, thinking they were more particularly intended for him. “Five asses I have sent you,” he informed his majesty, “two he-asses and two she-asses, with a young one. Also five camels, two hes and two shes,

with a young one; there is an elephant, too, worth your seeing. ‘My Lord Bristol sayeth he will send you more camels; and when we come ourselves we will bring you horses and asses enough.’”

Leaving Madrid in the middle of August, the prince and his companions pushed rapidly towards the coast, where the English fleet was waiting, though the young king, evidently fascinated with Charles, seemed loth to part with him, escorting him as far as the Escorial, and from thence again, after several days' feasting, to Campillo, where they finally separated, with “wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers postures.” Having shaken off his majesty, the travellers hurried on with new energy, and passing Segovia and Valladolid, at the end of a week reached the port of Santander, in Old Castile, fixed upon as place of embarkation. Getting to within a dozen leagues on the road before Santander, they were met by a detachment of English sailors, under Sir John Finet, who had come inland in apprehension of the prince's safety, unaware of the delay caused by King Philip's feastings at the Escorial. The exultation, described by Sir John, was great on both sides. “For besides the joy his highness received at our encounter and the fleet's arrival, the news of which, he said, made him look upon me, when I told it, as one that had the face of an angel, the duke of Buckingham, when I afterwards met him and told him the like, to express his content, kissed me, and drawing from his finger a diamond of above an hundred pounds' value, gave it me for a present.” No sooner had Charles set foot on board ship, when he loudly expressed his intention not to marry his betrothed bride; and to seek a pretext for a breach, the next day sent one of his attendants back to Madrid with a letter to the earl of Bristol, commanding the latter not to use his proxy “till sufficient security should be given against the infanta throwing herself into a nunnery after the espousal, and thus frustrating himself and the country of the hopes of posterity.” The alarmed ambassador, feeling that he was being placed in a terrible position, at once hastened to Count Olivarez, to communicate his orders, and to his great relief found that the Spanish government was willing to subscribe to almost anything the prince might ask, the infanta, as well as her brother the king, having taken him into a real affection, to the extent of making the marriage, which at first had been looked upon as a matter of mere policy, an actual love-match. Having obtained the assurance that all possible securities should be offered “against the infanta throwing herself into a nunnery,” of which, indeed, there did not seem to be the slightest chance, she being an uncommonly merry little lady, the earl of Bristol communicated the same to the prince of Wales in a letter of much import. After telling Charles that the poor infanta “would take it most heavily” if he were to break off the match under some futile excuse, he entreated him, almost passionately, not to listen to the whisperings of false councillors. “God forbid,” said the earl, “that either any personal distastes of ministers, or any indiscreet or passionato carriage of business, should hazard that which his majesty and your highness have done so much to obtain, and whereby doubtless so much good and peace is to accrue to Christendom by the effecting

of it, and, contrariwise, so much trouble and mischief by the miscarrying of it." "I shall conclude," the letter ended, "by entreating your highness that if you would have things go well that a post may instantly be despatched back unto me, authorising me to deliver the power upon the arrival of the dispensation, and having taken fitting security in the particular point. And this, I earnestly beseech your highness, may be done with all possible speed and secrecy, that the Spanish ambassadors may not know that ever there was any suspension made of the delivery of the powers."

The letter reached the prince of Wales a few days after his arrival in England, when he had begun taking, at the instigation of Buckingham, all possible steps to annul the treaty of marriage. After a prosperous voyage across the Bay of Biscay and the Channel, the prince and his great companion had landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of October; early on the morning of the 6th of October they arrived at York House, London, and hearing the king was at Royston, they at once set out to meet him. "The joy at the interview," Bishop Hacket recorded, "was such as surpasseth the relation. His majesty in a short while retired, and shut out all but his son and the duke, with whom he held conference till it was four hours in the night. They that attended at the door sometimes heard a still voice, and then a loud; sometimes they laughed, and sometimes they chafed; and noted such variety as they could not guess what the close might prove." The final "close" was what most men with a real insight into the state of affairs expected, the absolute victory of Buckingham. The report of his son and minion of their intention not to fulfil the treaty with the king and court of Spain, and to break off, at the last moment, an alliance on which he had set his whole heart for years, at the first moment intensely distressed James, and brought on a paroxysm of tears; but this over, he got more cheerful, and content with his own utter helplessness, assumed a swaggering air, pretending as usual that all was being done by his directions and under his impulse. "At supper the next day," as related by Bishop Hacket, "that sentence fell from his majesty, which is in memory to this hour, 'That he liked not to marry his son with a portion of his daughter's tears;'" which showed the fiction which had been told to "dear Dad," and which he had been pleased to adopt. But a new perplexity arose when, immediately after, the despatch from the earl of Bristol arrived, stating the willingness of the Spanish court to give the securities demanded by the prince of Wales, and thus destroying his pretext for breaking the treaty. Scarcely knowing what new claim they should bring next forward, a long consultation ensued between Charles and the favourite, and they decided, and made the king consent to their decision, to send orders to the earl of Bristol to insist upon the reinstitution of the prince palatine into his dominions previously to the celebration of the marriage. It was an entirely novel demand, unwarranted by any stipulation; for although James had been full of hopes that the Spanish match would lead to the restoration of his son-in-law, yet it had been specially agreed that the interests of the prince palatine should not be made the subject of treaty till after the arrival

of the infanta in England. Again the couriers hastened back to Madrid, delivering their despatches to the English ambassador; and again the latter, deeply humiliated at the part he had to play, communicated his orders to Count Olivarez. To his infinite surprise and astonishment, the new demand was granted almost instantaneously. Olivarez told the earl of Bristol that the rich provinces on the Rhine should be taken, if necessary by force of arms, from the elector of Bavaria, head of the Catholic League, and be given back to the prince palatine and his Protestant friends; and to make the superb engagement the more gracious, the young king himself handed his written promise to the English ambassador. The latter, on this extraordinary exhibition of friendship and goodwill, deemed it impossible that any further obstacles to the marriage could be imposed; and feeling sure to get the approval of James, he positively engaged to deliver the proxy intrusted to him by the prince of Wales. The papal dispensation having arrived in the meantime, the marriage day was fixed by royal proclamation; the whole nobility of Spain were invited by the king to be present at the auspicious ceremony, and the authorities of all the towns and seaports of the kingdom were ordered to prepare festivities for the occasion, to discharge the great ordnance, and distribute alms to the poor. At the beginning of December the prince of Wales learnt that, whether he wished it or not, he would have a wife before Christmas.

There could be no longer any doubt now, either to Charles or Buckingham, that the time of pretexts was gone by, and that they must openly declare their intention to tear the marriage treaty to pieces. The king having been reduced to the verge of idiocy, wailing half the day, and laughing and playing with his Archy the other half, no obstacles offered to even a declaration of war against Spain; and, aiming at this end, Buckingham forthwith despatched fresh couriers to the earl of Bristol, with royal letters strongly blaming his precipitancy in engaging to carry out the marriage, and ordering his immediate departure from Madrid. The messengers arrived but three days before the date fixed for the proxy nuptials, on whose account the whole kingdom was preparing to break forth in rejoicings, and the influence of which had already had the effect of arresting the progress of the great war of religion in Germany. Philip's indignation, on learning at the last moment the gross insult heaped upon him and his family, knew no bounds; he immediately commanded his sister to lay aside the title of princess of Wales, which she had adopted for some months, to cease the study of the English language, and to return all the presents given to her by her false wooer. Further edicts of the king ordered all ships of war to be got ready in the harbours of Spain in preparation of hostilities against England, while at the same time the battalions of Spinola on the Rhine were hurled forward once more upon the scattered troops of the princes of the Protestant Union. The wrath of Philip, naturally great, nevertheless did not blind him so as to be in doubt of the actual causes of the outrage committed upon his dignity and the honour of his sister, and while panting for revenge upon the chief authors, he treated the English ambassador with marked respect.

On presenting his letters of revocation to Count Olivarez, the minister delivered to the earl of Bristol a long message from his sovereign, stating that the king had been informed that the earl would, probably, have to suffer on his return to England for the honest zeal he had shown in carrying out the treaty of marriage sworn to by the prince of Wales, and that, in consequence, as a token of his majesty's respect and affection, as well as in compensation for any loss of fortune that might fall upon him, he was requested to name any gift, worthy of himself and his majesty, that might be bestowed upon him—no estates, no honours, no dignities in the king of Spain's disposal should be denied him. The earl, with much dignity, replied that what he had done was by command of his master, without any intention to serve Spain, so that his Catholic majesty owed him nothing; and that whatever reason he might have to fear the power of his enemies, he trusted in his own innocence, and the sense of justice of his royal master. Before leaving Madrid, the ambassador wrote to James, informing his majesty that he had contracted a debt of fifty thousand crowns, as well as pledged the whole of his own and his wife's jewels, for the prince of Wales, and that not having a quarter of the money necessary for his journey, he humbly asked to be reimbursed at least a portion of his outlay, so that he might be able to pay the most pressing of his creditors. There was no reply to the letter, very unpleasant, in all probability, to his majesty, whose exchequer was drained more completely than ever. The extreme poverty of the ambassador became known to the Spanish government, and on the eve of his departure Count Olivarez visited him once more, offering him, in a very delicate manner, a large sum of money, and on his refusing the gift, urging the acceptance on the ground that nobody would know of it. "Yes," the ambassador interrupted the minister, "one person would know of it, who would be certain to reveal it to the king of England, and that is the earl of Bristol."

The breach with Spain made Buckingham all on a sudden the most popular man in England. The people thought they had not curses enough to heap upon his head on learning that he had run away with the prince of Wales to fetch home the infanta, and they now thought they had not plaudits enough to lift him to the skies on hearing that his advice had led to the destruction of the hated alliance, and would probably lead to a war with the great Catholic power. Formerly he could not pass along the streets without being insulted; now he could not pass for the crowd of enthusiastic worshippers surrounding him, who hung to his skirts, lighted bonfires under his windows, and made the air ring with songs in his praise. In the intoxication of his newly-risen popularity, Buckenham assumed the airs not only, but the functions, of a dictator, treating the king with more insolence than ever, and insulting all the members of the privy council not falling in with his own views. There were a great many of these opposed to his new policy; some of them secret Catholics and old friends of Spain, and others sincere Protestants objecting to a renewal of English wars on the Continent, and cherishing the idea that more might be done for the

oppressed reformers of Germany by entering into friendly relations with King Philip, and using his influence to make an end of the frightful struggle for religion that was desolating central Europe than by anything English armies, necessarily weak and small in numbers, were likely to achieve. The latter party, strongly represented among the upper classes, urged moreover that it was a disgrace to England that the treaty with the ruler of Spain, solemnly signed and sworn to by the heir apparent of the kingdom, should be cast to the winds without the slightest justification, and at a moment, too, when the alliance promised to be of infinitely more advantage to the Protestant interest than to that of its opponents. They urged, too, that the young king, known as not at all bigoted, had already given an extraordinary proof of his goodwill by the promise of reinstalling the count palatine, and might be expected to do still more, while, on the other hand, the coming of the infanta to England could not possibly do the least harm, her power as queen consort being too small to be of the least appreciable influence among a people sincerely and energetically attached to the Protestant faith. These were weighty reasons against Buckingham's policy, made more so by being held by a majority of the privy councillors, no less than by the king himself, who, however, was unable to act up to his convictions as long as the shadow of his minion's influence was hanging over him like a nightmare. Nevertheless, those who watched James sharpest could see that he was brooding over his wrongs and his humiliation. The insulting manner in which he was generally treated by Buckingham stung him deeply, and the more so as he could not fail perceiving that the prince of Wales was held under as absolute command as himself by the favourite, which made him angry enough at times to give way to bitter speeches, though only in his absence. It was sufficient, however, to stir up a silent conspiracy among the host of enemies of Buckingham; they could not forget that as the capricious fancy of the feeble monarch had raised him to his giddy height in a short space of time, so it might throw him down from it in an instant. They worked hard, the plotters, and rumours began flying about of a probability of the favourite being sent to the Tower, when all of a sudden he tore the web that was weaving around him to pieces with a strong hand, by persuading the king to sign the order for a new convocation of parliament. Never before in his life had Buckingham shown so much wisdom as he did in this simple act.

But very little effort was required to induce James to give his consent to another meeting of the national representatives. He felt no love for them; but he was so wretchedly poor at the moment as to be inclined to be grateful to his bitterest enemies for giving him some money, and Buckingham pledged his word that the supplies should be forthcoming from the new commons, and sufficiently liberal, too, to compensate for at least part of the expenditure incurred in the costly Spanish journey, which had not been recouped, as James had fondly speculated, in the rich dowry of the infanta. The prospect thus held forth was enough to make the king willing, and even anxious, to face the two houses of parliament

once more; and the writs for new elections having been despatched and acted upon with unusual celerity, it was announced by proclamation that the session would open on the 12th of February, 1624. The lords and commons were in their places on the appointed day to listen to the speech from the throne; but at the very moment when the king was preparing to start for the short journey to parliament, the report of the death of his cousin, the duke of Lennox, was handed to him, whereupon he returned instantly to his chamber, ordering the postponement of the session for a week, and declaring his inability to give utterance to any other words but of grief, exclaiming mournfully, alluding to the death, not long before, of another relative, the marquis of Hamilton, "When the branches are cut down, the tree cannot long remain." It seemed as if the sudden decease of the duke of Lennox, a mild, unassuming man, filling very unostentatiously the honorary position of high chamberlain and lord admiral of Scotland, left an impression upon James's mind that his own dissolution was at hand, and that his days, fast becoming days of misery, were destined not to outlast far the growing leaves of another summer. The feeling served to spread a soft dignity, alien to his usual manners, over the king's character, and to give an altogether new tone to the speech which he delivered before the two houses of parliament on the 19th of February. It began with a protestation, not quite consistent with the truth, but sounding solemn on the lips of a monarch who believed himself standing on the brink of another world, that he had been striving hard to accomplish and foster the welfare of all his subjects, his whole life having been devoted to the task, and that never king had governed "with a purer, sincerer, and more incorrupt heart." He then continued, "Much hath been talked of my remissness in maintenance of religion, and suspicion of a toleration; but, as God shall judge me, I never thought nor meant, nor ever in word expressed, anything that savoured of it. It is true that at times, for reasons best known to myself, I did not so fully put those laws in execution, but did wink and connive at some things which might have hindered more weighty affairs; but I never, in all my treaties, agreed to anything to the overthrow and disagreeing of these laws." Having thus as he deemed justified his long negotiations with the great Catholic power of the Continent, and apathy to assist the German Protestants, the king desired that both houses of parliament would consider the state of religion, as also how far aid might be rendered to his daughter, the princess palatine, her husband, and children. Finally, as regarded the topic uppermost in all men's minds, the state of relations with Spain, James expressed himself very cautiously, forbearing to speak of the marriage negotiations as entirely broken off, but promising that a full account and explanation of the subject should be given by the duke of Buckingham, his most trusty friend and adviser. There were loud and numerous cheers at the conclusion of the speech from the throne, some few for the king, and many more for his trusty friend, and now master.

Buckingham delivered his promised narrative of the Spanish journey on the 24th of February, at a general

conference of the lords and commons, held at Whitehall, the prince of Wales standing at his side; and the applause with which his utterances, especially his denunciations of Spanish policy, were greeted, at once showed that he had become the most popular personage in parliament, as well as out of it. The recital of what he and the prince had been doing in Spain was a series of in part gross misrepresentations, and in part absolute falsehoods; he informed the members of both houses that they had found nothing but perfidy at the court, and among the members of the government of King Philip; that the artifices and deceptions they met with in the course of their negotiations made them conclude that the steps taken towards the marriage were mere trickeries; that the restitution of the palatinate, which had ever been regarded as an essential preliminary to the matrimonial alliance, was not seriously intended by the Spanish king; and that in the end, after enduring much bad usage, the prince had been obliged to fly from the country, without any hopes either of obtaining the infanta or of restoring the elector palatine. Standing close at Buckingham's side while the narrative was being delivered, the prince of Wales not only supported the mendacious fabrication by his silent authority, but added to its effect by supplementing particulars of the story, and directly attesting the truth of the whole, thus leaving no cause for doubt to hearers too much inclined already to believe what they were told. The end of the speech was greeted by the most enthusiastic cheers, which reverberated in the streets and the house of commons, the people lighting fresh bonfires, and the national representatives going so far in their admiration as to applaud Sir Edward Coke on calling Buckingham the saviour of the country. It but added to the sudden immense popularity of the favourite that the Spanish ambassador, with somewhat imprudent zeal, sent energetic remonstrances to the king and the House of Lords, complaining of the calumnies uttered against his royal master, and demanding the head of the calumniator by way of satisfaction. Buckingham could well afford to laugh at the impotent menace. The lords, without so much as offering the ambassador the hearing which he demanded, at once proceeded to justify all that he had said and done, vouching for the truth of his narrative by a general vote, and signifying their approbation of it moreover by an address to the king, in which they dwelt upon what they called his faithful services to the state. A similar address, fully as eulogistic of the duke, was delivered by the commons, the latter setting themselves to vouch as fervently as the lords for his veracity, and approving it in the highest terms of commendation. The reply of the king was peevish, and visibly imbued with a growing sentiment of jealousy against his minion, borne along now on the wings of immense popularity. His majesty told the lords and commons that there was no need for them to become sponsors for the duke's fidelity, of which he himself had taken all along, and was still ready to take the credit, as well as the responsibility. "The greatest fault," he exclaimed, "if it be a fault, or leastwise the greatest error, I hope he shall ever commit against me, was his desiring this justification from you, as if he should have need of any

justification from others towards me, for being my disciple and scholar, he may be assured I will trust his own relation." It sounded as if James felt at last that he was sinking into utter obscurity, even the outward glories of his kingship being usurped by the "disciple" whom he had raised from the dust.

England was now drifting fast into war with Spain. At the end of February, an address was carried through both houses, without a single dissentient voice, praying the king not to proceed in his treaties with Spain, either for the marriage of the prince of Wales, or the restoration of the palatinate, and boldly declaring that the latter could be recovered only by force of arms. In reply, the king expressed his readiness to listen to the advice of parliament to enter upon war, provided they would supply him with the funds necessary for carrying on hostilities, hinting at the same time that he wanted a large supply, on account of the many and great charges resting upon him, the vast expense incurred by the prince's journey to Spain, and the cost to which he was put by the maintenance of his daughter's children abroad, who, without his assistance, would "eat no bread." Upon this intimation a joint address was framed by both houses, declaring the absolute willingness of lords and commons to stake their persons and their fortunes in the contest for the Protestant cause, and offering the king three subsidies and three fifteenths, not for the relief of his private wants, of which they thought proper to take no notice, but solely for the purpose of making war against the Spaniards and the troops of the Catholic League. The address was carried to James by a deputation headed by the archbishop of Canterbury, who on delivering it made some severe reflections upon the treachery of the Spanish government, which elicited a curious reply from the king. "I have nothing to say to the preamble of my lord of Canterbury," drily remarked James, "but that he insinuated something in it which I cannot allow of, for whereas he said I have showed myself sensible of the insincerity of those with whom I lately had to deal, and of the indignity offered to my children. In this you must give me leave to tell you that I have not expressed myself either sensible or insensible of the good or bad dealing: it was Buckingham's relation to you which touched upon it. But it must not bar me, nor make Jupiter speak that which Jupiter speaks not; for when I speak any such thing, I will speak it with that reason, and back it with that power which becomes a king." It was a vain boast of a very decrepid poor old "Jupiter," who, as all knew, had long lost his thunderbolts. To resist the declaration of war was no more in the king's power, and after higgling for a few days longer about money matters, demanding six subsidies instead of three, but getting a blank refusal, he was fain at last to give his consent to the commencement of hostilities. It was declared by royal proclamation that the treaties made with Spain had come to an end, to which edict, at the desire of the commons, there was added another, commanding a strict enforcement of the whole of the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics. The judges and magistrates of the kingdom were instructed to see carefully that no recusants should escape through the meshes of the

laws hung around them; new officers were appointed to watch Roman Catholics, and to arrest every person going to hear mass in the houses of the foreign ambassadors; and, lastly, all missionaries, priests, and Jesuits were ordered to leave England immediately, under penalty of death. When giving his final assent to the demands of the two houses of parliament, James delivered a remarkable protest. "Assure yourselves," he cried, addressing the lords and commons, "my delay hitherto was upon hope to have gotten it [the palatinate] without a war. I held it by a hair, hoping to have gotten it by a treaty; but since I see no certainty that way, I hope that God who hath put it into your hearts thus to advise me, and into my heart to follow your advice, will so bless it that I shall clear my reputation from obloquy, and, in despite of the devil and all his instruments, show that I never had but an honest heart."

War having been declared against King Philip, the Spanish ambassador, the marquis of Inojoso, proceeded to take his departure, but before leaving made a great effort to overthrow Buckingham. He had often tried, after the sudden turn of affairs had taken place, to get a private audience with James, so as to open his eyes to the real cause of the proceedings of his favourite, but had constantly been disappointed by the vigilance of the latter, who, with the prince of Wales, kept watching every movement of the king. But at the farewell audience, the marquis found opportunity, while his secretary held the prince and Buckingham engaged in conversation, pretending to tell them important news, to slip a paper into the king's hands, making signs to him to indicate that he must read it alone. James did as desired, with the result of getting into a thorough state of alarm and consternation. The paper told the king that the prince and Buckingham were holding him in confinement, every person around him being in their pay; and that a scheme had been laid for restraining him from government, and enforcing his abdication, the first great step towards which was the beginning of a war, which would put troops at the disposition of the conspirators, enabling them, with the help of parliament, to seize his person, and put any restraint that might be desired upon his liberty of action. To save himself from his enemies, James was advised to sign immediately an order for the arrest of Buckingham, to dissolve parliament, and to surround himself with new advisers, the earl of Bristol being indicated among the number. In a postscript to the paper, it was stated that if his majesty should desire any further information, or proofs of the conspiracy, two persons, one of them the secretary of the Spanish embassy, and the other a holy priest, were ready to furnish all that was required. In his intense agitation, James adopted the proposal, and with the connivance of one of the bedchamber gentlemen, the secretary and his companion, the latter a priest not only but a Jesuit, were brought into his presence, and filled his head with such stories as to drive him for the moment to the verge of insanity. Believing nearly all that was told him about the intentions of his son and of Buckingham, he yet could not resolve upon any act, but kept on alternately blustering and whining, throwing out at the same time mysterious and broken speeches, the

only effect of which was to put his keepers more on their guard. However, all on a sudden, the king seemed to have made up his mind for a great design; he declared his intention to remove from London to Windsor, ordered his carriage, asked his son to take seat at his side, and when Buckingham was on the point of following, intimated to him that he must stop behind. The minion was seized by sudden terror at the announcement, and feeling as if the mountain to the top of which he had raised himself was collapsing under him all at once, like the vision of some hideous dream, his head got giddy, his courage left him, and he broke out into a flood of tears. Then the king began crying too, and the prince of Wales followed the example, and while all three were weeping in chorus, the royal carriage drove off, leaving the duke behind, utterly disconsolate and wretched. He instinctively divined that his next journey would be to the Tower, and to prepare for it, he went home and got rid of another flood of gushing tears.

Still weeping, "stretched on his couch in an attitude of despair," the cast-off minion, dictator in parliament, and most popular man in England, was found by his friend, John Williams, the lord keeper, lately promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln. Bishop Williams, since his access to power, had elaborated a most perfect spy system, which enabled him at present to see much clearer than Buckingham through the dark web of intrigue that was spinning at court, and he now came to give his patron help and advice, and, above all, that courage of which he was so much in want. The right reverend lord keeper had learnt from the mistress of the Spanish secretary of embassy, one of the creatures in his pay, that the king had gone to Windsor to free himself from his presumed confinement, and punish the conspirators who wished to deprive him of the crown, and he therefore advised Buckingham to hurry after his majesty immediately, and, as he valued his life and his liberty, "not to stir from his person night or day." The counsel was too good not to be followed. Gathering pluck, the minion followed on the heels of his royal master, and planting himself at his side like a shadow, made all further communication with the agents of the Spanish ambassador impossible, intimidating at the same time his feeble mind so much as to make him give up all further thoughts of ridding himself of his tutors and effecting his liberation. The danger past, Buckingham set to punish the ambassador of Philip IV., driving him from the kingdom with ignominy, after which he went to curb other foes, by bringing accusations against them in parliament, reviving the formidable system of impeachments which had been brought into use in the previous session against Bacon and others. The first of his enemies thus punished was the lord treasurer, the earl of Middlesex, a former tool of the favourite, who had been taken by him from a London counting-house and raised to his high position, but whom he now wanted to cast down again for disobedience, and for opposing his war policy. On the demand of Buckingham, backed by the prince of Wales, the commons at once impeached the earl on the ground of bribery, notwithstanding the extreme opposition of James, who declared that the conviction of his treasurer would prove "such a wound to the crown

that could not easily be healed." But it was in vain that the king himself hurried into parliament, and in suasive speech endeavoured to apologize for Middlesex; the commons turned a deaf ear, and maintaining their charge, the treasurer was found guilty by the peers, condemned to lose his place, to pay a fine of fifty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during his majesty's pleasure. James was furious, and his fury made him prophetic. "By God, Steeny," he cried, falling in great choler upon his minion, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly, and will find that, in a fit of popularity, you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself." Then, turning round upon his son, the king cried, "And you, too, will live to have your belly full of parliament impeachments, and when I shall be dead, you will have too much cause to remember how much you have contributed to the weakening of the crown." The prediction—reported by Lord Clarendon, in the "History of the Rebellion"—was destined to be fulfilled sooner than either James or Charles could expect.

Having done all that Buckingham required, parliament was prorogued on the 29th of May till October, and then dissolved. Before the prorogation, some feeble attempts were made by the favourite, absolute ruler of the realm at this moment, to enter upon the war for the humiliation of Spain, which he had so much at heart, but they proved abortive, the kingdom having sunk to such a state of utter helplessness and debility as apparently not to be able to produce either soldiers or sailors, ships or guns. Generals and admirals had become as rare as statesmen; there was not a single individual in all England and Scotland competent to direct the movements of an army; and as for naval commanders, the race, so noble and so numerous but a generation before, seemed to have become extinguished all on a sudden, leaving Buckingham to assume, in addition to all his other titles, that of high admiral. To extricate himself from the difficulty of fighting without fighting-men, the duke-admiral, immediately after the prorogation of parliament, entered into agreements with France, Savoy, Venice, Denmark, and Sweden, for a common attack upon the armies of Philip IV., these states to furnish soldiers for the war, while England was to provide money. The treaties destroyed the very object which the nation and the House of Commons had in view in desiring the commencement of hostilities, inasmuch as they ceased to make the struggle one for the Protestant cause, France and Savoy, as well as Venice, though anxious to break the overbearing sway of the great family occupying the thrones of Spain and Austria, having not the least intention to assist the German reformers, but feeling inclined rather to crush them, in conjunction with the princes of the Catholic League. However, the agreements came to nothing in the end, through the failure of Buckingham to keep his part of the stipulation, that of providing money. The greater part of three subsidies and three fifteenths voted by parliament, amounting altogether to about three hundred thousand pounds, were spent in a few months after they had found their way into the royal exchequer, nothing going to its destination but various small sums sent to the leader of the Protestant

Union, and to the family of the prince palatine, ex-king of Bohemia, now living upon alms in Holland. The prospects of war becoming altogether indefinite, Buckingham stirred in another direction by entering upon matrimonial negotiations with the French court, proposing that the prince of Wales should marry the Princess Henrietta Maria, third daughter of Henry IV., and sister of the reigning monarch, Louis XIII. The match was approved of by the queen-mother, Marie de Medici, hatred of Spain inclining her for the moment to assist the views of Buckingham, so as to bring about a close alliance of all the European powers against Philip IV. and his Austrian relatives; and on her instigation Louis XIII. consented to despatch a special ambassador to England to conclude the treaty of marriage. The affair was carried on with so much haste that in the course of little more than a month everything was signed and sealed, and the heir apparent was again placed under the solemn obligation to take unto himself a wife—the engagement to the infanta being legally still in operation, and considered so by the court of Spain. Except by forwarding the new policy of Buckingham and of the prince of Wales, the French marriage treaty, which was signed on the 10th of November, 1624, was not in any way so favourable as that sworn to by Charles at Madrid, for besides containing all the stipulations regarding religion insisted upon by the Spanish government, it gave the Princess Henrietta Maria far greater rights than conceded to the infanta, granting her, among other privileges, that of educating her children till the age of thirteen, while at the same time her dowry was fixed at only one hundred thousand pounds, or one-tenth of that of the daughter of Philip IV. When becoming known, the French treaty created the greatest dissatisfaction, so alarming to Buckingham as to drive him to make one more effort to commence hostilities against Spain, and to let the huge war-cry of the people drown all other shouts.

The first step in commencing war was to find a military commander, and none being to be had in England, Buckingham cast his eyes upon the German Count Mansfeld, one of the best captains of the Protestant Union, and who had won distinction in several campaigns against Bavaria and Austria, though unfortunate in all his encounters with Tilly, greatest of Catholic generals, who had won against him the important battle of the White Mountain, which took the Bohemian crown from the head of James's son-in-law. On the invitation of the king, Mansfeld came to England late in the autumn of 1624, landing almost naked, the ship conveying him being wrecked on the coast and all the crew drowned; but the misfortune was little to a man of his stamp, and he immediately set to work carrying out the task for which he stood engaged, that of first raising troops and afterwards leading them to battle. It was stipulated that he should have twenty thousand pounds a month, and twelve thousand soldiers, which latter were to be raised by impressment in London and other towns; and upon these conditions he promised to do his best to recover the Rhenish provinces for their legitimate ruler, the prince palatine. The twelve thousand men having been pressed into

service, they were driven down to Dover, the vilest rabble that ever marched on the road; and having hung a number to encourage discipline, but without any attempt of drilling the rest for soldiers, the swarm of unclean beings was put on board ship and carried across the Channel. Arrived at Calais, the French governor refused to let them land, although he was told that the duke of Buckingham had obtained from Louis XIII., in the negotiations springing out of the marriage treaty, the promise of a free passage through his territory for the English army that was to reconquer the palatinate. However, the governor of Calais did not think himself justified to consider the ragged, mutinous crowd which Count Mansfeld had brought into the harbour an army, and energetically opposed their getting on shore until having received further and more specific instructions from his government. The instructions were long in arriving, and after a troublesome delay, Mansfeld found himself compelled to make sail for the coast of Holland, and succeeded in running his transports up the River Scheldt, near the island of Walcheren, in the province of Zeeland. But here again the same want of orderly arrangements as at Calais became visible. The favourite, into whose hands an ill fortune had thrown the government of England, was entering upon what he intended to be a mighty war, with less preparation than upon which he would have hazarded a court entertainment; all that he had done towards the great struggle that was to lay the power of Spain in the dust, was to kidnap a crowd of unfortunates, mostly rogues and vagabonds, to pack them like slaves on board fishing-boats, taken forcibly from their owners, and to start them on the sea, whichever way the wind might blow them. He had entered upon no written treaty for the passage of the kidnapped Englishmen through France, but trusted to vague verbal promises, and with the government of Holland he had made no agreement of any kind. The consequence was that the Dutch authorities, with more severity than the governor of Calais, not only refused a landing to Mansfeld's soldiers, but even forbade them to purchase food. As excuse for this gross inhumanity, unpardonable on the part of a people bound to England by so many ties as the Protestants of the Low Countries, the plea was put in that there existed a scarcity of provisions in the towns of Zeeland, which might lead to great distress if food was allowed to be taken away. The patriotic Zealanders adhered to their resolution even on the breaking out of a dire famine on board the crowded English fleet, which, coupled with disease, carried off in a very short time more than one-half of the wretched involuntary soldiers, imposing upon Mansfeld, who himself had to suffer from hunger and illness, the duty of taking back the surviving men under his command to England. Returned to their native soil, the remnant of Mansfeld's troops, pale, emaciated creatures, with fever and starvation engraven on their faces, speedily deserted, thus bringing the superb design of Buckingham to humble the greatest military power in the world by the weight of his personal hatred to a premature end.

The expedition to Zeeland was the concluding event of the reign of James. All during the autumn

of 1624 the king had been suffering from illness, springing out of a complication of disorders, rheumatism, stone, and gout, to which was added, in the first month of 1625, a new disease, which the doctors called the quartan ague. It was caused, they said, by drinking too much wine and eating too much fruit, and they recommended abstinence in both respects; but James would not hear of it, and kept drinking and eating more than ever. "Truly," Bishop Goodman reports, "I think his majesty did feed a little more than moderately upon fruits; he had his grapes, his nectarines, and other fruits, in his own keeping, and besides we did see that he fed very plentifully on them from abroad. I remember that the gardener who sometimes did present him with the first strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, was kneeling to the king with some speech, desiring his majesty to accept them, and that he was sorry they were no better, with such like complimentary matter; but the king never had the patience to hear him one word, but his hand was in the basket. After this eating of fruit in the spring time, his body fell into a great looseness, which, although while he was young did tend to preserve his health, yet now, being grown towards sixty, it did a little weaken his body; and going from Theobald's to Newmarket, and stirring abroad when the coldness of the year was not past, it could not be prevented but he must fall into a quartan ague." Upon his getting apparently dangerously ill, in the second week of March, James was taken back to Theobald's, and the doctors began operating upon him, together with Buckingham, who, in addition to his other numerous occupations, was fond of practising as an amateur physician. The doctors gave his majesty internal medicines, and the duke offered him powders and applied outwardly a "black plaister," which acts were afterwards very much talked of, giving rise to multifarious rumours of poisonings. "The king," according to Roger Coke, "having had an ague, the duke of Buckingham did, upon Monday, the 21st of March, when in the judgment of the physicians the ague was declining, apply plaisters to the wrists and belly of the king, and also did deliver several quantities of drink to the king, though some of the physicians did disallow thereof, and refused to meddle further with the king until the said plaisters were removed." As reported by Sir Anthony Welldon, the king frequently implored the earl of Montgomery, one of the attendants he most trusted, to be careful that he had fair play, exclaiming on one occasion, when told that the ague was seldom fatal, "Ah, it is not the ague that afflicts me, but the powder I have taken, and the black plaister they have laid on my stomach." The suspicions of the dying monarch were probably unfounded, for it required no other poison than what he himself had taken to overthrow a diseased body, governed by a diseased mind.

The end of James was nobler than much of his life, full of calm, quiet courage and Christian resignation. On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, there was a consultation of all the physicians, and the opinion come to was that the illness of the king must prove fatal in a very short time. The lord keeper, Bishop Williams, who had never left the bedside of James from his first illness, went to him with the announcement.

"I come," he said, "to your majesty with the message of Isaiah to Hezekiah, to exhort you to set your house in order, for your days are numbered in the world." To which the king replied, "I am satisfied, and I wish you to assist me in preparing to go hence, and to be with Christ, whose mercies I pray for and hope to find." Feeling his strength decline, he sent for his son, whom he retained in conversation for three hours, solemnly exhorting him to lead a religious life, to uphold the church of England, and to take the family of the palatine under his protection. On Thursday evening, the 24th of March, the king received the sacrament, and then fell into a lethargic state for forty-eight hours, breathing heavily, and with his tongue so swollen that it was with difficulty he could make himself understood. A little before break of day on Sunday, James slightly rallied, and expressed a wish to have another interview with Prince Charles, who on hearing it arose instantly, and in his night-dress knelt at the foot of the bed. The king made a convulsive effort to raise himself on his pillow, bending forward as if desirous to communicate something of importance, but though his lips were seen moving, the words could not be understood. Then all present sank on their knees in silent prayer, joined in by the dying monarch in scarce audible "Veni, Domine Jesu;" a few moments after his head sank back, and he ceased to breathe, without any appearance of pain. The lord keeper thereupon approached the death-bed, and closed the eyes of the king.

To the right reverend lord keeper also fell the task of preaching the funeral sermon at the burial of the king in Westminster Abbey. It was a very remarkable sermon. "Solomon," he exclaimed, "was the only son of his mother: so was King James. Solomon was of complexion white and ruddy: so was King James. Solomon was an infant king: so was King James. Solomon began his reign during the life of his predecessor: so did King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a king: so was King James. Solomon was learned above all princes: so was King James. Yet, towards the end, King Solomon had secret enemies, and did go to war while close to the grave: so had, you know, and so did King James. And Solomon slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David, and his son Rehoboam reigned in his stead."

SECTION II.

Charles I.

THERE were few tokens of public lament on the death of James, and few expressions of joy at the accession of Charles. Having remained for twenty-four hours at the mansion where his father's corpse was lying, Charles took coach at Theobald's on Monday, the 28th of March, and rode to London, with his friend and inseparable companion, the duke of Buckingham, at his side. The same day the heralds proclaimed the king's accession at Whitehall and Cheapside, under heavy gusts of rain and wind, among crowds looking

as gloomy as the sky. It was not the weather alone, nor the uncertainty of political events, that oppressed the feelings of the multitude, but the dread of the plague, which had just made a fresh appearance in the city, unusually early in the season and unusually threatening, and was stalking around rapidly to gripe its victims. Possessed of more physical courage than his father, King Charles on his part showed no fear of the plague, but went freely among the people, talking to all in a condescending manner, and making visible efforts to gain personal popularity. His whole mind seemed bent towards this one object, to the neglect of higher aims; for it was known in a few days that he had made no changes in the government, intending to keep the whole administration of the kingdom in the old groove, and leaving the supreme power more than ever in the hands of Buckingham. The first matters in which he himself took an active part were the burial of his father and his own marriage, for both of which he made preparations at the same time. On the 30th of March, three days after the death of his parent, he signed the ratification of the treaty of marriage with Princess Henrietta Maria of France, and the wedding by proxy took place on the 1st of May. On the 3rd of May there was a general illumination of the capital in honour of the king's marriage, the bells of all the churches ringing, and bonfires in every street; and four days after, on the 7th of May, the king buried his father at Westminster with immense pomp, he and Buckingham following the bier as chief mourners. Immediately after the funeral Buckingham started for Paris to bring home the bride. He went accompanied by an immense retinue of nobles, guards, and attendants, such as had not been seen in the train of an English ambassador since the days of Cardinal Wolsey's visit to Francis I., and his arrival in the capital of France was made the occasion of grand festivities, prepared under the auspices of a new ruler which the kingdom had lately received, and who, holding his power on the same tenure as Buckingham, was anxious to make the latter his friend. The name of the new ruler was Armand Jean Duplessis, Cardinal Richelieu. By a remarkable concurrence of circumstances, it had come to pass that the three most powerful monarchies of Europe had arrived to be governed, at one and the same time, not by kings but by kings' favourites, the count of Olivarez wielding the sceptre of Spain, the duke of Buckingham that of England, and Cardinal Richelieu that of France. The fate which made minions monarchs had certainly been least propitious to England.

The meeting of Buckingham and Richelieu, though ostensibly bearing upon nothing but the ceremonies of a royal marriage, was yet of considerable political importance. The cardinal had only been in power for about a year on the arrival of Buckingham, but the time had been long enough to manifest the chief objects of the new policy which he wished to inaugurate, and which on the whole were well made to receive the co-operation of England. To achieve the greatness of his country, the key-stone of his ambition, Richelieu aimed at establishing a strong government, strong within, and strong without; the first object he meant to accomplish by breaking the paramount

sway of the nobility, either by force or intrigue, opposing to the turbulent barons the industrial middle classes, and the second by humbling the political power most opposed to the rising influence of France, the house of Spain-Austria. Both of these aims, but especially the second, might fairly claim the sympathy of England, the more so as being already pledged to a war in aid of the Protestant interest in Germany, which in its main features was nothing but an attempt to hew down the iron dominion of Spanish and Austrian swords, sole opponent to the peaceable growth and progress of the new faith in the lands that had been the cradle of the reformation. That France and England combined should enter upon the mighty struggle, was evidently the clearest interest of each, if not an absolute necessity, and Richelieu so far understood it that during all the marriage negotiations he had kept this end in view, bringing it more distinctly forward when finding himself face to face with the illustrious favourite who was standing at the helm of the English vessel of state. But the cardinal had yet to learn the true character of the man whom chance had raised to such high position; his expectations of Buckingham's talent were not great, but yet were far above reality, and before the minion of two kings had been a week in Paris, Richelieu saw that for the time being he must dispense with the co-operation of England in his foreign policy. At the first interview the cardinal conceived a strong antipathy against the vain, frivolous, and conceited favourite, who assumed the airs of an irresistible conqueror, with the fate of the world lying in his hands; and the aversion thus created was raised to deep enmity by subsequent events, not unlike those which had happened at Madrid two years before. Always engaged in attempts of seduction, as among the chief objects of his existence, Buckingham had no sooner arrived in Paris when he tried to get intimate with the principal court beauties, and with extraordinary audacity offered his gallantries even to the young queen, the wife of Louis XIII. Neglected by her consort, and not much above the standard of the most licentious court in Europe, the royal lady listened with marked favour to the compliments of the handsome English duke, who in a short space of time became her declared lover, and the constant companion of her idle hours. There were rumours whispered about that her majesty had admitted the favourite even to nocturnal meetings; and the scandal became so great that the king himself, very indifferent otherwise to what was going on around him, had a message conveyed to Buckingham, informing him that though as ambassador he enjoyed immunity from the Bastille, he yet was not beyond the reach of secret daggers. The effrontery of the favourite was not abashed by the threat, and he was heard to boast publicly that he would continue to visit the queen against all the power of France. Watching these doings, Richelieu trembled with inward rage. Under his priestly robes and cold diplomatic manners the cardinal hid burning passions; he, too, had lifted his eyes to the youthful queen, but had been spurned and treated with contempt, till his affection was turned into bitter animosity. His hatred now was transferred to his successful rival, and

conquered by Buckingham in the field of love, he determined to take his revenge in the field of politics.

After several weeks' festivities, the favourite left the French capital on the 3rd of June, with his charge, Princess Henrietta Maria, accompanied by the young queen and Marie de Medici as far as Amiens, where, as whispered by the court gossips, the matrimonial honour of Louis XIII. was sullied by another clandestine interview. On the 12th of June the illustrious travellers crossed the Channel, and that night Henrietta Maria, who had assumed the title of queen of England, slept at Dover Castle, while King Charles rested at Canterbury. The next morning, his majesty rode forward to receive his spouse, and his meeting her at the castle gave rise to a somewhat lively scene. Since he had seen her in Paris, two years before, Henrietta Maria—now little more than fifteen—had grown considerably, and scarcely knowing her again, Charles looked at her with some surprise. "Then the king," reported an eyewitness, "took her up in his arms, kissed her, and, talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet, which she soon perceiving showed him her shoes, saying to this effect, 'Sir, I stand upon my own feet, and have no helps by art; thus high I am, and neither higher nor lower.'" Describing the personal appearance of the new queen consort of England, the witness adds: "She is nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word, a brave lady." From Dover, Charles took his nimble and quick little spouse in slow stages, by way of Rochester and Gravesend, to London, entering the city in a splendid barge, but amidst a deluge of rain, as violent as that which had greeted the heralds on the day of proclamation. The people, still scared by the raging of the pestilence, seemed pleased with the lively appearance of the young queen, but looked with ill-concealed dislike upon the long train of priests following in her rear, they appearing to watch every one of her movements, while scowling, with an air of defiance, upon such signs of Protestant worship as were visible around them. The evil impression of the first day was not lessened by what the multitude afterwards learned about the doings and surroundings of the youthful princess whom Buckingham had brought over from France. Zealous Protestants repeated to each other with horror that she had not less than twenty-nine priests with her, besides one bishop, under thirty years of age, and an unknown number of Jesuits and laymen suspected to be Romish agents. Mass was celebrated with great pomp on Sundays and saints' days in the queen's private chapel at Whitehall; and though the king had given orders that none but the servants and attendants of his consort should be admitted, it was believed that the prohibition was not strictly kept up, and that many English subjects, secret and professed Roman Catholics, took advantage of the opportunity to join in the celebration of the rites of their church. Charles himself was not at all pleased with the injudicious ardour of the priestly crowd hanging about his wife, and who were besetting him daily for new favours, while thronging her chamber to such an extent as almost to exclude his presence. In the first week of their arrival they demanded that a chapel should be built for their

especial use within or near St. James's Palace, and on the king's refusal, Henrietta Maria put on sullen looks, showing protracted bad humour. By this time Charles as well as others had discovered that though the nimble and quick young lady of fifteen could be very agreeable if she liked, she also understood the art of making herself very disagreeable. "The queen," a court gentleman, master Meade, informed his friend in a letter, "howsoever little of stature, and of pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, is yet full of spirit and vigour, and of more than ordinary resolution. Divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat over-heated with the fire and the company, she, with one frown, drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."

It was not long before the thoughts of the people were taken off from the new queen to weightier affairs. Writs for a new parliament had been issued soon after the proclamation of Charles, and the session, after several short prorogations, was opened on the 18th of June, a few days after the entry of Henrietta Maria into the capital. The king opened parliament in person, many of the members noting with surprise his wearing a crown, contrary to the custom of English kings previously to their coronation, disregarded in this instance, as many said, through his majesty wishing to express distinctly that he claimed his supreme power by right divine, and not by any election, or popular recognition, which the ceremony of coronation might seem to represent. What was more noted still than the wearing of the crown was, that the king's speech was somewhat peremptory in tone, although sensible on the whole, and agreeably distinguished by its brevity from the long rambling orations of the previous occupant of the throne. But in its purport it was the same: his majesty was in great want of money, and implored the representatives of the people to grant him a supply, as soon as possible, and as large as possible. Charles told the commons with much candour that his father had left him no other legacy but a debt of nearly a million sterling; that his sister and brother-in-law had added to it, and continued adding; and that he himself since his accession had already been compelled to incur large liabilities, so that altogether it was of the utmost necessity to relieve his wants without delay, in order not to impair the honour and dignity of the crown. The speech from the throne gave rise to but few comments, the members agreeing as to the indispensableness of voting a supply, though not as to the amount. Some thought it reasonable before entering at all upon financial matters to ask the king for the redress of grievances, complained of, but not remedied, in the former reign; others desired an account of the employment of the last subsidy, granted for the recovery of the palatinate; while others again proposed, before doing anything else, to discuss the state of religion, and to insist upon the strict enforcement of the laws against Roman Catholics, some of which, it was said, had been illegally suspended by the government. The last subject at once gave rise to a spirited debate, and seemed on the point of engrossing the attention of parliament, when a mightier topic even than that

of religion presented itself to view. The plague knocked at the door of the House of Commons. "While we are now speaking," said a member, interrupting the religious debate, "the death-bell is tolling every minute." Seized by a sudden panic, the commons quickly passed a vote for two subsidies, qualifying the smallness of the grant by the declaration of its being "the first fruit of their love to their prince," and then adjourning their sittings. Not to hear the fatal bell again "tolling every minute," it was decided at the same time that a proposition made by the government should be accepted, which was that parliament should reassemble, at the end of its adjournment, not at Westminster but at Oxford.

The Oxford sittings opened on the appointed day, the 1st of August, amidst universal excitement, caused by the news of strange events which had reached England during the recess. King James, a few months before his death, had consented to accommodate his royal ally, Louis XIII., with the loan of eight men-of-war, one of them a ship of the royal navy, called the "Vanguard," and the others large merchant vessels, heavily armed, and pressed into service for the purpose of making war upon Spain. The agreement concluded with the French monarch was that the eight men-of-war should join his own fleet, about to proceed to the port of Genoa, one of the chief arsenals of Philip IV., and should either make an attack upon that place, or watch the shipping entering and leaving it, capturing as many prizes as offered themselves. At the death of James, the fleet had not yet sailed for Genoa, Louis XIII. having come to the conclusion that he could employ it much better than against the most Catholic king, namely, against his own Protestant subjects. For some time past the Huguenots, suffering under fearful oppression, had taken to arms again to protect their lawful privileges, notably those conceded by Henry IV. in the Edict of Nantes; and to be in a better attitude to treat with the government, they had seized the city and fortress of La Rochelle, old centre of Protestant movements, and which had served many a time before as last refuge of the persecuted martyrs of religion. It was to reconquer the Huguenot city that Louis XIII. stopped the expedition into the Spanish seas, ordering all the ships composing it, including the English vessels, to proceed to Dieppe, and to wait there till being ready to fall in full force upon La Rochelle. King Charles and Buckingham, when applied to give their consent to the new arrangement, were unscrupulous enough to do so; but the officers and crews of the eight men-of-war openly refused to obey the orders communicated to them by the French admiral, and being led towards Dieppe, they broke out into tumult, and forcibly turned their ships homeward, declaring that they would rather be hanged in England than be slaves to the French king and fight against their own religion. They all returned to the Downs, from whence the captain of the "Vanguard," and general commander of the English squadron, Vice-admiral Pennington, wrote to the king, informing him of the mutinous conduct of his crews, and asking for further orders. In the mean time deputies of the Huguenots had arrived in London, imploring the government not to lend

English vessels for their destruction, and the king solemnly promised not to do so; but the assurance had no sooner been given, when Charles, with scandalous duplicity, sent an express to Pennington, commanding him to surrender the "Vanguard" to the French, and to compel the other seven ships, "even to sinking," to follow the example. The vice-admiral obeyed his orders; he laid hold of the merchantmen, fired after them on their attempting to escape, and succeeded in delivering up to the French the whole squadron, except one ship, the "Neptune," the captain of which, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, returned shot for shot, and made his way home. The crews of the seven remaining vessels, even when surrounded by French men-of-war, refused to turn their hands against the Huguenots; they took to the boats and deserted in bodies, some going to the defenders of La Rochelle, and others returning to England. They spread all over the country, their voices raised against the perfidy of King Charles and his advisers.

When Charles opened the adjourned parliamentary session on the 1st of August, in the great hall of Christ Church, Oxford, gloom and resentment were depicted on all countenances. No cheers greeted the speech from the throne, the chief subject of which again was a demand for money to cover the necessities of the royal exchequer, and also "to carry on the war." The king gone, the general indignation burst forth. One member said as war had been spoken of, he should like to know exactly with what power England was at war for the time being, and how the hostilities were carried on, while another, going a step further, boldly denounced Buckingham as the curse of the country, and the originator of the perfidy of lending English ships to attack men dear to the whole nation, the Protestants of La Rochelle. At the second sitting of the commons, it was decided not to grant any further subsidies to the crown till the often complained of grievances were remedied, and the administration of home and foreign affairs carried on in a more honest manner. In the debates that ensued, speaker after speaker repeated that the public money was ill employed, and the king ill advised; that the improvidence of the government had reached such a height that it could be endured no longer; that the war engaged in by the former parliament, and for which subsidies had been voted, was "managed by contrary designs;" and that, finally, they "had reason to petition the king for a stout hand and sounder counsels to manage his affairs." The animosity against Buckingham manifested in the House of Commons was stronger still among the lords, where the earl of Bristol, who, after his return from Spain had been kept under restraint by the favourite, was giving vent to his wrath. After giving a full account of the negotiations for the hand of the infanta, he denounced Buckingham as being the sole cause of the rupture with Spain, brought on for merely personal objects, to satisfy his spite against the count of Olivarez, and against the true interest of England. An inquiry was resolved upon, but before it had commenced the favourite came forward with a threat against Bristol. "I am minded," he cried, "to leave that business asleep, but if it should

awake, it will prove a lion to devour him who co-operated with Olivarez." On the ninth day of the session the king himself made his appearance in the House of Lords, and summoning the commons to the bar, told them to make haste to vote his supplies; they were losing time, he said, in idle discussions, dangerous, if for no other reason, for that the plague, creeping slowly up from the capital, might reach them. He ended by informing the commons, sarcastically, that if not voting the required subsidies immediately, he would have to take care of their health for them, and, sending them to their homes, try to manage without them and their money. The threat had no other effect than that of bringing on a short discussion about the emergency of granting a supply. A few members seemed in favour of it, on the ground that it would be wise to conciliate the king, whose necessities, as all knew, were really pressing; but in reply to this it was said that mere necessity was a bad counsellor, made use of a continual argument for supplies, in all parliaments, and "that those who had put the king and kingdom to such constant necessities and hazards ought to answer for it." A proposition for the impeachment of Buckingham followed in the wake of the debate, on the first news of which Charles abruptly signed an order for the dissolution of parliament. It was read by commission on the 12th of August, the Oxford session having just lasted twelve days. Though short in space of time, it widened immensely the great gulf that was opening between parliament and the throne.

Among the people the sudden dissolution of parliament was little noticed for the moment, the attention of all being absorbed by the dreadful spread of the plague. Superstition added to its terrors; the unheard-of growth of the pestilence, it was said, was a judgment of heaven for the king having wedded a "papist and idolator," and bringing a swarm of priests into the country, who intended upsetting the true faith and light anew the fires of persecution. It was remarked also that the reign of James had commenced with a pestilence, but much milder than the one now raging, which was held to prognosticate evils of far direr import than any that had yet fallen upon the suffering nation. The horrors of the plague were vast enough to generate such and other conceptions. Its fury was greatest in the capital; but the ghastly contagion gradually crept through the provinces, and the spirit of self-preservation predominating over every other feeling, all intercommunication ceased, town separating itself from town, and village from village, till the houses themselves became fortresses, and friends and relations looked upon each other with fear and dread. Sir James Whitelock, puisne judge of the court of King's Bench, "a stout, wise, and learned man," was one of the witnesses of the pestilence in the capital, and his son left an appalling description of it in some "Memoirs" which he composed. In the middle of summer, 1625, he says, "the plague so raged in London that in one week there died five thousand persons; it was also spread in many places in the country. In some families, master and mistress, children and servants, were all swept away. For fear of infection, most persons who were to pay money did first put it into a tub of water, and then it

was taken out by the person that was to receive it. When the plague was somewhat assuaged, and there died in London but two thousand five hundred in a week, it fell to Judge Whitelock's turn to go to Westminster Hall, to adjourn Michaelmas term from thence to Reading. Accordingly he went from his house in Buckinghamshire to Horton, near Colnbrook, and the next morning early to Hyde Park Corner, where he and his retinue dined on the ground, with such meat and drink as they brought in the coach with them, and afterwards he drove fast through the streets, which were empty of people, and overgrown with grass, to Westminster Hall, where the officers were ready; and the judge and his company went straight to the King's Bench, adjourned the court, returned to his coach, and drove away presently out of town." Another description of the aspect of London under the plague, in the summer of 1625, and the disorganization of all society, was left by William Lilly, who got famous subsequently as "astrologer," but for the time being did not occupy himself with the stars, but was living in the humble capacity of servant to a shopkeeper in the Strand. His employer ran away when the danger of the pestilence became serious, leaving him alone in charge of the house. "My master was no sooner gone," says Lilly, "when I bought a bass viol, and got a teacher to instruct me; the intervals of time I spent in bowling in Lincoln's Inn Fields with Wat the cobbler, Dick the blacksmith, and such like companions. We were sometimes at our work at six in the morning, and continued till three or four in the afternoon, many times without bread or drink all that while. Sometimes I went to church and heard funeral sermons, of which there were great plenty; at other times I went early to St. Antholin's, in the city, where there was every morning a sermon. The most able people of the city and suburbs were out of town; if any remained, it were such as were engaged by parish offices to remain. No habit of a gentleman or woman continued. The woful calamity of that year was grievous, people dying in the open fields and in the streets. At last, in August, the bills of mortality had so increased that very few people had thoughts of surviving the contagion." The plague did not cease in London till October, by which time the great city had assumed the stillness of a graveyard. No war, however fierce, could have produced a tithe of the ravages of the hideous pestilence, sprung, according to the Puritans, from want of godliness, but, in good truth, rather from want of cleanliness.

Charles exhibited considerable personal bravery during the whole time of the plague, due in part to the entire occupation of his mind with a great scheme propounded by Buckingham. Seeing all his popularity gone, and an impeachment hanging over his head, in the event of the meeting of another parliament, which was inevitable, the favourite had conceived the idea of making himself the darling of the nation once more by striking a grand stroke against Spain, productive, if successful, of fame as well as riches. The plan was simply to walk in the steps of the sea-kings, or pirates, of the reign of Elizabeth, and by waylaying the "plate fleet" on the return from America, to turn the vast stream of treasure flowing

periodically from the West Indies into Spain 'for a moment upon England. But to lay hold of the Spanish gold, English gold was required in the first instance; and to obtain it, and the means for fitting out a fleet, Charles and Buckingham set to work with a zeal worthy of a nobler cause. Letters under the privy seal were issued to all the nobility, gentry, and clergy, to all the officials under government and of town corporations, to all landowners, and to every man in the kingdom known to be possessed of any means, entreating the persons named to contribute to the wants of the king, and aid him in defending the state against its enemies, with hints that, in case of non-compliance, more would be taken by force than was now asked from the free goodwill of his majesty's subjects. The letters, more decisive in tone than the old appeals for benevolence, and likewise more forcible by coming directly from the crown, resulted in the flow of considerable sums into the royal exchequer; and the money thus gathered being carefully husbanded, Charles reducing his own expenditure to the lowest dimensions, stopping all court festivities, and depriving himself even of personal luxuries, it was found possible to buy and hire a fleet of eighty vessels, most of them of small size, and to press into service nearly ten thousand people, landsmen and sailors, the scum of the seaport towns. Having succeeded thus far, Buckingham induced the states of Holland to add a squadron of sixteen sail, all good ships, manned by thoroughly efficient mariners, to the fleet he had raised, representing to them the expedition as a sort of a religious crusade against the arch-enemy of Protestantism, and, what detracted nothing from its pious aspect in the eyes of the Dutch, proving that it was certain to pay cent. per cent. The sixteen sail of the Netherlands were a most valuable addition to the undertaking, but it was not obtained without a very serious drawback, all but destroying its advantages. The king and Buckingham had kept the destination of the fleet which they were preparing the greatest secret, bent heart and soul upon the success of the enterprise, and conscious that it was to be obtained only by strict concealment of their movements. But the secrecy was destroyed the moment negotiations were opened with the states general; the members of the republican government could not keep their tongues, and some weeks "ere the fleet went out of the Downs," as stated by James Howell, "the '*Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*' had it in print that it was for the strait's mouth." The doings of the "*Mercurius*," one of the first bantlings of the periodical press, were sufficient to disgust King Charles for ever with the insignificant-looking yet formidable little sheets of printed matter, regularly issued, that sprang up in his reign, and which the world came to denominated newspapers.

Having collected his armament, with orders to join the Dutch squadron in the Downs, Buckingham made a fatal blunder by appointing to the command-in-chief of the expedition one of his personal friends, Lord Wimbledon, a man of sense and of some accomplishments, but utterly destitute of both naval and military knowledge. Wimbledon himself protested against the choice, but the king, obstinate in carrying out whatever his favourite advised, insisted that he should

accept the appointment, declaring, what was but too true, that he had no real sea-captains among his subjects, and basing thereupon the argument that a landsman, not devoid of brains, might as well direct a fleet, intended not to give a great battle, but to capture a comparatively defenceless crowd of half-armed merchantmen, as some nominal admiral and vice-admiral. Further opposition being out of the question, Wimbledon took his post as ordered, at the commencement of October, 1625; and, giving the signal, the seventy-six ships, largest fleet that had been seen in the Channel since the time of the Invincible Armada, lifted their anchors in the Downs, and steered southward. The weather was favourable till the Bay of Biscay was reached, where a gale scattered the ships, driving one of them, the "*Long Robin*," upon the French coast, leaving one hundred and thirty men to be swallowed up by the waves. Disasters now followed each other thick and fast, and the commander confessing his own helplessness in referring everything to the deliberation of so-called councils of war, composed of men as ignorant of naval affairs as himself, complete anarchy broke out in the fleet. Some advising to fight the Spaniards on land, others on sea, and others half-way between land and sea, in some convenient harbour, Lord Wimbledon, with strong predilections for the firm earth on which he had lived all his life, decided finally on adopting the first counsel, and set some five thousand men ashore near Cadiz, with orders to take the city by storm. The five thousand, dregs of the low population of London, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, did not much like the storming operation, and instead of marching straight along the road to Cadiz, they dispersed into the country to right and left, in sharp look-out for cash-boxes, valuables of all kinds, and, more than everything else, good wine. Of the latter article there was abundance; the wine harvest of the year had been plentiful, and the produce being excellent, the invaders did so far justice to it as to get dead drunk at every opportunity. The enraged peasantry now took up the defence of the country and of their homes, and began killing the drunken creatures with spades and knives, not without frightful cruelty, tearing off ears, and plucking out eyes. It was with great trouble Wimbledon got one-half the men he had sent on shore back to the ships, and, setting sail again, he had to learn that while his soldiers had been invading the cellars of the Cadiz wine merchants, the great "plate fleet," carrying a gigantic amount of treasure, twice that of any preceding year, had run into Lisbon, quite safe and undisturbed. In the hope of laying hands upon a stray carrack, he made his way again to the north, hugging the Spanish coast, but had not got far when a contagious fever broke out on board one or two of the vessels, which led him to issue an insane order for the distribution of the sick invalids all over the fleet. Incapacity could go no further, and the last decree of the commander-in-chief settled the fate of the expedition. Without a single prize, with a death-list of five thousand, and with all his ships turned into floating hospitals, Wimbledon made his way back to England, and after a three months' absence returned to Plymouth, where the mob, after much hooting and hissing, made an attempt

to stone him. The rabble of the old seaport town might have forgiven the noble lord the loss of life caused by his incompetency for the post he was filling, but they could never pardon that he had brought back no gold.

The king, among whose good qualities was a disinclination to vindictiveness, showed more sorrow than anger on learning the disgraceful failure of the expedition on which he had set such high hopes, and instead of signing a warrant for the arrest of the unfortunate commander, as demanded by several of his enemies, merely forbade him to appear at court. But even this seemed hard measure to Lord Wimbledon, and he bitterly complained to his friend and protector, Buckingham, of the treatment. "I have been your officer," he said, "in as difficult and miserable an action as ever any one hath undertaken, and with as little assistance as ever any one had, for many of those who should have assisted me were more careful in betraying me than in forwarding his majesty's service." He reminded the favourite, moreover, that the place of commander-in-chief had been forced upon him, absolutely against his own will, and that he had gone so far, in order to escape the responsibility thrust upon him, as to warn the king that evil would happen through the appointment; "and had it not been for my obedience to his majesty," he added, "and my good affection to your excellency, I would rather have been torn in pieces than to have gone with so many ignorant and malicious people." It was impossible for Buckingham not to see the justice of these arguments; but something remained to be done to wipe out the damage and disgrace of the Spanish enterprise, and after consulting with the king, it was decided to make a great attempt towards regaining the palatinate. In the first instance, with a view towards this object, Buckingham resolved to form an army to attack the forces of Philip IV. holding possession of the German provinces on the lower Rhine; and money being again the primary requisite, Charles gave his consent to the sale of the superfluous plate in the royal household, as well as the pawning of the crown jewels. To effect this object, and at the same time enter into treaties with the states general for carrying out the war on the Continent, Buckingham himself went to the Netherlands, where he was so far successful as to raise the sum of three hundred thousand pounds from the pawnbrokers of Amsterdam and the Hague, leaving the regalia of England with the Hebrew individuals advancing the cash, and who put them by in their grimy stores, among other articles of a miscellaneous nature. More difficult than this financial transaction were the diplomatic negotiations upon which Buckingham entered next with the government of the states general. The political leaders of the republic, reasonably angry for the total failure of their cent. per cent. expectations in the Cadiz lottery, absolutely refused to connect themselves in any way with the new speculation in Germany, distrustful of Buckingham's ability to procure either good soldiers, or a general able to cope with such veterans as Spinola and Tilly, and equally distrustful of the sovereign in whose name the war was to be undertaken, the prince palatine. The brother-in-law of Charles had been living now for more than four years

with his wife and children in Holland, dependent entirely upon the bounty of his English relatives, and so far degraded by misfortune as to lose all the nobler qualities of his character, his former religious enthusiasm turning gradually into scepticism, his princely freedom into vulgarity, and his high-handed munificence into parsimoniousness. The last was a quality too well known to the Dutch themselves to endure it in a foreigner; and seeing the royal refugee live in a style not better than that of a pushing cow-keeper, or dealer in herrings, and in order to save a few pence, travel in the common market boats, among peasants and labourers, they had come to feel a profound contempt for him, firm in the belief of the "Winter King" having lost all chances of rising in the world. After a month's stay at the Hague, Buckingham found that there was no hope to engage the Dutch government to help him reconquering the palatinate, and he thereupon prepared to bend his steps to Paris. The journey into France had been contemplated by him for some time, and with much eagerness, due less to the desire of meeting with the ministers of Louis XIII. than that of meeting with his wife.

In preparing to revisit France, Buckingham had forgotten the existence of a formidable enemy to his own private objects, a man whose greatness he as yet was unable to acknowledge, and of whose political power even he had no true conception. Cardinal Richelieu had no sooner heard that the audacious lover of the queen intended to present himself again at court, when he interposed his fiat, positively prohibiting the mighty favourite to cross the frontier. Affronted beyond measure, yet the more eager under increasing difficulties to see the royal lady upon whom he had temporarily set his affections, Buckingham sent one of his intimate friends, the earl of Holland, to Paris, to examine the state of affairs at the court of Louis XIII., so as to discover whether the French government would really dare to risk his enmity should he insist upon not allowing himself to be excluded from the kingdom. The report of the earl left no hopes for Buckingham to be able to enter France, or at least to get out of it alive. "I have been a careful spy to observe intentions and affections towards you," the envoy wrote, "and I find many things to be feared, and none to be assured of a safe welcome. For the king continues in his suspects, making as they say very often discourses of it, and is willing to hear the cardinal say that the queen hath infinite affections—you imagine which way. They say there is whispered among the foolish young bravados of the court that he is not a good Frenchman who suffers you to return out of France, considering the reports that are raised. Many such bruits fly up and down. I have since my coming given the queen mother, by way of discourse, occasion to say somewhat concerning you, as the other night, when she complained to me that things were carried harshly in England towards France," alluding to the excitement caused by the loan of the men-of-war to serve against the Huguenots; "I then said that the greatest unkindness and harshness came from hence, even to forbid your coming hither, a thing so strange and so unjust, as our master had cause, and was infinitely sensible

of it. She then fell into discourse of you, desiring you would respect and love her daughter, and likewise that she had and ever would command her to respect you and follow you, and follow your counsels, with many professions of value and respect unto your person; but would never either answer what I complained of, or invite you to come hither." Cardinal Richelieu did not know what he was doing in interfering with the amours of George Villiers, son of a Leicestershire squire, perfect dancer, pink of politeness, and model of elegance at the court of two kings. No sooner had Buckingham learnt that the refusal of his entering France and making love to the young wife of the sovereign was absolute, when he arrived at a grand resolution. It was nothing less than to reverse the policy of England, and to make war upon Louis XIII., ally of the German Protestants, at the same time with fighting against Philip IV., chief enemy of the Protestants. Good luck and the talent of his dancing-master having given the fate of a great nation into his hands, Buckingham could not conceive why the nation should not assist him in carrying out his personal amusements, as well as his little bits of personal spite.

With his determination fixed, the favourite returned to England in January, 1626, to prepare for war, as well as to grace by his presence two events of importance, the coronation of the king and the opening of another parliament. The coronation took place on the 2nd of February, and was marked by a display of extraordinary pomp and ceremoniousness, so as to be, in the words of a contemporary, "one of the most punctual since the conquest." It was distinguished further by the absence of the queen, who had begun to quarrel continuously with her royal husband, owing in part to the interference of Buckingham, and who now refused to be crowned, declining even to go as a spectator to Westminster Abbey, contenting herself to look upon the procession from a window at Whitehall, while the ladies of her suit kept frisking and dancing around her, as if to express their contempt of the magnificent show. But the absence of the consort of Charles was more than atoned for by the brilliant appearance of the favourite, who had taken upon himself for the day the duties of lord high constable, and as such guided the king to the throne, and kept close to his side during the whole of the ceremony. Charles on his part neglected nothing to distinguish his friend, and on Buckingham stretching forth his arm to lead him to his regal seat, offered his own hand in return, while exclaiming, full of smiles, "I have as much need to help you, as you to assist me." The coronation rite was performed by Archbishop Abbot, who, after having anointed the king's naked shoulders, hands, arms, and head, behind a screen, in order not to offend the Puritans, who looked upon these observances as popish abominations, brought his majesty forward to present him to the crowd within the abbey. "My masters and friends," the primate exclaimed, "I am here come to present unto you your king, King Charles, to whom the crown of his ancestors and predecessors is now devolved by lineal right, and he himself come hither to be settled in that throne which God and his birth have appointed for him, and therefore I desire you,

by your general acclamation, to testify your consent and willingness thereunto." A dead pause ensued, not a voice being lifted to greet the king, who was standing there bare-headed, with the favourite to his right, and the archbishop to the left. The suspense becoming painful, the earl marshal, Lord Arundel, stepped forth from the midst of the royal guards, and in commanding tone desired the people to cry "God save King Charles." Many of the spectators now responded to the appeal, and the shout arose on all sides, faintly echoed by the people without the abbey, "Long live King Charles." Languid and weak as were the cries, they plainly told that the hearts of his people were not with King Charles.

Four days after the coronation, on the 6th of February, 1626, the king opened his second parliament. Charles went in person to Westminster, but did not deliver the speech from the throne, leaving the duty to the lord keeper, Sir Thomas Coventry, successor of Bishop Williams, who had offended the favourite, and been chased from his post. The oration pronounced by the new lord keeper was a very singular one, not a little astounding to the hearers. "If we consider aright," Sir Thomas told the lords and commons, "and think of that incomparable distance between the supreme height and majesty of a mighty monarch, and the submissive awe and lowliness of loyal subjects, we cannot but receive exceeding comfort and contentment in the frame and constitution of this highest court, wherein not only the prelates, nobles, and grandees, but the commons of all degrees have their part, and wherein that high majesty doth descend to admit, or rather to invite, the humblest of his subjects to counsel or conference with him." Making a large allowance for official hyperbolism, the commons yet thought the language somewhat too strong, and hastened to show the king that they did not agree with it. As always, the demand for subsidies had been the chief topic of the speech from the throne, and the house forthwith resolved that no question of a grant could be entertained as long as the government refused to remedy old and new grievances. A formidable list of these was drawn up at once and presented to the king. The principal points dwelt upon were the continued abuses in the levying of illegal taxes, imposts, and customs duties; the exaction of benevolences, specially prohibited by acts of parliament; the creation of new monopolies, patents, and privileges; the sale of honours and places of judicature; the prodigality and malversation of the servants of the crown; the misemployment of three subsidies and three fifteenths voted by previous parliaments; and, finally, "the not guarding of the narrow seas," and "the diminution of the kingdom in strength and honour." In the wake of the long list of complaints followed accusations against Buckingham, pointed out as "the great delinquent." To subdue the gathering storm, and prevent, if possible, the threatened impeachment from taking effect, Buckingham lost no time to make the king interfere, and Charles, at his dictation, addressed a message to the House of Commons. "I must let you know," his majesty informed the house, that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned among you, much less such as are of eminent place, and near unto me. The

old question was what shall be done to the man whom the king shall honour; but now it has been the labour of some to seek what may be done against him whom the king thinks fit to honour. I see you especially aim at the duke of Buckingham: I wonder what has so altered your affection towards him. I do well remember his favour with you in the last parliament of my father's time; what he hath done since to alter and change your minds I know not, but can assure you he hath not meddled or done anything concerning the public or commonwealth but by special directions, and as my servant." Charles concluded, "I wish you would hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves, for, if any ill happen, I shall be the last that shall feel it." The threat was replied to by an energetic protest of the members of the lower house, followed by the impeachment of Buckingham. "It is the ancient, constant, and undoubted right and usage of parliaments," the commons exclaimed, "to question and complain of all persons, of what degree soever, found dangerous to the commonwealth, in abusing the power and trust committed to them by the sovereign." The impeachment of Buckingham was resolved upon after a long and serious deliberation of the united lords and commons, held within doors locked and bolted, the chief speaker and accuser of the favourite being Sir John Eliot, a Cornish gentleman, and representative of Cornwall. With undaunted courage, fully conscious that he risked his head in the words he was uttering, he charged Buckingham with ruining the country by his pride, selfishness, and ambition, winding up his speech by comparing him to Sejanus, the blood-stained minion and prime minister of the Emperor Tiberius. A thrill of excitement seized the assembly, when Eliot, having drawn his full-length picture of the English Sejanus, exclaimed, "My lords, you see the man."

Charles was transported with rage on hearing that the act of impeachment had passed. He instantly ordered the arrest of Sir John Eliot, as well as of another member, Sir Dudley Digges, who had seconded his motion; and while both were being dragged to the Tower he himself hurried to the lords, to tell them to beware of his anger in sitting as judges in the trial of the duke. Fearful of carrying matters to extremity, the peers seemed to hesitate for a moment, and on the lower house forwarding a message requesting that Buckingham might be committed to custody, they declined to comply with the demand. To follow up the advantage thus obtained, the court party in the commons, not very numerous, but possessing a few good speakers, made a great effort to stay further hostilities by pointing to the dangers of the struggle. Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador to the states-general, and a warm adherent of Buckingham, who had lifted him to his post, was the first to come forward with an harangue which created great stir, though not of the kind desired by the orator. He told the commons that having long lived abroad, he had seen the poverty and wretchedness existing among continental nations, compared with whose state that of England was a paradise. "In foreign countries," Sir Dudley cried, "the people look not like ours, with store of flesh on their backs, but like ghosts, being nothing

but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing wooden shoes on their feet: a misery beyond expression, and that we are yet free from." The commons listened to the argument of the "store of flesh" on the backs of Englishmen being due to the king and his favourite with great demonstrations of incredulity; and on the speaker concluding, "Let us be careful then to preserve the king's good opinion of parliaments, which bringeth happiness to this nation, and makes us envied of all others," a storm of indignation broke loose. "To the bar! to the bar!" many of the members shouted, resolute to have the courtier ask pardon on his knees for the foolish things he had uttered, implying, as was thought, a menace on the part of Buckingham of his being able to reduce the whole English people to slavery, indigence, and wretchedness, or, perhaps, even to that culmination of all earthly distress, the "wearing of wooden shoes," truly characterized as "a misery beyond expression." A humble apology saved the ambassador from going to the bar; and the incident passed, the house resolved itself into a grand committee, protesting against the imprisonment of two of their members, after which the indictment against Buckingham was proceeded with. The accusation consisted of thirteen separate charges, the principal of which were, that he had invested himself with several of the highest offices of state, never before held by one person; that he had procured unjustly honours and wealth for his poor kindred and worthless dependants; that he had sold places of trust under government and in the courts of law; that he had appropriated to himself large sums from the royal exchequer; that he had culpably neglected his duties of high admiral; that he had extorted the sum of ten thousand pounds from the company of East India merchants, by staying their vessels from sailing; that he had caused the "Vanguard" and other ships to be given up to the French king, knowing them to be designed against the Protestants of La Rochelle; and, lastly, that he had given, or caused to be given, a plaister and potion to King James, in his mortal illness, "a transcendent presumption of a dangerous quality." The impeachment framed, it was carried, on the 8th of May, to the upper house, and another vote was passed by a large majority, requesting the lords to commit the duke of Buckingham to the Tower.

Buckingham showed no signs of fear under the storm that was breaking over him. Confident in the power of royalty to protect him, he treated the accusation of the commons in an off-hand manner, with a sort of calm mockery, and while the impeachment was hanging over his head went in as candidate for the high honorary dignity of chancellor of the university of Cambridge, which had become vacant by the death of the earl of Suffolk. The election was carried in his favour, at the interference of the king, who made the choice of his friend a question of loyalty to the throne; and the result so much pleased Charles that he addressed a public letter of thanks to the members of the university, commending them for their obedience to the royal mandate, and at the same time praising and vindicating the duke. Choosing to consider his election to the Cambridge chancellorship as a popular protest against the animosity of the

House of Commons, Buckingham got more elated than ever, riding about publicly at the side of the king, and accompanying him to parliament to chide the commons for their insolent behaviour. "I have been too remiss, hitherto," Charles exclaimed, addressing the lords, in complaint of the doings of the lower house, "in punishing such speeches as concern myself: not that I was greedy of their moneys, but that Buckingham, through his importunity, would not suffer me to take notice of them, lest he might be thought to have set me on, that he might come the forwarder to his trial. And to approve his innocence, as touching the matters against him, I myself can be a witness to clear him in every one of them." The king's speech was followed by an address of Buckingham, containing his defence against all the articles laid to his charge in the indictment of the commons. He denied either altogether, or explained and extenuated the charges of corruption and extortion; slurred over and scarcely touched such points as the lending of ships to France and the giving of the "black plaister" to King James; and for the rest, and in all the main points, sheltered himself by the plea that all that he had done had been in absolute obedience to the late and the present king, and that he had never been anything else but a humble servant of royalty. The peers did not receive the defence as warmly as Buckingham expected, refusing even to transmit it to the commons, and it became clear, more and more, that nothing could save him but an immediate dissolution. To prepare for the step, most serious under the circumstances, the king despatched another message to the Speaker of the lower house, pressing for the vote of supplies. "We hold it necessary by these our letters," his majesty wrote to the leader of the commons, "to give them this our last and final admonition, and to let them know that we shall account all further delays and excuses to be express denials; and therefore we will and require you to signify unto them that we do expect that they do forthwith bring in their bill of subsidy, to be passed without delay or condition, so as it may fully pass the house by the end of next week at the furthest, which if they do not, it will force us to take other resolutions." Having decided already that the reform of grievances and, above all, dismissal of Buckingham should precede the vote of any supply, the commons began to frame a declaration acquainting the king with their resolve; but the debate had scarcely commenced, when the usher of the Black Rod summoned them to the bar of the House of Lords. At the foot of the throne stood the royal commissioners, preparing to read the decree dissolving parliament, awaiting only to begin their task the return of some of the peers who had hurried to Charles, imploring him as he valued the peace of the realm, his own happiness, and that of his subjects, not to take the hasty course advised by Buckingham. On his refusal, they begged, more passionately still, that he might suspend his resolution at least for a few days, but the reply of the king was, "Not a minute." The commissioners now read the royal decree; and the same day, the 15th of June, 1626, the gates of the houses of parliament were closed, and the members returned to their homes. Before dispersing, the commons

issued a protest against the acts of the government, which they had printed and dispersed among the people, but which the king ordered to be burnt. Charles had yet to find that fire was but a poor weapon of defence against the printing press.

Buckingham's first effort after the dissolution of parliament was to get money. The cash raised by the pawning of the crown jewels had long been spent, and once more the royal exchequer was perfectly empty; and being in urgent want of fresh supplies, not only for the ordinary objects of expenditure, but to make preparations for carrying out his war schemes against France, he made desperate efforts to procure the required treasure, not scrupling how or where to get it. As a commencement, writs were issued under the privy seal, demanding loans from the nobility, and all men of property, as well as all town corporations, the sums to be advanced being fixed in each case, and set at a high figure, that of the city of London, among others, at the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds. Together with the privy-seal writs, letters were issued to the people in general, calling for a benevolence, equal in amount to three parliamentary subsidies, while at the same time commissions were granted to the archbishop of York, and other bishops and church dignitaries, to compound with the Roman Catholics of their dioceses for all acts of recusancy committed by them since the tenth year of the reign of James, or which should be committed by them in future, for any term not exceeding forty-one years, such compositions to be held good, "any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding." All this being not deemed sufficient to raise the sums required by Buckingham, the king issued a decree ordering that the duties of tonnage and poundage should be levied and paid in the same manner and to the same amount as if voted by parliament; and to coerce the people into payment, commissions of muster and array were given to the lord lieutenants of the various counties, with large powers, never before known, of executing martial law in case of "invasions, insurrections, and riots." More ingenious still, the power of the church was brought in aid of the illegal loan and tax-gatherers, by the king sending round, in his own name, a set of instructions to the clergy, enjoining them to preach the merits of lending or giving money without authority of parliament, and to make this duty appear as essential to salvation. The instructions, most skilfully worded, and which had much of the desired effect, were drawn up by a very remarkable man, advanced and patronized by Buckingham, and fast rising into fame, William Laud, the son of a clothier at Reading, who had come to be bishop of St. David's, with aims not stopping short of the primacy. Under Laud's guidance and supreme direction, a regular confederacy of clergymen, mostly of Romanist tendencies, had been forming for some time, with the avowed object of taking an active part in the contest that was opening between two great powers and two great principles—a king, claiming to rule by divine right, and to be infallible like the pontifex, on the one side, and a puritanical parliament, Protestant in politics as well as religion, on the other. The dissolution of the second parliament of Charles was the signal for

the commencement of the religious agitation; and soon a number of pulpits throughout the country began to resound with sermons full of the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and the duty of subjects to render passive obedience in all things to the anointed of the Lord. But the preaching in most places took very little effect. The people everywhere had become instinctively conscious that having done with a divine-right pope, there was no room left on English soil for a divine-right king; and the question coming home directly to all by an appeal in the simplest form, one to pockets and purses, the response, too, was of the simplest and most decisive kind. "No parliament, no money!" the London populace shouted; and "No parliament, no money!" the people repeated all over the kingdom.

By the combination of all the new means of exaction, very large sums of money were raised, allowing Buckingham to hire ships and enlist soldiers for the war against Louis XIII., which, in the first instance, was to shape itself into assistance given to the Huguenots. Before entering upon hostilities abroad, the favourite found it requisite to fight a small battle at home against the same enemy, and to expel the crowd of French priests and ladies in attendance who had come into England with the queen, and who, being made aware of his newly-born Huguenot sympathies, moved heaven and earth to destroy his influence. The task of getting rid of the small army of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen snugly settled at the English court was not very difficult, inasmuch as the strangers suffered not only under excessive unpopularity, but had come to be greatly disliked by the king himself, who felt disgusted with their constant claims upon his purse and his power, and fancied, besides, not without reason, that they were withdrawing from him the affections of his wife. The measure of the offences of the priests and priestly assistants got full to overflowing on their entering, in the summer of 1626, upon the mad step of leading the queen to Tyburn, to do penance at the foot of the gallows on which Father Garnet, the chief of the English Jesuits, and other participators of the gunpowder plot, had been hung, or, in Roman Catholic phraseology, had received the crown of martyrdom. It was enough to raise a tremendous outcry of the puritanical clergy against the doings at court; and in the heat of it, prompted and led by Buckingham, the king determined to cast out his French tormentors by the most summary process. The deed was accomplished not without trouble, amusingly sketched in the letter of master John Pory, one of his majesty's grooms in attendance. "On Monday last, about noon," John Pory informed a friend, towards the end of July, 1626, about six weeks after the dissolution of parliament, "the king came into the queen's apartment, and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, unreverently dancing and curveting in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save only the queen. Presently, upon this, my Lord Conway called forth the French bishop, and others of that clergy, into St. James's Park, where he told them the king's pleasure was that all her majesty's servants of that nation, men and women

young and old, should depart the kingdom; he also gave the reasons that enforced his majesty so to do. The bishop stood much upon it, that being in the nature of an ambassador, he could not go unless the king his master should command him; but he was told again that the king his master had nothing to do here in England, and that, if he were unwilling to go, England would find force enough to convey him hence. The bishop had as much reason to be loth to depart as the king and all his well-affected subjects had to send him packing, for he had as much power of conferring orders, and dispensing sacraments and oaths, as the pope could give, and so by consequence was a most dangerous instrument to work the pope's ends here. The king's message being thus delivered by my Lord Conway, his lordship, accompanied by master Treasurer, and master Comptroller, went into the queen's lodgings, and told likewise all the French that were there that his majesty's pleasure was they should all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they heard further of his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain, for the yeomen of the guard, by my lord's appointment, thrust them and all their country folks out of the queen's lodgings, and locked the doors upon them. It is said that the queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fist; but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the king and she, since they went to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together." Young Henrietta Maria had too much of the blood of the Italian Medici in her to find many admirers in her adopted country; and now sober English Protestants blamed her as severely for breaking window-panes at St. James's, as for getting "jocund," immediately after, at Nonsuch.

In moving the tribe of French priests and bed-chamber women from St. James's Palace to Somerset House, the king had taken but the first step towards their expulsion, and he had to find that the second, to get them across the Channel, was equally, if not more difficult. Not to have too much shrieking and howling from the women, Charles commenced by trying the power of fair words, backed by liberal bribes, and with this object went on a personal visit to Somerset House. "He went thither," John Pory informed his friend, "and made a speech to them, to this purpose. That he hoped the king his good brother of France would not take amiss what he had done, for though he would not tax particular persons, yet the French servants had occasioned many jars and discontents between the queen and him, such indeed as longer were insufferable. He prayed them, therefore, to pardon him if he sought his own ease and safety, telling them moreover that he had given orders to his treasurer to reward every one of them with a year's service. So the next morning there was distributed among them eleven thousand pounds in money, and about twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewels." The French greedily pocketed the money and the jewels, and everything else they could lay hands upon, including, as reported indignantly by John Pory, "all the queen's apparel and linen," leaving "but one gown and two smocks at her back,"

and still, after all, refused to go, pleading that they must wait for orders from France. But Charles's patience now was at an end, and determined to finish with the dreadful people who were sticking to him like leeches, he sent a short, and not a little characteristic note, dated "Oaking, the 7th of August," to Buckingham, in reply to one from the favourite, complaining of the obstreperousness of the Somerset House guests. "Steeny," his majesty wrote, "I have received your letter by Dick Graham: this is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow, out of the town. If you can, by fair means, but stick not long in disputing; otherwise force them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear no answer but the performance of my command. So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend, Charles Rex." Buckingham hastened to carry out the order within the specified time. By his directions, "the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of his yeomen, as likewise with heralds, messengers, and trumpeters, went to proclaim his majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate, which, if not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put in execution, by turning all the French out of the house, head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news the French no sooner heard, when their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide." Not to leave anything more to the goodwill of the stiff-backed foreigners, several of whom, especially the young bishop, "stood upon their punctilios," Buckingham had them packed into barges by the yeomen of the guard, and transported to Gravesend, and from thence, in forty coaches, groaning under the weight of luggage, to Dover, where they were safely shipped for Calais. The queen, hearing of the treatment her friends were undergoing, once more set to breaking window-panes, besides tearing her hair and storming against Buckingham, regarding him as the author of all her troubles. "Steeny" succeeded in quieting her, when at the height of excitement, by a terrible hint, fearfully expressive of the position he had come to assume. "Madam," said the favourite, "there have been queens in England who have lost their heads on the scaffold." Royalty was falling very low to lead subjects to utter such words.

At the court of France the expulsion of the queen's attendants was generally looked upon as the forerunner of a declaration of war on the part of England. Louis XIII., stirred from his usual apathy by the moanings and maledictions of the proscribed priests, expressed his readiness even to commence the struggle; but Cardinal Richelieu, not misled by passion, but holding steadfast to the dictates of cool statesmanship, thought otherwise, and on his demand the king consented to send a special ambassador to London, to see whether peace could not be maintained. The envoy, François de Bassompierre, marshal of France, distinguished for his military genius, his wit, and his profligacy, landed in England at the end of September, and was received on his arrival in a very friendly manner both by the king and Buckingham, the latter buoyed by the hope of the marshal being the bearer of some love-token from the fair

spouse of Louis XIII., which might lead to his seeing her again. A private interview having destroyed his anticipations in this respect, Buckingham did his best to excite Charles against the French government, and succeeded so well that at a private audience granted to Bassompierre a fortnight after his arrival, the king showed inclinations to lay his hands upon him. After a warm discussion, arising out of remarks about the treatment which the queen's servants had received, Charles suddenly exclaimed, excited by some words which he construed into a threat, "Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war against me?" and on the ambassador replying, somewhat pretentiously, "I am not a herald to declare war, but a marshal of France, to make it when declared," the king got into the most violent anger. Fearing that blows might be struck, Buckingham, who was standing by, with his hat on, showing his usual want of deference to his royal friend and master, then threw himself between the two antagonists, and, crying out in a familiar manner, "I am come to make peace between you two," made an end of the quarrel. Bassompierre was, or professed to be, utterly shocked at the impertinence of the duke in the action; but it had the effect nevertheless of making him very anxious for further private audiences with Buckingham, instead of with his majesty, judging very truly that the great questions of peace or war could be far better solved in the former than in the latter. It was not long before the gay and gallant marshal and the sprightly favourite came to understand each other. Buckingham made no secret to his new diplomatic confidant that all he wanted was to be permitted to visit the court of Louis XIII. and his queen freely, and as a honoured guest, and that at this price he would guarantee not only the maintenance of good relations between England and France, but would bring about a more intimate alliance than had ever before existed between the two governments. The terms appeared fair to Bassompierre, who individually deemed himself justified to assist any man in making love to any woman, whether a queen or a sempstress; and feeling desirous, besides, for complicated political reasons, springing out of the turmoil of French party contests, to help in maintaining peace with England, he worked hard to get the propositions of Buckingham accepted by his own government. However, though Louis XIII. had relapsed into his habitual indolence, and the queen mother interposed no obstacles to the scheme which would lead her fair daughter-in-law into a renewal of her love intrigues, Cardinal Richelieu remained firm in his old resolution, and his final instructions to the marshal-ambassador were that Buckingham could not be permitted to revisit the French court on any account. Before the mandate arrived, the favourite, trusting in the vague assurances of Bassompierre, had gone so far as to get the king to sign his appointment as ambassador extraordinary to France, and the last check received therefore added the anger of wounded pride to his amorous disappointment. Seeing that his mission to England had come to an end, the marshal left in the middle of December, accompanied as far as Canterbury by Buckingham, who was hoping against hope that the decision

against him would be reversed. Bassompierre had fresh letters from his government before reaching Dover, but they only contained another negative to his proposals, which he conveyed in a polite note to the favourite, and then set sail across the Channel. Buckingham hurled after him a declaration of war against France.

The commencement of the struggle was not quite so easy as expected by the favourite. He had hoped that his announcement of giving aid to the oppressed French Protestants would raise a storm of religious enthusiasm all through the kingdom, similar to that which had lifted him to the height of popularity after breaking with Spain; but the expectation was not fulfilled, the deep sympathy for the Huguenots on the one side being counteracted by the equally deep distrust of his own motives. It was impossible for the people not to remember that but a year before Buckingham had lent English ships of war to the king of France to ruin the very men he now wanted to protect; and though accustomed of late to great changes and shiftings of policy, this one appeared too sudden to all to be looked upon with any kind of confidence. Nevertheless the war preparations, entered upon energetically by the favourite, had the usual result of creating a war fever, which went gradually growing in intensity until it had acquired all the dimensions needful for the execution of the first part of the project, that of relieving La Rochelle, the inhabitants of which, after a short period of peace, had again risen against the government, and had drawn a royal army under their walls. With the growing tide of popular excitement, money as well as troops came flowing in faster and faster, until Buckingham found himself once more the hero of the day, with half a million sterling at his command, and seven thousand men willing to fight for him. Having appointed himself commander-in-chief of the expedition, the favourite set sail from Portsmouth, in nearly a hundred small ships, on the 27th of June, 1627, and after being rudely tossed about the Channel for a fortnight, came to anchor at the isle of Oleron, opposite La Rochelle, on the 11th of July. Another grave disappointment here awaited Buckingham. Instead of admitting him with open arms into their city, as he had expected, the Huguenots refused to let his fleet enter the harbour, under the plea that there was no room, but in reality out of well-justified mistrust. Having been their enemy not many months before, they could scarcely believe that he should have become their sincere friend all on a sudden; and to try his sincerity, they invited him to take possession, in the first instance, of the isle of Ré, an island about twenty miles long and five miles broad, forming, together with Oleron, the entrance to the roadstead of La Rochelle. Buckingham, though deeply stung by the evident suspicions against him, nevertheless accepted the offer, and disembarking a portion of his troops, went to the attack of the royal troops stationed in the island, a force of three thousand men, under Count Toiras, an old and experienced general. At the first onset, the English were repulsed, but rallying, and backed by the fire of the heavy cannon from the fleet, they rushed upon the enemy a second time, and put him to complete rout. Buckingham

himself fought with great bravery, excited by the thought of breaking his way by force into France, and of being able to get face to face with the hated cardinal, dwelling with the besieging army before La Rochelle. The eagerness was well grounded, the contest, as existing, being less a war between England and France, than a duel between Buckingham and Richelieu.

The first brilliant success of the English troops was not followed up by the commander, who showed his utter military incapacity by neglecting not only the lessons of ordinary warfare, but even the dictates of common sense. Instead of pursuing his victory, and driving the whole of the royal army from the island, comparatively easy in the wake of their defeat, Buckingham allowed Toiras to take up a strong position in and around the citadel of St. Martin, the largest of two newly constructed, but not quite completed fortresses, situated on an eminence, on the northern coast of the island. While the royal troops were entrenching themselves here, and drawing supplies from the mainland, Buckingham remained entirely inactive at the place where he had disembarked, as if irresolute what to do next, till at the end of a week, when the French had completed their preparations, he roused himself at last and set out for St. Martin. On the way thither stood the fortress of La Prée, second of the island, a stronghold of considerable importance, yet without defenders for the moment, and which needed only to be occupied to give the invaders a firm grasp of the island; but the English commander-in-chief did not give it a look, marching leisurely on to St. Martin, and sitting down, on the 27th of July, under the guns of the citadel. Richelieu breathed freely on seeing his adversary commit these huge blunders. He had trembled at the news of Buckingham's victory, which, if duly pursued, would have made the capture of La Rochelle impossible, leaving its harbour for ever open to English vessels; but he could no longer doubt now that the success of the favourite had been a mere accident, and the conviction served to instil new energy into his ever active mind. The greatest weakness of France was its possessing no navy, and to offer resistance to the fleet preparing to bring aid to the Huguenots, Richelieu had, some months before, purchased seven large ships of war at Amsterdam, pretending them to be destined for a descent upon the Spanish coast; these now he ordered up in great haste, pressing at the same time every sailor and every fishing-boat along the coast, from Bordeaux up to Dieppe and Calais, into service, and directing all to meet in the narrow channels between Rochfort and the isle of Oleron. While thus working night and day with marvellous activity, dictating despatches to all parts of France, visiting personally every important point along the coast, and spending his whole private property to supply the dearth of the royal exchequer, Richelieu had the satisfaction to see that the man who had come to measure himself with him had sunk to a state approaching nihility. After leading his forces to the attack of St. Martin, and finding that the citadel could not be taken in a day, Buckingham had retired on board his ship, a vessel furnished with the utmost magnificence, like a

swimming palace. Here he conceived a new idea, that of offering peace to Louis XIII. in affection to his consort, declaring that for her sake alone he would spare France, into which he had entered victoriously, the horrors of war, on no other condition on his part than that of being permitted to lay his homage at the feet of the queen. The message he forwarded by a special embassy, headed by one of his relatives, and conducted by a nobleman of the isle of Ré who had been taken prisoner, to the king, who was staying with the army in the camp before La Rochelle. Before despatching his envoys, Buckingham, according to the relation of Tallemant des Réaux, "confessed his love to the nobleman, whom he led into the state apartment of his vessel. The apartment was most magnificently gilded, and splendidly furnished, a rich Persian carpet covering the floor: on the one side was placed a sort of altar, over which hung the portrait of the queen, with large tapers burning in front. Then and there he solemnly charged the noble messenger to seek the queen, and to declare to her his love, his adoration." The isle of Ré nobleman deemed the scene so romantic as to transmit it to posterity, unaware, perhaps, of the passionate lover of his queen having a fair young wife and several small children at home.

Sadly devoid of the spirit of romance, Richelieu would not allow the envoys of Buckingham even to enter the king's presence and to deliver their messages, and driving them back whence they had come, told them that the time for talking was past, and that of fighting had arrived. It was indeed time for action on both sides, for the month of October had come, without any decisive event taking place, Buckingham's army, after a close siege of more than two months, still investing the little fortress of St. Martin, killing helpless women and children, but inflicting no harm upon the garrison, whom it was intended to reduce by hunger. The plan promised success, for in the first week of October the troops under Toiras were beginning to feed upon dry roots, with not enough provisions of any kind to subsist for another fortnight; and to notify the extremities at which they had arrived, a daring soldier, named La Pierre, broke his way through the English camp, and swimming across the arm of sea, three miles broad, dividing the isle of Ré from the mainland, made his way to Richelieu. The latter had just completed all his preparations, and in the night from the 7th to the 8th of October, a squadron of thirty-five fishing-boats, mostly propelled by oars, with six hundred men on board, pushed off from the port of Sables d'Olonne, on the coast of Vendée, and meeting with few obstacles, succeeded in breaking through the English lines and throwing provisions for two months, with large stores of war, into St. Martin. The feat discouraged Buckingham so much that he gave orders to raise the siege, but was persuaded to postpone the execution for a few days, a fleet carrying a new army of five thousand men being expected every moment from England. But instead of five thousand Englishmen, six thousand Frenchmen disembarked on the island at the end of forty-eight hours, their landing having become possible by the disgraceful negligence and incapacity of Buckingham,

who with a hundred vessels under his command, guided by Huguenot pilots, the boldest and most experienced sailors of the west coast of France, had yet been inattentive to the simple duty of blockading the port of Sables d'Olonne, where Richelieu was concentrating all his armaments, as well as guarding the half a dozen bays and harbours on the isle of Ré from which alone approach by sea was possible. The arrival of the French troops had the effect of changing Buckingham's long-continued idleness into sudden audacity. With headlong fury, displaying great personal courage but painful want of sense, he led his forces to the assault of the citadel of St. Martin, choosing the strongest side for point of attack, and having been beaten back here with great slaughter, all the ditches and trenches being filled by English corpses, retreated towards the peninsula of Oie, a small tongue of land, separated from the rest of the isle of Ré by low marshes and a canal. In this position, the most unfavourable that could have been chosen in the whole island, cut off from the sea and his fleet by the fort of La Prée, of which he had neglected to take possession at the commencement, and which was now bristling with cannon, Buckingham was attacked by the royal army under Marshal Schomberg, one of the best generals of Richelieu. A fierce, short, and merciless fight, a carnage more than battle, sufficed to crush the English force; and leaving his great ordnance, with more than two thousand dead men behind in the fatal swamp, Buckingham had to fight his way to the coast, his road marked by one long streak of blood. There was a large and powerful fleet, recently reinforced from England, yet left to continue the struggle, and deputies from La Rochelle on their knees implored him not to desert the Huguenot cause, but Buckingham showed utter dejection, and declared he must go home. Embarking his troops again, he sailed homeward in the middle of November, while forty-four English flags were taken, by order of Richelieu, in procession through France, and hung up in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

Landing at Portsmouth towards the end of November, 1627, the unsuccessful commander-in-chief was near being stoned by the enraged populace. There was one great outcry against him throughout the whole of the kingdom, and the only voice seriously and warmly lifted in his defence came from the king himself. With a steadfastness in his attachments which would have been above all praise if guided by wisdom, instead of by mere obstinacy, Charles refused, against the advice of every one of his councillors, to withdraw his support from Buckingham on account of his manifest incapacity, but, on the contrary, seemed to cling the more heartily to him the more he was being attacked. Lingered a few days at Portsmouth, after his landing, as if half ashamed to show his face at court, the king despatched a courier to his friend, with a letter abounding in expressions of love. "I assure you," Charles wrote, "that with whatsoever success ye shall come to me, ye shall be ever welcome, one of my greatest griefs being that I have not been with you in this time of suffering, for I know we would have much eased each other's griefs. You cannot come so soon as ye are welcome, and un-

feignedly in my mind, ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men as if ye had performed all your desires." Then, concluding in a still more tender strain, "I have no more to say at this time, but conjure thee, for my sake, to have care of thy health." The favourite hastened to obey the invitation, and at the commencement of December, he and the king were again in each other's arms. There were long consultations now as to the course of policy that would have to be adopted to still the intense excitement that was breaking forth all over the country with the spread of the report of the failure and disgrace of the French expedition, and the symptoms of resistance to the levy of taxes illegally decreed, which were manifesting themselves at the same time. Buckingham's advice was a bold one, that of calling together a new parliament. Though fully aware that the experiment was dangerous, as far as he himself was concerned, he yet trusted to be able to avert the peril of another impeachment by prosecuting the war against France with increased energy, and while frankly confessing his want of success, to declare his determination not to rest till he had saved the Huguenots from their oppressors. It was clear that such a policy, if carried out tolerably well, offered great chances of success, the hatred of the people against Buckingham being insignificant compared with their love of Protestantism, leaving his most determined foes ready to forgive past sins in expectation of noble deeds to come. Less enthusiastic than his favourite, and with more dislike for the action of popular assemblies, Charles made some opposition to Buckingham's proposal, but had to give way before long, and on the 29th of January, 1628, the writs were signed for the convocation of another parliament, to meet on the 17th of March following. To prepare for the meeting, Buckingham spread the rumour of an intended invasion of the kingdom by a combined Spanish-French force, and at the same time assembled two fleets in the Downs, destined, as was made known all through the country, the first for the defence of the realm, and the second for the relief of La Rochelle, now closely invested, by land and water, by the troops of Louis XIII. The French king, after the departure of the invaders of the isle of Ré, had nominated Richelieu to the supreme command-in-chief of all his forces, under the title of lieutenant-general, and under his energetic prosecution of the war the cause of the Huguenots seemed getting desperate. They laughed at first on seeing the cardinal, in his red hat and his priestly garments, ride about at the head of a brilliant suite of officers and generals, they on horseback and he on a donkey; but their laughing soon ceased and gave way to terror. Even an ass was terrible, bestridden by a man like Richelieu.

Not deeming the creation of a war fever in favour of the Huguenots sufficient for his protection and the execution of his plans, Buckingham had recourse to another more direct means for seeking popularity. On his advice, given publicly, so as to become generally known, the king liberated Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges from the Tower, where they had been kept since the last session, and likewise ordered the release of a number of knights, gentle-

men, and London citizens, seventy-eight altogether, who had been thrown into prison for non-payment of the arbitrary loans, imposts, and assessments. The measure had a good effect, so far as to produce some popular applause for the favourite, but which found its counteraction in the grave fact that nearly all the liberated persons, champions of constitutional right and determined enemies of regal absolutism, were elected to seats in parliament, Westminster taking the lead in the movement by returning two men of republican tendencies, Bradshaw, a brewer, and Maurice, a grocer. Some weeks before the time fixed for the opening of the session Charles had come to be aware that the parliament about to assemble would assume a tone bolder than any that had yet rung in his ears, and very likely resort to proceedings bearing the stamp of rebellion against his authority. The fear drove him to adopt an unusually haughty attitude when addressing the lords and commons, on the 17th of March, in the speech from the throne. "These times," Charles exclaimed, "are for action, wherefore, for example's sake, I mean not to spend much time in words, expecting that your, as I hope, good resolutions, will be speedy, and that you will not be spending time unnecessarily, or, I may better say, dangerously." After some further remarks to the same effect, his majesty continued, "I think there is none here but knows that common danger is the cause of this parliament, and that supply is at this time the chief end of it. I, therefore, judging a parliament to be the most ancient, speediest, and best way, in this time of common danger, to give such supply as to secure ourselves and to save our families from eminent ruin, have called you together. Every man must now do according to his conscience: wherefore if you, as God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, use those other means which God hath put into my hands to save that which the follies of particular men may otherwise hazard to lose. Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals, but an admonition from him that both out of nature and duty hath most care of your preservations and prosperities. And though I thus speak, I hope that your demeanours at this time will be such as shall not only make me approve your counsels, but lay on me such obligations as shall tie me by way of thankfulness to meet often with you." The king concluded, somewhat descending from his high tone, "You may imagine that I came here with a doubt of success of what I desire, remembering the distractions of the last meeting. But I assure you that I shall very easily and gladly forget and forgive what is past, so that you will at this present time leave the former ways of distractions." Had it been the especial wish of Charles irreconcilably to offend the representatives of the nation, he could not have adopted better means than to address them thus, in the style of naughty schoolboys, deserving a whipping for making "distractions," and to be pardoned if promising future good behaviour; yet, as if all this was not enough, the king had no sooner finished his speech, when the lord keeper, Sir Thomas Coventry, arose, to add his share, as head of the government, to

the studied insult. After going through a long and rambling oration, full of threats, the lord keeper wound up by telling the two houses that if the parliamentary supplies were delayed, "necessity and the sword of the enemy will make way to others." He concluded his harangue by crying, with high emphasis, "Remember his majesty's admonition: I say remember it!" There was little need of the exhortation, and little chance of his majesty's words being soon forgotten.

The effect of the speech from the throne became visible immediately in the demeanour of the House of Commons. It was an assembly such as England had never yet seen, composed of the wisest, the wealthiest, and the most earnest men of the nation, men thoroughly conscious of what they were doing and where they were going, in all matters resolute and self-reliant, and not inclined to give way an inch in the defence of their own rights and the rights of the people against a despotism claiming to exist as a divine institution. The temper of the house was shown in the very first speeches, listened to by all with breathless attention, and followed by vehement applause, taken up out of doors, and re-echoed all over the realm. "We form the great council of the kingdom," Sir Francis Seymour cried, "and here with certainty, if not here only, his majesty may see, as in a true glass, the state of the realm. We are called hither by his writs, in order to give him faithful counsel, such as may stand with his honour, and this we must do without flattery. We are also sent hither by the people to deliver their just grievances, and this we must do without fear. Then let us not act like Cambyse's judges, who, when their approbation was demanded by the prince to some illegal measure, said that 'though there was a written law, the Persian kings might follow their own will and pleasure.' This was base flattery, fit for reproof, but not imitation; and as fear, so flattery taketh away the judgment. For my part, I shall shun both, and speak my mind, with as much duty as any man, to his majesty without neglecting the public. But how can we express our affections while retaining our fears, or speak of giving till we know whether we have anything to give? For if his majesty may be persuaded to take what he will, what need we give? That this is held by some and hath been done appeareth by the imprisonment of gentlemen for refusing the loan, who, if they had done the contrary for fear, would have been as blameable as the projectors of that oppressive measure. Yet, to countenance these proceedings, it hath even in the pulpit been preached, or rather prated, that 'All we have is the king's by divine right.' So when preachers forsake their own calling, and turn ignorant statesmen, we see how willing they are to exchange a good conscience for a bishopric. I must confess, he is not a good subject who would not, willingly and cheerfully, lay down his life when that sacrifice may promote the interest of the sovereign together with the good of the commonwealth. But he is not a good subject, he is a slave, who will allow his goods to be taken from him against his will, and his liberty against the laws of the kingdom." Following in the wake of Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Robert Philips exclaimed,

concisely summing up the general debate. "The grievances by which we are oppressed I draw under two heads: acts of power against law, and the judgment of lawyers against our liberty." After citing several illegal judgments passed within his memory, that by which the Scots, born after the accession of James, were admitted to all the privileges of English subjects, another by which illegal imposts had been warranted, and a more recent one, given in the preceding year, and which had caused great commotion all through the country, by which the judges had sanctioned the arbitrary arrests of the king for refusal to contribute to his loans, he broke forth in a burst of excitement. "I can live," he cried, "though another who has no right be put to live along with me, nay, I can live, though burdened with impositions beyond what at present I labour under; but to have my liberty, which is the soul of my life, ravished from me, to have my person pent up in a jail, without relief of law and to be so adjudged—O improvident ancestors! O unwise forefathers! To be so careful in providing for the quiet possession of our lands, and the liberties of parliament, and at the same time to neglect our personal liberty, and let us lie in prison, without redress or remedy. If this be law, why do we talk of liberties? Why trouble ourselves with disputes about a constitution, franchises, property of goods, and the like? What can any man call his own, if not the liberty of his person? I am weary of treading these ways, and therefore conclude to have a select committee, in order to frame a petition to his majesty for redress of these grievances." The words struck a chord in every breast, and found an echo in every homestead in England. All demands for liberties henceforth went merging in the one cry for personal liberty, which became the watchword of the nation.

The extraordinary vigour and earnestness of the debates in the House of Commons both startled and alarmed the king; but his first surprise having subsided, he made another attempt to intimidate the members, and, forwarding a message to the speaker, peremptorily demanded the immediate vote of a supply. The demand was not without supporters, and, but for the unwise harshness of the terms in which it was couched, would have been taken into consideration at once, many of the parliamentary leaders, among them the veteran, Sir Edward Coke, speaking in favour of it. The great lawyer, formerly the tool of despotism, but since his fall looked upon as a sincere friend of the people, advocated the conditional grant of a supply on account of the necessity to carry on the war in aid of the Huguenots with all possible energy, and to prevent a rumoured coalition between France and Spain for the invasion of England. His arguments were taken up very skilfully by Sir Dudley Carleton, who insisted that in the perilous state of foreign affairs there ought to be no divisions between the king and parliament. "The first sower of distractions among us," he exclaimed, "was an agent of Spain, Count Gondomar, that did his master great service here and at home. Since that, we have had other ministers who have blown the fire: the ambassador of France told his master at home what he had wrought here the last

parliament, namely, divisions between king and people, and he was rewarded for it. Whilst we sat here in parliament, there was a parliament of Jesuits and other ill-willers within a mile of this place, the fact of which was discovered by letters sent to Rome." This was intended in praise of Buckingham, chief motor, as all were aware, in expelling the French priests; but the effect of the laudation was not great, and after listening to several other speeches, less and less decisive, in favour of a compliance with the royal demand, the commons took up the great debate on personal liberty and the rights of parliament and of the nation. Among the new speakers who attracted the attention of the house was Sir Thomas Wentworth, member for Yorkshire—celebrated subsequently as earl of Strafford—who, after fluctuating some time between court and parliament, had become a zealous champion of popular rights. After severely castigating the doings of "projectors and ill-ministers," appellations given to the tools and dependants of Buckingham, he launched forth upon the great topic of debate, and urged the passing of a solemn declaration embodying all its points, and establishing a new relationship between the rulers and the ruled. "These men," Wentworth exclaimed, referring to the ill-ministers, "have introduced a privy council, ravishing at once the spheres of all ancient government, destroying all liberty, and imprisoning us without bail or bond. They have taken from us—what shall I say? Indeed, what have they left us? By tearing up the roots of all property they have taken from us every means of supplying the king, and of giving voluntary proofs of our duty and attachment towards him. By one and the same thing have the king and the people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured. We must vindicate—what? New things? No! Our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors, and by setting such a stamp upon them that no licentious spirit shall dare henceforth to invade them." The spasmodic excitement of the speech but faintly reflected the lofty exaltation to which the spirit of the representatives of the people had risen in the discussion of the great subject engrossing all minds, and which got shaped into a definite form at the end of two months. On the 28th of May, the commons, accompanied by most of the members of the upper house, obtained an audience of the king, and presented to his majesty and prayed his assent to a bill embodying the demands of parliament and of the nation, called the Petition of Right.

The Petition of Right, memorable document of all times, ran as follows:—"Humbly show unto our sovereign lord the king, the lords spiritual and temporal, in parliament assembled: That whereas it is declared and enacted by a statute commonly known as 'Statutum de tallagio non concedendo,' that no tallage or aid shall be levied by the king or his heirs in this realm without the goodwill and assent of the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other the freemen of the commonalty of this realm; and whereas, by authority of parliament holden in the five-and-twentieth year of the reign of King Edward III. it is declared and enacted that from thenceforth no person shall be compelled to make

any loans to the king against his will, because such loans were against reason and the franchise of the land. And whereas, by other laws of this realm, it is provided that none should be charged by any charge or imposition called a benevolence, or by such like charge: by which the statutes before mentioned, and other the good laws and statutes of this realm, your subjects have inherited this freedom, that they should not be compelled to contribute to any tax, tallage, aid, or other like charge, not set by common consent in parliament. Yet, nevertheless, of late divers commissions directed to sundry commissioners in several counties, with instructions, have issued, by means whereof your people have been in divers places assembled, and required to lend certain sums of money unto your majesty, and many of them, upon their refusal so to do, have had an oath administered unto them not warrantable by the laws or statutes of this realm, and have been constrained to become bound to make appearance and give attendance before your privy council, and in other places; and others of them have been therefore imprisoned, confined, and sundry other ways molested and disquieted; and divers other charges have been laid and levied upon your people, in several counties, by lord-lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, commissioners for musters, justices of peace, and others, by command or direction from your majesty, or your privy council, against the laws and free customs of this realm. And whereas also, by the statute called 'The Great Charter of the Liberties of England,' it is declared and enacted, 'That no freeman may be taken or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold or liberties, or his free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or in any manner destroyed, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.' And whereas, in the eight-and-twentieth year of the reign of King Edward III. it was declared and enacted, by authority of parliament, 'That no man, of what estate or condition that he be, shall be put out of his land or tenements, nor taken, nor imprisoned, nor disherited, nor put to death, without being brought to answer by due process of law.' Nevertheless, against the tenour of the said statutes, and other the good laws and statutes of your realm to that end provided, divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause showed, and when, for their deliverance, they were brought before justice, by your majesty's writs of habeas corpus, there to undergo and receive as the court should order, and their keepers commanded to certify the causes of their detainer, no cause was certified, but that they were detained by your majesty's special command, signified by the lords of your privy council, and yet were returned back to several prisons, without being charged with anything to which they might make answer according to the law."

The Petition of Right then continued: "And whereas of late great companies of soldiers and mariners have been dispersed into divers counties of the realm, and the inhabitants against their wills have been compelled to receive them into their houses, and there to suffer them to sojourn, against the laws and customs of this realm, and to the great grievance and vexation of the people. And whereas also, by authority of parliament, in the five-and-twentieth

year of the reign of King Edward III. it is declared and enacted, 'That no man shall be forejudged of life or limb against the form of the Great Charter, and law of the land,' and, by the said Great Charter, and other the laws and statutes of this your realm, no man ought to be judged to death but by the laws established in this your realm, either by the customs of the same realm, or by acts of parliament. And whereas no offender, of what kind soever, is exempted from the proceedings to be used, and punishments to be inflicted by the laws and statutes of this your realm: Nevertheless, of late divers commissions, under your majesty's great seal, have issued forth, by which certain persons have been assigned and appointed commissioners, with power and authority to proceed within the land, according to the justice of martial law against such soldiers and mariners, or other dissolute persons joining with them, as should commit any murder, robbery, felony, mutiny, or other outrage or misdemeanour whatsoever, and by such summary course and order as is agreeable to martial law, and as is used in armies in time of war, to proceed to the trial and condemnation of such offenders, and then to cause to be executed and put to death according to the law martial, by pretext whereof some of your majesty's subjects have been, by some of the said commissioners, put to death, when and where, by the laws and statutes of the land, they had deserved death, by the same laws and statutes also they might, and by no other ought, to have been judged and executed. And whereas also, sundry grievous offenders, by colour thereof claiming an exemption, have escaped the punishment due to them by the laws and statutes of this realm, by reason that divers of your officers and ministers of justice have unjustly refused or forborne to proceed against such offenders, according to the same laws and statutes, upon pretence that the same offenders were punishable only by martial law, and by authority of such commissions as aforesaid, which commissions, and all others of like nature, are wholly and directly contrary to the said laws and statutes of this realm—They do therefore humbly pray your most excellent majesty: That no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent, by act of parliament. And that none be called to make answer, or take such oath, or to give attendance, or be confined, or otherwise molested or disquieted, concerning the same, or for refusal thereof. And that no freeman in any such manner as is before mentioned be imprisoned or detained. And that your majesty would be pleased to remove the said soldiers and mariners, and that people may not be so burthened in time to come. And that the aforesaid commissions for proceeding by martial law may be revoked and annulled, and that hereafter no commissions of like nature may issue forth, to any person or persons whatsoever, to be executed as aforesaid, lest, by colour of them, any of your majesty's subjects be destroyed or put to death, contrary to the laws and franchise of the land. All which they most humbly pray of your most excellent majesty, as their rights and liberties, according to the laws and statutes of this realm. And that your majesty would also vouchsafe to de-

clare, that the awards, doings, and proceedings to the prejudice of your people, in any of the premises, shall not be drawn hereafter into consequence or example. And that your majesty would be also graciously pleased, for the further comfort and safety of your people, to declare your royal will and pleasure, that in the things aforesaid, all your officers and ministers shall serve you according to the laws and statutes of this realm, as they tender the honour of your majesty, and the prosperity of this kingdom."

Charles took four days to consider the weighty document laid into his hands, and on the fifth, the 2nd of June, he went into parliament to give his reply. It was vague in the extreme, and disappointing to both the friends and the opponents of royal absolutism. After assuring the two houses in general terms that his great object was to give them satisfaction, he pronounced his assent to the Petition of Right, but not in the usual form, "*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*"—let justice be done as desired—but in a new mode of expression, looked upon by all as a subterfuge and equivocation. "The king willet," was the entry in the parliamentary journals, "that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppressions, contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience as well obliged as of his prerogative." It was the height of folly on the part of Charles to think that such shifting play upon words, framed merely to deceive, would satisfy men pleading as earnestly for their rights as the commons had done, and showing themselves as earnestly determined to enforce them by any means at their command. The indignation broke loose as soon as the members of the lower house, returning from the bar of the lords, had resumed their seats. Sir John Eliot was the first to give vent to his feelings; in the words of one of his colleagues, John Alured, returned to parliament for the borough of Hedon, Yorkshire, "he stood up and made a long speech, wherein he gave forth so full and lively a representation of all grievances, both general and particular, as if they had never before been mentioned." Eliot was followed by Sir Robert Philips, who, with the most pathetic earnestness, bewailed the unhappy issue of all their well-meant endeavours to cure the sufferings of the people, by giving the king true information of the state and of the demands of the nation. "But," he exclaimed, "we being stopped, and stopped in such a manner as we are enjoined, so we must now cease to be a council: I hear it with grief, as the saddest message of the greatest loss in the world." The debates culminated in a scene unparalleled in the annals of the House of Commons. On Sir John Eliot making an allusion to Buckingham, as the author of all their evils, he was stopped by the speaker, who cried, "There is a command upon me that I must order you not to proceed," which words were scarcely from his lips when all the members rose in a body to protest against any restriction being laid upon their discussions. "The house was much affected to be so restrained," John Alured described the scene, "since the house in former times had pro-

ceeded by finding and committing John of Gaunt, the king's son, and others, and of late have meddled with and censured the Lord Chancellor Bacon and the Lord Treasurer Middlesex. Then Sir Robert Philips spake, and mingled his words with weeping; John Pym did the like; and Sir Edward Coke, overcome with passion, seeing the destruction likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began to speak, through the abundance of tears. Yea, the speaker in his chair could not refrain from weeping and shedding of tears, and there were many whose great griefs made them dumb and silent."

The extreme agitation, which he could scarcely understand, was a source of new alarm to the king, and his apprehensions greatly increased on learning that the house had dared at last, notwithstanding the prohibition laid upon the speaker, to bring an accusation against Buckingham. Sir Edward Coke led the attack, in a speech the boldness of which was not a little due to the personal hatred he bore against the favourite, who had hurled him from his high position. "Let us palliate no longer," Coke exclaimed; "if we do, God will not prosper us. I think the duke of Buckingham is the cause, and till the king be informed thereof, we shall never go out with honour, nor sit with honour here. That man is the grievance of grievances: let us set down the causes of all our disasters, and they will all reflect upon him. As for going to the lords, as some propose, that is not *via regia*. Our liberties are now impeached: we are deeply concerned. It is not *via regia*, for the lords are no participant with our liberties. It is not the king who restrains us, but the duke." Here the orator was interrupted by loud shouts "Tis he! 'Tis he!" and the cries having subsided, John Selden arose, and demanded that a new impeachment should be drawn up against Buckingham. "All this time," he cried, "we have cast a mantle over what was done last parliament; but now, being driven again to look to that man, let us proceed with what was then well begun. Let us renew the charge, the charge that was made in the last parliament against him, to which, in sooth, he made an answer, but so insufficient that we might demand judgment upon that very answer only." The proposition having met with unanimous applause, the house made preparations for proceeding against Buckingham; but before the judicial committee had been formed to resolve upon the terms of the indictment, the king, anxious to save his friend, hurried once more to the House of Lords, and had the commons summoned to the bar. It was late in the day, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of June, and most of the members having left, the regular sitting being at an end, they had to be called together in great hurry. The king's speech, listened to with the deepest attention, was of an extremely affectionate character. He told the lords and commons that he had come to give a more full and direct assent than he had done six days before to the Petition of Right; not that he deemed the former one was not complete, but to prevent all misunderstanding in the matter, and to show that there was no dissimulation in either his words or action. Then, addressing the speaker, "Read your Petition," he cried, "and you shall have

such an answer as I am sure will please you." Having been read aloud, the king ordered the clerk of parliament to sign his assent to the Petition in the usual form, after which he continued: "This, I am sure, is full, yet no more than I meant in my first answer. I believe you neither mean to hurt, nor can hurt, my prerogative. I assure you that my maxim is that the people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative; and that the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. You see now how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands, so that I have done my part; wherefore, if this parliament hath not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours." His majesty's conversion to the parliamentary creed had been somewhat too sudden to give full faith in its durability; nevertheless the joy of the people was unbounded on learning that the Petition of Right had become one of the statutes of the realm, and that a new charter of freedom had been added to Magna Charta. In London and all the large towns bells were rung and bonfires lighted, and a day of jubilee celebrated all over the kingdom.

It was well understood in the House of Commons, though not mentioned openly, that the price at which the king had given his "*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*" to the Petition of Right was not only the staying of the impeachment against Buckingham, but the vote of a liberal supply; and in order that the members might not forget his wants in their satisfaction, Charles gave them a hint in another message, excessively friendly in tone. The message was read on the 10th of June, three days after the king's visit to parliament; and in it the members were informed that his majesty was pleased that their Petition of Right, together with his assent, should not only be recorded in the journals of both houses, but likewise in all the courts of law, and that moreover it should be printed and freely distributed among the people. The gracious communication concluded with the assurance that his majesty would be ready at all times to listen to the proposals of his faithful commons, entreating them in return not to delay any longer the vote of the much-needed supplies. Thus politely put forward, the demand was immediately obeyed, and the next day the king was gratified by the grant of no less than five subsidies, a larger amount than he had ever obtained before. Charles expressed his extreme contentment at the vote, and there were all outward appearances that complete harmony would be re-established in his relations with the House of Commons, when all at once there arose a fresh subject of disturbance. While passing the duties for tonnage and poundage, which were to be granted to the king for one year, it was resolved by the majority to add to the vote a protest against the illegal raising of these taxes that had taken place, chiefly by the advice of Buckingham, and the mentioning of the hated name created such tumult as to cause the word impeachment once more to be uttered. It was enough to decide Charles to make an end of a parliament from which he had got all that he wanted, and which henceforth threatened to be only a source of danger to his friend; and the same day on which the impeachment question had come on again, he hurried to the House of Lords to

prorogue the session. He went in such haste that the peers had not even time to put on their robes, and they and the commons alike were astonished when they heard the pretences on which they were to be sent home, and the declaration which followed. "It may seem strange," Charles exclaimed, speaking very hurriedly, "that I come so suddenly to end this session. Before I give my assent to the bills, I will tell you the cause, though I must avow that I owe the account of my actions to God alone. It is known to every one that a while ago the House of Commons gave me a remonstrance, how acceptable, every man may judge; and, for the merit of it, I will not call that in question, for I am sure no wise man can justify it. Now, since I am truly informed that a second remonstrance is preparing for me, to take away the profit of my tonnage and poundage, one of the chief maintenances of my crown, by alleging I have given away my right thereto by my answer to your Petition, this is so prejudicial to me that I am forced to end this session some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more remonstrances to which I must give a harsh answer. And since I see that even the House of Commons begins already to make false constructions of what I granted in your Petition, lest it be worse interpreted in the country, I will now make a declaration concerning the true intent thereof. The profession of both houses, in the time of harmonizing this Petition, was no way to trench upon my prerogative, they saying they had neither intention nor power to hurt it; and therefore it must needs be conceived that I have granted no new, but only confirmed the ancient liberties of my subjects. Yet, to show the clearness of my intentions, and that I neither repent nor mean to recede from anything I have promised you, I do here declare myself that those things which have been done, whereby many have had some cause to expect the liberties of the subjects to be trenched upon, which indeed was the first and true ground of the Petition, shall not hereafter be drawn into example for your prejudice, and on the word of a king you shall not have the like cause to complain. But as for tonnage and poundage, it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended by you to ask, nor meant by me, I am sure, to grant. To conclude, I command you all that are here to take notice of what I have spoken at this time to be the true intent and meaning of what I granted you in your Petition; but especially you, my lords the judges, for to you only, under me, belongs the interpretation of laws." There could be no longer any doubt that, as far as lay in his power, King Charles would make the Petition of Right a dead letter.

The sudden and unexpected prorogation of parliament produced but little effect among the people, all eyes being turned once more upon the prosecution of the war against the French king, in favour of the Huguenots. While the House of Commons had been deep in the discussion of the Petition of Right, a second expedition had sailed for La Rochelle, consisting of about sixty vessels, four of them of from one thousand to twelve hundred tons, seven of five hundred, and the rest of smaller size, but all of them well armed, and abundantly supplied with ammu-

nition and provisions, the latter destined in great part for the inhabitants of the besieged city. Buckingham had taken great interest, and spent above a hundred thousand pounds of his own money, in the equipping of this fleet, to the command of which he appointed his brother-in-law, the earl of Denbigh, he himself deeming it unsafe to leave the country while parliament was sitting. Denbigh quitted Portsmouth on the 1st of May, and on the 11th of the month arrived in the roadstead of La Rochelle, opposite the isle of Ré, where he threw anchor. He had hoped to sail right into the harbour, but was infinitely surprised to find it barricaded by an immense stone wall, in front of which, attached by chains, lay a crescent-shaped chain of boats, bristling with guns; and his astonishment was not lessened on perceiving that the whole aspect of the besieged city had undergone an extraordinary change since he had seen it last, from on board the fleet commanded by his brother-in-law. With a fertility of resources and an energy truly marvellous, Richelieu had, in the few months since he had assumed the command in chief of the royal army, created works such as Europe had not seen since the time of the Romans. Deeming the capture of La Rochelle of the highest importance, less as a punishment of heretics than for the establishment of a powerful central government, he had built a complete circle of fortresses, three leagues in length, and consisting of eleven large towers and eighteen redoubts, around the city, so as to shut all the entrances from the land side. Gigantic as was this work, it was nothing compared with the rest of the plan conceived by the cardinal for locking-up the insurgents in their great maritime stronghold. As long as the sea was open to them, and England was mistress of the seas, he knew they could not be conquered; and his greatest efforts therefore were bent upon removing the Huguenots from the ocean, and the ocean from the Huguenots. An Italian engineer, Pompeo Targone, had proposed to him more than two years before to bar the entrance into the harbour of La Rochelle, sixteen hundred yards, or nearly a mile, in breadth, by a floating stockade and stout iron chains; but the uselessness of the undertaking in keeping out a strong enemy having been demonstrated, Richelieu hit upon a far mightier one, that of building a wall across the sea. Louis XIII. laughed at the idea as visionary, and all the military engineers were unanimous in asserting that it could not be done; but Richelieu discovered a mason of Paris, Tiriot by name, who said it could be done, and he accordingly set him to do it. The mason, with five thousand soldiers under his orders, began his task by sinking several hundred vessels, loaded with stones, along his line of sea wall, and on the top of them he piled masses of granite, carried along upon tramways constructed on a new and ingenious model. The waves swept away the first part of the wall as soon as it had reached the surface of the sea, but the mason kept on piling stone upon stone until his work was completed. In May, 1628, when the earl of Denbigh with his sixty vessels appeared in the offing, the ocean fortification had just been finished, a small opening being left in the centre for the movement of the tides, but which was guarded by a strong fort on

each side, while four more citadels, two on each of the extremities of the wall, defended it in its whole length. Chained to the wall seaward, Denbigh counted twenty-four ships of large tonnage; while on the other side, with guns turned upon the Huguenot city, lay thirty-seven more vessels, the decks swarming with soldiers. Richelieu looked with pride upon his work, which he had completed, he said, with one little mason against three great kings, those of France, of Spain, and of England. The king of England he justly counted last in the list.

The cause of the Huguenots looked desperate, but was less so than it seemed to the earl of Denbigh, who from the top of his own large admiral's ship kept gazing with fear and trembling upon the long line of sea wall, and the longer lines of forts behind, from which the cannon belched forth unceasingly. There was a great man without the walls of La Rochelle, but there were many greater men within. The metropolis of French Protestantism had no high towers, no walls of granite to oppose to its assailants; but it had stronger defences than these in the arms and breasts of ten thousand warriors, resolved to hold the city, or to perish under its ruins. To show their determination, they elected, on the third of March, 1628, while Richelieu's fortresses were rising on all sides, threatening to crush them under the weight of their heavy ordnance, for their mayor and commander-in-chief Jean Guiton, a man of iron, old captain of Huguenot fleets, moulded in the type of the English sea-kings of the Elizabethan age. At the moment of his election, Jean Guiton rose among the Elders sitting in the town hall, and striking the table with his dagger, threatened to kill with his own hand the first who should speak of surrender. Nine days after, on the 12th of March, Richelieu attempted an assault, but was beaten back with immense loss, even the women coming forward to hurl stones upon the Catholic soldiers. His sea wall getting more advanced, the cardinal despatched a herald into the city on the 25th of April, asking the Huguenots to yield, and offering them a complete pardon, in the name of the king; but Guiton refused even to see the herald, threatening that if another were to come, he should be hung on the summit of the pharos overlooking the port. Richelieu soon perceived that it would be all but impossible for him to take the city by storm, the more so as disaffection was rife among his own troops, especially the officers and nobles, jealous of his rise and the visible tightening of the reins of government in his hands; and discarding all further schemes of assaults, he proceeded to starve the city into submission. All supplies by land and sea were rigorously cut off, and several inferior commanders, who, against bribes, allowed small quantities of victuals to pass through their lines, were shot on the spot. The system of terrorism had its effect, and the store of provisions within the city having been consumed in the long siege, hunger begun to reign when the end of April approached. Boundless, therefore, was the exultation of the Huguenots on seeing, on the 11th of May, the English fleet under the earl of Denbigh in the offing. All thought that the end of their miseries had come; they sank on their knees in the streets to offer

prayers to the Almighty for their release, bringing forth their last fragments of food to feast the poor and the maimed, and the stern mayor himself could not prevent a tear of joy escaping his eye. Communication was immediately established with Denbigh's ships, a number of bold sailors offering to risk their lives in pushing with the tide through the opening in the sea wall; and by them the English commander was told that there would be little difficulty for him, possessing tall ships and heavy ordnance, to silence the small batteries constructed by Richelieu on the dyke, to cut his way through the chain of vessels on both sides, manned by very indifferent sailors, and more formidable in appearance than in reality, and to enter the harbour in triumph. But Denbigh hesitated, and instead of acting at once, set himself to wait. He waited and watched, day after day, from the 11th of May till the 18th; he saw the royal troops making gigantic efforts to strengthen their fortifications on the sea part and all along the shore; he saw them planting cannon on every available point, and sinking vessels in the harbour entrance; and having observed all very carefully and very patiently, he hoisted his sails at the end of seven days, gave the signal to his fleet to veer round, and steered homeward. On seeing the tall masts of the English fleet disappear on the horizon, a wild cry of rage and despair broke forth from the besieged Huguenot city.

The cry found its echo in England. Even Buckingham felt the disgrace inflicted upon the English name through the dastardly timidity of his brother-in-law, and to atone for it made immediate preparations for starting a third expedition, larger than any of the preceding ones, to relieve La Rochelle. To induce the Huguenots to hold out as long as possible, he despatched at once a vessel with provisions, which safely got into the besieged city, together with the message that his majesty of England was fitting out one of the most powerful navies ever seen on the seas for their assistance, and that he had made a solemn promise to save them, whatever might happen. On receipt of this welcome message, the negotiations which had been opened with Richelieu, under strong opposition from the mayor, were broken off; Jean Guiton, momentarily deposed, was reinstalled in power, and a law was passed setting death upon all further attempts to treat with the enemy. Thus the month of June came to an end, and with it the small stock of food within the city, reducing the inhabitants to live upon rats, mice, and other vermin, and to still the pangs of hunger by gnawing skins and leather. All eyes were strained from morn to night in looking westward for the expected succours, but one week passed after the other in vain hopes; the ocean rose and the ocean sank, the fatal bar on the harbour seemed getting higher and higher, and no ships with the English flag, more dearly prayed for than the sight of angels, appeared on the wide sea. In the middle of July starvation began to do its work, and the streets came to be filled with skeleton-like corpses; to reduce the number of hungry mouths, Guiton ordered all the cripples, the aged, the helpless, and the women not capable of bearing arms, to be turned out of the gates, and be driven towards the

enemy. Richelieu refused to receive them; but the iron mayor would not readmit them either, and the unfortunates had to perish in the ditches between city and camp, the royal soldiers firing upon them, out of pity, to end their miseries. Now a revolt arose in the besieged city, spreading to the council-table, on which Guiton and the Elders were sitting in permanence, he with his broad dagger in front. Two of the Elders fell upon him, but he shook them off as a lion would a pair of dogs, and driving them into the street, ordered that they should be shot, which fate they escaped only by forcing the gates and running, at the head of their party, into the camp of the royalists. Jean Guiton, having few more hopes left to conquer, and wishing for nothing but to die a honourable death, next proposed to the friends that kept rallying round him, to issue forth with him from the city, to trample down all obstacles, to break their way to the commander-in-chief, and slaying him to throw confusion into the ranks of their enemies. The scheme, which, it was admitted by the proposer, would have cost every life engaged in it, was overruled in the council of the Elders; they still believed in the ruler of England, though Guiton warned them not to set their trust in kings. After some debates it was decided to despatch new messengers to the English government, in addition to several members of the Rohan family who had been acting for some time as envoys of the French Protestants, with entreaties that the promised aid might be sent without the loss of another day. At the end of July the messengers presented to the king and Buckingham their supplication, couched in the most touching language, imploring the king by all that he held dear on earth and in heaven to come to the relief of the dying Huguenot city. Charles appeared deeply touched, and with a great oath vowed that he would hazard his three kingdoms to rescue La Rochelle from the grip of Richelieu.

For once, Charles seemed in earnest, as well as Buckingham, although their earnestness was not great enough to be free from indolence and selfishness. While parliament was sitting, both the king and his friend were too occupied with their own affairs to do more than give orders for the equipment of the third French expedition; but the session over, Buckingham went in person to Portsmouth, to superintend all the arrangements for getting the fleet, of which he was to take the chief command, ready for sea. The preparations were on the grandest scale, Charles devoting all the money he was able to procure to the purchase of ships, cannon, ammunition, and provisions, and Buckingham himself contributing a quarter of a million sterling of his own money to raise the enterprise to the highest state of efficiency. By the middle of August, Portsmouth harbour had come to be crowded by one hundred and thirty vessels, including many of large size, as well as a number of fire-ships, and others specially prepared to break down and destroy Richelieu's sea wall, to attack it above and below water, and explode petards under the forts. The fleet was under orders to sail on the 25th of August, and as the day approached, Buckingham's enthusiasm in the undertaking appeared to increase, and he loudly

declared to Benjamin de Rohan, marquis of Soubise, chief of the Huguenot envoys, that he would be the first man to set his foot upon the dyke before La Rochelle, "to die or do the work." The king, too, now went down to Portsmouth harbour, taking up his quarters at the mansion of Sir Daniel Norton, at Southwick, five miles from the town, which, and all the neighbourhood, began swarming with courtiers, sailors, and soldiers, besides crowds of French refugees, who had arranged to sail in the vanguard of Buckingham's fleet. Buckingham felt in high spirits, his imagination full of the glory he was going to achieve at the head of his mighty armament; and getting up on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd of August, he was in such "well-disposed humour," as related by James Howell, that "he cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand, went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders." Before passing into the room where the breakfast was laid, the duke was met by Soubise and a number of other Frenchmen, who had news from La Rochelle, and "their discourse, according to the natural custom of that nation, and by the usual dialect of that language, was held with that passion and vehemence that the bystanders, who understood not French, did believe that they were very angry and that they used the duke very rudely." In the midst of the noise and tumult, a man of tall stature and military appearance, who had been leaning against the window of the apartment, quietly stepped forward, drew a long knife from under his coat, stretched his arm over Buckingham's shoulder, and plunged the steel into his breast. The stroke was well aimed, going right to the heart. "The villain hath killed me," the duke shrieked, and pulling the knife from his bosom, fell down dead.

For a moment there was enormous confusion; the whole glittering crowd seemed to get frantic on beholding the duke, but a few seconds before the



HOUSE WHERE BUCKINGHAM WAS ASSASSINATED.

ruler of England, stretched lifeless on the floor, stiff and stark. "No man," according to Lord Clarendon, "had seen the blow, or the man who dealt it; but in the confusion they were in, every man made his own conjectures, and declared it as a thing known, most agreeing that it was done by the French, from the angry discourse they thought they heard from them. And it was a kind of miracle that they were not all killed in that instant; the soberer sort, that preserved them from it, having the same opinion of their guilt, and only reserving them for a more judicial examination and proceeding." The excitement having somewhat subsided, a hat was seen lying on the floor, and, picked up, was found to have a paper sewed up inside, with the words, in writing, "That man is cowardly base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or soldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and his country: let no man commend me for the doing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God had not taken our heart for our sins, he had not gone so long unpunished.—John Felton." There could be no doubt that the hat and the writing came from the assassin, and an immediate chase taking place after him, it was not long before a man without a head-covering was seen walking very leisurely along one of the passages of the house. "Here is the fellow that killed the duke!" many voices cried at once; and others asking, "Which is he? Which is he?" the man came forward, and, with great composure, exclaimed, "I am he!" Bound hand and foot, he was carried at once to the guard-house, while mounted messengers sped away to carry to the king the sad news that his friend and favourite had been murdered. "His majesty was at the public prayers of the church," Clarendon reports, "when Sir John Hipposly came unto him, and, without any pause in respect to the exercise they were performing, went directly to the king, and whispered in his ear what had fallen out. His majesty continued unmoved, and without the least change in his countenance, till prayers were ended, when he suddenly departed to his chamber, and threw himself upon his bed, lamenting, with much passion and with abundance of tears, the loss he had of an excellent servant, and the horrid manner in which he had been deprived of him, and he continued in this melancholy and discomposure of mind many days." There were many who fancied the tears of his majesty to be not altogether genuine, under the belief, as expressed by Lord Clarendon, "that the accident was not very ungrateful, or at least that it was very indifferent to him, as being rid of a servant very ungracious to the people, and the prejudice to whose person exceedingly obstructed all overtures made in parliament for his service." Those who knew the king best, and who were aware how like his character was, in most respects, to that of his father, held to this opinion, which, however, did not seem justified by the manner in which Charles treated his friend's memory. He made ample provision for Buckingham's wife and children, watching personally over their welfare, and likewise, says Clarendon, "took a wonderful solicitous care for the payment of his debts." The latter act of friendship was deemed so marvellous as to create

universal astonishment at court as among the people.

After remaining two days at Portsmouth, cross-examined by the royal chaplains, who acted as judicial inquisitors, the assassin of Buckingham was carried in chains to London, reviled on the road by some over-zealous adherents of the government, but openly praised for his deed by many among the lower classes. "Now God bless thee, little David!" an old woman cried at Kingston-on-Thames, addressing the murderer, who to her seemed the slayer of wicked Goliath; and from many another mouth came the "God bless thee!" before the train reached the Tower. Put to interrogatories before several members of the privy council, the prisoner declared that his name was John Felton; that he was the younger son of a Norfolk gentleman in reduced circumstances; that he had been serving as lieutenant in the expedition to the isle of Ré, and had been ill-treated by the duke of Buckingham, and that the latter had likewise unjustly refused him a commission in the new enterprise. He affirmed, however, that personal motives had not driven him to commit the murder, but solely regard for the public weal, he looking upon the duke as "an enemy of the people." The immediate instigation to the deed, he said, had been a sermon to which he had listened at St. Faith's church, in which the preacher spoke in justification of every man being, in a good cause, the judge and executioner of sin, which he interpreted as specially meant for him. Leaving the church, he further told the examiners, he espied "a tenpenny knife" in the window of "a bye-cutler's shop on Tower Hill," and having purchased it, he made a sheath for it in the lining of his pocket, "so as it might be drawn forth at any moment with one hand." Being asked whether he had any confederates, he denied it energetically, and persisted in his denial even when threatened with the rack. The king expressed a wish that torture should be employed to draw from the criminal any secrets of which he might be possessed; but the judges who had taken the trial in hand sternly opposed it as illegal, and the chief examiner deputed by the privy council, the earl of Dorset, after violently advocating the use of the rack, ended by condemning the use still more violently. It was Dorset who had first threatened the prisoner with torture, to show his zeal for the murdered duke, with whom he had been on very bad terms; and on repeating his threats again and again, he received at last an answer which made him very quiet and thoughtful. "I have already told the whole truth," Felton exclaimed, fiercely, "and have nothing more to say; but if I be further questioned by torture, I accuse you, and you only, my lord of Dorset, to be of conspiracy with me." The earl now came suddenly round to the view of the judges regarding the illegality of torture, and hurried on the trial, which took place on the 27th of November. Declared guilty on his confession, Felton was condemned to be hung at Tyburn, and his body to be taken to the place where the murder had been committed, and there to be hung in chains on a gibbet, which sentence was carried into execution at the end of a few days. His illustrious

victim had been buried more than two months before, in an extraordinary singular manner, little becoming the condition of a royal favourite, friend of two kings, and virtual ruler of the realm for more than a dozen years. The funeral ceremony took place at ten o'clock at night, on the 18th of September, "in as poor and confused a fashion," in the words of an eyewitness, "as hath ever been seen." The procession came "marching from Wallingford House, over against Whitehall, to Westminster Abbey, there being not much above a hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin, borne upon six men's shoulders, the duke's corpse itself having been interred the day before, as if it had been feared the people in their madness would have surprised it. But to prevent all disorder, the train bands kept an order on both sides of the way, all along from Wallingford House to Westminster Church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders, as in a march, not trailing them at their heels as is usual at a mourning." The empty coffin formed a strange conclusion of a most strange career, unexampled almost in history.

On the very same day on which the coffin of the murdered favourite passed through the ranks of the London train bands, the fleet which he had equipped set sail from Portsmouth. Its command was intrusted by the king to the earl of Lindsey, a man of moderate ability, with some experience of the sea, but chiefly recommended to Charles as being an agreeable courtier and warm advocate in the House of Lords of the divine right principle. Contrary winds kept the huge fleet for some time beating about the Channel; and it was not till at the end of nearly a fortnight, on the morning of the 30th of September, that the hundred and thirty vessels came to draw up in an immense crescent in front of La Rochelle, opposite Richelieu's dyke. The spectacle was grand and magnificent in the extreme, but the cloudy eyes of the dying Huguenots had not vigour enough left to enjoy it. Three-fourths of the inhabitants of the unhappy city had perished from hunger and disease, and the remaining fourth, scarce six thousand people, kept alive by unknown and often horrible means, had barely strength to drag their weary limbs along the ramparts, and to point their heavy muskets at the crowd of enemies encircling them. Attempts at negotiation had been made again and again by Richelieu, but they were sternly refused by the mayor, Jean Guiton, who had come to rule the besieged city with a rod of iron; he alone now represented government and the assembly of Elders, and sitting at the council-table, with his great dagger stuck up in front, surrounded by a guard of fanatic Huguenots, not a soul dared to whisper a word about surrender. On his own brother pointing out to Guiton that they would have all to die of hunger, "Well," he replied, "as long as a single man remains to shut the gates, it will be enough;" adding, with a ghastly smile, that if chance would have it that he should survive with but one more, he would draw lots with him who should eat the other. The dread guard of the mayor, iron-hearted warriors, with souls full of love, and brains full of hatred, grimly applauded his words, and on the impulse of the moment, lifting up their swords,

they took a fresh oath to conquer or to die. Every ray of hope and of life now centred in the arrival of the English fleet; and again from early morn to late at night all eyes were strained in gazing towards the western horizon, until, when day after day and week after week had passed, some thousands of eyes could gaze no longer, dim with the shadow of death. Hope itself had perished in the besieged city, when, in the bright dawn of the last day of September, the long-delayed fleet was seen stretched out in the offing, the high ocean disappearing behind the forest of masts, and sails, and streamers, looking gorgeous like the vision of a dream. But there was no token of joy and delight heard within the walls of La Rochelle when the mighty armament appeared in view; to the Huguenots all life had become a fearful dream, and they had ceased to laugh and had ceased to weep. Yet they had not ceased to pray, and the first stupor of mute transport overcome, they crept upon the ramparts, in view of the sea, and poured out their souls in thanksgivings to the Almighty. And many sank down to pray, and rose no more.

The state of the Huguenots of La Rochelle was no secret to the commander of the English fleet, but he went to work nevertheless as if preparing for a show, instead of for the task of saving thousands of human creatures who counted their lives by minutes. For three long days, which to the dwellers in the doomed city seemed years, he remained in entire inactivity, and on the fourth only, he moved forward leisurely to the attack upon the French squadron, moored against the sea wall. The earl of Lindsey, like his predecessor, the earl of Denbigh, seemed to be altogether disinclined to fight, but Richelieu soon forced him into combat by assuming the offensive. The three days' idleness had been enough to show the great cardinal the mould of which the new English commander was made, and when Lindsey's huge crescent of ships advanced, favoured by a strong tide, it found the French fleet ranged in battle order, with the king looking on from the highest citadel on shore, and Richelieu himself standing in the centre of his wonderful dyke, his red hat flapping in the wind like the plume of a field-marshal. Before the English had got their guns in order, the French began firing, first slowly, and then faster and faster, till with the heat of battle increasing on both sides, a furious cannonade sprang up along the whole of the two lines, raising peals of thunder that seemed to shake the ramparts of the city, and clouds of smoke obscuring sea, and land, and sky. The tumult of the struggle kindled the warlike ardour of the Huguenots within the city, and taking to boats and small rafts which they had constructed, they attempted to assault Richelieu's dyke and ships from the one side while the English were bombarding from the other. Jean Guiton and his men were near scaling the sea wall, but the cardinal's quick eye had followed their movements, and they were hurled back by a discharge from all the batteries, while at the same moment a squadron of heavily-armed vessels advanced towards the English fleet. Without awaiting their coming, Lindsey, who had seen several of his fire-ships stranded, and great damage inflicted upon others, gave the signal to retreat, resuming the position he

had left in the morning. The next day, the 5th of October, the contest was renewed on both sides, but with less spirit than before; and before noon arrived, a rising gale gave the English commander the pretext to retire a dozen miles to the south, into the sheltered roads between the isle of Aix and Rochefort. From here, Lindsey sent envoys to Richelieu to negotiate in favour of the Huguenots, but the cardinal refused all intercourse, telling the messengers that the king of France could not allow foreigners to interfere between him and his subjects. The haughty reply was due to a great extent to the fact of the cardinal becoming certain that La Rochelle would surrender in a few days, a new revolution having broken out in the unhappy city, resulting in the party inclined to peace getting the upper hand. After the retreat of the English fleet, Jean Guiton was the sole man left advocating continuance of defence; and the certainty of death by hunger appearing too frightful a prospect to all the rest to be voluntarily chosen, they sent a deputation to Richelieu offering submission. The cardinal was human and generous enough not to drive his enemies to despair by exacting an unconditional surrender; and on promising the defenders of La Rochelle not only a complete amnesty, but likewise freedom of worship, the gates were thrown open at once. On making their entry into the city, Richelieu and his staff of officers stood aghast at the sight that met their eyes; there were long rows of cadaverous human forms stretched along the dark arcades of all the thoroughfares; the living men, terrible to look at in their grisly haggardness, seemed reeling about more than walking; and hundreds of them were beheld falling upon the royalist soldiers, tearing the bread slung across their shoulders away from them, and devouring it in the road with untameable greed. The cardinal immediately ordered ample stores of provisions to be brought into La Rochelle, and to be distributed freely, which munificence brought tears into the eyes of most of the people, who fell on their knees as he passed along. But one man kept bold upright, his looks breathing defiance when face to face with Richelieu—the mayor, Jean Guiton. Approaching him, the cardinal first bent his head and stretched out his hand, treating Guiton as if still chief magistrate of the city and head of the Huguenots. Richelieu had conquered the iron mayor, and shown that he was far the greater man.

The English fleet kept loitering on the coast for nearly a month after the fall of La Rochelle; and it was not till the 11th of November that the earl of Lindsey, having lost seventeen of his vessels, ordered the rest to return home. He had some fears regarding the reception he would meet with in England; but his apprehensions were unfounded in so far as he himself remained unmolested, the rage of the people about the disgrace inflicted upon the country venting itself against the new advisers of the king, to whose orders, it was generally believed, the defeat of the fleet and fall of the Huguenot city was due. The enormous power which Buckingham wielded had fallen on his death mainly into the hands of the queen and of Laud, bishop of London, who employed their influence upon the king, either directly or

through dependants of their own making, for the establishment of a firm despotism, both in church and state. The effects became visible almost immediately in a renewal and increase of all the arbitrary measures so strongly complained of during the last parliamentary session, and which had given rise to the Petition of Right. Illegal taxes continued to be raised as largely as ever; men who refused to pay them were cast into prison; and the Star Chamber and High Commission Court were set to work anew to suspend the course of ordinary law, and to punish all those who entered the slightest opposition to the arbitrariness of the government. To carry out the system of tyranny thus inaugurated, tools were not wanting, for besides the men lifted into power by Buckingham, to whom Charles continued as warmly attached after his death as before, a number of others were found willing to assist in widening the gulf between the people and the throne. Among the most notable of these was Sir Thomas Wentworth, distinguished up to this time as an opponent of royal despotism, and looked upon as one of the chief leaders of the popular party in the House of Commons, but who had recently been made president of the council of the north, with the dignity of viscount. He became a renegade immediately after the assassination of Buckingham, the disappearance of the favourite opening a wide scope to his ambition; and his example was followed by a number of inferior men, formerly professed liberals, whom the king made privy councillors, with the distinct understanding that they were to aid him in annihilating the growing power of parliament. Of his intention to commence the struggle forthwith, Charles made not the least secret, speaking of it to all with whom he came into contact, and declaring it still more publicly in several of his appointments. Sir Richard Weston, one of the most unscrupulous of the creatures of the late favourite, and as such particularly obnoxious to the people, was made lord treasurer, while Dr. Montague, a divine who had sought fame and promotion by upholding absolutism from the pulpit, and been prosecuted on this account by the House of Commons, had the bishopric of Chichester given to him; and another disciple of Laud, Dr. Mainwaring, who had been condemned on the same ground by the peers, obtained the deanery of Worcester, which was followed by his promotion to the see of St. David's. Under these circumstances, further doubts as to the aims of the king were impossible; and all saw that the final struggle which was to decide whether England should continue to be ruled by the arbitrary will of a single man, more or less fluctuating according to the pressure exercised upon it by minions and adventurers, or whether the laws and government of the nation should be formed and moulded by the nation, could not fail to commence before long. There were some few who held that physical power would have to decide the great question in the end, but the majority of the people seemed to be under the impression that the battle could be fought on the floor of the houses of parliament. On Wentworth taking his post as president of the northern council, with evident willingness, like all apostates, to run into excess of zeal, John Pym, his former colleague, shook him by the hand,

exclaiming, "We shall meet again in Westminster Hall."

The meeting soon came, and with it the first scene of the battle. Having been prorogued from the 20th of October, 1628, to the 20th of January, 1629, parliament opened on the latter day amidst a state of general excitement, caused both by the publication of the details of the ignominious French expedition, and the report of a very remarkable act of duplicity on the part of the king. The latter was the first subject of debate, started by a member asking, amidst the deep silence of the house, whether the Petition of Right, with the royal assent thereto, had been duly enrolled among the statutes, according to the promise made by his majesty. An examination of the Journals sufficed to show that the act was indeed enrolled, but with the king's first evasive answer, in place of his legal assent, to which moreover the speech which he had pronounced on the last day of the session, which invalidated its main provisions, had been appended. On investigating the matter further, it was found that the proper documents had been given by the clerk of the House of Lords to the printer of the Journals, who had then duly composed and struck off fifteen hundred copies, but that, before they were sent out, the attorney-general, acting in the name of the king, had interfered, and ordered the false edition complained of to be issued from the press. The trick was so despicably mean that the commons, aroused though they were by the new despotic tendencies of the crown, felt all but ashamed to inquire too deeply into the subject, and, passing from deceit in words to deceit in acts, they proceeded, without loss of time, to consider how far the settled provisions of the Petition of Right had been invaded and violated. They soon found matter enough for discussion, reports coming in from all sides of extortions practised by the agents of the king, of arbitrary arrests, of persecutions by the Star Chamber, and of a general disregard of the right of property and the lives and liberties of the subject. The case of a city merchant named Rolls, a member of the house, especially attracted attention by the openly expressed tendency of the executive to violate the laws of the land. On his refusal to pay certain illegal duties, the merchandize upon which it was laid had been confiscated; and the complaints made by him and protests of an appeal to parliament had produced no other result than the mocking reply, "If the whole parliament were in you, we would take your goods." It was enough to rouse the ire of the commons, and the officers who had uttered the words were at once summoned to attend before a committee of the house. Most unexpectedly, the king stayed the summons, avowing that the persons complained against had acted under his orders; he at the same time invited the two houses to meet him at Whitehall for an explanation. The meeting took place on the appointed day, the 24th of January, both the lords and commons being numerously represented. Charles delivered a very curious address, the obvious purport of which was to create a division among his antagonists by detaching the upper from the lower house, and bringing the former over to his own interest. "The care I have," he exclaimed, "to remove all

obstacles that may hinder the good correspondency, or cause a misunderstanding, betwixt me and this parliament, made me call you hither at this time, the particular occasion being a complaint lately moved in the lower house. For you, my lords, I am glad to take this and all other occasions whereby you may clearly understand both my words and actions, for as you are nearest in degree, so you are the fittest witnesses for kings." Charles ended by demanding that the duties of tonnage and poundage, constituting the chief revenue of the crown, should be granted to him, not for one year only, but for life. It was equivalent to asking to relieve him of the necessity of summoning parliament any more for the rest of his reign.

A few days were enough to show the king that the commons had not the least intention to abdicate the important position to which they had risen. Instead of complying with his wish and legalizing obnoxious taxes, they set themselves to discuss the great religious questions which occupied all the earnest men of the nation. That the king was striding fast towards Roman Catholicism, dragged on both by his consort and by Laud, whose influence over him was daily growing, very few could doubt who watched both his words and his actions; and it became of the highest necessity therefore to put a stop to a movement which threatened to place the nation again into bondage, political as well as religious. It had been discovered some time before that in the last French expedition gross deceit had been used, no relief of the defenders of La Rochelle having ever been intended, but, on the contrary, the queen and her party having zealously worked at the destruction of the Huguenots; and the certainty that this anti-Protestant policy was still reigning was sufficient in itself to excite great apprehensions among the people, and engage the most earnest consideration of the commons. Almost immediately after the conference at Whitehall, it was decided by them to establish a committee on religion, the action of which soon absorbed the almost exclusive attention of the house. On the 2nd of February, instead of the bill upon tonnage and poundage, which he was expecting anxiously, the commons presented to Charles a petition asking him to appoint a day of general fast on account of the distressed state of the foreign Protestant churches. The king replied, with much truth, that fighting would do the foreign churches far more good than fasting; but he derogated from the answer by telling the petitioners, in the same breath, that he would not allow them "to meddle with religion" before they had voted his taxation bill. The injunction not to meddle was rather a spur than otherwise, the commons being fully aware that the question of religion, at which his majesty professed to sneer, was at the very basis of their existence, and acting upon this conviction, the debates on the forbidden topic became more and more excited. "The misfortunes we suffer are many," Sir John Eliot exclaimed, in an impassioned speech; "Arminianism undermines us; popery comes in upon us. They mask not in strange disguises, but expose themselves to the view of the world. In the search of these, we have fixed our eyes not on the

actors, the Jesuits and priests, but upon their masters, those who are in authority. You have some prelates who are their abettors: the great bishop of London, we know what he hath done to favour them. This fear extends to some others: the lord treasurer, in whose person all evil is contracted, both for the innovation of our religion, and the invasion of our liberties, he also is a great enemy of the commonwealth. I have traced him in all his actions, and I find him building on the grounds laid by his master the great duke: he is secretly moving for our interruption. And from fear they go about to break parliaments, lest parliaments should break them. I find him the head of all that party, the papists, and all the Jesuits and priests derive from him their shelter and protection." Soon after Sir John Eliot had sat down, a thick-set man, with a swollen and reddish countenance, a sharp and untunable voice, dressed slovenly in a plain cloth suit, creased linen, old-fashioned ruffles, and a bandless hat, rose to address the house. "I have heard," he stuttered forth, "from one Dr. Beard, that Dr. Alabaster hath preached flat popery at St. Paul's Cross, and that the bishop of Winchester commanded him, as his diocesan, to preach nothing to the contrary. And Dr. Mainwaring, so justly censured for his sermons in this house, hath been preferred to a rich living. If these are steps to church preferment, what may we not expect?" "What may we not expect?" the shrill voice repeated. All eyes were turned upon the speaker, who appeared to be a new man in the house. "Who is that sloven?" Lord Digby inquired of his friend John Hampden, member for Wendover. "That sloven," Hampden replied, quietly, "whom you see there, who hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach, which God forbid: in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." The sloven, just sent into the House of Commons by the electors of the borough of Huntingdon, was called Oliver Cromwell.

The attack upon his new advisers, the Romanist bishops, exasperated the king as much as that made in the preceding session upon his great favourite; and to crush the debate opened by Sir John Eliot, in the bud, he forthwith resolved to prorogue parliament, with a view to its dissolution. On rising, the same day on which Eliot had spoken, the 2nd of March, the Speaker, Sir John Finch, announced from the chair that he was the bearer of a message from the king, commanding him "to adjourn the house until Tuesday come seven-night following," or the 10th of March. A number of members at once rose, protesting against the order on the ground that the right of adjournment belonged to the house and not to his majesty; and Sir John Eliot, suiting the action to the word, in disregard of the royal message, brought forward a remonstrance against the further levying of illegal imposts. The Speaker refused to put it to the vote, upon which a violent tumult broke out in the house. When it had somewhat subsided, John Selden, member for Lancaster, held in high respect by all for his great learning and eminent knowledge of the law, succeeded in obtaining a hearing. "Master Speaker," he cried, "you cannot refuse to put the

question when we command you. We sit here by command from the king, under the great seal, and you are by his majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both houses, appointed our Speaker, and you therefore cannot refuse to do your office." Trembling all over, the Speaker pleaded that he had the express command of the king to cease his functions after delivering the message, after which declaration he made a movement to quit the house. But he had no sooner risen, when the door was locked by those nearest, and a number of members pounced upon Sir John Finch, took him by the shoulders, and held him down by force in his chair. Others, adherents of the court, hurried up at the same time to set him free, and a strange scuffle ensued, enlivened by the screams of the faint-hearted Speaker, who took to weeping like a great boy. "I do not say I will not," he cried, with big tears running down his healthy cheeks, addressing the hard hands that clasped his shoulders; "I do not say I will not, but I dare not. Do not seek my ruin: I dare not sin against the command of my sovereign." It was in vain that John Selden pleaded and argued with the poor Speaker, and even that his near relative, Sir Henry Heyman, member for Hythe, addressed him in a tone of mingled contempt and indignation. "I am sorry I am your kinsman," Sir Henry cried, "for you are a disgrace to the country, and a blot upon a noble family. All the dangers that will follow, nay, our destruction, shall be laid by posterity as the issue of your baseness, and shall be remembered with scorn and disdain." "I propose for my part," he added, "that since the fellow will not do his duty, that he be called to the bar, and a new Speaker be chosen." The proposition was not accepted, the members behind the chair protesting that Sir John Finch was quite in their hands, and as good as riveted to his seat. "God's wounds," one of them, Benjamin Valentine, member for St. Germans, cried, "he shall sit still till it pleases us to rise." Deep silence now ensued, in the midst of which Denzil Holles, eldest son of the earl of Clare, and member for Dorchester, came forward to read a solemn remonstrance drawn up by Sir John Eliot. "Whoever," the remonstrance ran, "shall bring in innovations in religion, or by favour seek to extend, or introduce, popery and Arminianism, or other opinions disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy; whoever shall counsel or advise the taking and levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, or shall be an actor, or instrument, therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the government, and a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth; and if any merchant, or other person whatsoever, shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberty of England, and an enemy to the same." The remonstrance was voted by acclamation, amidst tremendous excitement, which had not yet subsided when a loud knocking, as of heavy arms, resounded against the door, together with the shout of many voices demanding admittance in the name of the king. Charles had arrived at the House of Lords and summoned the Commons to the bar, and none of them appearing, and

the usher of the Black Rod reporting that the door was locked against him, had ordered the captain of the guards to force it open. A conflict seemed imminent, and many hands were grasping the hilts of their swords; but prudence prevailed at the last moment, and the door being unlocked, a short vote was passed adjourning the house to the 10th of March, after which the majority of the members dispersed in all directions. Only a few of them, headed by Sir John Finch, who was drying his tears, went to the bar of the lords to bow before the king.

The breach now was complete. A few days after the scene in the House of Commons, Sir John Eliot, Denzil Holles, John Selden, and six others who had taken a prominent part in the proceedings, were arrested and sent as close prisoners to the Tower, under the accusation of having instigated the people to sedition. On the day to which parliament had been prorogued by his order, the 10th of March, the king went in great state to the House of Lords, and without requiring the attendance of the commons, pronounced sentence of dissolution. "My lords," Charles exclaimed, "I never came here upon so unpleasant an occasion, that of dissolving a parliament, and therefore men may have some cause to wonder why I should not rather choose to do this by commission, it being a general maxim of kings to leave harsh commands to their ministers, so that they themselves be left to execute only pleasing things. Yet considering that justice as well consists in the punishing of vice as in reward and praise of virtue, I thought it necessary to come here to-day, and declare to you, and to all the world, that it was merely the undutiful and seditious carriage in the Lower House that hath made the dissolution of this parliament; and you, my lords, are so far from being any causers of it, that I take as much comfort in your dutiful demeanour as I am justly dissatisfied with their proceedings. But to avoid mistakings, let me tell you that it is far from me to adjudge all the house alike guilty, for as I know there are many there as dutiful subjects as any in the world, so I know that it was only some few vipers among them that did cast this mist of undutifulness over most of their eyes. To say truth, there was a good number there that could not be infected with this contagion, insomuch that some did express their duties in speaking, which was the general fault of the house the last day. To conclude, as these vipers must look for their reward of punishment, so you, my lords, must justly expect from me that favour and protection that a good king oweth to his loving and faithful nobility. And now, my lord keeper, do what I have commanded you." Bowing to the ground, and then raising his head again, the lord keeper cried, "My lords and gentlemen of the House of Commons, the king's majesty doth dissolve this parliament." To speak to the people, as well as to his "faithful and loving nobility," Charles immediately after issued a proclamation, justifying the sudden dissolution of the third parliament of his reign, and intimating very distinctly his intention not to summon another for a long while to come. "We have showed," he said, "by our frequently meeting our people, our love to the use of parliaments, yet the late abuse having for the present driven us

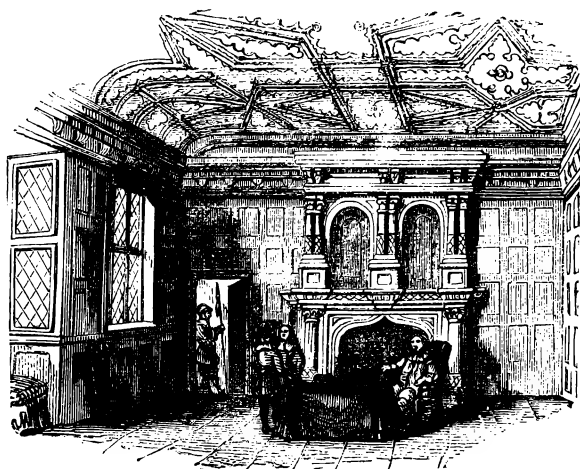
unwillingly out of that course, we shall account it presumption for any one to prescribe any time unto us for parliaments, the calling, continuing, and dissolving of which is always in our power. We shall be more inclinable to meet in parliament again when our people shall see more clearly into our interests and actions, and when such as have bred this interruption have received their condign punishment." It was impossible for the king to expose with more frankness his aim of establishing a government as absolutely despotic as any the world possessed.

The first step of Charles in the new violent course in which he had embarked, was to take his revenge upon the imprisoned members of the House of Commons, or to send "the vipers" to "condign punishment." To effect it, the ancient parliamentary privilege of right of speech had first to be overthrown, and feeling somewhat doubtful whether it could be done easily, with a due observance of legal forms, Laud advised the king to inquire beforehand of the judges how far they would lend themselves to the scheme. This was done accordingly, and with results somewhat unexpected to Charles. A few of the highest legal functionaries, looking wistfully about, doubtful whether, in the impending storm, the parliamentary ship could help being wrecked on the rock of kingly power, gave mysterious and evasive answers to the question as to whether the representatives of the people were liable to punishment for their actions in parliament; but the greater number of the judges, including all those of an inferior grade, replied by a direct and distinct negative. In the meanwhile, Sir John Eliot and his fellow-prisoners had sued for writs of habeas corpus; but the attorney-general opposed the return on the plea that they were detained for notable contempts, and for stirring up sedition, alleged in a warrant under the king's sign manual. On the counsel for the prisoners urging the insufficiency of this return, among others as being opposed to the principles laid down in the Petition of Right, the attorney-general startled his hearers by the assertion that the Petition of Right had never received the king's assent, and was no law, and that even though his majesty in his innate goodness might feel inclined, should occasion offer, to keep the principles of the Petition in view, their explanation must be left to him. The judges hesitated what course to take, fearing the king, and yet dreading the wrath of future parliaments; and in the end, to steer a middle course, they sent a humble petition to Charles, telling him "that by their oaths they were bound to bail the prisoners; but deemed proper before they did so, or published their opinions therein, to inform his majesty thereof, and humbly to advise him, as had been done by his noble progenitors in like case, to give his consent to the bail." Looking with proper disdain upon his judges, of whom he spoke as "oracles and riddles," the king did not even reply to their petition, which led to the issue of the writs of habeas corpus. But though issued, they could not be served, Charles resorting to the mean artifice of removing the prisoners from the Tower, and sending them to other prisons for a time, until the writs had lapsed. The indignation aroused by this proceeding, among the lawyers as

well as the people at large, had the consequence of somewhat checking the heat of the king's resentment; and the attorney-general was ordered to drop the prosecution against six of the imprisoned members of the House of Commons, and only prepare charges against the remaining three, Sir John Eliot, Denzil Holles, and Benjamin Valentine, the first two for words spoken in parliament, and the last for violence to the Speaker. The trial came on before the judges of the court of King's Bench in October, after the prisoners had been suffering close confinement for nine months, and ended in a verdict of guilty, and the condemnation of the accused to terms of imprisonment and fines varying in amount. Benjamin Valentine, "because," as stated in the judgment, "he is of less ability than the rest," was ordered to pay a fine of five hundred pounds; Denzil Holles of one thousand pounds; and Sir John Eliot, described as "the greatest offender and the ringleader," a fine of two thousand pounds, and to all was decreed imprisonment "during the king's pleasure." Holles and Valentine were liberated after about eighteen months' confinement; but Eliot, thrown into a horrible underground dungeon in the Tower, with water oozing between the stones, and without the allowance of fire even in winter, was killed at the end of three years' suffering. It was a murder committed by Charles which neither parliament nor the nation could ever forget or forgive.

Having punished the enemies of his prerogative, the king set himself with great zeal to fill his treasury, choosing by preference such means as had been condemned repeatedly as illegal in the House of Commons. The duties of tonnage and poundage, with several other arbitrary imposts, were not only levied as before, but greatly augmented, and the goods of all refractory taxpayers distrained without mercy. Heavy punishments were inflicted, besides, upon all persons who showed the least resistance in words or deeds to the extortions practised upon them, the Star Chamber tribunal in all such cases pouncing down upon the offenders, who could deem themselves fortunate if escaping with their lives. On one occasion, a wealthy merchant and alderman of London,

William Chambers, was arrested for refusing to pay an enormous impost upon a bale of silk; and being carried before the privy council, a sense of intolerable injury moved him to exclaim "that in no part of the world were merchants so screwed up as in England: even in Turkey they had more encouragement." Though only uttered before a few members of the government, the remark was deemed a libellous publication, and the Star Chamber, into which he was dragged, condemned Chambers to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned "during the king's pleasure." The unfortunate alderman had to remain in gaol for above six years, and was turned out at last a beggar, with the utter ruin of his fortune as well as his health. Examples like these went far to produce at least outward quietness; the taxes flowed in freely, and the royal exchequer became better filled than it had been for a generation. However, the money did not come in too fast; for great as was the supply, the greed of the courtiers was greater, and the extravagance of the queen's household alone was sufficient to devour the produce of all the imposts that could be raised in the kingdom. To supplement the sources of revenue, the advisers of Charles, chief among them the lord treasurer, Sir Richard Weston, who had been raised, after the dissolution of parliament, to the peerage under the title of earl of Portland, practised several other means for extorting money, some of them old and some new. One of these was the revival of an obsolete custom by which all who were qualified were bound to take up their knighthood or pay a fine for not doing it. By enforcing this species of feudal tribute as strictly as could be done, Charles managed to press about a hundred thousand pounds out of the landowning class, but not without raising for himself about a hundred thousand enemies in the same direction. What embittered still more the dissatisfaction caused by the tax upon unwilling knights was a partial revival of the ancient forest laws, by which the king claimed all the lands coming within the description of royal forests. Many of these domains had been "disafforested" for generations, and fallen into the possession of private owners, chiefly among the landed gentry; but they had to give up what they considered their property on the mere demand of the solicitor-general, no prescription being allowed to be pleaded against the crown's title. The forests of Epping and Hainault in Essex were so extended by these royal claims as to include nearly the whole county; the boundaries of Rockingham Forest in Northamptonshire were enlarged from six to above sixty miles; and a great part of the New Forest in Hampshire was taken away from private owners and added to the crown property. At the same time, enormous fines were imposed on all trespassers, and many noblemen and gentlemen suffered severely for their encroachments, while others, the earl of Southampton among the number, were entirely ruined by the confiscation of their lands. Though advantageous as a fiscal measure, the step proved one of the gravest political blunders which even so unwise a king as Charles could commit. Hitherto, the chief element resisting his despotic encroachments had been within the population of the larger towns, the crowds



STAR CHAMBER.

gathered in the folds of Puritanism, and the industrial and mercantile classes in general; but he now created a new enemy, more formidable than any yet arrayed against him, among the landed aristocracy. To reconcile the former was a comparatively easy matter; Charles needed but keep the promises made in assenting to the Petition of Right and govern with fairness and justice, discarding priests and Jesuit prelates, for whom personally he felt little inclination, and the classes which had hitherto opposed him in parliament would have worshipped him. The industrious citizen, loyal to the core of his heart, wanted nothing but to be left alone, and to enjoy the fruit of his labours in peace, anxiously ready at any time to become a faithful and obedient subject; but it was otherwise with the new class which, with terrible imprudence, the king seemed bent upon making his enemies. All parliament and the people might absolve Charles, but the angry squires from whom he had taken their lands would be certain to be his unforgiving foes till death.

By the various financial expedients to which he had recourse, the king found that he could raise money enough to defray the expenses of court and government during a time of peace; but it was not sufficient for aggressive purposes, and being still nominally at war with France and Spain, he hastened, immediately after the dissolution of parliament, to enter into negotiations with both Louis XIII. and Philip IV. Since the English government had been content to leave the Huguenots without stipulation to the mercy of their sovereign, there was nothing to impede an amicable arrangement with that court, and a few ambassadorial interviews sufficed for the conclusion of a treaty, which came to be signed in the autumn of 1629. With Spain the difficulties were somewhat greater, not, however, on account of any unwillingness on the part of either Philip IV. or his ruling minister, Count Olivarez, to enter into friendly relationship, but because of the resistance of the queen, who seemed determined now for the first time to make her political influence openly felt. Having solely the interests of her native country at heart, Henrietta Maria did all that was in her power to cross the arrangement with Spain, and succeeded so far as to stop for more than a year the signature of the treaty of peace, ardently desired by Charles and all his new advisers, as well as by every member of the Spanish government. To overcome the opposition of the queen, Olivarez finally hit upon the curious expedient of intrusting the diplomatic negotiations, instead of to ordinary ambassadors, to eminent artists, a class of persons for whom her majesty, with the true Medici blood in her veins, had always shown particular fondness. The first man picked out by the shrewd Spanish minister for the purpose was Balthasar Gerbier, a native of Antwerp, distinguished as painter and sculptor, but more distinguished still as a most accomplished courtier and man of the world. He commenced his ambassadorial career by inviting Charles, his queen, and all the ladies of honour to a supper which cost above a thousand pounds, and in return brought him the honour of knighthood, together with the permission to paint the portraits of both their majesties. It was a de-

cided progress in diplomacy, the fact being certain that Spaniards and Englishmen could not kill each other as long as Sir Balthasar was busy with his brush; however, the negotiations went on very slowly, and to accelerate them, and assist the artist-ambassador, Olivarez despatched a second in the person of the illustrious Peter Paul Rubens, now in the height of his fame, and considered the greatest painter of the age. Rubens arrived in England early in 1630, and having been received with the greatest distinction at court, immediately took up the thread of diplomacy with such skilful handling that peace was concluded before the summer had come, though the actual signing of the treaty by Charles and Philip IV. did not take place till the month of November. Both kings showed their gratitude to the famous artist by knighting him, in addition to which Charles gave him a commission to paint the ceiling of the banqueting-house at Whitehall, at a cost of three thousand pounds. Peter Paul Rubens joined to all these presents one of his own, by taking unto himself a young and exquisitely beautiful wife, Helena Fourment, a native of Bruges. Helena was sixteen, and Peter Paul fifty-three; but the union, like everything else the world-famed painter undertook in the course of his life, proved fortunate and of happy issue. Having thrown off the grey care of politics, Charles made the nuptials of the great diplomatizing artist the object of some brilliant court festivities, in return for which distinction the latter exerted himself to bestow immortality upon the first Stuart king of England. While Sir John Eliot was dying in prison, and every champion of freedom and of justice was hunted after and persecuted, Rubens was busy at Whitehall painting the apotheosis of King James.

The year in which Rubens came to England, and peace was concluded with Spain, was productive besides of an occurrence important to the nation, and which brought the domestic felicity of Charles to the culminating point. On the 29th of May, 1630, the queen gave birth to a son, who in baptism obtained the name of Charles. It was not the first offspring of the royal marriage; for in the preceding year Henrietta Maria had brought forth a male child, but which had lived only long enough to give rise to a vigorous effort of the priests of her majesty's household to gain it for Rome, by the administration of certain rites, and an equally determined effort of the Protestant chaplains at court to defeat the "popish plot." Pulled about between the excited warriors of the two creeds, the poor infant, a weakly and sickly little thing, had died; and to prevent another fatality of the kind, Charles himself took to looking after his spouse in her new pregnancy, and this time succeeded in keeping the baby alive, though with some difficulty. Some time previous to the birth, efforts, diplomatic and otherwise, commenced to add to the number of priests and priestly agents smuggled into the royal household, the French ambassador, marquis de Chateauneuf, going so far as to insist on the appointment of a bishop, as well as of a physician, specially attached to the queen. Charles steadily refused, notwithstanding which the offered physician made his appearance at court, introduced

by the marquis, who blandly pleaded his own instructions as an offset to the king's objections. The pride of Charles being roused by these repeated attempts to upset his authority even within the walls of his own house, he got rid of the crowd of intruders by forcible ejection; but the French priests or bishops were no sooner gone when the trouble began with the English bishops. The great question, which stirred the court to its very foundations, was who should baptize the baby; the right was claimed on the one side by Archbishop Abbot, representing the more liberal section in the church, and on the other by Bishop Laud, leader and head of the small but energetic party accused by Oliver Cromwell of preaching "flat popery." Legally, the right belonged to the primate, the archbishops of Canterbury being possessed of the ancient privilege of acting as ordinaries of the household of the king and queen wherever it might be, and to perform all the rites of the church for the members of the royal family; but after some slight hesitation in the matter, the king overruled the claim, and appointed Laud to perform the baptism. To leave no doubt as to the reason which had given rise to the selection, Bishop Williams, the late lord-keeper, one of the chief adversaries of the "flat popery" party, was excluded from the general invitation given to the other church dignitaries, for which he revenged himself by remarking that if present at the baptismal ceremony he could not have joined in the last four words of the prayer composed by Laud for the occasion: "Double his father's graces, O Lord, upon him, if it be possible." The words, half ludicrous and half blasphemous, and justly characterized by the bishop of Lincoln as "three-piled flattery and loathsome divinity," were, nevertheless, by special command of Laud, inserted in the public prayers for the new prince of Wales, and proved sufficient to stifle whatever little enthusiasm there existed for the birth of a heir to the throne. The report of the event had been received by the Puritans throughout the kingdom with indifference, if not with sorrow and displeasure. "I remember," Bishop Hacket left on record, "that being at a town in Gloucestershire when the news came of the prince's birth, there was great joy shown by the parish, in causing bonfires to be made, and the bells to be rung, and victuals to be sent to those of the younger sort who were most busily employed in the public joy; but from the rest of the houses, being of the Presbyterian or Puritan party, there came neither man nor child, nor wood, nor victuals, their doors being shut close all the evening as in a time of general mourning and disconsolation." "One of their leading men," the bishop continues, "scrupled not to observe at an entertainment, whilst others were expressing their satisfaction, that he saw no great cause of joy in it, for that God had already better provided for us than we had deserved in giving such a hopeful progeny by the queen of Bohemia, brought up in the reformed religion, whereas it was uncertain what religion the king's children would follow, brought up under a mother entirely devoted to the church of Rome." Charles, who liked to speak of the Puritans as visionaries, was right so far that they enjoyed very clear and distinct visions, though

not as religious enthusiasts merely, but as far-seeing politicians and statesmen.

The hope and trust which drew the hearts of the Puritans of England towards the descendants of the king's sister, the crownless queen of Bohemia, was stirred by some remarkable events which took place in Germany shortly after the birth of the prince of Wales. Ever since the commencement of the frightful war waged by the house of Austria for the extermination of Protestantism in central Europe, the cause of the reformers had been proceeding in a downward course; against them were arrayed the best disciplined troops, the strongest artillery, and the most skilful generals in existence, and for them there was nothing but a number of weak and detached bodies of volunteer soldiers, zealous for the truth, but without good military commanders, without warlike experience, and almost without arms. Protestant England, the only natural ally from which Protestant Germany could expect powerful assistance, sufficient to keep on even terms with the mighty enemy, was looking on, not coldly, but helplessly; and the offers of France to give aid, not from religious sympathy, but out of political jealousy, being made to create profound distrust, nothing remained for the small phalanx of the soldiers of the reformation than to fight the battle single-handed, and with very small chances of success from the commencement. Whatever these chances of war were, they were dispelled by the result of the first ten years' struggle, which ended in the scattered forces of the Protestant Union being beaten on all points, and compelled to retreat to the borders of the Netherlands and the lowlands on the North Sea and the Baltic, while hordes of Hungarians, Spaniards, and Italians, brigands more than soldiers, went ravaging all the rest of Germany, burning cities, towns, and villages, revelling in murder and the most horrible crimes, and stamping out all signs of industry and civilization in one immense track of fire and blood. All hopes of saving their lives, their property, and their religion, had begun to vanish from the hearts of the followers of Luther, when on a sudden there occurred a change so mighty and so extraordinary as to strike amazement among the populations of Germany, and raise among the pious Protestants a belief in the direct interference of heaven. On the 13th of June, 1630, two weeks after the birth of an heir-apparent of England, Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, landed in Pomerania at the head of fifteen thousand men, to save Protestantism in Germany, if not on the continent of Europe, from utter extinction. The army he brought seemed absurdly small for the grand object in view, and so entirely inadequate to cope with the fighting savages, more than a hundred thousand in number, enrolled under the banner of Kaiser and Pope, that the chiefs of the Catholic League, on hearing of the arrival of the Scandinavian monarch, nicknamed him "the Snow King," prophesying he and his army would melt in going southward. But the fifteen thousand Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus did not dissolve in striding southward from the Baltic shore, but marched from victory to victory. They were not mere soldiers fighting for pay, or ambition, or any other worldly cause, but stately,

God-fearing men, fonder of psalms than of battle songs, commencing their daily work with prayer, their hands firmly grasping the hilts of their avenging swords, but their eyes more firmly directed towards all-avenging heaven. As they marched onward, the whole rabble of murderers and assassins, representing the papal armies, flew before them like chaff before the storm; and in the course of a few months the greater part of northern Germany was cleared from priests and brigands. Never before had the nations of Europe beheld the outward aspect of Protestantism in so grand a form as in the fifteen thousand warriors of Gustavus Adolphus.

Among the English Protestants the sudden appearance of Gustavus Adolphus as saviour of the reformed faith in Germany created the most profound excitement. It found vent in the streets and the pulpit, and even in the privy council chamber voices were heard for an alliance of England with the Swedish king. Charles himself appeared not at all disinclined to the proposal, deeming it would lead to the restoration of his brother-in-law, the prince palatine, for whom he felt some affection; however, being well aware that he could never dream of engaging in war without the assistance of parliament, he carefully suppressed his feelings, professing to be able to do more for the German Protestants by diplomatic negotiations than by force of arms. To show his ability, the king forthwith appointed a special ambassador to proceed to the courts of Austria and Spain; but before the envoy had yet started, he allowed himself to be persuaded to embark in another scheme, strongly marked by that duplicity which characterized every one of his actions. The new plan to which Charles gave his approbation consisted in furnishing armed assistance to the Swedish king, though not open but in secret, and in such a manner that it should appear to the Catholic princes with whom he was going to negotiate as if done against his own will and express order. It was through the persuasion of the queen, always bent upon advocating the interests of France, that Charles was brought to adopt this notable scheme, the author of which, the marquis of Hamilton, was moreover his kinsman and one of his personal favourites, and as such did his best to carry the project into execution. James Hamilton, third marquis of Hamilton, and subsequently first duke, who was now beginning to play a prominent part at court and in the government, had only reached the age of twenty-four, but his skill in intrigue, worthy of an older head, was showing itself already to a remarkable degree. Having formed the acquaintance of Charles while prince of Wales, he made the best of it after his accession to the throne, when he was appointed successively, in spite of his youth, master of the horse, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and a privy councillor. While Buckingham was in power, he sided with him and against the queen; but after the death of the favourite, he executed a graceful turn, and enrolled himself among the ardent followers of her majesty. Though not in the habit of selecting new friends from old enemies, Henrietta Maria made an exception in the case of the marquis of Hamilton, owing to very peculiar circumstances. Among the throng of courtiers in the royal

household was a handsome youth of graceful manners, Henry Jermyn, son of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Thomas Jermyn, who had obtained the favour of the queen to such an extent, and so visibly to all eyes, that the strangest rumours were current regarding their intimacy. Over this person James Hamilton obtained, by means not very honourable to either of them, a decided influence, which led to the betrayal of certain secrets affecting the character of the queen, and still further, to her majesty becoming the warm friend and patron of the marquis. Backed by her influential support, Charles consented to give to his young favourite the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, with permission to enlist six thousand men, half English and half Scotch, and lead them to the assistance of the king of Sweden. The work was accomplished successfully, though not so secretly as Charles would have wished; and early in the autumn of 1630, the English-Scotch force, consisting of six regiments of foot soldiers, landed at the mouth of the Oder, and soon after effected a junction with the army of Gustavus Adolphus, on its march towards Silesia. Hamilton's men were received with great joy by the German reformers, who held them to be the forerunners of mightier aid, happily ignorant of the origin of the enterprise, and of the character of the knot of courtiers and intriguers that were guiding the destinies of Protestant England.

The assistance given by Hamilton's brigade to Gustavus Adolphus and the cause of Protestantism proved of the slightest. Partly owing to want of discipline among the ill-assorted and untrained soldiers, and partly to the entire inefficiency of their youthful commander, they gained no other renown than that of fighting in the rear of the Swedes at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in the spring of 1631, and subsequently, on the 7th of September, in the great battle of Leipzig, in which Gustavus Adolphus achieved a decisive victory over General Tilly, utterly annihilating the forces of the Catholic League, and freeing Germany from the Baltic to the Danube. Before this event, the six regiments led by Hamilton had dwindled down, through famine and disease, caused by the most wretched mismanagement, to less than one half their original strength; and having come to quarrel with all the officers, and all the officers with him, the marquis decided upon relinquishing his command, and leaving his men to their fate. Embarking in haste, he suddenly reappeared at the English court, to the delight of the king, but less to that of the queen, who had been cherishing expectations that a glorious death on the battle-field would be in store for the friend and confidant of her favourite. In common justice, the award of death, with deduction of glory, should have been meted out to him even now, and there were not wanting voices demanding that the marquis ought to be hung for deserting his troops in the field; however, the cry was vain and useless, and James Hamilton could afford to despise it, sitting under the shield of the king as well as the queen. Upon the latter he established new claims of gratitude, soon after his return to England, by taking her part in a contest that engaged the attention of both their majesties and of the whole court, to an infinitely higher

degree than the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, the life and death struggle of the German nation, and the fate of Protestantism. One of the queen's maids of honour, a noble lady of the house of Villiers, had been seduced by Henry Jermyn, her favourite; and the affair causing great scandal, and coming to the ears of Charles, he had decided that the profligate youth should repair by marriage the wrong he had done, or, in case of refusal, should be committed to the Tower. However, the judgment was easier delivered than carried out; and those who did not know it before, soon found that Henrietta Maria had come to have the upper hand over her consort. She strenuously insisted that Henry Jermyn should neither marry the fair and unhappy Villiers nor go to the Tower; and being possessed of far more determination than her royal lord, she in the end carried her point. During the continuance of this intrigue, and struggle for dominion between Charles and his spouse, the whole crowd of courtiers split into two parties, called respectively "the king's side" and "the queen's side," all men of prudence, foresight, and due regard of their own interests, such as the marquis of Hamilton, ranging themselves naturally under the latter division. It was not long before the open secret became generally known that England had passed from the sceptre of Charles under that of Henrietta Maria.

One of the first uses which the queen made of her newly-acquired power was to recall her old household, turned away so summarily by Buckingham, and to increase it by a whole colony of Capuchin friars, recommended to her by her mother as particularly zealous and active in the search after proselytes. The friars had not been many months in England, when they found that the private chapel assigned to the Roman Catholics of the household was not by far large enough, whereupon the queen extorted the consent of her husband to build a new and spacious church for them within the quadrangle of Somerset House. To add to the boldness of the step, made to exasperate to the utmost not only the Puritans, but the whole mass of earnest Protestants, Henrietta Maria took a pride in showing at a public ceremony the part she had taken, and forced her husband to take, in accommodating the heretic-seeking Capuchin friars. "Her majesty with her own hands," recorded an eyewitness of the scene, "helped to lay the two first corner stones of the church, with a silver plate of equal divisions between them, which stones, in the presence of two thousand people at least, the priests consecrated with great ceremony, having caused to be engraven upon the upper part of that plate the pictures of their majesties as founders, and on the lower side those of the Capuchins as consecrators." The ceremony in itself was enough to irritate and enrage the people, and the indignation kept on increasing at the sight of not only daily processions of priests and friars, but of the gradual spread of Roman Catholic ceremonies in the London churches, and all places of worship under the control of Laud and his adherents. Not long after the laying of the foundation stone of the Somerset House establishment, Laud re-consecrated St. Catherine Creed church in the city, which had undergone

some repairs, by a ceremonial with which the Capuchins themselves declared themselves highly pleased. At the bishop's approach to the western entrance of the church, some of his attendants cried out in a loud voice, "Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory may enter." Thereupon the doors flew open, the procession entered, and Laud, falling down upon his knees, raising his eyes, and extending his arms, exclaimed, "This place is holy; the ground is holy: in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy." Advancing next towards the chancel, the bishop took up dust several times and threw it into the air, and when near the communion-table, now styled the altar, he took a written book, from which he pronounced curses upon all who should henceforth profane the holy place, bowing to the east at the end of every curse, and calling out, "Let all the people say Amen." The curses were followed by prayers, and these by a sermon, after which Laud administered the sacrament in a manner entirely novel to most of the spectators. Approaching the table, he made several low bows, and slowly going to the side where the bread and wine were standing, hidden under a thick cover, bowed seven times more. He then, after reading many prayers, went to the bread, and gently lifted up the napkin under which it was laid; but on a glance at it suddenly dropped the napkin, flew back several steps, bowed thrice towards it, and again drawing near, repeated his bows. He next laid his hand upon the cup containing the wine, but instantly withdrawing it, retired, went bowing repeatedly, retired once more and advanced again, and finally seized the chalice. The ceremony ended by the bishop taking the sacrament himself, and dispensing it to a few of his chief attendants, but allowing none of the inferior clergy, or of the congregation, to be partakers. Laud's doings were repeated from mouth to mouth, creating undisguised horror among the Puritans. It was known that the king intended to make him primate of all England, as soon as he could get rid of Archbishop Abbot, already under the royal disgrace, and it was whispered, moreover, that he had received the offer of a cardinal's hat from Rome. With such reports, the apprehension of England falling again under the dominion of the pope ceased to be a mere alarming rumour, but got the belief of the nation.

It detracted nothing from the abhorrence which the Puritanical part of the population began to feel towards the queen, as the author of the whole Rome-ward movement manifested in the government, that while encouraging the spread of these ceremonies of the ancient church upon which the Protestants looked as blank idolatry, to the utmost of her power, she was indulging at the same time in personal amusements considered absolutely vicious and immoral. At the beginning of November, 1631, the queen gave birth to another child, a daughter, baptized with immense pomp by Laud, the name of Mary being given to her; and as soon as she had recovered from her confinement, a series of theatrical representations took place at court, in which her majesty came forward as an actress. As yet, no lady had ever dared to appear on the stage in England,

for although the consort of James and her attendants had performed in court masques, their acting was mute, and little more on the whole than a display of fancy dresses with dancing. Great, therefore, was the horror of the people on learning that the queen was publicly performing, before the courtiers and other persons invited, at a theatre erected in Whitehall, not only dancing and in female costume, but reciting speeches and singing songs. The first play in which she took a principal part was called "the Queen's Pastoral," and written by Walter Montague, second son of the earl of Manchester, a handsome youth, highly in the good graces of her majesty, so much so as to attract the enmity of Henry Jermyn, whose own independent code of morals did not free him from the pains of jealousy. The news of the Whitehall performances, with the rumour of many matters connected with them, incensed the Puritans and all earnest Protestants as much as the protection of Capuchin friars, and mummeries introduced into the service of the church of England, and the public indignation found vent in a number of pamphlets and books, reflecting, with more or less violence, upon the immorality of stage plays and players. Very shortly after the acting of "the Queen's Pastoral," Laud showed to her majesty a book fresh from the press, called "Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge," written, as stated on the title-page, by "William Prynne, an Utter-barrister of Lincoln's Inn," in which theatrical performances were described as "the very pomps of the devil which we renounce in baptism," the proof being in "the concurring authorities of sundry texts of Scripture, of the whole primitive Church, of fifty-five synods and councils, of seventy Fathers and Christian writers, and of above one hundred and fifty foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors." The bishop, with great zest, pointed out to Henrietta Maria a particular passage characterising "women actors" as "notorious w—," which put her into furious anger, and in her rage she ran at once to the king, calling upon him to vindicate her honour by the exemplary punishment of the libeller. The epithet which exasperated her majesty, she deeming it personal, was not meant as such, the "Histrio-Mastix" having been published several weeks previous to her appearance on the stage; however, Laud, although thoroughly well informed in the matter, took care to encourage the mistake by hints and insinuations, his object being to punish the author for attacks upon himself. More than a year before, the "Utter-barrister of Lincoln's Inn" had brought out a book reflecting severely upon the doings of the Romish party in the church of England, which the bishop of London had been unable to prosecute, owing to the friends of the author obtaining for him protection against the proceedings of the High Commission Court. Laud now deemed it time to take his revenge, and having inflamed the queen, a royal mandate was issued for committing Prynne to close custody in the Tower, preparatory to being put on his trial before the Star Chamber. The bishop little knew, when obtaining the signature of Charles to the order, to what a storm, centering on his own head, it would lead in the end.

In selecting William Prynne for persecution, as one among a hundred writers who were attacking his innovations in the church, Laud intended to strike terror in the ranks of the Puritans, but the extreme severity with which he went to work defeated its own object, and served only to increase the bitterness of the strife. After being shut up for many months in a damp and horrible dungeon, the author of the "Histrio-Mastix" was put on his trial, charged with the same crime which had brought Sir John Eliot and his colleagues to the Tower, that of having incited the people to sedition. The accusation was perfectly absurd in this case, Prynne's book, a huge quarto of more than a thousand closely-printed pages, which he had taken seven years to compose, being nothing more than an exposition of Puritan views concerning worldly amusements, such as dancing, drinking, acting, and similar diversions; and though the expressions employed in condemning these evils were very strong, they were not more so than those in current use at the time. The greatest severity of the author was directed against stage plays, though he naively admitted that he had only been once to a theatre, inveigled by false friends, and on this occasion had sat during the whole of the performance with his hat over his eyes, inwardly shocked at the "exorbitant corruptions" that were taking place in his own immediate neighbourhood. His chief argument against the stage, besides its immorality, was that many of the classical dramas that were performed would lead to a revival of idolatry; and he dwelt strongly upon the fact, almost incredible, but asserted to be true, that "above forty thousand plays" had been written within a few years, and many of them "printed on better paper than the Bible itself." He mentioned further, as a most shameful thing, that "they have now their female players in Italy and most foreign parts, and they had such French women-actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars' playhouse, to which there was great resort." Together with stage plays, he strongly condemned love-locks, hair-powder, the effeminate fashions of the men, and the cropped hair of "our men-women monsters;" while dancing he characterized as a thing "to God's and Christ's dishonour, religion's scandal, chastity's shipwreck, sin's advantage, and the eternal ruin of many precious souls." "Dancing," he added, "yea, even in queens themselves, and the very greatest persons, who are most commonly devoted to it, hath been always scandalous and of ill repute among the saints of God." Laughing itself Prynne condemned as "cachinnations unbecoming a Christian," and to the ordinary plea for so-called innocent amusements, he replied that if necessary in the country, there was no need for them at least in London, where men could go and hear excellent sermons almost every day in the week. Perhaps there were a great many Englishmen, sincere Protestants otherwise, not agreeing entirely with the author of the "Histrio-Mastix;" but few, on the other hand, though opposed to his views, could deny that his aims were sincere and well meant, tending solely to benefit his fellow-men. On putting William Prynne on his trial, therefore, Laud threw out a fierce challenge to Puritanism, and, changing his former

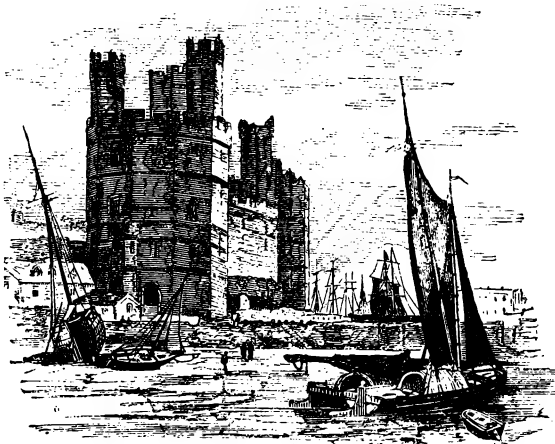
defensive into an offensive mode of warfare, commenced a struggle the result of which neither he nor any of his adherents were able to foresee.

The trial of Prynne before the law lords of the Star Chamber occupied three days, and created the most extraordinary excitement among the people, both on account of the subject in question, and the violent speeches of the prosecuting party, resembling more the language of Spanish inquisitors than of English judges. Prynne's defence to the charge of stirring up sedition was as calm as sensible; he made a solemn affirmation of his entire attachment to the king's person and government, declaring "that he had taken his oath of allegiance and supremacy in the university of Oxford and inns of court, where he had taken his degrees, and that it never entered into his thoughts to approve of schism and sedition; but that if anything in his book had, contrary to his own meaning, a misconstruction towards his majesty's government, he was ready to prostrate himself at his majesty's feet and crave pardon and grace." This was not what Laud and his Star Chamber confederates wanted; and drowning the modest defence of the Puritan writer under a torrent of abuse, continued for several days, they finished by passing upon him a sentence of all but unheard-of cruelty. "We are troubled here," exclaimed Lord Chief Justice Richardson, a tool of the bishop of London, "with a monster, nay monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens. I do not think this Prynne is the whole writer in the book, but that there are many heads and hands in it besides himself. I would to God in heaven that the devil and all else that had their heads and hands therein were here; for I think they are ill-wishers to the state, and deserve severe punishment. For the book, I do hold it a most scandalous, infamous libel to the king's majesty, a most pious and religious king, and to the queen's majesty, a most excellent and gracious queen, such a one as this kingdom never enjoyed the like, and I think the earth never had a better." Next, the earl of Dorset, courtier ranged on "the queen's side," broke in with a long and extravagant tirade, exhorting his colleagues in the Star Chamber to punish the author of the "Histrio-Mastix" with the utmost severity. "It is not," cried the earl, "the attorney-general that calls for judgment, but it is all mankind; they are the parties aggrieved, and they call for judgment. This Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the church, a sedition-sower in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing, in a word, omnium malorum nequissimus. I should fine him ten thousand pounds, which is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserveth; I would not set him at liberty, no more than a plagued man or a mad dog, who, though he cannot bite, he will foam. He is so far from being a social being that he is not a rational soul. He is fit only to live in dens, with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself. Therefore I would condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters that are no longer fit to live amongst men, nor to see the light. Now, for corporal punishment, my lords, I do not know whether I should burn him in the forehead or slit him in the nose. He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he

might be seen, as Cain was. I should be loth he should escape with his ears, for then he might get a periwig which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropt, too." The recommendation of Dorset was to a great extent acted upon, as expressing the wishes of the queen respecting the treatment her defamer should receive. Prynne was condemned to stand twice in the pillory, once in Westminster, and once in Cheapside, to lose an ear at each place, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, which far exceeded his means, to be degraded from the bar and at the university, and, lastly, to be imprisoned for life. The "Histrio-Mastix," termed "ordure," or filth, by the judges, as a special insult directed to the Puritans, was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, in imitation of a practice of the Spanish inquisition, unknown as yet in England. To introduce step by step that remarkable institution, one of the most powerful aids of an ecclesiastical or divine-right government ever invented, seemed among the great schemes of the bishop of London.

Prynne bore the cruel punishment to which he was condemned with great fortitude, although it was executed with frightful barbarity. The hangman, by special order, it was believed, of Laud's agents, instead of cutting, began to saw off the first ear he was to lose at Westminster, taking part of the cheek with it; covered with blood the unhappy author was then led to Cheapside, where the other ear was sawed off, and while standing in the pillory, in the torture of his sufferings, a heap of his books were brought and burnt before him, very nearly inflicting death by suffocation. He had nevertheless courage enough to address the bystanders, mostly Puritans, deeply sympathising with the martyr of their faith, in strong language, reflecting upon the injustice of his sentence, and condemning the "popish innovations" which were bringing misery upon the land. For this speech, Laud took steps to punish his antagonist by carrying a new accusation against him before the Star Chamber judges; but though he was not glutted with vengeance, they were, and they told him that the ravings of men in agony were beneath his notice. Finding he was not supported sufficiently in the course he was treading, the bishop sent a long letter of complaint to Wentworth, who was more and more rising in influence with the king, complaining of the tolerance shown to "those wretches," the Puritans, and particularly the writers among them. "A little more quickness in the government," the bishop opined, "would cure this itch of libelling, and something more that is amiss besides," alluding to Protestant heresy in general. To make up for the want of "quickness in the government," Laud dragged a number of Puritans who had been speaking and writing against him before the Star Chamber, while at the same time he continued persecuting Prynne and his friends with undisguised malignity. Having plundered the unfortunate author of the "Histrio-Mastix" of all his property, and reduced him to a prison allowance bordering upon starvation he forced him to accept the charity of his

friends, yet made it dangerous for them to give it. Several citizens of Chester, who had visited Prynne while on his way to Carnarvon Castle, where he was to lie imprisoned for life, were prosecuted by the High Commission Court, their houses were broken into and ransacked by pursuivants, and they were condemned to large fines, and forced to make a public acknowledgment of their offences. A poor limner



CARNARVON CASTLE.

of Chester was likewise prosecuted before the High Commission Court for making a drawing of Prynne, by desire of one of his friends, and being found guilty of the crime, was ordered to be imprisoned, and to have all his pictures burnt by the hangman. Even Prynne's servant was indicted before the ecclesiastical court for having spoken words in praise of the goodness of his master, and expressed his belief that he had been harshly treated, for which misdemeanour the judges condemned him to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned till it was paid, which, as he did not possess a thousand pence, was equivalent to a sentence of imprisonment for life. It was impossible for Laud to do more to make Prynne a martyr of Protestantism, and to raise the whole nation against himself for leading the way to another Marian persecution.

Having obtained, as he deemed, a decisive victory over the Puritans of England, Laud persuaded the king to set out on a progress to Scotland, to introduce into his northern realm, as well as in the south, the peculiar form of ecclesiastical government of which he was the founder and champion. The ostensible object of Charles's journey was said to be his wish to be crowned at Edinburgh; but this was known to be a mere pretext, as he had often declared his conviction of the coronation ceremony in the north being not only unnecessary, but against the principle of the complete union of the two kingdoms, which he desired to uphold, and which he had loudly proclaimed at his accession in adopting the novel title of king of Great Britain. However, Charles, bending like a reed before those who understood how to guide him by flattery, and obstinate only against the upright demands of honest men, allowed himself to be easily talked over by his favourite bishop; and seemingly forgetful that he had been sitting eight years on the throne, he sud-

denly announced that it was of absolute necessity that he should go through the ceremony of being crowned king of Scotland. All through the spring of 1633, the most extensive preparations were made for the journey, and in order to swell his train and augment the effect of that exhibition of power by which he meant to overawe the people in the north, Charles issued his commands to the chief members of the nobility to attend him in his progress, at their own expense, and with a due retinue of servants. It had been intended in the first instance by Laud and the king to take the queen, with her whole train of priests, Jesuits, and Capuchin friars, to the north, but the plan was frustrated by the delicate health of Henrietta Maria, who was again in expectation of being confined, and the royal procession finally started without her, towards the end of May. An immense display of pomp, and great demonstrations of at least outward loyalty, attended the king on the journey from London to Edinburgh, which occupied twenty-four days, and was in many respects similar to that of his predecessor, sixteen years before, the chief difference being that of Laud taking the place of Buckingham in the organization and direction of all affairs. After banqueting a great deal along the road, the earl of Newcastle, among others, providing a dinner, which, as certified by Margaret, his wife, "cost my lord between four and five thousand pounds," and by other testimony, "was such an excess of feasting as had never been before known in England," Charles reached Edinburgh in the middle of June. The king's entry and investment with the crown were managed on a scale of unlimited splendour, to the loudly expressed disgust of the citizens of the capital, who had to pay the expenses of both shows, to which they were the less reconciled as the last of them was an exhibition undisguisedly popish in their eyes. In the coronation ceremony, which took place at Holyrood church, Laud was the principal figure next to the king, the archbishop of St. Andrew's acting under his orders, and giving great offence to the people by the introduction of an altar, and of rites bordering very close on those of the mass. "There was," as described by John Spalding, "a four-nooked taffil, in manner of an altar, standing within the kirk, having standing thereupon two books, at least resembling clasped books, called 'blind books,' with two chandlers, and two wax candles, which were on light, and a basin, wherein there was nothing. At the back of the altar, covered with tapistry, there was a rich tapistry, wherein the crucifix was curiously wrought, and as the bishops who were in service passed by this crucifix, they were seen to bow their knee and beck, with which their habit was noted: all which bred great fear of inbringing of popery." To add to the indignation of the spectators, the archbishop of Glasgow, an old man, was violently removed from the side of the king by Laud, because not dressed in the embroidered robes which had been prepared for his use, but which he scrupled to wear. "Are you a churchman, and want the coat of your order?" Laud fiercely exclaimed, and pulling the archbishop away, ordered the bishop of Ross to take his place. It was not a spectacle to edify the pious Presbyterians that were looking on at the ceremony in Holyrood church.

Immediately after the coronation, a parliament assembled at Edinburgh, which was opened by Charles in person. Great efforts having been made to secure the return of members subservient to the crown, the king had the satisfaction to see his first proposals carried out immediately and without the slightest opposition. The session began with the vote of a supply to an unprecedented amount, a land-tax of four hundred thousand pounds Scotch, and the sixteenth penny being granted to the king for six years, besides which the ordinary rate of interest was reduced from ten to eight per cent., and the difference of two per cent., taken from the creditor, was vested in the king for three years. Finding his northern subjects thus far obedient, to an unexpected degree, Charles, energetically prompted by Laud, went a step further by introducing bills providing for an alteration in the public worship. An act in three articles was brought forward by the king, the first confirming a power which former sovereigns of Scotland had arrogated to themselves of altering the habits of the clergy, the second ratifying all former statutes respecting the extent of the crown's prerogative concerning religion, and the third making preparations for recovering the patrimony of the church out of lay hands. To secure the passing of his propositions, of such import that it could scarcely be expected that any other but an assembly of the merest courtiers would give their consent to them, Charles personally attended every day in the house of parliament, acting sometimes the part of a president, and sometimes that of a clerk. The members nevertheless were startled at the act laid before them, and several of them had the courage of at once declaring that it was absolutely impossible that the changes proposed should become the law of the realm. "I have sworn with your father," Lord Melville, a nobleman far advanced in life, and known for his attachment to the royal family, exclaimed, addressing the king; "I have sworn with your father, and the whole kingdom, to the Confession of Faith, in which the innovations intended by these articles were abjured, and I cannot now break my oath." Much disconcerted by the remark, and other signs of opposition, Charles furtively quitted the room, but soon returned, and assuming a haughty air, commanded the members not to deliberate but to vote. Then, sitting down next to the clerk of the house, he took a pencil and a sheet of paper to write down the names as they were called upon to vote, crying out at the same time, "I shall know to-day who will do me service." Contemptible as was the process of intimidation on the part of a king, it yet failed to give the desired majority to the bill; however, Charles obtained his end by forcing the clerk-registrar to make a false return of the votes, so as to make it appear that the act had passed. On the declaration being made, several lords, in surprise and indignation, started up on their seats, one of them, the earl of Rothes, challenging the clerk to prove his return, and openly charging him with fraud. But Charles instantly interfered, commanding him to be silent; and quiet having been restored, the legislative farce came to an end. The dissolution of parliament followed soon, and after erecting Edinburgh into a bishopric, and appointing Laud a privy councillor of Scotland, the

king hurried back across the Tweed, warned, by numerous tokens of disaffection on the part of the people, against prolonging his stay. His money having been all spent in shows and processions, Charles returned to London in somewhat unroyal style, "making a posting journey to the queen at Greenwich," where he arrived on the 20th of July, having crossed the Thames at Blackwall without passing through the metropolis. Less than three months after, on the 13th of October, 1633, Henrietta Maria presented her husband with another son, who was baptised James, in memory of his grandfather.

The baptism of the royal infant was performed at St. James's Palace by Laud, now archbishop of Canterbury, the high dignity, for which he had long been waiting, having become vacant on the 4th of August by the decease of Abbot. He was invested with the primacy the very same day on which Abbot died; and the same day, too, by his own admission, the extraordinary offer of a cardinal's hat was made to him. To any man of common or average honesty, the invitation to change his religion like an old coat, which was necessarily involved in the offer, would have appeared a terrible insult; but Laud by no means took it as such, but, on the contrary, seemed pleased with the invitation to become an apostate. Not declining the offer of a cardinalship all at once, it was repeated to him some days afterwards, when he went to the king to ask for advice in the delicate matter. He himself, he confessed, felt some reluctance to accept, and equal reluctance to refuse; "somewhat dwelt within me," the primate of all England expressed it, "which would not suffer that, till Rome were other than it is." The meaning of it seemed to be that Rome was not near enough to England yet, or rather England not near enough to Rome, and the red hat therefore appeared of premature birth. The king fully agreed with the conscientious scruples of his friend and adviser, and counselled him to leave the hat alone for the present. "His majesty," Laud noted down in his diary, "very prudently and religiously, yet in a calm way, the person offering it having relation to some ambassador, freed me from that trouble." It was trouble, indeed, and more than trouble, that would have been in store for the primate had he listened to the voice of the tempter, and made endeavours to fasten the cardinal's hat to the top of the archiepiscopal mitre. His notion, and that of the pope and great Catholic powers, evidently was that England, as of yore, would bend under the behests of a prince, adapting itself to a change of religion as of ordinary policy; but he and they forgot, or did not know, that the century that had gone by since the first Protestant archbishop of Canterbury received the pallium from Rome had raised a new England on the ruins of the old; and they did not know, moreover, or would not know, that the eighth Henry himself, unscrupulous despot though he was, could not have established a new faith if the new faith had not been deep already in the hearts of the people. It was sheer madness to think for a moment that a king as weak and vacillating as Charles could break the iron phalanx of English Puritanism, with no better and truer man for general than a prelate whose power was based upon sycophancy, and whose religion centered in the

worship of clothes. While Laud was scheming the alliance of Canterbury and Rome, persuaded that he had laid Puritanism in the dust, because having successfully cut off the ears of an unfortunate writer, and sent a number of others to the Tower, the immense mass of the population saw nothing but ridicule in his frantic efforts to become a prince of the church. "See the prelate of Canterbury," said one of the tracts of the day, published not long after Laud's instalment in the primacy—"see the prelate of Canterbury, in his ordinary garb, riding from Croydon to Bagshot, with forty or fifty gentlemen, all mounted, attending upon him; two or three coaches, with four or six horses apiece in them, all empty, waiting on him; two or three dainty steeds of pleasure, most rich in trappings and furniture, led by him; and wherever he comes his gentlemen ushers and his servants crying out, 'Room, room for my lord's grace: gentlemen, be uncovered, my lord's grace is coming.' Again, if you should meet him coming daily from the Star Chamber, and see what pomp, grandeur, and magnificence he goeth in, the whole multitude standing bare whenever he passeth, having also a great number of gentlemen and other servants waiting upon him, all uncovered, some of them carrying up his tail, others going before him, calling out to the folks to take off their hats and give place; tumbling down and thrusting aside the little children a-playing there, flinging and tossing about the poor costermongers and sauce-wives' fruits and puddings, baskets and all—you would think, seeing and hearing all this, and also the speed and haste they make, that it were some mighty proud Nimrod, or some furious Jehu, running and marching for a kingdom, rather than a meek, humble, and grave priest." Keeping his eyes fairly open, the son of the Reading clothier could scarcely fail to see, in sober moments, that though he might proceed a certain distance towards Rome, he could not go all the way, without formidable tumblings and tossings of disrespectful crowds. London costermongers seemed natural enemies of London cardinals.

The temporary refusal of the cardinal's hat by Laud did not interrupt, but rather improved the good relations that had come to exist between the English government and the court of Rome. For some time past diplomatic agents of the pontiff had been living in London, and on the other hand envoys of Charles had taken up their residence near the Vatican; but these arrangements, more or less clandestine in their nature, were made more complete soon after Laud's instalment in the primacy. The pope's representative, a shrewd ecclesiastic named Panzani, having died, a priest of Scottish birth, John Con, was nominated his successor, under the appellation of "envoy to her majesty the queen;" in return for which courtesy Charles hesitated not to appoint a brother of the marquis of Hamilton as special ambassador at Rome, investing him with the corresponding title of "envoy from her majesty the queen." The immediate result of these appointments was a vast increase of intercourse between the courts of England and of Rome, as well as the growth of a very notable scheme, originally propounded at Madrid by the great minister of Philip IV., and which had

been nursed and was warmly advocated by the pontiff. It was nothing less than a proposal for the invasion of the Netherlands by the combined arms of Spain and England, the spoil of the latter, in case of success, to be the isles of Zealand, with parts of South Holland, and the rest to fall again under the sceptre of the original rulers of the country. Besides and above his share in the conquest, Charles was offered, as first prize of the undertaking, the restoration of the palatinate to his brother-in-law, and the solemn guarantee of Philip IV. to uphold the latter in his possessions against all his enemies, including the princes of the Catholic League. The plan, wild as it seemed, as well as entirely opposed to English policy, took firm root in the heads of the king and Laud, both anxious for an intimate alliance with the great Catholic power, and both full of antipathy to the religious and political constitution of the growing commonwealth of the Netherlands, the overthrow of which they desired as much as Philip IV. himself. Approved of in principle, the negotiations for the English-Spanish alliance advanced rapidly; and at the end of a few months, a treaty was drawn up and signed by Lord Cottington, special envoy of Charles at the court of Madrid, on one part, and Count Olivarez on the other, stipulating that in consideration of the interference of his majesty, King Philip IV., for the restoration of the prince palatine, a certain number of English ships should co-operate with a Spanish fleet in the invasion of the Netherlands. The agreement was not immediately ratified, for before doing so there was a task of some importance to be accomplished by the government of Charles. Lord Cottington had promised ships to Spain when his royal master had no ships, the whole navy, like much else in England, being rotten and unfit for service. A new fleet, therefore, had to be built before the invasion of Holland, or of any other country, could be dreamt of, and to build it was not very easy with an empty exchequer and no hope of parliamentary grants. Amidst these difficulties, not a little perplexing to the advisers of Charles, one of the dependants of Laud, William Noy, a clever lawyer, filling the post of attorney-general, came forward with a new contrivance for raising money which appeared nothing less than a stroke of genius. Noy had been employed for some years in suggesting plans for extorting illegal contributions from the people, under some pretence or other; and to assist the fertility of his own imagination, the state paper records in the Tower had been opened to him, to discover in the financial doings of the past material for the future. In hunting, or "moyling," as he called it, among the musty old parchments, mute witnesses of bygone tyranny, a ray of light had broken in upon him in the discovery that there was one tax left for the use of his employers by which vast sums might be drawn from the pockets of the people. From the earliest times, the seaports and maritime counties of England had been compelled to furnish ships for the public service; and it struck the attorney-general that this obligation, though only in force during periods of actual warfare, might be converted into a regular impost by the king requiring the whole of his subjects, whether living inland or

near the shore, to give him ships, or, better still, to give him the equivalent for ships in ready cash. The suggestion was too brilliant not to be immediately approved of by the king, and William Noy himself was ordered to draw out the royal warrant imposing the new tax. A week after handing in his paper, on the 6th of August, 1634, the "moyling" attorney-general suddenly died, his busy career upon earth coming to a fit close by the establishment of "ship money."

The first gathering of the novel impost was as successful as expected by the promoters of the scheme. Under the pretext that it had become necessary to fit out ships for protecting, more effectually than had been hitherto done, the commerce of England in distant countries, as well as the fisheries in the Channel and the North Sea, annually invaded by Dutch and French mariners, Charles issued, early in October, 1634, writs addressed to the corporation of London and the principal seaports, ordering them to supply the crown with a certain number of vessels, or, if unable to do so, to pay down fixed sums in satisfaction of the demand. The money equivalent having been settled below the value of the ships, it was preferred by all the parties assessed, bringing a rich stream of gold into the empty royal treasury. All the seaports paid their contributions readily, except London, the corporation of which made opposition to the tax, not on account of its illegality, but as excepted by virtue of sundry old charters, privileges, and acts of parliament. In consequence of this plea of exception, some of the leading citizens refused to pay "ship money;" but a few of them being thrown into prison and condemned to large fines, the rest gave in, and the full tax of thirty-five thousand pounds was discharged by London. The success of the experiment thus far induced the king to follow out the scheme traced by Noy, and to extend the levying of the new impost from the seaport towns to the population of the whole kingdom. Early in 1634, writs, under the seal of the privy council, were issued to the sheriffs, informing each that his county was assessed at a certain number of ships for the fleet for the ensuing year, and that the charge was estimated at a certain sum, which he was ordered to levy in the same way as parliamentary subsidies. The demand fell startling upon the people of the inland counties; and the sheriffs themselves being unable to explain by what law or precedent they could be called upon to furnish ships, or means to build ships, there arose strong opposition on all sides, which was quenched only by a notice from the privy council that a case should be laid before the judges, who should decide whether the tax was legal, or the contrary. As a preliminary to the new movement, the king arbitrarily discharged the lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, Sir William Heath, an upright lawyer, from his post, and appointed in his stead Sir John Finch, former Speaker of the House of Commons, a person possessed of few legal acquirements, but with the largest amount of obsequiousness. As soon as the change had been accomplished, the case of the crown was stated in a royal letter addressed to Sir John Finch and his brother judges, and their opinions demanded on the legality of the new tax. The reply obtained,

as stated in the memoirs of Judge Whitelocke, "after much solicitation by Lord Chief Justice Finch, promising preferment to some, and highly threatening to others whom he found doubting," was so satisfactory to the king that he ordered it to be enrolled in all the courts of law and to be publicly read at the assizes. It was to the effect that when "the good of the kingdom in general" was concerned, or when there was danger of war, his majesty might require his subjects, by letters under the great seal, to provide such ships, so armed and provisioned, and for such time, as he should deem fit, and that his majesty might enforce the aid to be rendered, of the extent of which and time of duration he was the sole judge. The decision was looked upon as a mighty triumph of the royal prerogative, and put Laud and his adherents into ecstasy. In a letter to the primate, Sir Thomas Wentworth, his intimate friend, gave vent to his satisfaction by declaring the "opinion" of Lord Chief Justice Finch and his eleven brethren "the greatest service the legal profession hath done the crown in this time." "But," added the apostate of the popular cause, now fast advancing, by the grace of Laud, to the office of prime minister, "unless his majesty hath the like power declared to raise a land army upon the same exigent of state, the crown seems to me to stand but upon one leg at home." Here was the outspoken thought of the party into whose hands the government of England had fallen. A king all powerful in theory, and placing his will above law and parliament, and a priesthood, centralised under a strict hierarchy, preaching up the doctrine of divine right, wanted, even Archbishop Laud felt, yet something more of physical strength, to be found only in a good fleet and a well-disciplined body of soldiers, to sit safe. King Charles needed a tripod, and only when upheld by the three stout legs of clergy, army, and navy, could he hope to struggle successfully with his opponents, and to defy both parliament and the nation.

After the opinion of the judges had been given in favour of the crown, the resistance to the "ship-money" tax ceased for a short while, and the large sum of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds had already been collected through the kingdom, when all at once several cases of fresh resistance caused alarm to the government. The first came from a citizen of London, Richard Chambers, who brought an action against the lord mayor for imprisoning him on account of his refusal to pay the assessment of a former writ. The magistrate in his defence pleaded the writ as a special justification, which was admitted by the judges of the King's Bench, and the action was dismissed, the counsel for the prosecution being specially forbidden to argue against the lawfulness of the new impost. The decision produced much exultation at court; but before it had subsided, another far more threatening case of resistance manifested itself in a district long known for its attachment to the principles of constitutional government, the county of Buckingham. One of the sheriffs of the county had called upon the owner of a plot of land situated in the parish of Stoke-Mandeville to pay his share of "ship money," amounting to twenty shillings, and upon protest being made against the legality of

the assessment, the case, by special desire of the appellant, was brought before the court of Exchequer. Small as was the sum in dispute, it was not long before the question of its payment, or non-payment, came to excite the deepest interest in the whole nation, both on account of the subject-matter involved and of the man who brought it under discussion, with the openly declared object to stand forward as champion of the liberties of the people of England against an arbitrary government. The champion, owner of the plot of land in Stoke-Mandeville, and of many broad acres besides, was John Hampden, a native of London, born in 1594, the descendant of an ancient Saxon family, settled in Buckinghamshire since the reign of Edward the Confessor, and which also possessed large estates in Essex, Berks, and Oxfordshire. Though having sat as member for Grampound and for Wendover in the two last parliaments, and taken an active part in the proceedings of the majority, John Hampden had hitherto been considered a man of extraordinary quietness, and about the last person in the kingdom likely to oppose the payment of a tax ordered by the king, and declared legal by the lord chief justice and principal judges of the realm. However, under the appearance of great meekness and diffidence, Hampden veiled a correct judgment and an indomitable spirit, which had brought him into prison some years before, in 1626, when he had declined to contribute to one of the forced loans of the king, justifying his refusal by the interdict passed in parliament against such loans. He now once more ventured to vindicate right against might, deeming it high time to show that justice had not yet become quite extinct in the realm, or, if extinct, to let the fact become openly known, both as a warning and a stimulant. His conduct of the great affair was marked by the deliberate spirit of a perseverance that nothing could shake; assailed by threats on all sides, he yet never for a moment swerved from his enterprise, on which he was determined to stake his whole fortune, and, if necessary, his life. More than six months were spent by him in consultation with the lawyers he had engaged to conduct his case, the chief of whom, Oliver St. John, was his kinsman and intimate friend, it being carefully settled among them that the action should be carried on with the greatest prudence, that the king and his prerogative should be referred to only with deep respect, and that, under avoidance of all declamation and abstinence from all hazardous principles, the arguments should rest solely on the laws, constitution, and history of the realm. Thus prepared, the trial commenced on the 6th of November, 1637, before the judges of the Exchequer Chamber, all England looking on in eager expectation.

The trial lasted thirteen days, amidst ever increasing excitement, which gradually communicated itself to the very poorest among the people, who had never before taken an interest in law or politics. The simple question put forward by Hampden, who stood in the position of defendant, was whether the king had a right, on his own allegation of public danger, to require an inland county, namely Buckinghamshire, to furnish ships, or a prescribed sum of money by way of commutation, for the defence of the kingdom?

Oliver St. John elucidated the question in a speech which lasted three entire days, and the arguments of which, embracing the whole constitutional history of England, were resumed in four main points. They were that, first, the fundamental laws of the kingdom had provided for the public safety and protection by the military tenures, the tenures of the cinque ports and other maritime towns, the crown revenues, and the parliamentary supplies. Secondly, that the kings of England possessed no general right of taxation, as was proved by the exaction of loans, or benevolences, for a sovereign who had the right to demand money would never condescend to borrow it, or ask for it as alms; and that, moreover, numerous charters and statutes, from William the Conqueror downwards, had expressly declared that no taxes should be levied without the consent of the people, represented in parliament. Then, thirdly, that numerous precedents, one of which exactly met the present case, showed that if the realm was in danger, as alleged by the king, the two houses of parliament ought to be summoned, without loss of time. In the second year of Richard II., when the kingdom was in imminent danger of invasion, an assembly of peers was convoked, and upon demand lent their money for the public service, but they declared at the same time that they could vote no supply without the sanction of the commons, and advised the speedy summoning of parliament. On the other hand, in the case before the court, no plea of imminent danger and urgent necessity could be brought forward by the crown, because the writs for "ship money" were issued avowedly six months before the ships were said to be required, giving an interval quite sufficient for the assembling and consulting of parliament. And, fourthly and lastly, that, setting aside all previous statutes and precedents, the exaction of "ship money" was a plain violation of the Petition of Right. In answer to these arguments, the crown lawyers appealed to the series of records which the diligence of Noy had collected among the state papers in the Tower. On close examination, however, it turned out that most of them were mere commissions of array, issued in very early times, when, as remarked by one of the counsel of Hampden, "the government was more of force than law," and when "all things concerning the king's prerogative and the subjects'



JOHN HAMPDEN'S HOUSE.

liberties were upon uncertainties." The crown lawyers thereupon, assisted in their pleadings by nearly all the judges, who openly took a part against the defendant, fell back upon their main argument, in the assertion that the king possessed inherent and transcendent prerogatives, one of which, they said, was the power of arbitrary taxation. The declaration was echoed all along the judicial bench. It was an error, Judge Berkeley affirmed, to hold that by the fundamental laws of the realm the king could be restrained from taking money without the consent of parliament. "The law," he exclaimed, "knows no such king-yoking policy: the law is itself an old and trusty servant of the king; it is his instrument, or means, which he useth in governing his people. I never heard, or read, that *lex* was *rex*; but it is known, and most true, that *rex* is *lex*." Chief Justice Finch, more fierce than any of his brother judges in the assertion of unlimited royal prerogative, laid down the new doctrine that no act of parliament could bar a king of his regality; "wherefore," he cried, "acts of parliament which take away his royal power in the defence of his kingdom are void. They also are void acts of parliament which bind the king not to command the subjects, their persons, and goods, and I say their money too." Nothing more showed the boldness of Hampden and his friends than to attempt to assert the majesty of law before such a lord chief justice.

After the part which a majority of the judges had taken in the proceedings of the great trial, there could be no doubt on which side they would give their verdict. They might have delivered it the last day of the sittings, or, with equal justice, even before the trial; but to save appearances, and impart into the judicial farce they were playing the aspect of solemnity, Sir John Finch and his brethren waited half a year, not pronouncing their decision till the 12th of June, 1638. Seven of the twelve judges pronounced absolutely and unreservedly for the crown; three more decided against it on technical grounds, but gave an opinion in its favour on the general question; and only two, Sir John Denham and Sir George Croke, had the courage and the honesty to deliver a verdict for the defendant. Small as was the minority standing up against the new-old doctrine, preached by Judge Berkeley, of *rex* being *lex*, even one of them at least could not come to act up to his conscience without a great inward struggle. "Judge Croke," says Whitelocke, "of whom I speak knowingly, was resolved to deliver his opinion for the king, and to that end had prepared his argument. Yet a few days before he was to argue, he had discourse with some of his nearest relations, and most serious thoughts of this business, and was heartened by his lady, who was a very good and pious woman, and who told her husband upon this occasion, 'that she hoped he would do nothing against his conscience, for fear of any danger or prejudice to him or his family, and that she would be contented to suffer want, or any misery, with him, rather than be an occasion for him to do or say anything against his judgment or conscience.' Upon these and many like encouragements, but chiefly upon his better thoughts, he suddenly altered his purpose

and arguments." Croke's colleague, Denham, fell ill for sheer anxiety in pondering how to express the dictates of his conscience without offending the king; he in the end delivered his decision in writing, and subsequently, law getting somewhat more in the ascendant, became so proud of it as to order that his opinion should be annexed as a codicil to his will. Notwithstanding the verdict of the judges, which the king's advisers looked upon as another great victory, it soon became apparent to all who had eyes to see that the popular cause had been immensely advanced by the legal contest. The length to which the trial had been protracted was of infinite damage to the pretensions of the crown, as attracting the attention of vast masses of the population who before had been content to pay taxes without troubling themselves about the manner in which they had been assessed, but who now became aware of the fact, painful above all others, that they had been robbed. Within a few months after the trial, and before even the judges had given in their decisions, the resistance to the payment of "ship money," which had previously been smothered to a great extent, was displayed in every county; and though the privy council insisted for a short while longer to exact payment with some rigour, the number of those who refused soon became so great as to make punishment an impossibility, so that the tax virtually ceased to exist. The national feeling on the subject was forcibly expressed in the unbounded popularity and applause which hailed the patriot who had carried on the constitutional struggle with such undaunted perseverance. The name of Hampden grew instantly the most distinguished in the country, and his chief counsel and friend, Oliver St. John, previously, as reported by Sir Thomas Wentworth, "known to be of parts and industry, but not taken notice of for practice in Westminster Hall," derived from his exertions a reputation "which called him into all courts, and to all causes, where the king's prerogative was most contested." To Hampden the popular voice gave a title nobler than any other, calling him "the father of the country."

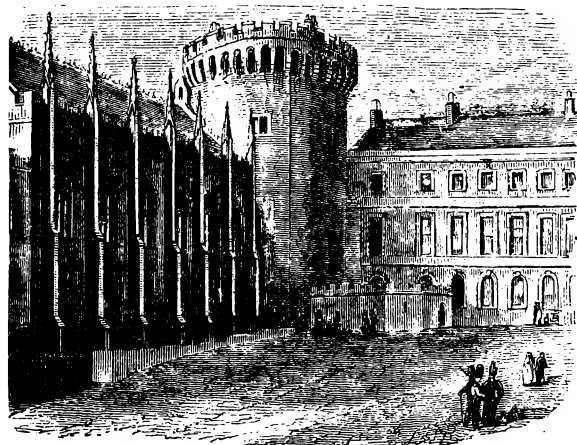
The king's warlike intentions, result of the secret league with Rome and Spain, which had led originally to the invention of the "ship-money" impost, got stifled some time before the tax succumbed under the indignation of the people. Charles was so far in earnest to carry out the wishes of the Spanish government that, with a portion of the proceeds of the tax, he fitted out some thirty vessels, and commenced hostilities against the Netherlands, under the pretext of the British fishing grounds on the eastern and southern coasts having been invaded by the mariners of the republic. But the fleet, placed under the command of the earl of Northumberland, insufficiently manned, and ill provided with arms and ammunition, had to beat an ignominious retreat before a portion of the navy of Holland, which stationed itself at the mouth of the Thames, threatening to stop the commerce of the capital should the English government make the least attempt to interfere again with Dutch fishermen, wherever they might choose to exercise their industry. Charles gave way at once, and under the protection of their own superior fleet, the Dutchmen continued spreading their nets as before off the

British coasts, refusing even to pay for a royal license, issued as a last show of authority. To redeem his sullied honour, the king next despatched his naval squadron to the Mediterranean, with orders to bombard Salée, a fortified seaport town of Morocco, which had become a dangerous nest of pirates, who among others had captured a great many English merchantmen, and carried off the crews as slaves. The bombardment took place, but little was gained by it, beyond the destruction of a few walls, raised up as soon as they were knocked down; and the earl of Northumberland was glad at length to conclude a treaty with the sultan of Morocco, making an end of the war upon no other stipulation than the release of the English captives. The few vessels constituting the royal navy returned soon after to port, and for some time to come English influence ceased upon the seas, as it had ceased already upon land, on the Continent and elsewhere. Though boasting constantly that, by reason of his wise neutrality, he was holding the balance of Europe in his hands, Charles, in reality, was looked upon with profound contempt by all the powers, none of whom could feel attached to him as a true friend, and none of whom could fear him either as a bold or powerful enemy. The disdain was hidden in most cases under the usual diplomatic courtesy, but showed itself, now and then, in the treatment given abroad to English ambassadors, and the manner, both scornful and pitiful, with which their demands were listened to by the continental potentates and their ministers. Charles himself at last could not shut his eyes to the humiliating position to which he had sunk, and the reflection roused in him a momentary fit of warlike fever. In the autumn of 1637, while the nation was watching the progress of the "ship-money" trial before the judges of the Exchequer Chamber, the earl of Arundel presented himself before the king on his return from a continental mission. He had been sent to negotiate with the Kaiser in the forlorn cause of the palatine family, which had changed in aspect since the death of the unhappy "Winter King," in 1632; and he came to report now that he had been not only entirely unsuccessful, but had met with such insolence and actual insult as made it impossible for him to prolong his stay at the imperial court. On getting this account, the pride of Charles flared up at once, and he began talking wildly about war. Laud, who never forgot that war meant parliament, vainly tried to pacify his majesty, but could not stop him from signing a hasty agreement with the French ambassador, and taking other measures towards embroiling himself with Austria. Seeing that he could not reckon upon the assistance of Laud in his enterprise, the king wrote to Wentworth, informing him of all that he had done and meant to do. "Upon Arundel's return," Charles informed his trusty counsellor, standing next to Laud in his confidence, "I have perceived that directly which heretofore I have much feared, to wit, the impossibility of restoring my sister and nephews by fair means. This has made me fall in with France in a strict defensive league—the treaties are not yet ratified by France, but I make no question of their ratifying of them—and if we, and the French confederates [Denmark, Sweden, and the

Netherlands], can agree both how and what to ask, upon refusal, or so long delay as upon agreement set down we shall account as ill as a denial, we are jointly to proclaim the house of Austria, with all their adherents, our enemies. But I have professed that all my warfare must be by sea and not by land. What likelihood there is that upon this I should fall foul with Spain, you now may see as well as I; and what great inconvenience this war can bring to me, now that my sea-contribution is settled, and that I am resolved not to meddle with land armies, I cannot imagine."

Wentworth's imagination was able to see the great inconvenience far more clearly than the king, and his reply frankly told his majesty that he could not go to war without before summoning a parliament, even although the judges had "settled" the "sea-contribution," that is, given their verdict for the legality of the "ship-money" tax. Having more reason, as an apostate from the popular cause, to fear the advent of a new parliament than even Laud, he at the same time wrote a letter to the archbishop, entreating him to use his whole influence to prevent the fatal issue from taking place. "Good my lord," Wentworth addressed his friend and patron, "if it be not too late, use your best to divert us from this war, for I foresee in it nothing but distractions to his majesty's affairs, and mighty dangers to us that must be the ministers, albeit not the authors of the counsel. It will necessarily put the king into all the high ways possible, else will he not be able to subsist under the charge of it; and if these fail, the next will but be the sacrificing of those that have been his ministers therein. I profess I will readily lay down my life to serve my master, for my heart should give him that very freely; but it would something trouble me to find even those that drew and engaged him in all these mischiefs busy themselves in fitting the halter about my neck, and in tying the knot sure that it should not slip." Laud fully agreed with Wentworth about the necessity of maintaining peace; but meeting with some obstacles in bringing the king to discard his fitful war schemes, his natural obstinacy being backed for the moment both by his consort and a powerful French party, led by the earl of Holland, it was resolved by the archbishop to bring his friend into more immediate contact with Charles than he had hitherto been. Although one of the chief guides of the policy of the government since the dissolution of parliament, Sir Thomas Wentworth had stayed away from court, engaged in functions not less important than those of actual primo minister. After establishing, under the title of Lord President of the Council of the North, an unlimited despotism in the northern counties of England, exacting taxes with the most cruel severity, and "laying by the heels," as he called it, all who dared to oppose his rule, Charles, much pleased with his system, had sent Wentworth as lord-deputy to Ireland, and he proceeded to Dublin in the summer of 1632, retaining still the presidency of the north. Ireland at the time was in its customary state of anarchy, the people fighting with each other, but all in tolerable union against the government; and one English viceroy after the other had vainly tried to

bring order into the frightful chaos. To succeed better than his predecessors, Wentworth, having on his demand been armed with extraordinary powers, at once declared his intention of ruling with a rod of iron, unmerciful to those who resisted his rule. He entered upon his duties with great state, ordered the ceremonial of the English court to be observed at Dublin Castle, established a life guard to execute his behests, and treated the ministers and peers of Ireland with a haughty dignity to which they were entirely unaccustomed. He next summoned a parliament, dexterously managing that it should consist exactly one half of Protestants and the other half of Roman Catholics; and having obtained by intrigue the extraordinary grant of six subsidies, he set the two religious parties quarrelling with each other, before they had begun the enumeration of "grievances" that were to come after the vote of the supply. As expected by the lord-deputy, the quarrel in a moment grew into furious warfare; and the Catholics having been routed by the Protestants, he took to "laying by the heels" the leaders of the victorious party, declared parliament dissolved, and his will to be the supreme law of the kingdom. "Now I can say," Wentworth wrote to Laud, at the end of not quite two years' stay in Ireland, "that the king is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be."



DUBLIN CASTLE.

The lord-deputy, in establishing his iron despotism, had a higher object in view than that of merely reducing Ireland to obedience. His plan, conception of a vast if corrupt mind, was to treat England and Ireland combined like the double-bodied Dublin parliament upon which he had exercised his statecraft, using each alternately as hammer and as anvil, and in turn vanquishing one by the other. It seemed to him that if English troops had been able, under his energetic generalship, to hammer the discontented Irish people into obedience to the crown, Irish soldiers might accomplish the like task in England; and keeping the great design steadfastly in view, he set to organising a powerful army, as well as to collecting an immense fund for maintaining it, stretching for both purposes his despotic power to the utmost, and hanging and imprisoning all who dared to oppose his

will. In order to increase his revenues, he caused the crown lawyers to find or make flaws in the titles of the whole of the estates in the province of Connaught; he browbeat and terrified the juries summoned to try the validity of these deeds, and on the jury at Galway refusing to find a verdict for the crown, he fined the jurymen four thousand pounds each, and cast the sheriff who selected them into prison, where he soon after died. In the same way he punished remorselessly all who ventured to thwart his schemes, or interfere with his vicious personal inclinations. He debauched the daughter of Lord Ely, lord chancellor of Ireland, and then commanded him to settle all his estates according to her wishes, and on the chancellor's refusal, he was immediately turned out of office and cast into prison. For a slight remark, which he construed into an insult, he dragged another nobleman of high standing, Lord Mountnorris, lord-treasurer of Ireland, before a court-martial composed of his own creatures, and wrung from them a verdict of death, which, with pretended leniency, he changed into life-long imprisonment, while confiscating the whole of his property. After governing Ireland in this fashion for four years, Wentworth, in the summer of 1636, made a hasty visit to court, and was received with open arms by Charles and Laud, notwithstanding the loud popular outcry that was rising against him on account of his tyrannical proceedings. To set it at defiance, the lord-deputy made a detailed report of his Irish administration at an open meeting of the privy council. He spoke with pride of having brought, in the course of a few years, the church of Ireland into strict conformity with that of England, of having reduced the people to submission to the crown, of having established a large and increasing revenue, and, lastly, of having created an army, well paid, well disciplined, and ready to do whatever ordered in mute obedience. That army, Wentworth more than hinted, could be spared very soon in Ireland, since he was making preparations for ruling the island kingdom by lawyers instead of soldiers. What he had already achieved, he said, was to have "the ministers of justice not warped by any importunity or applications of private persons, and though never in so much power and estimation in the state and with the subject as now, yet contained in that due subordination to the crown as fit, ministering wholly to uphold the sovereignty, and carrying a direct aspect upon the prerogatives of his majesty, without squinting aside upon the vulgar and vain opinions of the populace." A sharp rule, he concluded, was necessary to cure sharp diseases, that of Ireland having been "a crown, a church, and a people spoiled," and "sovereignty going down the hill." The loud applause of the king and privy councillors greeted the finish of Wentworth's speech. All felt that he was the man of the situation, and that the rule of Ireland must be transferred to England.

Laud and his party were naturally anxious to secure the aid of Wentworth in the government of England as soon as possible, and the staff of the lord-treasurer becoming vacant in 1637, by the death of the earl of Portland, it was offered to the lord-deputy. He made some scruples in accepting it, feeling that his

Irish rule had not yet been firmly enough established to allow his absence, and the king agreeing in the necessity of a slightly prolonged stay, the post of lord-treasurer was provisionally given in commission, Laud taking upon himself the chief power, and leaving to one of his dependants and his successor in the see of London, William Juxon, the duties and responsibilities of the office. Upon the king's warlike fit coming on, early in the following year, the archbishop made another call upon Wentworth, very urgent this time, and which the latter felt unable to resist. He accordingly made all preparations to leave Ireland; but before they had been completed, events had taken place which entirely changed the aspect of political affairs. A dark cloud, which at first seemed utterly insignificant, had been gradually gathering in Scotland, and Charles discovered all on a sudden, to his extreme astonishment, that instead of making war upon Austria, he would have to gather an army and reduce his own rebellious subjects in the northern kingdom to obedience. The Scottish people actually had been in a state of revolution for more than a year before the king and his privy council paid the least attention to the matter; "there was so little curiosity," Lord Clarendon noticed, "either at the court or in the country, to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette." Archbishop Laud was the first to convey the news of a dangerous rebellion having broken out in Scotland to the viceroy of Ireland. "I know too well," he informed Wentworth, in July, 1638, "that very little trifles in church pretensions make much noise, and are hardly laid down, as you may see by the Scottish business, which is grown very ill. The Scottish business is extreme ill indeed, and what will become of it God knows, but certainly no good." A short month sufficed to fulfil all the apprehensions of Laud, and draw the attention of the king and the whole of England to "the Scottish business." In the middle of August, Charles summoned his privy council to meet at Theobald's, to consult the members upon the serious state of affairs in the northern kingdom, and "to take," as the earl of Northumberland, newly appointed lord high admiral, informed Wentworth in a letter, "his resolution to make peace or war with the Scots." The council was nearly equally divided between recommending a policy of conciliation and one of force in suppressing the revolt, Laud mainly advocating the former, and the earl marshal, the marquis of Hamilton, the latter. "Nothing that I have yet heard," Northumberland told his friend, the lord-deputy, "doth persuade me to be of the marshal's opinion. In the exchequer, being examined upon this occasion, there is found but two hundred pounds; nor by all the means that can be devised will it be able to raise more than one hundred thousand pounds towards the maintaining this war. The king's magazines are totally unfurnished of arms and all sorts of ammunition, and commanders we have none, either for advice or for execution. The people through-

out all England are generally so discontented by reason of the multitude of taxes imposed upon them, as I think there is reason to fear that a great part of them will be readier to join with the Scots than to draw their swords in the king's service. And your lordship knows very well how ignorant this long peace hath made our men in the use of arms. These considerations move me to think it safer and better for the king to give them their own conditions for the present than rashly enter into a war, not knowing how to maintain, or, indeed, to begin it. God send us a good end of this troublesome business; for to my apprehension no foreign enemies could threaten so much danger to this kingdom as doth now this beggarly nation."

The "troublesome business" of the "beggarly nation" had arisen just a year before Laud and Northumberland informed the Irish viceroy of it, and was of infinitely more import than either of them imagined. It had sprung, in the first instance, as the archbishop remarked, from "little trifles in church pretensions," though what to him, freely meddling with mitres and cardinals' hats, appeared trivialities, seemed things of the highest moment to the people of Scotland. Ever since his coronation at Edinburgh, in 1633, Charles had tried to overthrow Presbyterianism and introduce Episcopacy into Scotland, working step by step to this end by establishing bishoprics, making changes in the church service, and sequestering portions of ecclesiastical property which had fallen to the crown at the Reformation, but had been alienated during his father's minority. Silent as was the movement by which the king, acting constantly under the advice of his prelate-minister, was operating, it yet was closely watched by the Scottish nation, as touching the dearest interests of all, so that when, at the end of a few years, he made a stride somewhat more bold than his preceding steps, the smouldering fire of indignation all at once broke into open flame. In the summer of 1637, the Scottish clergy were called upon by Laud to receive a new



ST. GILES, EDINBURGH.

body of canons, as well as a new prayer-book, both approved of by the king, and varying from the English liturgy in points which indicated a nearer approach to the ritual of Rome. The new formulary of public devotion was appointed to be first read in all the churches on Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637; and on that day the bishop and dean of Edinburgh, accompanied by the privy council of Scotland and the chief officers of state, went in procession to the High Church of St. Giles, which had been converted into a cathedral, and was crowded by an immense concourse of people, the female sex predominating. No sooner had the dean began the service, when the women set up a dreadful tumult, drowning the voice of the speaker under volleys of groans, hisses, and imprecations. "Let us read the collect of the day," at last the dean broke out, succeeding for a moment to make himself heard above the din and noise that was filling the air. But the effort only served to increase the uproar and excitement among the enraged Edinburgh females, who had found out the "popish points" in Laud's new liturgy sooner than the men. "Deil colic the wame of thee," screamed Jane Geddes, who kept a green stall in the High Street. "Wilt thou say mass at my lug?" and to impress her argument upon the dean, she took up the little three-legged stool upon which she sat and hurled it against his head. The action of fervent Jane found instant imitators, and a shower of heavy stools and solid clasp Bibles came forth from all directions, obscuring the air, and driving the dean into hasty retreat. It was in vain the bishop of Edinburgh, trusting to the reverence due to his high office, attempted to continue the service. A fresh shower of stools compelled him to fly also; and upon the rioters being expelled by the magistrates, the outside mob set to breaking the windows of the church, and attacked on leaving the bishop, who would have been murdered without the arrival of an armed force, by which he was escorted to Holyrood House. The tumult continued for several days, directed chiefly against those of the clergy known to be favourable to the new service book, all of whom were mercilessly handled by the rioters, "enraged women of all qualities," according to Robert Baillie, learned Presbyterian minister, and eyewitness of all the curious scenes. One of the most obnoxious of their ecclesiastical foes, the "enraged women of all qualities" attacked in the dusk of evening, "with neaves [fists], staves, and peats, but no stones. They beat him sore; his cloak, ruff, and hat were rent; however, upon his cries, and candles set out from many windows, he escaped bloody wounds, though he was in great danger, even of killing." The next day "some of the meanest of the women were taken to the Tolbooth;" the others, those "of quality," the magistrates dared not touch, and tried hard altogether to represent, in their official reports to England, the whole affair as a mere passing commotion, due to the "rascal multitude." Charles readily believed the reports, little dreaming that the "neaves" of the angry women of Edinburgh were rolling up the kernel of an avalanche, which, thundering downward from the north, would bury him and crush his throne.

While the king was resting in studied ignorance of

all that was going on in Scotland, the movement commenced at Edinburgh spread with extraordinary rapidity, losing its outward riotous forms, and gradually shaping itself into a great national resistance against the despotism of the crown. It began by the march, solemn and in perfect order, of vast crowds of people towards the capital, to protest against the innovations with which the kirk was threatened; the new comers were representatives of every class, nobles, landowners, farmers, citizens, tradesmen, and peasants, all bent upon the same great object, and all determined to gain it at the stake of their fortunes and their lives. They crowded the houses and the streets of Edinburgh, encamped at the gates and beneath the city walls, took possession of the churches, and besieged the hall of the privy council, the members of which demanded protection from the municipal councillors, but received for reply that they themselves were besieged. The privy council thereupon resolved to remove to Dalkeith, but before they could accomplish their intention they gave their consent to a step of boundless import. Some of the leading men among the crowd that had come to Edinburgh, generally known as the "petitioners," proposed to the council to allow that representatives of the mass should be elected to manage the business of the whole body, in order to induce the people to return to their homes, and thereby prevent any dangers likely to accrue from the assemblage of the vast numbers that had flocked together.

The members of the privy council, either secretly conniving at the success of the revolutionary movement, or cherishing hopes of being able to divide, bribe, or intimidate the few elected deputies of the "petitioners" much easier than the great multitude, gave their approval of the proposition; and thus in an instant arose what was nothing less than a new representative government for Scotland. Amidst the most perfect order and deliberation, the immense crowd that had come up from all parts of the kingdom went to the election of a number of separate committees, or "Tables," as they were called, composed each of four members, who in turn appointed one of their number to form part of a central committee of superintendence and government. This done, the multitude dispersed to their homes, each man carrying with him the first orders of the executive, and making known the fact to all that henceforth no true son of the kirk must obey other rule than that of the "Tables." Formidable as was this new movement, and imposing by its calm earnestness, the king was yet unable to see it in its true light, and instead of investigating the causes of the great though quiet revolution that was taking place in Scotland, persisted in fanning the flame by means alike weak and overbearing. In February, 1638, after the "Tables" had exercised for nearly three months uncontrolled authority over the kingdom, Charles, by the advice of Laud, issued a proclamation in which he insisted on the acceptance of the new liturgy, declared the committees chosen at Edinburgh unlawful, and prohibited on pain of treason the reassembling of the "petitioners." It was intended by the king to keep the proclamation strictly secret till the last moment; but its contents became known to the leaders of the move-

ment in Scotland even before it had left London, and they prepared to resist it by a display of strength, and union in power, greater than any yet made. At the same moment that the king's herald was reading the royal ordinance, a counter ordinance was issued and affixed to the market-cross at Edinburgh and at Stirling, protesting against the new interference with the rights and liberties of Scotland, and calling upon the people once more to assert their power in unanimous action. The appeal was responded to with an enthusiasm absolutely startling in its intensity; it went forth like a flash of lightning, and came back like lightning, and in a few days all Scotland was ranged, army-like, under the banners of the "National Covenant."

The new "National Covenant" was admirably devised to unite the whole people into a great and powerful bond of union. It was an engagement drawn up by Alexander Henderson, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian ministers, and Archibald Johnston, subsequently Lord Wariston, one of the best lawyers of Scotland, binding all participators to stand to the country and to each other, so that what should be done to the least of them "should be taken as done to all in general and to every one in particular." The "National Covenant" was designed after the model of that which the Lords of the Congregation had sworn to, a century before, for the defence of the Reformation, and it began by reciting the latter document, giving the same profession of faith, and the same form of abjuration of the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome. It then enumerated all the acts of parliament confirming the Presbyterian establishment, settling its forms, and inflicting penalties on its opponents, and concluded with the solemn vow to maintain the true religion, to resist all contrary innovations, errors, and corruptions, and to defend the kingdom's laws, liberties, and religion, "by the great name of the Lord our God." The Covenant had no sooner been proposed when it was adopted by the whole population with an exultation all but frantic in its vehemence. As the fiery cross was borne over the mountains in olden times to call the clans to arms, so swift-footed messengers, relieving each other from village to village, now carried with incredible rapidity the new summons to the remotest corners of the kingdom; and everywhere the people, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, came flocking together in churches and chapels, vowing, with uplifted hands and weeping eyes, to devote life and all things dear to them upon earth to maintain the National Covenant. When the news of these proceedings reached Charles, he came to perceive, though still very feebly, that the insurrection in the north was beginning to be of serious aspect, and that mere threatening proclamations were not likely altogether to extinguish it, which reflections induced him to send the marquis of Hamilton to Scotland, with the title of royal commissioner, and instructions both to flatter and to frighten the "rebels," and above all to make great promises to the leaders, but in such vague terms that they might at any time be withdrawn.

Cunning as was the policy, it had not by any means the success expected by the king. When the marquis arrived at Edinburgh, in June, 1638, nearly

a year after the first breaking out of the rebellion, he was astounded at the spectacle that met his eyes, and lost courage so much as to play the part intrusted to him in an exceedingly awkward manner. He was escorted into the capital by fifty thousand Covenanters, while seven hundred ministers, dressed in the dark robes of the Puritan clergy, stood on an eminence by the road side, singing psalms as he passed. There was clearly little room for intrigue in the midst of national unanimity, and the first attempt at intimidation he tried met with instant failure. Charles had ordered a small vessel, with arms and ammunition for Edinburgh Castle, into the Firth of Forth, but as soon as it arrived in Leith roads, the citizens took the alarm, and large numbers formed themselves instantly into a municipal guard, strictly watching the walls and gates, and investing the approaches to the castle. A fortnight was sufficient to prove to the royal commissioner that his instructions did not meet the real state of things, and he thereupon wrote to the king, telling him that he must resolve upon one out of two courses, either to grant the Scottish people all their wishes, or to hasten down the whole fleet, with troops on board, to garrison Berwick and Carlisle, and prepare to follow in person with an English army. "Your majesty," Hamilton concluded, "will consider in your wisdom how far you may connive at the madness of your own poor people, or how far in your justice you will punish their folly; but certain it is that their present madness is such that nothing but extreme force will make them quit their Covenant, for all are ready, ere they give it up, to lay down their lives."

The reply of Charles breathed his inmost thoughts as a king. To him, now as always, the highest aims and noblest inspirations, even if expressed by the unanimous voice of a whole people, appeared like blackest crimes, if clashing with his own divine-right dogmas; and to uphold these he determined to continue his old policy of force and fraud with redoubled energy. "I expect," Charles told his representative in Scotland, "not anything can reduce that people to obedience but force only. In the meantime, your care must be how to dissolve the multitude, and, if it be possible, to possess yourself of my castles of Edinburgh and Stirling against the people. To this end, I give you leave to flatter them with what hopes you please, so you engage not me against my grounds; and in particular that you consent neither to the calling of a parliament, nor of a general assembly, until the Covenant be disavowed and given up; your chief aim now must be to win time until I be ready to suppress them. But when I consider that now not only my crown, but my reputation for ever lies at stake, I must rather suffer the first, that time will help, than the last, which is irreparable. This I have written to no other end than to show you that I will rather die than yield to those impertinent and damnable demands, as you rightly call them, for to yield would lead to being no king in a very short time." In his first mandate, Hamilton had been ordered to declare the Covenanters traitors, by proclamation, if not giving up their "damnable demands" within six weeks after being summoned to do so; but the new commands went to modify somewhat the

former arrangement. "As the affairs are now," the king instructed his commissioner, "I do not wish that you should declare the adherers to the Covenant traitors, until you have heard from me that my fleet hath set sail for Scotland, though your six weeks should be elapsed. In a word, gain time by all the means you can, without forsaking your grounds."

In conformity with these orders, the marquis began to temporize, and to listen to the explanations and proposals of the leading men among the Covenanters, with the result upon him of becoming impressed, if not with the justness of their cause, at least with its strength. Less blind to consequences than the king, he now began to plead with him to suspend his military preparations till matters had become more desperate; but Charles would not listen to the counsel, and continued to arm, though still deluding the people he intended crushing with promises of peace and conciliation. "As concerning the explanation of their damnable Covenant," he told Hamilton in another letter, "whether it be with or without explanation, I have no more power in Scotland than a duke of Venice, and I will rather die than suffer it. Yet do I commend the giving ear to the explanation, or anything else to win time. As for their calling a parliament, or general assembly, without me, I should not much be sorry, for it would the more loudly declare them traitors, and the more justify my actions. Thus you may see," his majesty concluded, "that I intend not to yield to the demand of those traitors, the Covenanters, who, I think, will declare themselves so by their actions before I shall do it by my proclamation, which I shall not be sorry for, so that it be without the personal hurt of you, or any of my honest servants, or the taking of any English place. I care not for their affronting or disobeying my declaration, so that it go not to open mischief, and that I may have some time to end my preparations." It was strange blindness in Charles not to see that his policy of fraud and duplicity defeated its own ends, since, with his court full of natives of Scotland, the chiefs of the Covenanters could not fail to be informed, almost as well as himself, of the progress of the "preparations."

By his urgent desire, Hamilton was allowed to return to England towards the end of August, and as soon as arrived at court had a series of secret conferences with the king and Laud. The royal exchequer being absolutely empty, Charles had met with the greatest difficulties in raising troops at home, and was now engaged in negotiating with the Spanish government for the loan of ten thousand veteran soldiers, experienced, through long campaigns in Germany and the Netherlands, in butchering heretics. With these, and an army of Irishmen actively drilled by Wentworth, he intended to fall upon Scotland, so as to crush with one great blow the "damnable Covenant." But neither the Spaniards nor the Irish fighting men were expected to be ready to take the field for another three or four months; and it being absolutely necessary to amuse the "traitors" in the meanwhile, it was settled in the conferences that Hamilton should go back to Scotland at once, and get up a dramatic performance on the largest scale, by summoning a general assembly, with full

powers to debate upon everything and do nothing. The matter fully arranged, the royal commissioner went back to Edinburgh in October, taking with him a proclamation of Charles, couched in the most gracious terms, which granted all, or nearly all, that was demanded by the people; the new body of canons, the liturgy, and the High Court of Commission, being all declared to be abandoned, while a general assembly was appointed to meet in November, and a parliament of the nation in May of the following year. The surprise was universal; but the satisfaction of the first moment was followed by deep distrust. Besides the suspicions which the suddenness and unlooked-for amplitude of the concessions was formed to excite, the chiefs of the Covenanters, who kept up an intimate correspondence with some of the leaders of the popular party in England, as well as with several of the Scotch councillors and others in close attendance upon the king, were possessed of intelligence not leaving the slightest doubt of the new movement being absolute treachery, intended solely to gain time for war. However, they did not deem it fair to refuse the liberal offers of the king; and the general assembly of clergy and lay elders was convened to meet at Glasgow, and began its sittings on the appointed day, the 21st of November.

It was seen immediately after the opening of the assembly that the suspicions entertained against Charles were but too well founded. Instead of allowing the members to deliberate freely, as had been promised, the royal commissioner did nothing but impede the debates, bringing forward all kinds of protests, and these proving ineffectual to stay the rapid current of votes, he, before the end of a week, threw off the mask by pronouncing the dissolution. But it was too late now, for the assembly refused to be dissolved except by its own consent, so that the king and his commissioner found themselves caught in the meshes of their own duplicity. Strong in the unanimity of the nation, the members passed vote after vote, annulling as corrupt the whole of the acts of the six assemblies held in the last and present reigns, cancelling in form all the late innovations, and, finally, abolishing Episcopacy and restoring Presbyterianism throughout the whole of Scotland. To back the votes of the Glasgow assembly, the chiefs of the Covenanters in the meanwhile prepared for the now inevitable war. They despatched messengers to buy ammunition and arms abroad, sent the Covenant to the Scottish troops serving in Germany under the Protestant banner, and invited one of their best officers, Alexander Leslie, who had gained laurels under Gustavus Adolphus, to return home and take the command-in-chief of the national army. Before the general assembly, sitting a month, had registered its last vote, the army of the Covenanters was ready to take the field, fully conscious of the import of the coming struggle. "The Canterbury faction," Robert Baillie said, "are hailing us all away to Rome for our religion, and to Constantinople for our civil policy." Robert Baillie thought, and every man that had sworn to the Covenant thought with him, that many a good sword must be uplifted, and many a tough battle be fought before the laws of Rome and Turkey should find their way into Scotland.

Long as he had been making his preparations, Charles was far from being ready for war when his northern subjects were facing him in battle array. His mental vision was too defective to perceive that the people of England as well as of Scotland were against him in the struggle he was entering upon, and that he was going into the fight, not as representative of a great principle, or of any considerable part of the nation, but merely as chief of the "Canterburian faction." However, he persevered, urged on by Laud and the queen, the latter exerting herself with extraordinary energy to obtain what seemed most wanting under the circumstances, funds for buying soldiers. Appreciating much more keenly than her consort the feelings of the people, but being at the same time fearfully daring and reckless in her movements, she persuaded him to allow her to raise funds from among the Roman Catholics, which she did by sending out official letters, headed "Henrietta Maria Rex," entreating all adherents of the old faith to contribute to the cost of the expedition which "called his majesty into the northern parts for the defence of his honour and dominions." Thus authorized, the Roman Catholics openly held a meeting in London, presided over by the papal ambassador, for the purpose of recommending the subscription to all persons of their religion, whether priests or laymen, throughout the kingdom, scarcely hiding the fact of their special sympathy with the expedition "into the northern parts." The sums obtained by these means were not inconsiderable, but the movement on the other hand greatly served to increase the distrust among the mass of the Protestants, who appeared all but ready to join in insurrection with the people of Scotland.

To heighten the difficulties of the king, the expected Spanish succours were refused him at the last moment, on account of some severe defeats suffered by the troops of Philip IV. on the Rhine, which made it impossible for him to withdraw any of his forces from that quarter. Almost simultaneous with the report of this failure, the news reached the court that the looked-for attack upon Scotland from the side of Ireland could not take place, the Covenant having found its way into the dominions ruled over by the lord-deputy, and threatening to upset all the fruits of his despotism, should he dare to leave the country with the troops prepared for the invasion. "It is not to be kept secret," Wentworth informed the primate in a ciphered letter, "that there are forty thousand Scots in Ulster able to bear arms: we hear the crack of it, if not the threat, every day in the streets. Neither if now all the English planted about the Derry be turned out, will they be the weaker for that. What will be the end, if we thus arm against ourselves? God send the Scots well into their right wits, say I; deliver the public peace from the ill of them, and me out of their fingers. You may pray as much, if you please, for your share; for they wish no better to you than myself, and that, believe me, is ill enough." Seeing the indecision of one of the most energetic of his advisers, Charles, to spur his zeal in the coming war, bestowed upon Wentworth a long-solicited honour by creating him earl of Strafford, giving him at the same time the title of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, a designation in

abeyance since the government of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Nevertheless, Strafford could do no more than Wentworth, and spite of all his efforts, was kept in inactivity by the forty thousand Ulstermen, hearing the "crack" of their voices not only, but of their muskets.

After more than ten months spent in attempts to raise a great army, sufficiently powerful to overcome with one impulse all resistance on the part of the northern insurgents, Charles had to content himself at last with an impressed force of not one half the strength he had reckoned upon. Some thousand men, chiefly Roman Catholics, were enlisted by the aid of the pecuniary resources obtained by the queen's circulars, as well as by arbitrary loans, and for the rest he had recourse to a general levy. Though not authorized by law to be employed on foreign service, the militia of the different counties were ordered under training, and all refractory men thrown into prison; after which vast numbers of private persons were commanded by writs under the royal seal to supply men and arms in stated proportion to their rent-roll, or income. The lord-keeper at the same time issued summonses to the peers of the realm to meet their sovereign at the city of York, each attended by a due troop of armed followers, with full supply of war stores and ammunition. All being ready, Charles set out from the capital on the 27th of March, 1639, having previously appointed to the chief command of the army the earl of Arundel, a nobleman destitute of all military knowledge, and chosen only on account of his attachment to the Roman Catholic faith.

Great pomp was displayed on the march to York, which did not prevent the show of extreme dissatisfaction, even in the immediate neighbourhood of the king, many of the nobles uttering audible wishes "that the business were brought to a fair treaty." To stifle the dissatisfaction, which he considered little less than rebellious, Charles resolved upon a measure at once feeble and despotic, by drawing up a new military oath, which he ordered to be taken by all peers and persons of eminence. The oath, in addition to the ordinary declaration of allegiance, contained an engagement to oppose, to the utmost hazard of life and fortune, all seditions, rebellions, and conspiracies, and not to countenance or sympathise with any plots or intrigues, especially such as should "come veiled under pretence of religion." Several of the nobles, among them Lord Say and Lord Brook, "two popular men, and most devoted to the church," as described by Clarendon, absolutely refused to take the oath, declaring, in the presence of Charles, that "if the king suspected their loyalty, he might proceed against them as he thought fit, but that it was against the law to impose any oath or protestation upon them not enjoined by the law; and in that respect, so that they might not betray the common liberty." They also declared that they were willing to attend his majesty, but that he could not command their attendance out of the realm of England; adding, with great boldness, that they were not sufficiently acquainted with the laws of Scotland to form an opinion of the justice of the rebellion. Charles, in great anger, placed the

two peers under arrest, but the increasing dissatisfaction among the leading officers and nobles obliged him to liberate them again in a few days. Many of the soldiers, too, began to show signs of mutiny, among them a troop of Irish sent by Wentworth, "a matter of fifteen hundred ragged Arabians," as described by Robert Baillie; and before the king had reached the Border, sitting down under shelter of the guns of Berwick Castle, it had become clear to all but himself that he was not in a position to do battle against the Scottish nation.

Between the army of the king and the army of Scotland the contrast was immense. While nothing but anger, dissatisfaction, and disorganisation prevailed in the royal camp, with not even a good general present to keep the unruly masses under proper discipline, the most perfect union existed among the forces of the Covenanters, welded together by enthusiasm in one strong body, and under the command of able and earnest leaders, at the head of them one of the most experienced war-captains of the age. Alexander Leslie, field-marshal in the Swedish army, and one of the most distinguished generals fighting for the Protestant cause in Germany, had returned to Scotland on the first summons of his countrymen, and having been appointed to the command-in-chief of the army of the Covenant, had already exhibited his genius in a masterly strategic movement. As soon as the news arrived that Charles had actually commenced war, by issuing a proclamation, dated from the city of York, declaring hostilities, the Covenanters, by a simultaneous and preconcerted movement, assailed the whole of the king's castles in Scotland, and succeeded in taking every one of them, with the exception of the little fort of Caerlavrock, near Dumfries. This achieved, and the country free from internal foes, Leslie gathered the whole of his forces and marched upon the Cheviot Hills, to face the royal army pushing in long strides towards the Tweed. On his way southward, the general of the Covenant learnt that an English fleet with four thousand men on board, commanded by the marquis of Hamilton, had appeared in the Firth of Forth, evidently intending to assault Leith, whereupon he at once turned aside to protect the capital.

But the step was unnecessary, the patriotism of the inhabitants having already done as much as could be achieved by the highest military skill. At the moment of the royal fleet coming in view, the whole population of the capital hurried down to Leith to defend it, and within a few days there arose fortifications, as if by enchantment, around the ancient port. Noblemen and gentlemen, ministers and merchants, lent their hands in making trenches and ditches, working like common labourers under the command of overseers, and even ladies of the highest rank, in a wild transport of enthusiasm, felt proud to soil their fingers in carrying sand, rubbish, and stones, to erect the battlements and fill up the ramparts. The sight of this immense outburst of patriotism seemed as if to paralyze the action of the commander of the fleet, unable, perhaps, to forget entirely that he was a Scotsman born, and he retreated seaward without making an attempt upon Leith, or even firing a shot against the newly-erected walls. Hamilton's retreat,

the report of which was received at the head-quarters of the royal army at the moment of the king's arrival at Berwick, had a great effect upon making the desire before expressed by many of the English nobles, not to enter upon war against Scotland, all but universal, and the commander-in-chief, the earl of Arundel, was foremost in urging upon Charles the prudence of coming to a settlement before swords had been drawn, and rows of dead men had come to form a new barrier of hatred between the two countries. The king was still reluctant, though more than half persuaded of the necessity of peace; but after several days' reflection his pride and obstinacy once more prevailed over all other feelings, and he gave the signal to advance upon the Covenanters.

From his tent, at the south side of the Tweed, adjoining the gates of Berwick, Charles could see the vanguard of Leslie, twelve thousand stalwart men encamped at Dunse-Law, most of them "stout young ploughmen and highlanders, with their plaids, targes, and dorlocks," divided into groups, around standards bearing the arms of Scotland, and the golden-lettered legend, "For Christ's Crown and the Covenant." Watching the ten thousand on Dunse-Law "through a prospect," or telescope, the king could see how grandly they looked down upon him and his army, careless evidently of his wrath, and calmly confident of their own victory. Instead of sharpening swords, or casting bullets, they quietly and solemnly marched to "sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells," while the men of the royal army, "ragged Arabians" and others, went about reeling drunk, filling the air with their vile oaths and curses. Having looked long enough, Charles conceived the idea to take the camp of the Covenanters by surprise; and before daybreak, on the morning of the 5th of June, he despatched the earl of Holland, with three thousand cavalry, mostly gentlemen, and the flower of the army, to drive the enemies from their position.

The sun rose before the three thousand horsemen had got half the way to Dunse-Law, about ten miles distant from Berwick; it was an intensely hot morning, "the hottest that had been known," and soon steeds and riders felt the effect of it in getting faint and exhausted. Arrived within a mile of the Scottish camp, the earl of Holland beheld, to his extreme surprise, the Covenanters close before him in full battle array, resting on their swords, and quietly awaiting his approach. Startled beyond measure at the unexpected sight, the earl, who had calculated upon finding the enemy fast asleep, at once beat a retreat, all his officers being unanimous to recommend it; and the whole force galloped back to Berwick faster than they had come, not without leaving a good many of their number on the road sinking under the intolerable heat. The bloodless victory was deemed a good occasion by the leaders of the Covenanters to hold out the olive-branch of peace, and the day after Holland's retreat the earl of Dunfermline was sent by them to the king to offer terms of agreement. Though still as obstinate as ever in giving way, Charles saw himself forced now to accede to the proposal, the certainty of a defeat, should he risk a battle, hanging over his head; and after a short

demur he consented to four deputies from the Covenanters coming to Berwick to meet six commissioners appointed by himself, in order to arrange terms of peace.

The representatives on both sides met on the 11th of June, but they had scarcely began their deliberations when the king unexpectedly appeared among them, announcing that he had come to disprove "notorious slanders" of shutting his ear to his subjects, and finishing by telling the Scottish envoys, in a haughty and arrogant tone, that as they could never justify their rebellion, they must be content now to take his word to treat them leniently, submitting entirely to his award. Amazed at the bare offer of such insulting conditions, the Covenanters prepared to break off negotiations forthwith; but they were retained by the English commissioners, who insisted upon continuing the deliberations, notwithstanding the king's improper interference. An agreement was come to at the end of a few days, settling that both armies should be disbanded, that the royal fleet should be recalled from the Forth, that the king's castles should be given up again by the Covenanters, and, finally, that the affairs of Scotland should be left to the decision of a new general assembly and a parliament of the nation, the first of which Charles promised to open in person, within two months. The king consented to accept these terms, though visibly reluctant, and giving way only to the pressure of his nobles and officers, and on the 18th of July, 1639, signed the Pacification of Berwick.

Like most agreements made to unite extreme diversity of opinions, the articles of the Berwick treaty were vehemently condemned as soon as they became known, both in England and Scotland. On the one hand, the more zealous among the Covenanters were violently discontented at a settlement which nullified the decisions of the assembly of Glasgow, and included no final renunciation of Episcopacy, while, on the other side, the three principal advisers of Charles, the primate, the earl of Strafford, and the marquis of Hamilton, were unanimous in condemning the whole treaty as one which left rebellion unpunished not only, but victorious, and which in itself formed an abnegation of the great principle of the divine right and absolute authority of kingship, for which they had been struggling for years. To bring on another appeal to the sword soon became the object of both parties, but particularly of Laud and Strafford, the latter exerting himself to an extraordinary degree to procure men and money for the purpose, going so far as to enter upon the dangerous path of summoning another Irish parliament for the vote of supplies. Less anxious for a renewal of hostilities, the Covenanters nevertheless thought it prudent to keep under arms, justly mistrustful of the king's intentions and future plans, no less than of the design of the "Canterburian faction." As a further precaution, the whole of the officers who had quitted foreign service to fight in the cause of their countrymen, including Alexander Leslie and his staff, were retained on full pay, and though the royal castles had to be surrendered in accordance with the terms of the treaty, care was taken to watch them in such a manner as to allow early repossession.

The feelings of the Scottish people, already greatly

excited, were still more embittered by another gratuitous insult on the part of Charles. In reply to many reproaches made against them for not insisting upon better terms, the Scotch commissioners who had signed the Pacification of Berwick printed and published an apology for their conduct, in which they affirmed that verbal promises had been given by the king, and noted down by themselves on the spot, much more favourable to their cause than the public articles, which had been drawn up with an understood saving for what his majesty regarded as due to his prerogative and royal honour. The statement, which, given in full detail, bore a great semblance of truth, and fitted well, moreover, with the known habit of Charles of making great promises after he had found haughty language of no use, was vehemently denied by the king; and to prove his assertion against that of the four commissioners, he ordered all the copies of their declaration that had come into England to be seized, and to be burned by the hands of the hangman. Right royal and pontifical as was this mode of testifying to the truth, it had the effect of displeasing the Scotch people; and all over the country the action of the king was loudly blamed, while at Edinburgh the disaffection found vent in gross insults to the ministers of state, and all persons looked upon as adherents of the English government. The tumults were made a pretence by Charles of breaking his promise to open the general assembly of Scotland in person; and the ceremony had to take place in the presence of a new royal commissioner, the earl of Traquair, his predecessor, the marquis of Hamilton, engaging in the meanwhile to levy troops for another war. To gain time had once more become the sole object of Charles, and when, in one of its first sittings, the general assembly passed an almost unanimous vote for the total abolition of Episcopacy, Traquair was empowered to give the royal assent thereto, subject to certain limitations and distinctions, so worded as to afford a pretext for setting the whole measure aside on the first favourable occasion. Having played his part in the piece, assuming very devout airs, and even taking the vow of the Covenant, the royal commissioner prorogued the sittings of the general assembly in the second week of November. In the same week the earl of Strafford arrived in London, summoned by a letter under the king's own hand, requiring his immediate presence. He had "much, too much, private matter to require his counsels for some time," Charles informed the iron-handed tamer of Irish rebels.

Strafford's appearance at court decided the still pending question as to war or peace with Scotland. Of all the enemies of the Berwick Pacification, he was the most decided, no less than the most energetic, holding, with much truth, that it would lead in its consequences to a complete overthrow of absolutistic government, in England as well as in Scotland. He therefore urged upon the king the necessity of recommencing hostilities without delay. But to do so, funds were urgently required, and all ways of raising money by arbitrary measures having been exhausted, even Strafford had to acknowledge that nothing but parliamentary supplies could furnish the means for carrying on the war. Though with as great an

aversion as ever for parliaments, the earl had arrived at the conclusion that it would be vastly preferable to risk the dangers to be expected from calling another than to neglect reducing the Scotch to obedience, and this conviction now he did all in his power to impress upon the king. There was still much unwillingness on the part of Charles to commit himself to so decided a step, and in his perplexity he called the chief members of the privy council together, to give their advice in the matter. They all joined Strafford in recommending writs for a new parliament to be issued, on the ground that it would be impossible, not only to make war, but to carry on the government without fresh supplies, the exchequer having been so completely exhausted by the cost of the northern expedition, that not even the servants of the household could be paid their wages. Seeing the unanimity of his council, Charles put to them a final question. "If this parliament," he asked, "should prove as untoward as some have lately been, will you then assist me in such extraordinary ways as in that extremity shall be thought fit?" The unanimous reply was that all would do their utmost in upholding the royal privilege in ordinary, no less than "extraordinary ways;" whereupon the king gave his consent to the issue of the writs.

It was arranged that the session should begin on the 13th of April; and a month previous Strafford started for Dublin, to further by his dreaded presence the vote of supplies from the Irish parliament that had been summoned a short time before. By using promises and intimidation to the fullest extent, he succeeded in extracting four subsidies, after which he forced on the levy of eight thousand foot soldiers and one thousand horse, directing the whole of these troops upon Carlisle, to be ready to take part in the invasion of Scotland. Having accomplished all this within a fortnight, labouring with all but superhuman energy, Strafford re-embarked for England, intending to be present at the opening of the new parliament, upon which he could not help looking with some involuntary disquietude. The labours of the fortnight had so exhausted his frame that he had to be carried to the vessel which was to take him across St. George's Channel. It blew a gale when he set foot on board, and the fury of the storm continued increasing to such an extent that the captain refused to weigh anchor. However, Strafford compelled him to do so, and got safely landed at Chester; but on his arrival there, seemed more dead than alive, and was taken ashore in an unconscious state. The anguish of his body appeared but to aggravate the violence and harshness of his temper, and as soon as he felt strong enough to sit up in bed, though not able to continue his journey, even in a litter, he wrote to the king, entreating him to save his cause by proceeding against all his enemies with the utmost severity. Believing himself in a dying state, Strafford's last regrets and complaints were about "the frowardness of this generation," which, he declared his conviction, would not be cured "till punishments be well and roundly applied." Charles received the counsel and warning just on the eve of opening parliament.

The opening ceremony took place with great pomp on the appointed day, the 13th of April, 1640. In

his speech from the throne, Charles was very brief, and frank to the border of disdain, telling the commons, what indeed they did not ignore, that the direst necessity had compelled him to call them together. He then shortly hinted at his intention of recommencing war to reduce his Scottish subjects to obedience, asserting that they were plotting treason, and that a letter, signed by seven peers who had sworn to the Covenant, had been intercepted, requesting armed assistance from the king of France. The king had scarce entered upon this subject when, visibly troubled and embarrassed, he came to an abrupt end, and, dropping his speech, referred for further particulars to the lord-keeper, Sir John Finch. The latter, recently raised to his high dignity, in recompense of the slavish service he had rendered to the crown in his various functions of Speaker of the commons and lord-chief-justice, at once commenced addressing the two houses of parliament in a very curious harangue. He began by stating his opinion that "his majesty's kingly resolutions are seated in the ark of his secret breast, and it were a presumption of too high a nature for any Uzzah uncalled to touch it, or even to think of it. But," continued Sir John, "the king is now pleased to lay by the shining beams of his majesty, as Phœbus did to Phæton, that the distance between sovereignty and subjection should not bar you from that filial freedom of access to his person and councils. You must beware, however, that, like the son of Clymene, you aim not at the guiding of the chariot, as if that were within the testimony of affection; and remember also that though the king sometimes lays by the beams and rays of majesty, he never lays by majesty itself."

After this fine prelude, the lord-keeper proceeded to business, but still maintaining his exalted strain. Referring to the main subject in the speech from the throne, he characterized the conduct of the people of Scotland as "the most horribly rebellious" ever witnessed in any age or any nation, inasmuch as they had not only cast off the loyalty and obedience due to their natural sovereign, but gone so far as "to take up arms against the Lord's anointed." For this reason, he argued, another war had become of absolute necessity, Scotland being "the part of the royal dominions whither all the rheums and fluxes of factious and seditious humours are flowing," so that in subduing them his majesty did nothing more but uphold the rights conferred upon him "by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations." The lord-keeper deprecated beforehand any interference in the matter, declaring that all that was wanted from parliament was to vote the money for the war and be silent. "His majesty," he exclaimed, "will not endure to have his honour weighed at the common beam, nor admit any to step between him and his virtue, and, therefore, as he would upon no terms admit the mediation of any person whatsoever, so he should judge it high presumption in any to offer it." The warning was followed by an urgent exhortation to the commons to vote the required subsidies without the loss of a single moment. The royal coffers, he declared, were drained; and although whatever his majesty had taken from his people had, "like vapours exhaled from the earth, returned to it in refreshing

showers," yet he could raise no more, and large debts had already been incurred upon the security of the king's personal estate and the credit of his servants. In conclusion, Sir John tendered the royal promise that, after the supplies had been voted, such time should be allowed to the lower house of parliament for the discussion of any matters of complaint "as the season and the state of affairs would permit." It was a song which, the commons fancied, they had heard before, and which somehow had lost its power of enchantment.

The parliamentary debates commenced, the day after the opening, with a discussion of grievances, not the slightest notice being taken of the eloquent entreaties, assurances, and warnings of the lord-keeper. Harbottle Grimstone, member for Colchester, a learned and upright lawyer, began the discussion by declaring his conviction that what the people wanted was a reform of government, and not a war against Scotland; and he was followed by John Pym, veteran leader of the liberal party, who, in a speech of two hours' duration, indicated the position which the House of Commons ought to assume, in justice to itself, and in justice to the nation. He exposed, with masterly force and clearness, though in very temperate language, and with an anxious assertion of the constitutional maxim that "the king can do no wrong," the manifold oppressions under which the nation suffered, the redress of which, he argued, was more absolutely urgent than any other matter, whether of peace or war. He further laid it down that the existence of these grievances "disabled" the House of Commons to grant a supply, and must do so until amended, the more so as to all other causes of complaint brought forward in previous sessions there was now added one more, graver almost than the rest, in the neglect of the advisers of the crown to summon a parliament for eleven years, instead of annually, as prescribed by statute. More speeches of the same nature followed within the next four or five days, to the exasperation of Charles, who continued sending messages to the Speaker, pressing for supplies, and reiterating the promise of allowing the discussion of grievances to take place afterwards. This taking no effect, the king next addressed himself to the lords, asking their intervention to procure for him the desired subsidies, in consequence of which the upper house issued an invitation to the commons to meet in a general assembly for the discussion of the question of supply.

The interference, unwise in every respect, produced nothing but indignant speeches in the lower house, the chief members of which declared the invitation of the peers to be a breach of privilege, which ought to be atoned for by a humble apology. The demand was roundly refused; more angry speeches followed, and on Monday, the 4th of May, the commons resolved themselves into a grand committee for discussing the state of the nation. The proceedings lasted from eight o'clock in the morning till six at night, when an adjournment of the debate took place till the following day. On the 5th of May, the members of the lower house met at the usual hour of eight; but before they had entered upon business, the Speaker being absent, they were summoned by the usher of the black-rod

to the bar of the House of Lords. There the king was sitting in great state, addressing the lords, and scarcely deigning to give a look at the commons who came rushing in at the door. "I know," he exclaimed, "that they have insisted very much on grievances, and I will not say but there may be some, though I will confidently affirm that there are not by many degrees so many as the public voice doth make them. Wherefore I desire you to take notice, now especially at this time, that out of parliament I shall be as ready, if not more willing, to hear and redress any such grievances as in parliament." After launching forth into praises of the lords for their good behaviour, and chiding the commons for their naughtiness in not voting immediately the supplies demanded by him, the king finished by desiring the peers to assist him further with their counsels, stating, at the same time, that he found it incompatible with his dignity to allow the debates of the lower house to go any longer. "I will not," he cried, "lay this fault on the whole House of Commons: I will not judge so uncharitably of those whom, for the most part, I take to be loyal and well-affected subjects; but it hath been the malicious cunning of some few seditiously affected men that hath been the cause of this misunderstanding." Then, turning to Sir John Finch, he exclaimed, "And now, my lord-keeper, do as I have commanded you." "My lords," said Sir John, "and you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, the king's majesty doth dissolve this parliament." The members silently dispersed in all directions, some melancholy and others gay. Among the latter was John Hampden's friend, Oliver St. John, who being asked the cause of his inward satisfaction, replied, with lawyer-like shrewdness, "We are getting on very well: matters must be worse before they can get better."

Having dissolved his fourth parliament, after a session of only twenty days, Charles undisguisedly declared his intention of carrying on the government in a purely despotic manner. In a proclamation to the people, he explained that he had dissolved the newly-elected House of Commons because of its audacity in meddling with his administration of the realm, and finding fault with many things, "like as if kings were bound to give an account of their regal actions, or of their manner of government, to their subjects assembled in parliament." Together with issuing this proclamation, Charles resumed his old practice of imprisoning those members of parliament who had shown themselves particularly hostile to his policy, and four of them were sent at once to the Tower, while others were punished in various ways. The next great object was to get soldiers and money for the war against the Covenanters. The earl of Strafford, who had shaken off his illness and come to court during his parliamentary debates, exerted himself to the utmost in the matter, transferring for the purpose his Irish policy into England. Writs under the privy-seal for so-called benevolences were immediately issued, the obnoxious "ship-money" was ordered to be again levied with the utmost rigour, and all who made opposition to being robbed and plundered were thrown into gaol. "The only way with gentlemen who will not pay," cried Strafford, repeating a favourite phrase, "is to send for them and lay them by the heels."

Among the new schemes of the earl was that of coining four hundred thousand pounds' worth of base money; but the king, according to Thomas May, "waived that upon reasons which the merchants gave of the inconveniences of it," the "reasons" being backed by the offer of a considerable loan. Not content, however, with this offer, contributions towards the war were asked of all persons known to possess a certain amount of wealth, and several aldermen of London were committed to prison for refusing to make out lists of their fellow-citizens whom they judged substantial enough to be worth plundering. At the same time, orders were sent to the sheriffs of all the English counties to impress a given number of men for the king's service, to train them for the militia, to furnish them with coat and conduct-money at the public charge, and to send them to specified places on the Border, with quarters in private houses along their route. The sheriffs obeyed most unwillingly; and the execution of the orders for the impressment caused universal indignation and resentment, leading in many instances to tumult and bloodshed. In various districts the new levies rose upon their officers, firing at them, and refusing to be led to the war; and nearly everywhere the lowest rabble only could be got to shoulder the musket, put on a striped coat, and march off to the Border. Peter Heylin, one of the king's chaplains, looking on at the armed horde tramping northward, bitterly wailed that they were "so ill-principled, or so ill-persuaded, that in their marchings through the country they brake into churches, pulled up rails, threw down communion-tables, defaced the common prayer-books, tore the surplices, and committed many other acts of outrageous insolence." Common soldiers as well as officers were heard to declare loudly wherever they went, that they were determined not to fight "the battles of the bishops."

The necessity of fighting, whether with willing or unwilling soldiers, came sooner upon the king than he or any of his advisers expected. While the English sheriffs were still engaged levying raw recruits by force, the Scottish army had come up to the Border, fully equipped, well provided with military stores, and animated by the highest enthusiasm. Together with the parliament at Westminster, another had been sitting at Edinburgh, under protest of the royal commissioner, and after remodelling the government, and changing its own constitution by the creation of a third estate, had finished the session by imposing a general tax for the support of the war, and transferring the executive power, nominally still vested in the crown, to a committee of estates. The tax was instantly and cheerfully paid by all classes of the people, who moreover assessed themselves in voluntary contributions, strenuously recommended by the clergy. All the women of the middle and upper classes set to work in making tents and accoutrements for the army, the ranks of which got thronged by volunteers; and long before the king had made a movement to take the field, there were nearly thirty thousand men ready to oppose him, in the defence of their religion and their civil liberties.

Alexander Leslie, as in the previous campaign, again took the command-in-chief of the forces of the Cove-

nanters, and towards the end of July led them towards the old encampment near the Tweed river, in sight of the ramparts of Berwick. Here he remained for three weeks, sending proclamations and circulars into England, desiring all friends of liberty to assist him in the overthrow of despotism, and at the same time perfecting the training and discipline of his troops, while the ministers, a numerous body, kept up their enthusiasm by daily sermons and prayers. Getting impatient at last at seeing no enemy in front, Leslie crossed the Tweed on the 21st of August, his men wading the river near the village of Coldstream, James Graham, fifth earl and first Marquis of Montrose, being the first to set foot upon English soil. There was no force to oppose the Covenanters nearer than Newcastle. Here Lord Conway, governor of the town, was gathering the vanguard of the royal army, commanding nearly ten thousand foot, and about two thousand horse, but the greater number of them undisciplined levies, ill-armed, mutinous for want of pay, and entirely disaffected to the royal cause. Being as well acquainted with the strength of the Scottish army as with the weakness of his own, Lord Conway at first refused to march to the encounter of Leslie, certain of being defeated; however, urged onward by the directions, remonstrances, and taunts of the earl of Strafford, who had come to the north to look after the war preparations, and who, in his contemptuous abhorrence of the cause of the Covenanters, refused to believe in their valour and discipline, he swerved from his resolution, and went forth to meet the invaders.

Taking with him all his cavalry and about one-half of the infantry, picking out the best men under his command, Conway marched along the right bank of the Tyne to the ford of Newburn, where the Covenanters were expected to cross. He arrived there on the 28th of August, just before Leslie's army appeared in sight. The Scotch commander, without commencing hostilities, contented himself with demanding a free passage, and on receiving an energetic refusal, sent a few bullets across the river. At the sound almost of the first shot Conway's two thousand horse went galloping off to the south, and a few dozen rounds more drove the infantry in flying columns to the east. Not two score men had fallen before the entire English force was in disgraceful rout, the horse arriving the same evening at Durham, and the foot soldiers, under Lord Conway, at Newcastle. Here, a little before midnight, a council of war was held, in which it was decided to evacuate the town, and by five o'clock on the following morning, Saturday, the 29th of August, the whole royal army was in full retreat upon York. The same afternoon, the Covenanters marched into Newcastle, taking possession of the whole supply of provisions and ammunition, including five thousand stand of arms, collected for the invasion of Scotland.

The report of the Newburn rout, while it rejoiced the hearts of the Puritans and adherents of the liberal party all over England, threw the king into profound melancholy, bordering upon despair. It was the first great check that had been given to his indomitable pride as a sovereign by divine right, and his stubbornness in cleaving to the despotic rule of government prescribed by false or ignorant advisers.

His mental depression in seeing himself conquered by his enemies in a manner indicating absolute and irretrievable defeat, was so great as to throw him for several days on a bed of sickness. Rousing himself at last from his despondency, he hurried to York, under the walls of which he inspected the disorderly bands figuring under the title of the Royal Army. It was impossible for Charles not to see that the rabble passing under his eyes, some fifteen thousand head, though possibly fit to assist a despotic government in oppressing peaceful citizens, was utterly incapable to oppose a well-organised army like that of the Covenanters, so that there was clearly no other alternative but to enter into negotiations for peace. All the king's counsellors advised it except Strafford, who had taken the command-in-chief of the troops, and whose hatred of the Scotch rebels seemed to increase with the success of their arms. Though suffering under a complication of diseases, and so weak as to be scarcely able to bestride his horse, the earl vehemently urged Charles to continue the war, and to carry his end went so far as to threaten with instant death all persons who should enter into communication with the enemy. In the meanwhile, petitions arrived from many parts of England entreating the king to make peace, and some of them being presented by two noblemen at court, Lord Howard and Lord Wharton, the earl caused them to be arrested, convoked a court-martial, and presiding over it, demanded that they should be shot at the head of the army, as abettors of revolt. The officers composing the court listened in silence to the fierce language of Strafford, none of them daring to oppose him; but a pause occurring, the marquis of Hamilton arose, and addressed the furious earl. "My lord," said he, "when this sentence of yours is pronounced, are you sure of the troops?" Strafford turned away his head, as if struck by a sudden revelation.

It was well known all through the camp of the royal army that the commander-in-chief was the one man hated above all others by the soldiers, and that on the first tumult arising, a thousand swords would be pointed to his breast, instead of against the enemy. The earl did not shut altogether his eyes to the fact, and trembling lest his power should be suddenly crushed under the weight of his unpopularity, he tried to work upon the king through Laud. "Let his majesty but speak the word," he wrote to the primate, "and I will make the Scots go hence faster than they came: I would answer for it on my life. But the instructions must come from another than me." Laud but feebly supported his friend; and Charles, beholding the general hatred rising up against Strafford, due as much to his arrogant and irritable temper, aggravated by disease, as to his despotic inclinations, openly turned his back upon him, showing his readiness to desert him at the first opportunity. The king, all of a sudden, appeared to be seized with indescribable alarm, and absolutely helpless in his consternation. He could not make up his mind to negotiate with the Scotch army, rising before him like a gigantic spectre, and yet he could not help perceiving that the humiliation was unavoidable, for the mob of soldiers around him went melting fast, deserting in companies and regiments, while an active correspondence with the

Covenanters was carried on in his own immediate neighbourhood and under his very eyes. In his despair, wavering and undecided which way to turn, Charles on a sudden adopted a hint whispered by one of the courtiers, and summoned a Great Council of Peers of the realm to meet him at York. Such an assembly as this had not been called together since the feudal ages, and was altogether obsolete and out of place; nevertheless the king hoped it would impose by its time-worn character itself, and serve as a substitute for a parliament, while implicitly obedient to the crown. He evidently was further than ever from understanding the wants of his age and the desires of his subjects.

The Great Council of Peers met at York on the 24th of September, and the first decision came to was to appoint sixteen commissioners to treat with the Scotch army, and the second to advise the king to summon a parliament without delay. Charles felt amazed at the proceedings of the lords, entirely different from what he had been led to expect. However, resistance now had become impossible, and while withholding his immediate assent to the call of a parliament, he permitted the beginning of peace negotiations. The sixteen commissioners, eight earls and eight barons, at once set out for Ripon, to confer with an equal number of delegates from the army of the Covenanters, the latter having taken possession of part of Yorkshire, and the whole counties of Northumberland and Durham. As victorious party, the Scotch delegates had to put their terms, which were that all the acts of their late parliament and of the General Assembly should be ratified by the king; that the earl of Strafford and archbishop Laud should be brought to trial as "incendiaries;" and, finally, that the forces of the Covenanters should keep possession of all the places they occupied, and be maintained at the expense of the crown until the complete restoration of order, both in England and Scotland. The two last demands sounded harsh in the ears of the English lords, and gave rise to a pause in the negotiations; but the ultimate and most important article was yielded to at length from necessity, while the Scotch commissioners dropped the point concerning the trial of Laud and Strafford.

The result of the negotiations was a provisional agreement stipulating that the Scotch troops should receive regular wages from the Royal Treasury, the pay to begin at once, at the rate of eight hundred and fifty pounds sterling per day, and that they should not be disbanded until peace had been established on a durable basis. Charles gave his signature to the agreement, but could give no more, his treasury being absolutely empty, so that to procure the requisite funds for salarving Leslie's soldiers, the lords had to look to their own resources. After some deliberation, they sent four of their number to London, to raise a loan of two hundred thousand pounds from the City merchants, on the understanding of their being personally and jointly answerable for the debt. The merchants were not unwilling to lend their money on these terms, but added the condition that the government should issue at once writs for the meeting of a parliament, and that the final instalments of the loan should not be paid before the representatives of the

nation had actually assembled. The demand was unnecessary, for the step of summoning another parliament had already been forced upon the king, now so helpless as to be a sovereign little more than in name. Strafford alone, of all his advisers, continued to put a bold front to the dark aspect of political affairs; but even he dared no longer to oppose the cry of the whole nation for a parliament, and only trusted to the chance of rushing, by the force of courage and of intrigue, through the dangers of the coming inevitable storm. Thus left entirely alone in his pride, his fear, and his sense of profound humiliation, Charles set his hand to a document prepared by the lord-keeper convening the lords and commons of the realm to meet at Westminster on the 3rd of November. A more important paper the king had never signed in his life than this one, creating the "Long Parliament."

England was stirred to its deepest depths all through the month of October, one thousand six hundred and forty. Every one, whether high or low, rich or poor, Protestant or Catholic, felt that the parliament to be elected would decide the fate of the kingdom more than any that had sat before, and great accordingly were the efforts of all parties to return men worthy of the situation. The struggle in one town, Cambridge, left on record by an eyewitness, was a picture of what went on all through the country. Cambridge had to return two members, and there were four candidates, two of whom, Sir Nathaniel Finch and Mr. Thomas Moantys, were specially and urgently recommended by the lord-keeper, Sir John Finch who possessed great influence in the town, while the other two were only of local fame. The last of the four candidates was a man who had sat in the third parliament of the reign for the borough of Huntingdon, of which he was then an inhabitant, but which he quitted afterwards to live on a large estate in the Isle of Ely, left to him by an uncle, where he took to farming and preaching Puritan doctrines, carrying on both in such a vigorous manner as to earn for himself the title of "Lord of the Fens." The name of this "lord" was Oliver Cromwell, and it was he who came to stand as candidate for Cambridge in the election of 1640.

The occasion was somewhat accidental. "Whilst Master Oliver Cromwell continued at Ely," a contemporary left on record, "there were discourses of new writs issuing out for the parliament, and about the same time, or a little before, it was the hap of one Richard Tyms, since alderman of Cambridge, and a man generally known, to be at a conventicle—as he usually every Sunday rode to the Isle of Ely for that purpose, having a brother who entertained him in his course—where he heard this Oliver with such admiration that he thought there was not such a precious man in the nation, and took such a liking to him that from that time he did nothing but ruminate and meditate of the man and his gifts. This Richard Tyms, before the writs were issued out, began to hammer in his head a project for getting Oliver chosen a Burgess for Cambridge, he himself being one of the electors. With this device he presently repaired to one Mr. Wildbore, a draper, a kinsman of Cromwell's, and after some commendatory language of Oliver, pro-

pounded to him the choosing of him Burgess, but to which Wildbore answered that it was impossible because he was no freeman of the town. This almost dashed the project; notwithstanding, as he was returning home, his mind gave him to ask the advice of his neighbour Ibbot, a tallow-chandler, whom he found working in his frock, but who gave him the same answer, and thereupon Tyms concluded to surcease the design, and departed. But before he was far from the house, Ibbot, hankering after the business, had thought of an expedient, and caused him to be called back, when he told him that the mayor had power to make a freeman: 'and,' saith he, 'you know Mr. Kitchenman, the attorney—who was a Puritan likewise—he and the mayor have married two sisters: it is possible he may persuade his brother to confer his freedom upon Oliver Cromwell; and to that purpose, you, and I, and Wildbore, will go to Mr. Kitchenman's presently, and speak to him about the business.' The scheme was carried out with wisdom and energy, and the worthy tallow-chandler, draper, and friends, fair representatives of the rising middle classes of England, sent the "Lord of the Fens" to represent Cambridge in parliament. A notable entry in the registers of the Cambridge corporation attested their success: "October 27th, 1640, magister Robson, Maior. This day, the greatest part of the burgesses of this town being present in the hall, have chosen for burgesses of the next ensuing parliament for this town, Oliver Cromwell, esquire, and John Lowry, of the common council." As in the old university town on the Cam, so in most other places in the kingdom, Puritanism defeated episcopacy in the elections, and drapers and tallow-chandlers rode on the back of courtiers and lords.

All England seemed to have undergone a mighty change at the meeting of the new parliament, on Tuesday the 3rd of November, exactly a week after Oliver Cromwell, esquire, had been chosen member for Cambridge. "There was observed," Clarendon noted down, "a marvellous elated countenance in most of the members of parliament before they met together in the house; the same men who six months before were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied, without opening the wound too wide, and exposing it to the air, and rather to cure what was amiss than too strictly to make inquisition into the causes and origin of the malady, talked now in another dialect." John Pym, member for Tavistock, meeting Edward Hyde, member for Wootton-Basset, the future Lord Clarendon, some days before the opening of the session, observed to him, "that they must now be of another temper than they were the last parliament; that they must not only sweep the house clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the top and corners, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter; and that they had now an opportunity to make their country happy, by removing all grievances, and pulling up the causes of them by the roots."

If the leaders of the popular party were in a joyful mood, the king, on the other hand, felt more desponding than ever, aware that an overwhelming majority among the new representatives of the people

were energetically opposed to the principle of absolute authority which he had adopted as rule of government, and to which he was obstinately determined to adhere. On the very morning when he was to go and open parliament, the cup of bitterness of Charles was filled to overflowing by a piece of ill news which upset the last of his hopes. Preparing for the parliamentary campaign, the king had fixed upon Sir Thomas Gardiner, recorder of London, as speaker of the commons, he being warmly attached to his cause and at the same time of considerable personal influence, "a man of gravity and quickness, that had somewhat of authority and gracefulness in his person and presence." Unfortunately for the expectations reposing in the choice, Charles did not keep his own counsel, but made his wish public, and from that moment the doors of all the election halls were shut against Sir Thomas Gardiner. The city of London, though having scarcely ever before refused a recorder who offered to become its representative, would not hear of Sir John as soon as it became known that his election was ardently desired by the king; and so great was the opposition against him that not even his name was allowed to be brought forward. The same happened in a number of other places, where the whole power of government was exerted to secure his return; and at the very last moment, when the king had already put on his royal robes to go to the House of Lords, he was informed that the man whom he wished to be, above all others, in parliament, would not be there. His mortification was so great as to make him postpone the opening of the session till the afternoon, "by which time he was to think of another speaker." The choice was a very difficult one under the circumstances, and scanning anxiously again and again over the lists of members, the king at last "pitched upon" William Lenthall, a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and, according to Clarendon, "a man of a very narrow, timorous nature, and of no experience or conversation in the affairs of the kingdom, beyond what the very drudgery in his profession, in which all his design was to make himself rich, engaged him in." Having appointed the speaker, and somewhat roused himself from his deep despondency, Charles went into parliament, but eschewing all the usual pomp of royalty, and going, almost secretly, in his private barge to St. Margaret's stairs, and from thence through the church into the house of lords. The sea of stern and austere faces meeting him was not made to reassure the gloomy king. Besides the lords, spiritual and temporal, one hundred and forty-seven in number, there were four hundred and ninety-three members of the lower house, and, as reported by the representative of Wootton-Basset, "not many members were absent." The assembly altogether "had a sad and a melancholy aspect upon the first entrance, which presaged some unusual and unnatural events."

In his speech from the throne, Charles showed a singular mixture of humiliation and conceit. He began by assuring both houses of parliament that he did now freely put himself upon the love and affection of his subjects, and desired them to consider the best means to make the realm both happy inwardly and secure against outward enemies. To

carry out their and his desires, he assured them moreover, that he would "heartily concur" to give "satisfaction of their just grievances," in order "that the world might see his intentions to make England a glorious and flourishing kingdom." So far the address was fit enough for the occasion; but now the king launched out in an episode not a little offensive to his hearers. "I leave it to your consideration, my lords and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "what dishonour and mischief it might be, first, if for want of money my army be disbanded before the rebels be put out of the kingdom; secondly, if the securing against the calamities the northern people endure at this time is left so long as the treaty is on foot. In this I say, not only they, but all this kingdom will suffer the harm: therefore I leave this all to your consideration." It showed little wisdom on the part of the king to designate as "rebels" the dearest allies of the parliamentary majority he was addressing, and they audibly expressed their extreme dissatisfaction.

Charles had no sooner finished his short address, when Lord-keeper Finch arose, and gave vent to a very elaborate speech, full of flowers of rhetoric, of bombast, and of servility. He tried to impress upon the lords and commons the conviction, of which he declared himself full, that excepting the presence of the impious "rebels" in the north, the condition of the realm was the most happy and blessed it could possibly be; that all things were in a state of perfection, and that the golden age had returned for England. After drawing a full-length portrait of the king, whom he described as absolutely angelic in nature, endowed with all the gifts ever bestowed by heaven upon mortal beings, and all but godlike in soul and body, he went on to give an outline of some other figures in the golden-age picture. "Behold the king," Sir John cried, lifting up his hands, "in another part of himself, in his dearest consort, our gracious queen, the mirror of virtue, from whom, since her happy arrival, now after three lustres of years, never any subject received other than gracious and benign influence; and I dare avow, as she is nearest and dearest to our sovereign, so there is none whose affections and endeavours, his majesty only excepted, have, or do, or can co-operate more to the happy success of this parliament, and the never-to-be equalled joy and comfort of a right understanding between the king and his people. Then behold him in his best image, our excellent young prince, and the rest of the royal and lively progeny, in whom we cannot but promise to ourselves to have our happiness perpetuated. From the throne, turn your eyes to the two supporters of it; on the one side, the stem of honour, the nobility and clergy; on the other side, the gentry and commons. Where was there, or is there, in any part of the world, a nobility so numerous, so magnanimous, and yet with such a temper that they neither eclipse the throne nor overtop the people, but keep in a distance fit for the greatness of the throne? Where was there a commonwealth so free, and the balance so equally held as here? And, certainly, so long as the beam is duly held it cannot be otherwise." The Puritans listened in grim silence to the soft-flowing balderdash from the lips of the

lord-keeper, probably not without secret thoughts, on the part of John Pym and friends, of sweeping away the oily old sycophant among other "cobwebs" breeding dust and obscuring the light in the fair realm of England.

After the formal opening by the king, the two houses of parliament spent several days in preparations, and on Friday, the 6th of November, the actual work of the session commenced. The aspect of the House of Commons was altogether remarkable. The commons, now as before, met in St. Stephen's Chapel, a long narrow chamber of the fourteenth century, with a western entrance and a large eastern window, in advance of the middle of which, at the distance of some few feet, stood the speaker's chair. The members were seated on rows of benches placed parallel to the walls of the chapel, and rising, as in an amphitheatre, from an open space in the centre of the nave. Besides the benches on the ground floor, another row was placed around the members' gallery, the ascent to which was by a "ladder" placed on the southern or right-hand corner from the entrance. On the floor of the house, at a short distance from the speaker's chair, and in front of, it stood the clerk's table, at which were seated, facing the entry, two men of note, both authors, Henry Elsyng, chief clerk of the House of Commons, a native of Battersea and Oxford master of arts, and John Rushworth, assistant clerk, of a good Northumberland family, barrister of Lincoln's Inn, actively occupied in leisure hours to gather documents, great and small, into bundles of "Historical Collections," important to posterity.

Most of the members of the lower house of parliament occupied fixed seats, the position of some of which Sir Simonds D'Ewes, member for Sudbury, noted down in his "Journal." "At the upper end of the front bench," the diary records, "on the speaker's right, sits the elder Vane, secretary of state and treasurer of the king's household; and on the same side of the house Sir Edward Herbert, solicitor-general, Sir Thomas Jermyn, Sir Benjamin Rudyard, Sir John Evelyn, Sir Henry Mildmay, William Strode, Alderman Isaac Pennington, Walter Long, and Sir John Culpeper. On this side, and exactly opposite the north end of the clerk's table, sit Edward Hyde and Lord Falkland, and, at the lower end, a taker of notes, Framlingham Gawdy by name." On this side also sat Oliver Cromwell, and not far off John Hampden, his kinsman. On the opposite benches, to the left of the speaker, facing Edward Hyde, sat Sir Simonds D'Ewes, author of the "Journal," and next to him John More, member for Liverpool, likewise "a taker of notes." Just under Sir Simonds was the place of "the younger Vane," son of the secretary of state, and direct opponent of his sire in politics; and near him were seated Oliver St. John, Denzil Holles, and Sir William Lewis, member for Petersfield. "Behind John More sit Henry Martin, Sir Thomas Barrington, and Sir Walter Erle; John Pym sits on the same side, close to the bar of the house, and by him Sir John Hotham," member for Beverley, professing great devotion to the popular cause, but secretly attached to the court. Among the other members sitting on this side, the left, of the speaker, were Arthur Goodwin, colleague of John Hampden in the representation

of Buckinghamshire, Miles Corbett, Sir Thomas Bowyer, and Edmund Waller. In the gallery, reached by the "ladder," sat Sir Arthur Heselrige and Robert Holborne, one of Hampden's counsel in the ship-money trial; while under the gallery sat John Selden, member for the university of Oxford, "usually styled," according to Anthony à Wood, "the great dictator of learning of the English nation." Thus sat in the dim chapel of St. Stephen's the men whom England had sent to recast its national life.

The business of the house was opened by Sir Miles Fleetwood, who moved that a message should be sent to the lords, to ask that they would join with them in a day of fast and solemn prayer. It was agreed to unanimously, and the message despatched at once. "My lords," it ran, "the knights, citizens, and burghesses of the House of Commons having taken into serious consideration the weighty occasion of this assembly of parliament, concerning the true worship of Almighty God, the safety and welfare of the king and this whole realm, and well knowing the right way to obtain a blessed issue thereof is to implore the Divine assistance, the fountain of all wisdom and unity, to direct them in all their consultations, by one day's solemn humiliation in fasting and prayer, have commanded us, in confidence of your lordships' great piety, to desire you that you would be pleased to join with them to move his majesty for his gracious allowance of so holy a preparation to the important affairs of both houses of parliament; which being first began and done here, as an example, that he would be pleased to appoint also a day for a general fast through the whole kingdom." Before the lords had returned their reply, the commons, anxious to lose no time, went to the appointment of a number of "grand committees," or congresses of the whole house, ordering that they should go into committee at two o'clock every afternoon; on Mondays, on the subject of religion; on Tuesdays, concerning trade; on Wednesdays, on grievances; and on Fridays, for courts of justice and privileges. Next John Pym rose, and moved, "That in regard the complaints of the king's subjects in Ireland were many, who had undergone great oppression in that kingdom by mal-government there, and had come to this parliament for relief, they might be referred to a committee of the whole house, to be appointed for that purpose only."

The motion gave rise to a lengthened debate, in which strong remarks were made upon the course of despotism inaugurated by the earl of Strafford, who, it was said, had "in all places where his service hath been used by the king, raised ample monuments of his tyrannical nature," so as to prove himself "the principal author and promoter of all those counsels that exposed the kingdom to ruin." Sir John Clotworthy, member for Maldon, whose chief residence was in Ireland, spoke strongly "of the great abuse in the government there;" and though he was sparing in allusions to the lord-lieutenant, yet he was so plain in the description of his actions, as not to leave a doubt against whom his accusations were directed. The friends of Strafford at once protested "that this motion was intended, by a side-wind, to accumulate complaints against him, in order to an accusation," which led them to move for a select committee, that

the objects of the inquiry might be restricted to certain specific points, and the great general question of the government of Ireland might not come into discussion. It was the first party struggle that arose; and it ended by a vote adopting the motion of John Pym, that the whole house should go into committee on Irish affairs. Strafford fully comprehended the meaning of the vote, and hurrying up to London from York, where he had been with the army, entreated the king to allow him to reassume his post at Dublin, where his enemies could not reach him. But Charles, thinking that the services of the earl might yet be useful to him, would not consent; and in reply to his alarms, pledged his royal word that "as he was king of England he would secure him against any danger, and that parliament should not touch one hair of his head."

Strafford's interview with the king did not remain a secret; and knowing the daring character of the man, and full of disquietude that he might be harbouring some fresh scheme of violence, the parliamentary leaders determined to strike him down at once. The earl had arrived at court on Monday, the ninth of November; on the tenth he was confined to his bed by illness; and on Wednesday, the eleventh, John Pym rose, and stating that there was business of great weight to be commenced, desired that the lobby without might be cleared, and that the doors of the house be locked and the key laid upon the table. This done, Pym stood forward again, and in a long, earnest, and eloquent speech, impeached the earl of Strafford of treason against the commonwealth. After dwelling upon the miserable state and condition of the realm, due, he said, to a few usurpers of power, who had "contrived maliciously, and upon deliberation, to change the whole frame of government, and to deprive the nation of all the liberty and property which was their birthright by the laws of the land," he pointed to the chief malefactor. "Though I doubt not," he cried, "there may be found many of the class who have contributed by their joint endeavours to bring this misery upon the nation, yet there is one more signal in the administration than the rest. He is a man of great parts and contrivance, and of great industry to bring what he designed to pass: a man who in the memory of many present hath sat in this house as an earnest vindicator of the laws, and a most zealous asserter and champion of the liberties of the people, but who long since hath turned apostate from these good affections, and, according to the custom and nature of apostates, hath become the greatest enemy to the liberties of the country, and the greatest promoter of tyranny that any age hath produced." Then he named "Thomas, the earl of Strafford, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and lord-president of the council established in York for the northern parts of the kingdom;" moreover, "minister of great credit with the king and influence upon his counsels."

Pym had not finished his speech when there was a loud knocking at the door, caused by some messengers from the House of Lords. Anxious to learn what the commons were doing within their closed doors, the peers sent them an invitation to meet for a conference in the "Painted Chamber," in order to hear a report from the lords commissioners appointed to treat with the commanders of the Scottish army. The

stratagem took no effect in breaking up the deliberation of the commons, and they merely returned an answer that they were "in agitation of very weighty and important affairs," so as to be unable to give their lordships the desired interview at once. The debate was then resumed, and a committee of seven members appointed to specify the charges against the earl of Strafford. On the committee were John Pym, John Hampden, William Strode, Oliver St. John, Sir Walter Erle, Lord Digby, and Sir John Clotworthy. They soon returned with the points of the accusation drawn out in full; upon which the commons passed an unanimous vote that the lord-lieutenant of Ireland should be forthwith accused at the bar of the upper house of high treason. By another vote, Pym was appointed to be spokesman for the occasion; and the doors being thrown open, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the leader of the commons issued forth, followed by above four hundred members, "and crossed over in the full sight of the assembled crowd to the house of lords."

Advancing, head erect and with proud dignity, to the bar, Pym declared his errand. "My lords," he exclaimed, "the knights, citizens, and burgesses now assembled for the commons in parliament, have received information of divers traitorous designs and practices of a great peer of this house, and by virtue of a command from them I do here, in the name of all the commons in parliament, accuse Thomas, earl of Strafford, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, of high treason. They have further commanded me to desire your lordships that he may be sequestered from parliament and forthwith committed to prison. They have further commanded me to let you know that they will within a very few days resort to your lordships with the particular articles and grounds of this accusation; and they do further desire that your lordships will think upon some convenient and fit way that the passage betwixt England and Ireland for his majesty's subjects of both kingdoms may be free, notwithstanding any restraint to the contrary." Strafford was at Whitehall with the king when the doors of the House of Commons were thrown open, and receiving instant notice of the step taken against him, he hurried into parliament to prevent the peers from granting the impeachment. His friends sought to retain him, yet he would not stop; and crying, "I will go and look mine accusers in the face," he tore himself away, and rushed into the House of Lords.

But Strafford had no sooner taken his seat, when cries from all sides commanded him to withdraw. For a while he disregarded the clamour, till, on its increasing in vehemence, the lord-keeper arose, telling him to leave, and charging the usher of the black rod to look well after him. But he still refused to give way, and would not retire before he had addressed the house. He began by lamenting "his great misfortune to lie under so heavy a charge," and stanchly professing his innocence, declared that he should be able to make it clear as noonday to all the world. In the meanwhile he desired that he might have his liberty "until some guilt should be made to appear;" warning the peers that if they were to commit him to prison upon the general charge, formulated against him with not the slightest proofs appended,

they would go forth on a dangerous path, likely to be fatal "as a precedent to their own privilege and birthright." Having given vent to this burst of indignation, the earl retired, remaining in the lobby until the lords had discussed the manner of their proceeding "upon an impeachment in such general terms." The debate lasted little more than half an hour, after which Strafford was called in, and ordered to kneel at the bar. Having gone on his knees, with great reluctance, the lord-keeper read to him the decision of the peers. "My lord of Strafford," said he, "the House of Commons, in their own name and in the name of the whole commons of England, have this day accused your lordship to the lords of the upper house of parliament of high treason. The articles they will in a very few days produce, and in the mean time they have desired of the lords, and we have accordingly resolved, that your lordship shall be committed in safe custody to the gentleman-usher, and be sequestered from the house till your lordship shall clear yourself of the accusations which shall be laid against you." The earl bowed, and rising, attempted to address the house once more, but was prevented by the usher of the black rod leading him away. After a short stay in his own house he was conducted to the Tower.

The impeachment of Strafford, a masterstroke of energetic policy, in an instant and with all but marvellous rapidity overturned the whole fabric of government, leaving the House of Commons absolute ruler of England. It would have been not only practicable, but probably easy, for the king to dissolve parliament the day before; but the day after it was absolutely impossible. The arrest of the great earl, pillar of despotism, and the only man of the royal party who understood and dared to preach the doctrine of divine right kingship with the sword as well as with the lips, struck terror into the ranks of all the enemies of parliament. Those who had abused it loudest previously now became its humblest servitors, eagerly anxious to spring forward and obey its wishes. Before a single law had been passed in their favour, the whole of the Puritan ministers, as if by common consent, resumed possession of the pulpits and livings from which they had been expelled by the "Canterburian faction;" all the dissenting sects assembled publicly, without the least hindrance; and pamphlets and books of every description denouncing the enemies of the popular cause, or calling for reforms and changes, circulated in full liberty. The main desire of the whole tribe of courtiers and crown servants all at once seemed to be either to go over to the dominant party, or to hide themselves and pass unnoticed in the crowd; and the king himself attempted to conceal his alarm and uneasiness under the veil of complete apathy. Thus while royal and episcopal despotism was still standing nominally upright, and to all appearance untouched, with its full mechanism of judges, bishops, dignitaries in church and state, rites and ceremonies, the machine itself had become already motionless and powerless.

There was no intention to leave the dead hull in existence; but in the meanwhile other and more important matters had to be attended to. The great foe of freedom, Strafford, having been safely lodged in the

Tower, the smaller foes were left alone for a short time, during which some pressing affairs had to be despatched. The first of these was the conclusion of a cordial agreement with the army of the Covenanters, which was effected by the sending of parliamentary commissioners to Durham, and the invitation to the king's "rebels" to send deputies to London to confer with the commons. A sum of one hundred thousand pounds, to be raised by assessment on the counties, was voted at the same time for the maintenance of the two armies in the north; and to defray immediate necessities a loan was demanded from the city merchants, and granted without the least difficulty. The chiefs of the Covenanters answered the invitation of sending envoys to the English capital very quickly, despatching a score of military officers and diplomatists, accompanied by as many divines. Among the latter was Robert Baillie, a learned and zealous minister of the kirk, who noted down various curious things he saw on the road. His party, travelling by post, was joined by "divers merchants and their servants," mounted on "little nags," which took them over the wild expanse of rock and moorland intervening between the Tyne and the Thames much more comfortably than the lumbering boxes upon wheels. The so-called "road" was "extremely foul and deep," and what did not reconcile the frugal travellers to it was to find "all the inns like palaces." "No marvel," Robert Baillie cries, "they extortion their guests: for three meals, coarse enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pounds sterling." At Doncaster, the Presbyterian minister was "content to buy a woven waistcoat;" nevertheless, when arrived in London he had to preach to the commissioners at home, "having no cloaths for outgoing." He was extremely surprised at all that he heard and saw in the English capital, marvelling how a revolution like that which his eyes beheld could have been wrought during the four or five weeks the new parliament had been in session. "Episcopacy itself," he noted, "is beginning to be cried down, and a covenant to be cried up; some petitions have come from the town of London and a world of men, for the abolition of bishops, deans, and all their appurtenances, but it has been thought good to delay them till the parliament have pulled down Canterbury and some prime bishops. . . . Huge things are here in working: the mighty hand of God be about this great work."

Robert Baillie was right in thinking that to "pull down Canterbury and some prime bishops" would be the next great movement of the commons. From the moment of the arrest of Strafford, the fate of Laud and his chief adherents was sealed; but the abject demeanour of the primate, who went crawling in the dust so as to allow the storm to pass over his head, saved him for a few weeks, till at last, in the middle of December, the inevitable thunderbolt was hurled against him. On the 18th of the month, Denzil Holles, member for Dorchester, stood up in the House of Commons denouncing William Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, as a "chief incendiary" in the government, and formulating against him an accusation of high treason. The motion was supported by several speakers, among them Harbottle Grimstone, the col-

league of Denzil Holles. "Who is it but he only," Grimstone cried, "that hath brought the earl of Strafford to all his great places and employments? Who is it but he only that hath advanced all our popish bishops? I shall name but some of them: Bishop Wainwaring, the bishop of Bath and Wells, the bishop of Oxford, and he of Ely, Bishop Wren, the least of all these birds, but one of the most unclean." The impeachment of Laud was voted unanimously, and Denzil Holles carried the message to the bar of the lords. Somewhat to his surprise, the peers, temporal and spiritual, instantly admitted the accusation, and Lord-keeper Finch, with extraordinary zeal and alacrity, ordered the archbishop into the custody of the usher of the black rod, to be provisionally guarded in his own house, for ultimate transference to the Tower.

The zeal of Sir John Finch was due to the dark apprehension that his own time was coming, which occasioned frantic attempts to stave off the fatal hour by complete submission and the most servile attitude towards the new rulers. However, the lord-keeper's hopes of being pardoned the sins of the past by becoming an apostate, were all in vain, and but two days after he had sent his great patron, the archbishop, to prison, an indictment against himself was carried to the bar of the lords. Sir John behaved with consummate prudence on the occasion, and depositing the great seal of state on the woolsack, while placing himself as a poor suitor behind it, he entreated the messengers from the commons to allow him, before handing in the impeachment, to say a few words in his defence in their house. The permission was granted after some hesitation, whereupon the lord-keeper marched into St. Stephen's chapel, assuming an air of the most contrite humility, and delivered, "with an excellent grace and gesture, a most elegant and ingenious speech, partly a vindication of his conduct, partly a submissive appeal to their feelings and their favour," effecting so much as "to move many men to a kind of compassion." The soft flow of his rhetoric was interrupted for a moment by Alexander Rigby, member for Wigan. "Had not this syren so sweet a tongue," Rigby cried, "surely he could not have done so much mischief to this kingdom." Disregarding the obtrusion, and becoming more "elegant and ingenious" as he went on, Sir John continued talking till the time when he knew the lords had risen, after which it became impossible to deliver his impeachment at the bar of the upper house. With some misgivings as to having been enticed into a serious blunder, the commons adjourned thereupon till the next day, the 21st of December, intending to prosecute the indictment against the lord chancellor, and get him arrested early in the morning. But Sir John, feeling no inclination to become martyr in any cause, good or bad, furtively quitted his house at midnight, and making his way to the coast, safely got into Holland, in a disguise fitting him exceedingly well, that of an old woman.

The flight of the lord-keeper served but to quicken the zeal of the commons in punishing the oppressors of the nation. Notwithstanding his escape, he was voted formally guilty of high treason, the chargesheet enumerating four causes, namely, "disobedience

to the house, in refusal to speak at their command when he was speaker in parliament, in the fourth year of King Charles;" "for threatening some judges in the matter of ship money;" "for illegal and cruel judgments when lord justice of the common pleas;" and "for drawing that injurious declaration after dissolution of the last parliament." The decree for the arrest of the lord-keeper, wherever he should be found, having been issued, the commons proceeded with vigour against other delinquents. On the 22nd of December, Sir William Beecher, one of the dependants of the fugitive lord-keeper, was committed to the Fleet prison for several illegal acts of which he had been guilty; on the 23rd, six of the judges in the ship-money trial, Berkeley, Bramston, Crawley, Davenport, Trevor, and Weston, were compelled to give heavy securities to abide the judgment of parliament for their conduct; and on the 24th, a charge was filed against John Piers, bishop of Bath and Wells, of having made "innovations" in religion, and he was bound in ten thousand pounds to answer the charges against him.

To distribute rewards as well as punishments, the House of Commons at the same time, on the proposition of a special committee appointed to consider the case of sufferers for the popular cause, decreed that five thousand pounds should be paid to William Prynne, author of the "*Histrio-Mastix*," who had been so cruelly punished by Laud; and that sums to the same amount should be given to several other Puritans, notably, Henry Burton, a clergyman, and John Bastwick, a physician, who had been, with Prynne, the victims of the archbishop's despotism. They had been kept in dungeons in the isles of Scilly, Jersey, and Guernsey, up to the time of the opening of parliament; but so immediate was the influence of the new power even upon their fate, that Laud had given the order for their release before the session had lasted a week. Two of the sufferers, Prynne and Burton, arrived in London on the same day, the 28th of November, escorted in a triumphant manner, "being met upon the way," as told by the "secretary for the parliament," Thomas May, "some few miles from London, and brought into the city by five thousand persons, both men and women, on horseback, who all of them wore in their hats rosemary and bays in token of joy." Robert Baillie, too, saw the procession enter the city. "Burton and Prynne," he noted down, "came through the most of the city triumphantly; never here such a like show. About a thousand horse, and, as some of good note say, above four thousand; above a hundred coaches, and, as many say, above two hundred; with a world of foot, every one with their rosemary branch. Bastwick is not yet come from Scilly." The latter, very popular with the citizens of the capital for the boldness of his attacks upon Laud, which he had continued in prison from which he managed to fulminate letters and pamphlets, arrived in London ten days after his fellow-sufferers, and was received with even greater demonstrations of joy and triumph. He was escorted by the train bands and an army of horsemen, banners flying and trumpets sounding, and, night coming on before the procession had reached London, the whole city blazed up in a glare of torches. Look-

ing at the spectacle, Robert Baillie ejaculated, "God is making here a new world."

From the commencement of the session, the inhabitants of the capital had shown the most lively interest in the parliamentary proceedings, which increased soon to such an extent as to make them all but rehearse the debates in their houses and at the street corners. The loudest joy was shown at the news of Strafford's arrest; but not seeing it followed immediately by that of Laud, the citizens deemed it their duty to prompt the action of the commons by a monster petition. The petition, which was covered by twenty thousand signatures, and presented by Alderman Isaac Pennington, one of the members for the city, who was accompanied when carrying it to the house by a crowd nearly as large as that which had escorted Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick into London, demanded nothing less than the total abolition of the state church. It was argued by the petitioners that, episcopal government having proved very prejudicial and extremely dangerous to the commonwealth and to true religion, and the bishops having come to claim authority by divine right instead of their former simple tenure by appointment, mere reform of the abuses had been made impossible, and nothing remained but "total extirpation" of the mighty evil, which was but popery in a fresh shape. The prayer of the petition, on these grounds, was that episcopacy might be abolished, with all its dependencies, "roots and branches;" that all laws in its behalf might be repealed and made void, and that a new church government might be established "according to God's word rightly placed."

The demands went considerably further than the commons were as yet prepared to go, and all that was decided, therefore, after a long and warm debate, was that the petition "should not be rejected," but remain in the hands of the clerk of the house, with instruction, however, "that no copy of it should be given." At the same time, to appease the clamour of the twenty thousand signers of the petition, not very well content with a vote merely shelving their request, and declaring neither for nor against it, the commons decided to appoint immediately a new committee "to inquire of scandalous ministers." Some of the most zealous Puritan members having been nominated to serve upon this committee, which was invested with extensive powers, it soon became a formidable engine for overthrowing, if not episcopal government, at least episcopal governors. The committee found, as reported by Thomas May, "two kinds of scandalous ministers; either loose livers, and men of a debauched behaviour, for many such were gotten into good preferments, and countenanced, to affront the Puritans, or else offenders in way of superstition. Of the former sort, many were in a short time accused, by degrees censured, and turned out of their livings; of the latter sort, there was no small number of offenders, nor in likelihood could that which had been the way to all high preferments want walkers in it." The number of clergy thus expelled, or otherwise "brought to torment," was very great; according to Thomas May, "it seemed a little doomsday."

In the mean time, while carrying things with a high

hand, though in a somewhat tumultuous manner, as if startled and perplexed by the sudden possession of immense power, the commons kept one great task steadily before their eyes, the trial of the earl of Strafford. From the moment of his arrest the parliamentary leaders decided upon making the process against the earl an affair of state, and to put him forward as the incarnation of that despotism which had attempted, although without complete success, to annihilate all the liberties of the nation. In order to draw the attention, not only of all England, Scotland, and Ireland, but of the civilized world towards Strafford, and the defeat of the cause of which he had been the great and not undignified champion, all preparations for the trial were designed on the grandest scale. In the words of the "secretary for the parliament," the forms of proceedings were to be such "that no subject in England, and probably in Europe, ever had the like; so great as to be hardly called the trial of the earl of Strafford only. The king's affections towards his people and parliament, the future success of this parliament, and the hopes of three kingdoms depending on it, were all tried when Strafford was arraigned."

To conduct the proceedings with absolute fairness and justice, and leave no room for accusations that might be brought by the earl's friends of the law of the realm having become the vehicle of a new form of tyranny, more than four months were made to elapse between the arrest and the trial of Strafford, and he was furnished in the mean time with a detailed statement of the whole of the charges brought against him, and allowed the assistance of able lawyers to prepare his defence. The 22nd of March, 1641, was fixed for the commencement of the trial; but the outward preparations for it began as early as January, and were sufficiently large to put the citizens of the capital in a high state of excitement, detracting their attention from almost everything else. "The usual places for administering justice," says John Rushworth, assistant clerk in the House of Commons, and indefatigable taker of notes, "were thought too mean upon so great an occasion, and therefore scaffolds were erected in Westminster Hall, fit to receive so great an assembly as were to attend this trial. His majesty had a closet provided for him, the queen, and prince, near the place where the house of peers sat, to be every day at the trial of the earl, and hear what was said, and see what witnesses were produced, and take a full view of the greatness of the assembly, and yet remain privately in his closet, unseen. Seats were prepared for the lord high-steward and all the House of Lords, who sat as judges; and woollacks were placed for all the justices, or judges, to be their assistants. There were also seats provided for all the commons in parliament, though they came not with their speaker and his mace as a house of parliament, but as a committee of the whole house. Seats were likewise provided for the commissioners of the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, which made it an assembly of three kingdoms. At the lower end of the scaffold a place was provided for thirteen members of the House of Commons, who were appointed for the earl's prosecutors, to manage the evidence against

him; near to them was the place for the prisoner, with a table before him, and a desk to write upon, and a chair was set for him to rest himself when he found it needful. The books of his life, from the time of his admission into the cabinet of his prince's council, were exposed to the world's view; and the most profound learning of the laws of our country, the sharpest wit, and the deepest wisdom of our kingdom were employed to examine and measure what he had done, not only by those rules of justice whereby all our ordinary courts are wisely bound by our ancestors to proceed in the trial of criminals, but by those fundamental rules and maxims of our English government which parliament asserted to be the safeguard both of the king and the people."

The first day of the great trial, Monday, the 22nd of March, was spent in reading the articles of accusation, and the answers, given in writing, of Strafford. On this, as on every subsequent day, as long as the proceedings lasted, the lords were in their places as early as eight o'clock in the morning, while the king was usually half an hour before them. At the very commencement, in his nervous impatience to hear and see everything well, Charles broke down with his own hand the trellis which kept the royal box secret, so as to sit in full view of the public. The illustrious prisoner, upon whom all eyes were directed, far more than towards the king, who was, according to an eye-witness, "little more regarded than as if he had been absent, for the lords sat all covered," was conducted daily in a barge from the Tower to Westminster, in charge of the lieutenant, and surrounded by boats full of armed men. Arrived in the hall he at once took his seat at the desk, attended by four secretaries and several counsel. His behaviour and manners were full of dignity, according to the report of Robert Baillie, daily spectator of the extraordinary scene played off at Westminster Hall, and who went there in order to get a good place "a little after five every morning," or before the sun had risen. "The earl was always," Baillie noted, "in a suit of black, as in doole [mourning]. At the entry he gave a low courtesie; proceeding a little he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then at the bar, the fore-face of his desk, he kneeled, and rising quickly he saluted both sides of the houses and then sat down. Some few of the lords lifted their hats to him."

The indictment against Strafford, which was read on the first day of the trial, consisted of twenty-eight articles, the substance of which was contained in six points, namely, that he had traitorously endeavoured to subvert the fundamental laws and constitution of the two kingdoms of England and Ireland, and to introduce an arbitrary government in their place; that he had traitorously assumed regal power over the lives and persons of the subjects in both kingdoms; that to enrich himself and carry out his traitorous designs, he had diverted public funds to his own private use; that he had traitorously abused the power and authority of his office by encouraging papists, that they might assist him in return; that he had maliciously tried to stir up enmity between the subjects of England and Scotland, and had thus caused the effusion of blood; and that, to preserve himself from being questioned or accused, he had

endeavoured to subvert the fundamental rights of parliament. The proofs by which the whole of these articles of accusation were sustained had been drawn from a series of actions extending over the three great divisions of the earl's public life, those of his presidency of the northern provinces of England, of the government of Ireland, and of the rule of England, in the function of chief adviser of the king. As president of the council of the north, Strafford was charged with having procured powers subversive of the laws of England, and with having distinctly announced tyrannical intentions, by declaring that the people should find "the king's little finger heavier than the loins of the law." As governor of Ireland, he was accused of having publicly asserted "that the Irish were a conquered nation, and that the king might do with them as he pleased." As chief minister of England, he was charged with having advised the king to act in defiance of the fundamental laws of the realm, to coin base money, to impose arbitrary taxes, and generally to govern the kingdom by his own authority, without the authority of parliament. The reading of the charges occupied half a day, and the other half was taken up with the replies of the earl, carefully prepared and exceedingly able, but more specious than convincing. "His great object," Thomas May recorded, "was to keep off the blow of high treason, whatsoever misdemeanours should be laid upon him; of which some he denied, others he excused and extenuated with great subtlety, contending, to make one thing good, that misdemeanours, though never so many and so great, could not by being put together make one treason, unless some one of them had been treason in its own nature." Summing up his entire defence in a few words, the earl exclaimed, "I think no indiscretion, or unskilfulness, or passion, or pride of words can amount to treason; as for misdemeanours, I am ready to submit to your justice."

The great struggle commenced on the second day of the trial, when John Pym came forward as chief public prosecutor, in the name of the whole House of Commons, and as spokesman of the thirteen members who had been appointed to conduct Strafford's impeachment. "My lords," the stately orator and great political leader began his charge, "we stand here by the commandment of the knights, citizens, and burgesses now assembled for the commons in parliament, and we are ready to make good that impeachment whereby Thomas, earl of Strafford, stands charged in their name, and in the names of all the commons of England, with high treason. This, my lords, is a great cause, and we might sink under the weight of it, and be astonished with the lustre of this noble assembly, if there were not in the cause strength and vigour to support itself and to encourage us. It is the cause of the king: it concerns his majesty in the honour of his government, in the safety of his person, in the stability of his crown. It is the cause of the kingdom: it concerns not only the peace and prosperity, but even the being of the kingdom. We have the piercing eloquence, the cries, and groans, and tears, and prayers of all the subjects assisting us. We have the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland, in travail and agitation with us, bowing themselves, like the hinds spoken of in Job, to cast

out their sorrows. Truth and goodness, my lords, they are the beauty of the soul, they are the perfection of all created nature, they are the image and character of God upon the creatures. This beauty, evil spirits and evil men have lost; but yet there are none so wicked but they desire to march under the show and shadow of it, though they hate its reality. This unhappy earl, now the object of your lordships' justice, hath taken as much care, hath used as much cunning, to set the face and countenance of honesty and justice upon his actions, as he hath been negligent to observe the rules of honesty in the performance of all these actions. My lords, it is the greatest baseness of wickedness that it dares not look in its own colours, nor be seen in its natural countenance. But virtue, as it is amiable in all respects, so not the least is that it puts a nobleness, it puts a bravery upon the mind, and lifts it above hopes and fears, above favour and displeasure: it makes it always uniform and constant to itself. The service, my lords, commanded me and my colleagues here to take off the vizard of truth and uprightness which hath been sought to be put upon this cause, and to show you the actions and intentions of the earl in their own natural blackness and deformity."

Pym then went into the detail of the charges against the accused, and his articles of defence, replying to the latter point for point. Through nearly the whole of them ran the ingenious assertion of Strafford, that if he had acted in an arbitrary and despotic manner, which he did not altogether deny, he had been no worse, or more addicted to violence, than his predecessors in office, but rather more moderate. To which Pym replied, eloquently, referring chiefly to the earl's government of Ireland: "He speaks of his moderation, but when you find so many imprisoned of the nobility, so many men, some adjudged to death, some executed without law; when you find so many public rapines, so many soldiers sent to make good his decrees, so many whippings in defence of monopolies, so many jurors, because they would not give verdicts on his side, fined and imprisoned; when you find men of quality disgraced, set on the pillory, and other cruelties, as will appear through our evidence, can you think there was any moderation? And yet truly, my lords, I can believe that though if you compare his courses with those of men in other parts of the world, they will be found beyond all others full of tyranny and harshness; but that if you compare them with his own mind and disposition, perhaps there was moderation. The habit of cruelty in himself, no doubt, is more perfect than any act of cruelty; but if this be moderation, I think all men will pray to be delivered from it. I may truly say that it is verified in him that 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'"

Strafford's verbal rejoinder to the imputations of the great leader of the commons was extremely skilful, and marked even by a certain rough eloquence, not unbecoming in a man whose career had been a practical illustration of the dogma of might standing above right. Even now, he did not disguise his fondness for the employment of physical force, acknowledging it in many bold utterances, which gained him the suffrages of all the Roman-Protestant

priests, of all the courtiers, and all the ladies. "The clergy in general," Thomas May recorded, "were so much fallen into love and admiration of this earl that the archbishop of Canterbury was almost quite forgotten by them. The courtiers also cried him up; and the ladies, whose voices will carry much with some parts of the state, were exceedingly on his side. It was a very pleasant object to see so many Sempronias—all the chief court ladies filling the galleries at the trial—with pen, ink, and paper in their hands, noting the passages and discoursing upon the grounds of law and state. They were all of his side, whether moved by pity proper to their sex, or by ambition of being thought able to judge of the parts of the prisoner."

But all the love of the "clergy in general," of courtiers, and of "the sex"—the ladies with their soft hearts strangely forgetful that the hero before them had reduced thousands of families to ruin and misery, had shed the blood of human beings as merciless as a butcher in the shambles, and had endeavoured to bury the welfare of whole races under the rod of a barbarous despotism, looking upon nations like mere herds of tame animals—did not and could not avail the illustrious prisoner at the bar. The longer he fought against his prosecutors, the more it became manifest, and clear above any manner of doubt, that both his actions and his counsels had been to break down the barriers of law and of justice, and erect in their stead an edifice of tyranny based solely upon brute force. Among the most striking proofs to this effect was the conduct of the earl on the day of the dissolution of the short parliament of 1640, embodied in the twenty-third article of his impeachment. "The said earl of Strafford," the charge ran, "with the help and assistance of the archbishop of Canterbury, did procure his majesty to dissolve the said parliament upon the fifth day of May last; and upon the same day the said earl of Strafford did treacherously, falsely, and maliciously endeavour to incense his majesty against his loving and faithful subjects who had been members of the House of Commons, by telling his majesty they had denied to supply him; and afterwards, upon the same day, did traitorously and wickedly counsel and advise his majesty to this effect, viz., that having tried the affections of his people, he was loose and absolved from all rules of government, and that he was to do everything that power would admit; and that his majesty had tried all ways and was refused, and should be acquitted towards God and man; and that he had an army in Ireland—meaning the army consisting of Papists, his dependants, as aforesaid—which he might employ to reduce this kingdom." The charge thus formulated was founded wholly on examinations taken before the lords, and was nearly literally in the words of the several witnesses. Feeling conscious that if this part of the accusation against him was clearly proved, he was lost, Strafford exerted himself to the utmost to upset it. Yet all his efforts failed, till at last an almost accidental circumstance furnished overwhelming evidence of his guilt.

From the testimony of the witnesses examined in the upper house, it appeared that the words imputed to Strafford in the twenty-third article of the charge—

sheet were spoken at a meeting of the privy council, on the question, argued before the king, of finding means and money to carry on war against the people of Scotland. To substantiate the accusation, it was indispensable that all the councillors present at the meeting should come forward at the trial, the consent to which was extorted after great difficulty from the king, he releasing his advisers for the purpose from their official oath of secrecy. On being placed in the witness box, all the privy councillors, with the exception of two, who pleaded defective memory, deposed to Strafford having uttered the first part of the words with which he stood charged; but they professed at the same time not to know anything about the most important portion of the speech, the offer made to the king to bring over the Irish army to reduce England to subjection. The evidence on this point was solely that of the lord-treasurer and chief secretary of state, Sir Henry Vane, the elder, who had been brought to admit, with great reluctance, that the earl had advised the king to the effect, "You have an army in Ireland, and you may employ it to reduce this kingdom." Strafford altogether denied these words, accusing the lord-treasurer that he had invented them to ruin him; and the latter, sincerely attached to the royal cause, and frightened at the weight of his own evidence, which he had not perceived till too late, seemed ready to admit that he had told an untruth, when a strange incident came to confirm the charge in an unexpected manner.

On the thirteenth day of the great trial, Saturday, the 10th of April, John Pym arose, and produced "a copy of notes taken at a junto of the privy council for the Scots affairs, on the 5th of May last," which had been taken from the cabinet of the lord-treasurer, abstracted therefrom by his son, Sir Henry Vane the younger. "Secretary Vane being out of town," the story ran, "sent a letter to his son, then in London, with the key of his study, for his son to look in his cabinet for some papers there, to be sent to him. The son, looking over many papers, among them alighted upon these notes, which being of so great concernment to the public, and declaring so much against the earl of Strafford, he held himself bound in duty and conscience to discover them. He showed them to Master Pym, who urged him and prevailed with him that they might be made use of in the evidence against the earl of Strafford, as being most material, and of great consequence in that business." The notes produced contained the abridged report of a discussion that had taken place on the 5th of May in the privy council, in which King Charles, the lord archbishop, and the lord-lieutenant were set down as the principal speakers, under the initials of K. C., L. Arch., and L. L. The most important part of the dialogue between K. C. and L. L. was as follows:—K. C.: "How can we undertake offensive war if we have no money?" L. L.: "Borrow of the city a hundred pounds, and go on vigorously to levy ship-money. Your majesty having tried the affection of your people, you are absolved and loose from all rule of government, and to do what power will admit. Your majesty having tried all ways, and being refused, you shall be acquitted before God and man. And you have an army in Ireland that you may employ

to reduce this kingdom to obedience." The lord-treasurer, sobbing violently and wringing his hands, admitted that the notes were his own. Strafford seemed utterly dismayed at the sudden production of the new evidence against him, till, on one of his friends suggesting that "this kingdom" might mean, not England, but Scotland, he roused himself to another effort. After denying again solemnly the charge brought forward in the twenty-third article, he cried: "And suppose I spake the words, which I grant not, yet the word 'this' cannot rationally imply England, because England was not out of the way of obedience, and because there never was any the least intention of landing the Irish army in England. Shall a man's life depend upon a single word?" The last question the lord-lieutenant of Ireland was well able to answer for himself, looking back upon the acts of his own despotism.

On the fifteenth day of the trial, Tuesday, the 13th of April, the earl of Strafford summed up his whole defence in a speech, the grandest he had yet made, in which he put forward a new plea, of high importance from a purely legal point of view. It was that, even admitting that what he had done was wrong, there was no law in existence forbidding it, or setting a penalty upon it; or, in other words, that there was no law in the statute book of England prohibiting a minister from counselling his sovereign to commit actions tending to the overthrow of the national rights and liberties. There was courage needed to set up such a defence, and he showed no want of it, nor of eloquence. "My lords," he exclaimed, rising as if for a final effort, the vast assembly being hushed in silence, "it is hard to be questioned upon a law which cannot be shown. Where hath this fire lain hid so many hundreds of years without any smoke to discover it, till it thus burst forth to consume me and my children? That punishment should precede promulgation of a law; to be punished by a law subsequent to the fact, is extreme hard; what man can be safe if this be admitted? My lords, it is hard in another respect that there should be no token set by which we should know this offence, no admonition by which we should avoid it. If a man pass the Thames in a boat, and split upon an anchor, and no buoy be floating to discover it, he who owneth the anchor shall make satisfaction; but, if a buoy be set there, every man passeth at his own peril. Now, where is the mark, where the token upon this crime, to declare it to be high treason? My lords, be pleased to give that regard to the peerage of England as never to expose yourselves to such moot points, to such constructive interpretations of laws. If there must be a trial of wits, let the subject-matter be of somewhat else than the lives and honours of peers. It will be wisdom for yourselves, for your posterity, and for the whole kingdom, to cast into the fire these bloody and mysterious volumes of constructive and arbitrary treason, as the Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the law, that telleth us what is, and what is not treason, without being more ambitious to be more learned in the art of killing than our forefathers. It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alleged crime, to this height, before

myself. Let us not awaken those sleeping lions to our destructions, by raking up a few musty records that have lain by the walls so many ages forgotten or neglected. May your lordships please not to add this to my other misfortunes: let not a precedent be derived from me so disadvantageous as this will be in the consequence to the whole kingdom. Do not, through me, wound the interest of the commonwealth; and, however these gentlemen say they speak for the commonwealth, yet, in this particular, I indeed speak for it, and show the inconveniences and mischiefs that will fall upon it." If this part of the earl's speech was for the brain, the rest was for the feeling of his hearers. "And now, my lords," Strafford concluded his oration, "for my myself I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment; and whether that judgment be of life or death, 'Te Deum laudamus.'" Many of the listeners cried at this noble flight of oratory, which, however, appeared somewhat of the theatrical kind to Robert Baillie and his Scotch friends. "In the end, after some lashness and fagging," the honest Presbyterian minister noted down, "he made such ane pathetic oration, for ane half-hour, as ever comedian did upon a stage. Doubtless, the matter and expression was exceeding brave: doubtless, if he had grace or civil goodness, he is a most eloquent man."

Pym's reply to Strafford was something more than "ane pathetic oration." He began by upsetting the legal subtlety of the man whose whole career had been one long course of illegality, and who now pleaded that there was no special statute to meet his case, by a superb sentence. "The commons," he exclaimed, "charge the earl with nothing but what the law in every man's breast condemns: what is condemned by the light of nature, the light of common reason, the rules of common society." He then went on: "The law hath a power to prevent, to restrain, to repair evils; without this, all kinds of mischief and distempers will break in upon the state. It is the law that doth entitle the king to the allegiance and service of the people; it is the law that entitles the people to the protection and justice of the king. It is God alone who subsists by himself, and all other things subsist in mutual dependence and relation. He was a wise man who said that the king subsisted by the field that is tilled: it is the labour of the people that supports the crown. If you take away the protection of the king, the vigour and cheerfulness of allegiance will be taken away, though the obligation remains. But the law is the boundary and the measure betwixt the king's prerogative and the people's liberty. Whilst these move in their own orbs they are a support and a security to one another: the prerogative a cover and a defence to the liberty of the people, and the liberty of the people a sure foundation to the prerogative of the king. But if these bounds be so removed that they enter into contestation and conflict, one of these mischiefs will ensue—if the prerogative of the king overwhelm the people, it will be turned into tyranny; if liberty undermine the prerogative, it

will grow into anarchy." After dwelling on the miseries caused by arbitrary government, to rulers no less than the ruled, Pym continued, in a warning voice, to which the occupant of the royal box would have done well to listen: "Arbitrary power is dangerous to the king's person and dangerous to his crown. It is apt to cherish ambition, usurpation, and oppression in great men, and to beget sedition and discontent in the people; and both these have been, and in reason ever must be, causes of great trouble and alteration to princes and to states. If the histories of those eastern countries be perused where princes order their affairs according to the mischievous principles of the earl of Strafford, loose and absolved from all rules and government, they will be found to be frequent in combustions, full of massacres, and of tragical ends of princes." Pym concluded his grand speech by a stern appeal to the judges to vindicate the majesty of the law and the outraged liberty of the nation, by declaring the earl guilty of high treason. "The forfeitures inflicted for treason by our law," he exclaimed, "are of life, honour, and estate, even all that can be forfeited; and this prisoner, having committed so many treasons, although he should pay all these forfeitures, will still be a debtor to the commonwealth. Nothing can be more equal than that he should perish by the justice of that law which he would have subverted. Neither will this be a new way of blood. There are marks enough to trace the law to the very origin of this kingdom; and if it hath not been put in execution, as he allegeth, these two hundred and forty years, it was not for want of law, but that all that time hath not bred a man bold enough to commit such crimes as these."

As in most cases where criminal proceedings are protracted to undue length, so in the trial of the earl of Strafford the many days that elapsed before it came to an end served but to raise sympathisers for the accused, while it softened the ardour of his enemies. "The success of every day's trial was the greatest discourse, or dispute, in all companies," Thomas May noted. After the hated minister had been carried up and down the river, from the Tower to Westminster, and back again, for a fortnight, his wan and worn appearance attesting the fearful inward struggle he was undergoing, human sympathy began to break through political feelings, and, as recorded by May, "the people began to be a little divided in opinions." The visible turn in the state of public feeling led to a change in the mode of prosecution originally chosen against the earl, and it was resolved by the commons, after lengthened debates, to proceed against him by bill of attainder, instead of by impeachment. The bill, opposed by Pym and the more ardent members of the lower house, on the ground of its protracting the trial still longer, but adopted by the majority mainly for the reason that it would give to the proceedings against Strafford a more national character if he were declared guilty by the commons as well as by the lords, was read a first time on Tuesday, the 13th of April, a second time on the following day, and finally passed on the 21st of the month, by a majority of two hundred and four against fifty-nine, not including tellers. Pym and Hampden, though both opposed in principle to the bill of attainder, voted for it, and the

only names of note in the minority were those of John Selden, Robert Holborne, and Lord Digby.

Lord Digby made a striking, though somewhat illogical speech against the bill, arguing that, however guilty, the king's adviser ought not to be condemned to death. "Truly," he exclaimed, "I am still the same in my opinions and affections unto the earl of Strafford. I confidently believe him to be the most dangerous minister, the most insupportable to free subjects that can be found. I believe his practices in themselves as high and as tyrannical as any subject ever ventured upon, and the malignity of them hugely aggravated by those rare abilities of his whereof God hath given him the use and the devil the application. In a word, I believe him to be still that grand apostate to the commonwealth who must not expect to be pardoned in this world till he be despatched to the other." After this terrible onslaught, more fierce than almost anything before uttered against Strafford, nothing less seemed possible than the urging that the earl should be instantly "despatched." However, Lord Digby concluded quietly: "And yet let me tell you, master speaker, my hand must not be to that despatch; I protest, as my conscience stands informed, I had rather it were off." Digby then voted against the bill of attainder, leaving the house unenlightened as to his real motives. They were revealed only a long time after by the confessions of Madame de Motteville, a vivacious French lady, attached to the queen's household, and one of the intimate companions of Henrietta Maria. The lady informed the world, in a book of "Memoirs," that the queen made the greatest efforts to save the earl of Strafford from his impending fate, intriguing to that effect with many members of the House of Commons. "Every evening," says madame, "was a rendezvous given, and the most mischievous of his enemies admitted to a conference with her by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartment of one or other of her ladies of honour who happened to be off duty and away in the country." To make the best use of her personal charms, Henrietta Maria met such of the parliamentary leaders as could be induced to visit her in a lonely apartment, "lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand: she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but Lord Digby." If anything was wanting to ruin the earl of Strafford, the queen's intrigues and political movements "by way of the back stairs" were more than sufficient for the purpose.

The bill of attainder was sent from the House of Commons to the lords the same day it had passed the third reading, Pym carrying it, and notifying to the peers "that it was a bill that highly concerned the commonwealth in the expediting of it." Notwithstanding this message, the members of the upper house showed great reluctance to enter upon a rapid procedure; and to quicken their zeal, when a week had elapsed without their doing anything, great multitudes came from the city, crowding all the approaches to Westminster Hall, and filling the air with cries of "Justice! Justice!" At the same time, the names of the fifty-nine members of the House of Commons who had voted in the minority against the bill of attainder were posted up "at the corner of

the wall of Sir William Brunkard's house, in the Old Palace-yard in Westminster," with the heading, "These are the Straffordians, betrayers of their country," which exposed those thus placarded to much obloquy, and even danger of attack by the mob. The majority in the commons, indignant at the procrastination of the lords, sent a message to the upper house on the 28th of April, by Edward Hyde, desiring once more they would expedite the bill of attainder, and expressing a belief that plots were being formed for the escape of the earl of Strafford from the Tower and his flight to Dublin, to head a revolt of the Irish army.

The message seemed to have little effect upon the peers, and seeing their unwillingness to obey the behests of the popular assembly as readily as before, the king deemed it a good opportunity to interfere in behalf of his minister. On the 1st of May, the bill of attainder being still pending, Charles, suddenly, and without previous announcement, went to the House of Lords, and ordered the commons to be summoned to the bar. The latter were not a little startled at the appearance of the messenger carrying the summons. "The treasurer," Sir Simonds D'Ewes entered in his diary, "being called forth to speak with Mr. James Maxwell, the usher of the black rod came in and told us that the king was come into the upper house, and expected us there. Some feared it had been to dissolve us, but others knew that it was only to speak to both houses concerning the earl of Strafford. Some would have gone upon Mr. Treasurer's intimation, but others showed that we ought not to go till Mr. Maxwell himself came to the house to give us notice thereof. So Mr. Treasurer offered to go himself, and to send Mr. Maxwell, to which the house assented. A while after Mr. Maxwell came in, bringing in his hands a white stick, that we might perceive he came not about a dissolution, for then he must have come with his black rod; and after he was come to the middle part of the house, he said, with a cheerful countenance, "Fear not, I warrant you!" Had Charles known what was going on within the House of Commons, he would have probably taken other steps than those of a humble supplicant to save the life of his great counsellor and restore his own fallen power. As it was, though the commons still stood in awe of the ancient authority of the crown, the bearer of the crown stood still more in awe of the new might of parliament, and from the moment this was known there could be no longer any doubt as to the issue of the battle.

It was the crisis of the struggle when the king took his seat on the throne of the House of Lords, on Saturday, the 1st of May, 1641. Had he possessed the courage at that moment to dissolve parliament in a constitutional manner, he might have very probably saved his minister, and, for the time at least, overthrown the popular party. However great their support out of doors, it would have been impossible for the parliamentary leaders to oppose the decree of dissolution, the power of which, as yet, was undisputedly vested in the crown; and once stripped of their authority, and reduced to the rank of simple citizens, they could have neither prevented the king

from granting Strafford a pardon, nor of readmitting him into his counsels, nor of making attempts to overthrow the army of the Covenanters, the continued presence of which in England, and payment out of the public exchequer, was beginning to cause great national jealousy.

Fortunately for the cause of freedom, Charles was possessed of no more boldness than perseverance; and, always the creature of impulse, he was now impelled by it to an action necessarily fatal to his own designs. His first words were enough to reassure Pym and his colleagues, standing bold upright, though full of anxiety, at the bar of the House of Lords. Addressing the members of the lower house, more than the lords, and speaking in a very humble tone, the king told them, what they all perfectly knew, that he had been present at the trial of the earl of Strafford, from the beginning to the end, and that in his opinion the accused was guilty only of misdemeanour, and not of high treason. "It is not fit for me," he went on, "to argue the business, and I am sure you will not expect it. A positive doctrine best comes out of the mouth of a prince, and I must tell you three great truths. First, I never had any intention of bringing over the Irish army into England, nor ever was advised by anybody so to do. Secondly, there was no debate before me, either in public council or in private committee, of the disloyalty and disaffection of my English subjects. Thirdly, I was never counselled by any one to alter the least of any of the laws of England, much less to alter all the laws. I think nobody durst ever be so impudent as to move me to that, for if they had, I should have put a mark upon them, and made them such an example that all posterity should know my intention by it, for my intention was ever to govern according to the law. I desire to be rightly understood. I told you that in my conscience I cannot condemn him of high treason, yet I cannot say I can clear him of misdemeanours; therefore I hope that you may find a way to satisfy justice and your own fears, and not to press upon my conscience. I hope you know what a tender thing conscience is. To satisfy my people, I would do great matters; but in this of conscience, no fear, no respect whatever, shall ever make me go against it. Certainly, I have not so ill deserved of the parliament this time that they should press me in this tender point."

Of all the injudicious speeches delivered by Charles in the course of his life, one more worthless and unwise never came from his lips. The "three great truths" he told his hearers were, as every one of them knew, from facts clearly and abundantly proved at Strafford's trial, three great untruths; and if this alone was not enough to raise a feeling of contempt towards the king, the supplicating and almost whining tone of his address completed the impression. In the words of Clarendon: "The event proved very fatal; for the king no sooner returned from the lords, than the House of Commons, in great passion and fury, declared this last act of his majesty to be 'the most unparalleled breach of privilege that had ever happened; that if his majesty might take notice what bills were passing in either house, and declare his own opinion, it was to forejudge their counsels, and

they should not be able to supply the commonwealth with wholesome laws; that this was the greatest obstruction of justice that could be imagined, and that they were bound to maintain the privileges of parliament;' with many other sharp discourses to that purpose."

The effects of the unwise step of Charles were felt immediately among the people, as well as in the House of Commons. Two days after the delivery of his speech, on Monday, the 3rd of May, a vast crowd of people from the city, to the number of five thousand or upwards, thronged down to Westminster, clamouring that sentence should be passed against Strafford, and threatening vengeance on all opposing the bill of attainder. The lords, feeling greatly alarmed at the tumult, at once despatched a message to the lower house, asking for a conference, but received the reply that the members were engaged in business of the highest importance which could not be postponed. Since six o'clock in the morning the commons had been sitting with closed doors, to listen and debate upon a plot revealed by Pym "to distract the English army and debauch them against the parliament," which was serious enough to attract the whole of their attention. The plot, partly the invention of the queen and her priests, consisted in bringing the army from York to London, so as to give the crown power both to liberate the earl of Strafford and to overawe parliament; and it had proceeded so far that the two leaders, Henry Percy, brother of the earl of Northumberland, and Colonel George Goring, eldest son of Lord Goring, and governor of Portsmouth, had obtained the king's consent to the scheme, Charles showing himself reckless enough to bestow it not only verbally but in writing. A great many preparations had been made already, when the two leaders commenced quarrelling with each other for precedence, which led to Colonel Goring communicating some details of the enterprise to one of his friends, Lord Newark, who in turn disclosed them to others, till, by a singular train of circumstances, the affair came to the knowledge of Pym, who disentangled its mysteries with a skilful hand. On finding that everything had been discovered, the colonel came forward as an informer, confessing not only to the intention of the conspirators to bring the army to London and liberate Strafford, but to a plan of the queen, which, it was said, the king had also sanctioned, of introducing French troops into England, and in the first instance into Portsmouth.

The narrative of the plot by Pym caused the greatest consternation and excitement, under the influence of which it was resolved that a "Protestation" should be drawn up, similar to the Covenant of Scotland, binding all the members of the House of Commons to defend the "true reformed Protestant religion," "the power and privileges of parliament," and "the lawful rights and liberties of the people." Every member of the house, four hundred and fifteen being present, took oath on the Protestation, and set his name to it; and the exultation rising with the deed, it was decided to send the document to the upper house, that the lords likewise might append their signatures. With the London crowd still at the gates, the peers dared not refuse the demand, and all except two

appended their names to the English Covenant. With still unabated excitement, the commons continued sitting by candlelight, and with closed doors, till eight o'clock at night. Votes were passed that commissioners should be sent to the army in the north, that the militia forces in Wiltshire and Hampshire should be drawn towards Portsmouth, and those of Sussex and Kent around Dover, and that any person suggesting or advising the introduction of foreign troops into England should be deemed a traitor to the commonwealth. It was finally resolved upon to tender the Protestation to all subjects of the king, with the declaration that those refusing it should be looked upon as enemies of the nation. "This was conceived to be," according to Rushworth, "a true test of every good subject, a Shibboleth to distinguish the Ephraimites from the Gileadites."

The day after the drawing up of the Protestation, Tuesday, the 4th of May, John Pym brought forward a motion of higher importance than any that had yet been laid before the House of Commons. He and the other parliamentary leaders had been fully conscious all along, and the events of the last few days had impressed the fact with increased strength upon their minds, that the power which they had newly acquired was without substance as long as the king held the legal weapon of dissolution in his hands, and they now prepared to wrench it from him by a step of extraordinary boldness. The bill brought in by Pym, and for which he claimed the immediate attention of the house, simply enacted that "to prevent inconvenience which may happen by the untimely adjourning, proroguing, or dissolving this present parliament," its sittings should be permanent, so far that the king should have no power to end them or suspend them, without the assent of lords and commons by a formal vote. As direct ground, or pretext, for a measure effecting a tremendous change in the fundamental laws of the realm, and completely upsetting the old balance between parliament and royalty, Pym shrewdly put forward a money-question, well fitted to veil the deep suspicion in the king's honesty, of which all men's minds were full, but which none felt allowed to express. It was the necessity of raising the necessary sums for the payment of the two armies in the north, which, as had been found already, could be done only on the faith of the representatives of the nation, the merchants of London and the monied interest of England generally refusing to make the least advances on mere crown guarantee. Latterly, some great capitalists had strongly demurred to enter upon any further loans until some assurance was given them that the parliament would not be as evanescent as most of its predecessors; and their protests were read by Pym, together with letters from the earl of Montrose, commander of the Scotch troops at Newcastle, intimating that unless some regularity of pay were secured to his men, they must resort to free quarters on the inhabitants of Northumberland.

The reasons thus given were deemed quite sufficient by the commons, and the bill upsetting the highest prerogative of the crown of England was adopted with great alacrity. It was read three times on three successive days, and on Friday, the 7th of

May, the commons resolved, by a nearly unanimous vote, "that this parliament shall not be adjourned, prorogued, or dissolved, but by act of parliament." As soon as passed, the bill was sent to the lords, who made a faint attempt to modify its effects by inserting a clause that the statute should continue in force for only two years. However, the commons were in no mood to undo their work by adopting such a limitation of the power which they had succeeded in grasping, and upon stoutly insisting that the bill voted by them should pass without change, the peers at once gave way. On Saturday, the 8th of May, at a very thin meeting of the upper house, many lords staying away for fear of the king, and many more for fear of the people, the bill for the continuance of parliament was adopted by a small majority, together with the act of attainder against the earl of Strafford. Both bills, more important in their consequences than any ever passed within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel, were laid before the king the same day, Pym and his colleagues showing a fierce determination not to lose a minute in the progress of the great battle in which they were engaged. A committee of both houses, with Pym for spokesman, and including, among others, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, carried the weighty document to Whitehall late on the Saturday afternoon. "The king," Sir Simonds noted down, "looking very sadly, said he would take time to consider, and give them an answer on Monday, at ten of the clock."

The hours that intervened between the Saturday afternoon and the Monday morning were pregnant with the fate of a king and the fate of a nation. Charles himself, small as was his sagacity, could not fail to see that the crisis at which he had arrived was the turning-point of his career, and that in his hands was left the decision of his own, as of England's weal and woe. Two roads, and two only, opened before him, between which he might make his choice as a wise sovereign, or either, at least, as an honest man: the first was to go frankly and uprightly with the representatives of the nation, and the second to go frankly and uprightly against them. A true king, seeking his happiness in that of the subjects entrusted to his care, could not but choose the first; but even the adoption of the second would not have been undignified or unbecoming in a monarch in the position of Charles. He possessed still the full legal and constitutional power to refuse his assent to both bills laid before him by the parliament; and he could give confidence to his friends, and extort respect even from his enemies, by showing his determination not to abdicate any part of his authority, nor abandon one of his most faithful servants. There were difficulties, but not insuperable, in carrying out the latter resolution. Though having lost the affection of his subjects by monstrous misgovernment, he was still sure of their loyalty, as long as keeping in the legal path and abstaining from arbitrary measures, and few were there prepared to be unfaithful to him as long as he was faithful to them and faithful to himself.

But to his own immense misfortune, no less than that of the nation, Charles resolved once more to act without faith, and to seek the end of his difficulties by walking on the crooked road of fraud and duplicity. On the advice partly of his consort, who, like a true

Jesuit pupil, believed in nothing but plots and intrigues, and was now holding the threads of half a dozen conspiracies in her hands, and partly of some of the bishops of Laud's party, the king made up his mind to give his consent to the two bills before him; but at the same time to use all possible underhand means to free himself from the restraints thus voluntarily accepted. In order to make a compromise with his own better nature for consenting to the death of Strafford, he summoned the archbishop of Armagh, James Usher, a master in sophistry, to give him advice, religious as well as political, upon the subject. The archbishop, fully aware of the duties his majesty expected him to perform, entered with him into a long discussion "about conscience," laying it down, finally, as reported by Clarendon, "that there was a private and a public conscience; that his public conscience as a king might not only dispense with, but oblige him to do that which was against his private conscience as a man; that the question was not as to whether he should save the earl of Strafford, but whether he should perish with him; and that, lastly, the conscience of a king to preserve his kingdom, the conscience of a husband to preserve his wife, and the conscience of a father to preserve his children, all which were now in danger, weighed down abundantly all the considerations the conscience of a master or of a friend could suggest to him for the preservation of a friend or a servant." Having listened to this remarkable counsel, duly appreciating the fine distinction between the two kinds of consciences, private and public, it was impossible for Charles further to withhold his assent to the death of Strafford.

As promised, on Monday morning, the 10th of May, the king delivered his answers to the two bills presented to him on Saturday. The earl of Arundel and three other lords of the privy council having gone as a royal commission to the upper house, the commons were summoned to the bar, and informed that his majesty did give his assent to the act of attainder against the earl of Strafford, as well as to the bill suspending his royal prerogative of dissolving parliament. On the same day the warrant was passed under the great seal for the execution of the earl of Strafford, the time fixed on being Wednesday, the 12th of May. All seemed accomplished now; but, to their great astonishment, the commons were once more summoned to the bar of the lords on Tuesday, the 11th of May, this time to hear the reading of a letter from the king, carried, to add to its impressiveness, by the hands of the little prince of Wales, just eleven years old. It was a letter pitiful in the extreme, and such as, probably, no king had ever before written to his subjects. "My lords," the note ran, "I did yesterday satisfy the justice of the kingdom by passing the bill of attainder against the earl of Strafford; but mercy being as inherent and inseparable to a king as justice, I desire at this time in some measure to show it, by suffering that unfortunate man to fulfil the natural course of his life in close imprisonment, yet so that if he ever make the least attempt to escape, or offer, directly or indirectly, to meddle in any sort of public business, especially with me, either by message or letter, it shall cost him his life, without further pro-

cess. This, if it may be done without the discontent of my people, would be an unspeakable contentment to me; to which end, in the first place, I by this letter do earnestly desire your approbation; and, to endear it more, have chosen him to carry it that of all your house is most dear to me. So I desire that by a conference you will give the House of Commons contentment, assuring you that the exercise of mercy is no more pleasing to me than to see both houses of parliament consent, for my sake, that I should moderate the severity of the law in so important a case. I will not say that your complying with me in this my intended mercy shall make me more willing, but certainly it will make me more cheerful, in granting your just grievances. But, if no less than his life can satisfy my people, I must say 'Fiat justitia.' Thus, again recommending the consideration of my intention to you, I rest your unalterable and affectionate friend, Charles Rex."

There was a postscript to the letter, more extraordinary almost than the note itself. "If he must die," his majesty observed, either believing in the utter uselessness of his plea for mercy, or wishing it to be so, "it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." The royal message had to be read twice, so passing strange seemed its contents; and having been taken into "serious and sad consideration" by the lords, the commons declining all interference, twelve peers were despatched to tell the king that the upper house could not advise either to alter the sentence against the earl of Strafford, or even to postpone his execution to the end of the week. While they were still speaking, sorrowful, and in deep humility, Charles interrupted them, crying, "What I intended by my letter was with an 'if'—if it might be done with the contentment of my people. If that cannot be, I say again, 'Fiat justitia!'" An hour after, the announcement was made to Strafford that he must die the next morning. He lifted up his hands in despair, crying, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

Strafford died with a fortitude becoming his character, though pursued to the last moment of his existence by the hatred of the people. Being led from his prison to the scaffold on Tower Hill, early on Wednesday morning, he stopped for a moment under the window of the cell where Laud was confined. On the archbishop coming forward to the iron bars, he bowed low, crying, "My lord, your prayers and your blessing." Laud stretched out his arms; but a glance at the condemned man, the scaffold, the executioner, and glittering axe, made him feel faint, and overcome with grief and horror, he sank to the ground. But the earl marched on boldly, amidst the yells and curses of the mob that was pressing upon him from all sides. Not far from the Tower gate the violence of the crowd became so great that the lieutenant of the guard desired a coach to be brought for his prisoner, fearing the multitude might tear him to pieces. However, Strafford declined the offer, exclaiming, with a smile, "No, master lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the

executioner or the madness and fury of the people—if that will give them content, it is all one to me.” Arrived upon the scaffold, not even the surging sea of human heads, more than a hundred thousand in number, a greater crowd than had ever before assembled on Tower Hill, made the earl tremble for a moment. After exchanging a few words with his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and listening to the spiritual consolation of the archbishop of Armagh, James Usher, he addressed the masses in a short speech, expressing his devotion to the church of England, his loyalty to the king, and his unaltered attachment to the people, but telling them, finally, that “he was come thither to satisfy them with his head, but that he much feared the reformation, begun in blood, would not prove so fortunate to the kingdom as they expected and as he wished.” Then he said his last prayers, took off his doublet, arranged his hair carefully, so as not to interfere with the axe that was to fall upon his neck, and all preparations finished “with marvellous tranquillity,” laid his head upon the block. The executioner severed it with one blow of his heavy axe, and holding it up by the hair over the scaffold, shouted “God save the king!” There was no response to the cry from the crowd, which for a moment appeared stupefied, satiated with the sight of the blood of their enemy.

Quietly and peacefully the vast multitude dispersed in all directions; but towards the evening the general satisfaction found vent in rapturous shouts and many noisy manifestations, intensely distasteful to the more fervent among the king’s partisans. “To show how mad this people are,” one of them, Sir Philip Warwick, wrote to a friend, “especially in and about this brutish city, on the evening of the day of the earl’s execution, the greatest demonstrations of joy that possibly could be expressed ran through the whole town and country hereabout. Many that came up to town on purpose to see the execution rode back in triumph, waving their hats, and with all expressions of joy, and through every place they went crying, ‘His head is off! his head is off!’ In many places they committed insolences upon, and broke the windows of those persons who would not solemnize the festival with a bonfire: so ignorant and brutish is the multitude.”

It was expected by the moderate men of all parties that the death of Strafford would calm the universal excitement, and give rise to more harmonious action between the king and parliament; but the events of the next few weeks made the hope of it extremely uncertain. The question of peace now more than ever depended upon the good faith and sincerity of the king. There could be no doubt that if he would honestly fulfil the expressed wishes of the nation, all excitement and angry feelings would soon be lulled to rest; but, on the other hand, there could be no doubt likewise, that if continuing his old course of double-dealing and dissimulation, the whole host of furious passions that had been aroused in the course of the last six months would flame up more fiercely and bitterly than before, leading to events the import of which as yet none could foresee. It was with intense anxiety, therefore, that all thoughtful men kept watching the conduct of Charles, and

with more intense affliction still, that they perceived, at the end of a very short time, that he had learned absolutely nothing in the school of adversity. During the trial of Strafford, bills for the abolition of those obnoxious instruments of tyranny, the High Commission Court, the Star Chamber, and the Court of the Marches of Wales, had passed the commons, yet were not laid before the lords till after the earl’s execution, and being approved of in the upper house, were then transmitted to the king, together with a new financial law, imposing a poll tax. The latter obtained at once the royal assent, but the former the king chose to ignore, in the hope, probably, that the bills might be forgotten in the multiplicity of legislative business before parliament; and it was not before he had been sharply reminded of his neglect that he sent them back as passed. The circumstance created much suspicion and discontent, which was greatly augmented on its being discovered that new plots were stirring at court.

The queen as before figured as chief mover and instigator in these plots. Her majesty had received just before, her mother, Marie de Medici, on a visit, the august lady having been expelled from France by Richelieu on account of her intrigues; and it was found now that she was continuing the same occupation in England, impressed with the idea of being able to restore the fallen fortunes of her royal son by holding long conferences with priests, Capuchin friars, and all kinds of adventurers, native and foreign. Charles himself was not directly at fault in the matter, for so far from appreciating the services of his vigorous mother-in-law, he exhibited a cordial dislike to her; nevertheless, the cabals she and her daughter set on foot were scarcely the less mischievous on this account, the king’s name being freely used on all occasions, and his pride, weakness, and indecision played upon in a manner which left him in the position of an actual accomplice. The great object of Henrietta Maria, as of her bustling mother, was to bring the troops in the north of England to London, “to rally round the throne,” which end they sought to achieve by keeping up a train of emissaries, and debauching as many officers and soldiers as they could lay hold of. It was impossible that these doings should not become known, and parliament hesitated not to put a stop to them at once. To get as near the originators as possible, the queen’s confessor, Father Philip, a Jesuit deeply implicated in all the plots, was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons; but the priest had pluck as well as cunning, and on the summons being handed to him, he boldly refused obedience, declaring that he was under the orders of the king and queen, and not of parliament. Sharper measures now became necessary, and a warrant being issued against him, the Jesuit was committed to the Tower, after a vain attempt of his royal mistress to save him from the grip of the parliamentary messengers. Articles of impeachment were drawn up at the same time against Father Philip, but abandoned soon after, the commons deeming it beneath their dignity to prosecute a mere tool like him, as long as they could not reach the hands that set him in movement. It was resolved, in the meanwhile, to send a remonstrance

to the king, requesting that he would be "very sparing in sending for papists to court;" and that the persons of the most active papists, of whatever degree, might be so restrained as was necessary for the good of the kingdom. Marie de Medici understood the purport of the message sufficiently well to express her intention to leave England forthwith; whereupon the commons, more gallant in the case than Cardinal Richelieu had been, at once declared their readiness to pay her travelling expenses.

In the midst of all these machinations, a great movement, almost unobserved by Charles, though infinitely more important than all the intrigues of queen, queen-mother, Jesuits, and Capuchins, was going on in the House of Commons. The great question of religion, hidden for a time under the all-absorbing trial of the earl of Strafford, was turning up again, and on its reappearance it was seen that the constitution of the lower house had undergone a vast change. The parties now had come to be more sharply divided, those in favour of the maintenance of episcopal government, whether moderate or extreme, had been brought to unite under a common banner, while their opponents of all shades had likewise ranged themselves together in close phalanx. All the great political leaders in the house, Pym, Hampden, and St. John at the head of them, who had hitherto discountenanced extreme measures, had now arrived to unite closely with the Presbyterians, as the only party on whose co-operation they could reckon with certainty, whose devotion was inexhaustible, who alone had fixed principles, who were ardent and anxious to accomplish something more than superficial changes, which might be swept away by another turn of the wheel, and, finally, who had the means as well as the will to effect a complete revolution in church and state. The gradual progress of party movement exhibited itself clearly in the votes of the commons on religious subjects. The first largely-signed petition of the city of London against bishops was simply ordered to be shelved; but a similar petition from the country, coming a month after, was set aside only after a lengthened debate. More remonstrances of the same nature coming in, a special committee was appointed to consider them, and on its report, the commons, on the 10th of March, passed the resolution, "That the legislative and judicial power of bishops in the House of Peers is a great hindrance to the discharge of their spiritual functions, prejudicial to the commonwealth, and fit to be taken away by a bill."

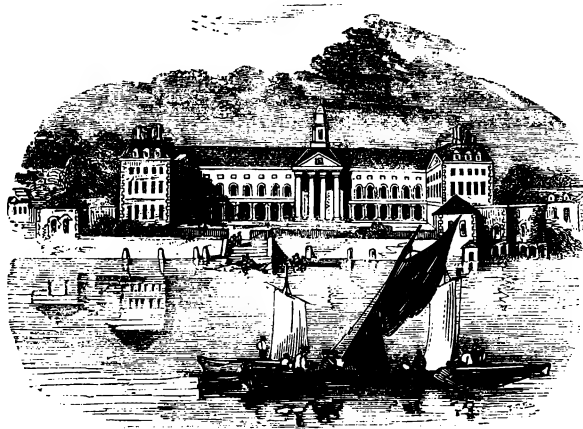
The vote was the first sign of the new coalition that was rising into existence in the lower house, and it was followed by others more and more significant. On the 10th of March a resolution was passed against the employment of bishops and clergymen in the commission of the peace, and on the 22nd of the same month they were declared unfit to serve as privy councillors or in any temporal office. A bill was next introduced, founded on these resolutions, and having passed through the regular forms, was sent to the upper house on the 1st of May. Here it was read a first and a second time, and referred to a committee, but on being reported on, the lords passed resolutions expressing general assent to the bill, op-

posing, however, the removal of bishops from their house. After several fruitless conferences, the commons refused the alteration, and the peers likewise declining to give way, the latter finally, on the 7th of June, threw out the entire bill at the third reading. As soon as the fate of the act was no longer doubtful, though before its actual rejection, the leaders of the House of Commons resolved to advance a long step. They held the time had come when, the lords spiritual and temporal refusing all compromise, they must lay the axe to the tree and hew down episcopacy itself. On the 27th of May, a petition from Lincolnshire, "with many hands to it," praying for the abolition of the government of archbishops, bishops, and subordinate church dignitaries, was presented by Sir John Wray, member for the county, and on the following day Sir Edward Deering, member for Kent, brought in a bill based upon this proposition, which was instantly read the first time. Sir Edward was not the framer of the all-important measure, but a humble tool, regretful, soon after, of his own acts. Repenting, the year after, that he had been bold enough to run a muck at episcopacy, he published an "Apology," in which he disclosed the true authors of the great movement towards a second Reformation. "The bill," confessed the member for Kent, "was pressed into my hands by Sir Arthur Hesilrige, being brought unto him by Sir Henry Vane and Master Oliver Cromwell."

The "Lord of the Fens," silently rising in parliament, but as yet not before the public gaze, had somewhat miscalculated the position of parties in bringing in his bill for the destruction of episcopacy. Events had not marched quite far enough for such a step, and it became manifest in a few days that the measure, if passed at all through the lower house, would be carried by so small a majority as to give the lords cause to reject it immediately. The second reading of the bill was opposed by Edward Hyde, Sir John Culpeper, and other members who had hitherto been reckoned among the zealous adherents of the popular party, but who now refused to go with it. Edward Hyde, whose secession gave great delight to the court faction, he being looked upon as one of the ablest members of the lower house, opposed the measure on the ground that the church and state of England had flourished "many hundred years" in much happiness under the existing form of government, and that the matters contained in the bill were "of very great weight," which was undeniable. In reply to Hyde, Sir Simonds D'Ewes came forward, reminding him that the episcopal church of England, so far from being "many hundred years" old, had not yet roots of more than a century; to which Pym added that, during this comparatively short period, "the bishops had well nigh ruined all religion amongst us, and were not willing to yield to the least reformation." Denzil Holles stirred up the jealousy of the commons by telling them that "some of the bishops, since the opposition in the lords to the last bill sent up to them, had boasted that they would sit in the upper house in despite of the lower house." But notwithstanding all the arguments employed by Pym and his colleagues, the second reading of the bill was carried only by the small majority of 139 against 108,

and having passed into committee, the leaders quietly resolved to postpone further efforts in the matter.

In the mean time it was deemed necessary to fortify the party organisation more than had been hitherto done, and bring over as many members as possible to the liberal-Presbyterian camp. The exertions made, rather characteristic of the time, were described by Lord Clarendon in his "Life," he relating what happened to "Mr. Hyde," that is to himself. "When Mr. Hyde sat in the chair, in the grand committee of the house for the extirpation of episcopacy, all that party made great court to him; and the house keeping those disorderly hours, and seldom rising till after four of the clock in the afternoon, they frequently importuned him to dine with them at Mr. Pym's lodging, which was at Sir Richard Manly's house, in a little court behind Westminster Hall, where he, with Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Hesilrige, and two or three more upon a stock kept a table, where they transacted much business, and invited thither those of whose conversion they had any hope. One day, after dinner, Nathaniel Fiennes, who that day likewise dined there, asked Mr. Hyde whether he would ride into the fields and take a little air, it being a fine evening, which, the other consenting to, they sent for their horses; and riding together in the fields between Westminster and Chelsea,



CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Mr. Fiennes asked him what it was that inclined him to adhere so passionately to the church, which could not possibly be supported. He answered, that he could have no other obligation than that of his conscience and his reason that could move with him, for he had no relation or dependence upon any churchman that could dispose him to it; but that he could not conceive how religion could be preserved without bishops, or how the government of the state could well subsist if the government of the church were altered, and asked him what government they meant to introduce in its place. To which he answered, that there would be time enough to think of that; but assured him, and wished him to remember what he said, that if the king resolved to defend the bishops it would cost the kingdom much blood, and would be the occasion of as sharp a war as had ever been in England, for that there was so great a number of

good men who had resolved to lose their lives before they would submit to that government."

While the bill for the abolition of episcopacy was being discussed, rumours of plots and conspiracies went flying about the lower house, disturbing the debates, and giving rise to sometimes pathetic and sometimes ludicrous scenes. It was well known that extraordinary efforts were made by the king, not only to overthrow the bill, but to destroy the influence of the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons; and the fear was, that being goaded into madness by the instigations of the queen and the bishops together, he might have recourse some day to violent means to rid himself of those whom he was taught to look upon as his mortal enemies. Towards the end of May, the bruit of a new gunpowder plot got current among the members, causing such fright as to lead to an interruption of the sittings, and an order that all the cellars under the parliament building should be carefully searched, and the result be reported to the house. No fresh Guy Fawkes was found, and the whole story turned out an idle rumour; but this did not prevent the occurrence, a few days after, of a strange scene of alarm.

The scene was destructive almost of the dignity of the representatives of the nation. As told by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, indefatigable note-taker, "There were broken some few lathes in the lowest south window, at the going up of the gallery, which gave a sudden crack, and much affrighted the house. The gentlemen in the gallery most of them ran away into the committee chamber, where they drew their swords. It came by one Mr. Moile, who let a paper fall in the vacant place between the said window and the gallery, and stooping to take it up, with his weight broke a few lathes, which made a sudden noise, much like the fall of part of a scaffold. All the gentlemen under the gallery in an amaze leaped down, and some fell one upon another; some ran away out of the house, as my Lord Cranborne [eldest son of Cecil, earl of Salisbury, returned to parliament for Hertford] and others. The people also running amazed through Westminster Hall, old Sir Robert Mansell drew his sword, and bade them stand like true Englishmen, no one being able to report the cause of their fright; but no man stayed with him. But he advanced alone out of the hall, towards the House of Commons, with his sword drawn. Mr. Thomas Earle broke his shin, and Sir Frederick Cornwallis [representative of Eye, distinguished member of the court party in the lower house, and particularly nice as to his personal appearance] had his hat all dusted with the lime that was scattered with the breach of the lathes. Mr. John Hotham met some of our house running away, and asked the cause; but they not telling it, pursuing their flight, he came to the door to inquire the cause, conceiving that there had been some division in the house concerning the deans and chapters. Sir John Wray conceived that there had been some treason against us; Sir Edward Rodney had a fall. After much confusion, the speaker, standing up a good while, did first spy the error before any other that stood at the upper end of the house where I was, near my constant place." Sir Simonds, together with many other

members, felt somewhat ashamed of the whole affair, but could give reasons for it. "It is very true," he noted down, "that there hath been a great pusillanimity and weakness in such a great and honourable assembly as the House of Commons; but the truth is, the late great treacherous design of the Papists being not yet fully discovered, we may be a little excused in our too deep apprehensions."

The apprehensions, great already, were considerably increased towards the end of June, 1641, by the announcement that the king intended going to Scotland, and to enter into more intimate communication with his northern subjects. From what had come to their ears before, the leaders of the popular party in parliament had much reason to suspect the journey as being fraught with evil designs, the fact having been proved to them that the earl of Montrose, formerly one of the ostensible leaders of the Presbyterian party in Scotland, had for some time past been playing a very ambiguous game between the court and the Covenanters, evidently bent upon getting a part of the army to espouse the king's interests. Montrose was closely watched by his personal enemy and political rival, the earl of Argyle; and the latter having succeeded in getting into the secrets of a clandestine correspondence he was carrying on with the court, gave information thereof to his Presbyterian allies in the House of Commons, who at once took steps to frustrate the new conspiracy. On the motion of Pym, a committee of seven members was appointed on the 23rd of June, to prepare the heads for a conference with the upper house, which took place on the following day, the leader of the commons acting as spokesman. Pym now informed the peers that "they had lately found out very malignant and pestiferous designs, set on foot, or plotted, to trouble the peace of the kingdom, the which, though they were prevented, were still pursued;" in consequence of which he brought forward ten propositions.

The first of the propositions was to disband the English troops, and to invite the chiefs of the Scotch army to return home and likewise discharge their men. It was absolutely necessary, Pym argued, that this should be done at once, as the maintenance of so many soldiers was not only an intolerable financial burthen, but a great source of political danger. The second proposal was to petition the king, either to give up his proposed journey to Scotland, or to postpone it until the two armies were disbanded; while the third was to petition his majesty, furthermore, to remove "all evil counsellors," and appoint such as the parliament might have cause to look upon with confidence. The fourth, fifth, and sixth propositions related to the queen, who was to be requested to take some trustworthy men into her service, to entertain "no Jesuits nor any native priests," to dismiss the college of Capuchin friars, to bring the royal children up in the true Protestant religion, and to discourage papists coming to court. The seventh proposal was to petition the king not to hold diplomatic intercourse with papal envoys, nor to appoint ambassadors to the pope, either in his own name or that of the queen, nor indeed, to keep up any communication with the court of Rome. The eighth proposition was to request his majesty that, for the security and peace of the king-

dom, the places of strength and important posts in the administration might be "put into safe hands;" that the navy "under that noble lord, in whose honour the House of Commons stands secure," the duke of Northumberland, might be increased in strength out of the proceeds of duties and taxes already granted by parliament; and that "all suspected persons" might be removed from the command of ships. The ninth proposal was to the effect that a general amnesty for all offences might be granted; and the tenth, that a joint committee of lords and commons should be established to confer about the best means for securing these several ends, as well as to watch over and protect the welfare of the nation.

Far-reaching as were the whole of these demands, they were subscribed to without resistance by the members of the upper house, who seemed ready for the moment to adhere to anything, provided they could keep off attacks from the church establishment. The king, with more of the policy of conciliation than he usually displayed, also received the petitions addressed to him in the most amicable manner, and, promising to do all that was desired of him, so much lulled the suspicions of the commons, that they withdrew their opposition to his northern journey, content to accept his royal word to disband the troops as soon as could possibly be done. This was exactly what Charles wanted. Always given to trust to lucky chances rather than the pursuit of firmly-laid plans, he was getting more and more into the position of a desperate gambler, staking his fortune now upon one card and now upon another. He had failed the year before in playing off England against Scotland, and felt feverishly eager at present to try the new game of Scotland versus England.

Charles set out for Scotland on Monday, the 10th of August, leaving in great haste, and neglecting at the last moment to provide for a regular government, notwithstanding the entreaties of parliament, which urged him to appoint a "custos regni," or lieutenant, during his absence. The king's own intention, not openly proclaimed however, was to leave his consort sole ruler in his absence, which was so far foreseen by the commons that they insisted beforehand upon the discharge of all her majesty's "extraordinary servants," a knot of priests and political emissaries; desiring likewise, that her mother, Marie de Medicis, should leave the kingdom, "for the quieting of jealousies in the hearts of his majesty's well-affected subjects." The intriguing royal lady accordingly left England a few days before the king's departure for the north, very indignant at the treatment she had received, but carrying with her a vast amount of treasure, partly the gift of her daughter and son-in-law, and partly of Pym and his colleagues, who, to get speedily rid of the dangerous visitor, allowed her ten thousand pounds out of the proceeds of the new poll-tax. Charles having declared his intention to delay his departure no longer than the 10th of August, the House of Commons held long sittings to pass the most pressing matters of legislation, meeting for this purpose even on Sunday, the 9th of August. However, the Sunday assemblies being looked upon by the majority as a deviation from parliamentary principles and practice, they apologized for it. In

an address dispersed among the people, as an act of necessity, with the appended declaration that it should not be drawn into a precedent.

Among the bills brought forward at the last moment was one by Sir Arthur Heselrige, member for Leicestershire, proposing that nominations to the command of the army and navy should be made only with the approval of the commons. However, the king, justly deeming that the measure, if passed, would be little else than a proclamation of want of confidence in him, succeeded in making a compromise with the propounders by offering to grant a commission of importance to the earl of Essex, son of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, who had come to be regarded as one of the most faithful adherents of the popular party in the House of Lords. In conformity with this agreement, Sir Arthur Heselrige dropped his bill, while Charles issued a patent nominating Essex, during his own absence from England, general-in-chief of all the royal forces south of the Trent, with power to raise troops in case of necessity. Having signed this important appointment, the king hurried off to the north, attended by but a meagre suit of courtiers, and taking with him in his coach three persons, the earl of Hamilton; his cousin, the earl of Lennox, newly created duke of Richmond; his nephew, Charles Louis, son of the unfortunate "Winter king," lately arrived on a visit to the English court.

The extraordinary haste of the king's departure, and his leaving unaccompanied by a single man whom they could trust, appeared ominous to the commons, so much so that it was resolved, after a short debate, to set a watch upon Charles's doings in the north, in the shape of a parliamentary commission. The peers, at a meeting of both houses, agreed to the proposal, and it was decided by a vote "to send a committee of lords and commons to attend his majesty in Scotland, to be present when the Act of Pacification should be transacted in that parliament, and to preserve the good intercourse and correspondence which was begun between the two nations." Two peers and four members of the lower house were intrusted with the important task, the vote nominating William earl of Bedford, Lord Howard of Esericke, Sir William Armyne, member for Grantham, Sir Philip Stapylton, member for Boroughbridge, John Hampden, and Nathaniel Fiennes, all of them adherents of the liberal party. The chief of their instructions was "to certify parliament from time to time of all occurrences which shall concern the good of this kingdom."

The precaution taken by parliament of watching the actions of Charles, by means of special commissioners following in his route, was not by any means a superfluous one, for it soon became fully evident that he had gone to Scotland with the determined object of seeking material help for renewing his old arbitrary policy. It was one of the king's huge mistakes, springing out of the narrowness of his views, to impute all the opposition he encountered to a few leading men, upon whom he looked, not as organs of public opinion, but as single individuals, moved more or less by personal interests; in consequence of which he always flattered himself with the hope of overthrowing every resistance to his rule,

if only able to get particular persons out of his way, either by destroying or by corrupting them. His failure in subduing by these means his English enemies, he attributed mainly to want of time and opportunity; but he expected to be more successful in Scotland, on account of everything lying within a smaller focus, the men necessary to be killed or to be purchased being less numerous, and social life altogether on so aristocratic a basis as to give a few families the greatest power. Charles, moreover, had come to consider the army of the Covenanters as the origin and basis of the ascendancy of the English parliament; and fancying that it might serve as an instrument to be turned in more than one direction, he had for some time past opened communications with several of the military leaders, and been successful enough to gain over at least one person of influence in the earl of Montrose. In now going personally to Scotland, the king had a very clear, and seemingly not difficult object before him, in the attempt to win over, or if that could not be, annihilate two or three more of the leading men, which appeared to him sufficient to bend the rest to his will.

From above the crowd of his old opponents, whom Charles hoped to turn into new friends, there stood out four remarkable persons, Alexander Leslie, the earl of Montrose, the marquis of Hamilton, and the earl of Argyle, and he thought that if he could but master these, his end would be fully gained. The chances seemed slightest with Alexander Leslie, whose past career as a military leader had furnished proofs of his devoted adherence to the Presbyterian party. However, the general of the Covenanters had not absolutely refused the offer of an earldom held out before him by the emissaries of Charles, so that there was hope left. James Graham, earl of Montrose, was already entirely purchased. His towering personal ambition aimed at a viceroyalty in Scotland, which had been promised to him; and being possessed of considerable military genius, with great personal daring, he doubted not of being able to play a similar part in his native country to that acted by Strafford in Ireland. With the third person on the king's list, the marquis of Hamilton, the case was somewhat different. A Presbyterian at heart, he yet was, or at any rate appeared to be, full of devoted loyalty to the king; and these two being looked upon as wholly irreconcilable principles, it naturally followed that he was suspected of double-dealing both by his own countrymen and by Charles. The king had least reason to distrust his kinsman, since he had given him, in a written document, singularly characteristic of his own cunning, full license to enter into the most intimate intercourse with the Covenanters, to assume their manners, habits, and language, and by these means to act as a spy in their camp. Singularly enough, the noble marquis played the part assigned to him with such perfection as to raise doubts in the mind of the king whether he himself was not the dupe in the game; so that there arose after a while in him a floating suspicion that Hamilton meant to vault even higher than Montrose, and, proud of the royal blood in his veins, aspired to nothing less than the crown of Scotland. However, the marquis as yet had not got farther in his ambitious designs than to make himself head of the small party

standing midway between the pure Royalists—a quite insignificant number of men, chiefly government officials—and the Covenanters, embracing the overwhelming majority of the nation, and who, while accepting the leadership of Alexander Leslie in military matters, owned as their great political guide, Archibald Campbell, earl of Argyle. It was the latter, a subtle thinker, able statesman, and skilful diplomatist, of whom the king stood most afraid, the chance of being able to win him over being apparently as slight as the difficulty to destroy him great. His fears increased when, on arriving at Edinburgh, Charles found that Argyle was carrying things with a high hand; that he had made himself absolute master of the capital, and even thrown the earl of Montrose into prison, under the accusation of treason. A law had been enacted, at the first raising of the standard of the Covenant, that none of the leaders should enter into correspondence with the court, on pain of death, and a letter of Montrose to the king having been intercepted by his watchful enemies, he was forthwith arrested and conveyed to Edinburgh castle. There seemed great probability that, under the very eyes of the king, the man who aimed to be the Strafford of Scotland would suffer the fate of his English prototype.

Startled though he was at the aspect of affairs in his northern capital, Charles acted with consummate ability. He began by flattering and caressing every man of importance with whom he came into contact, praised ministers for their eloquence, soldiers for their valour, and politicians for their wisdom; reminded all that he was born a Scotsman, and assured all that he was at heart a true Scotsman. To crown everything, the king determined upon stifling his religious convictions to the extent of attending Presbyterian worship, and even appointed Alexander Henderson, one of the authors of the Covenant, his private chaplain, stipulating that he should be with him night and day. This done, he opened parliament in a flaming speech, declaring that his patriotism and deep affection for his countrymen had driven him to revisit his native land; that he had come for the express purpose of remedying the “jealousies and distractions” of the last few years, and that he was bent upon giving them the most cheerful and ample fulfilment of all their claims and demands. After telling the members, finally, that he was the descendant of “one hundred and eight” kings of Scotland, he offered to ratify at once, by the national form of touching with his sceptre, the whole of the acts voted since the breaking out of hostilities. It seemed all very pleasant; nevertheless, the acting was so much overdone as to raise the suspicions of some of the parliamentary leaders, and Charles was told, politely yet firmly, that there was no necessity that he should put his sceptre out of place, since, by the law of Scotland and the stipulations of the last treaty, acts of parliament were valid without the royal assent. The slight show of opposition had no other effect than that of redoubling the visible anxiety of the king to gain popularity. He admitted the chief leaders of the Covenanting party to the privy council, bestowed the earldom of Leven upon Alexander Leslie, lavished titles and dignities upon all men of note, held long conferences with the

most zealous ministers, and went to kirk as punctually and listened to the long sermons as patiently as if born and bred a Presbyterian.

All the while the king was planning murder. Almost from the moment of his arrival in Scotland, Charles had entered, by means of one of his bed-chamber gentlemen, William Murray, into secret intercommunication with the imprisoned earl of Montrose, the result of which was a plot for the assassination of Argyle, as well as Hamilton, the latter having made himself more and more suspicious by his close intercourse with the section of the Covenanters most opposed to the royal party. The plan was to seize both leaders at an audience with the king, by a hired gang formed by Montrose, known as the “Banders and Plotters,” to accuse them of treason in the royal presence and that of a number of parliamentary leaders, and if offering the least resistance, or even uttering a word, which could not fail, to kill them on the spot. Everything was ready for the assassination, when, at the last moment, Hamilton and Argyle got warning of it, and had time to fly to Kinneird, where a number of their friends rallied round them. The news of the affair, which, mysterious as it was, people called “the Incident,” created the wildest excitement throughout Scotland, and turned the current of popular feeling once more strongly against the king. “When we came to Edinburgh,” Robert Baillie wrote to a friend, “we found ane very evil spirit had been stirring. A wicked plot, desperate, devilish, and new, to have accused, in presence of the king and parliament, Hamilton and Argyle of words of highest treason, and to have proven them by suborned witnesses. The grounds of this are not yet found out, you shall hear of it anon; and had it succeeded, we had fallen into a woful misery and ane bloody butchery. But God strangely discovering it, has made it evanish and turn much to our good.” The story of “the Incident,” as it turned to the good of the Presbyterian party, so it ruined all the expectations of Charles in his northern kingdom.

The news of the “wicked plot” found a powerful echo in England. It fulfilled the worst apprehensions of the leaders of the popular party, and they at once set to reorganize their strength, preparing to meet force by force should an attempt be made to overthrow parliament by fraud or violence. The commons had adjourned soon after the king’s departure, appointing a committee, presided over by Pym, during the recess; but they reassembled immediately after the report of “the Incident,” and at the first sitting, on the 20th of October, the great leader spoke in strong terms about “the mysterious affair in Scotland.” He gave his opinion that “some of the parties suspected to have had a hand in that design are reputed papists,” and deeming it probable that “they might have correspondency with the like party here,” proposed that the lord mayor of London should be written to, and asked “to place convenient guards in several places of the city till he received further orders from the parliament.” This was done immediately, after which Pym proceeded to take further measures for the security of parliament and the success of the great cause of which he had made himself the most forward champion. Keeping up a close correspondence with Hampden

and Fiennes, the two most active of the parliamentary commissioners who had followed the king to Scotland, he was constantly well informed about all that was going on in the north, and, watching the progress of Charles's schemes there and nearer home with keen anxiety, prepared to parry stroke for stroke and thrust for thrust.

Pym was assisted in his momentous labours, on which not only the safety but the very existence of the popular party had come to rest, by a few of the abler or more influential members of both houses, who assembled either at his lodgings, or at Lord Mandeville's house at Chelsea, or at the earl of Holland's house at Kensington. Among the peers present at these remarkable gatherings, source of many measures involving the fate of the kingdom, were the earls of Essex and of Newport, Lords Saye and Sele, Mandeville, and Wharton; while of members of the lower house there were chiefly Oliver St. John, Denzil Holles, Sir John Clotworthy, and Lord Dungarvon, eldest son of the earl of Cork. One of the objects of the private assemblies over which Pym presided was to discuss and keep watch over the doings of the queen, who since the departure of Charles had taken up her residence at the secluded mansion of Oatlands, near Weybridge, in Surrey, where she was keeping court surrounded by the most devoted of the Royalist nobles and their open and secret friends. The deliberations of the Oatlands party might have remained a profound secret to Pym's cabinet councils at Chelsea and Kensington, but for the flitting to and fro of a beautiful and clever woman, Lucy, countess of Carlisle, sister of the earl of Northumberland, and bosom friend of the queen. Henrietta Maria had implicit confidence in the lovely, radiant creature, who, she believed, was devoted to her body and soul, her confessed object in visiting the detested parliamentary leaders being only to get at their secrets. But the queen little understood the real character of fair Lucy. A woman of strong intellect and passions, married to a simpleton, whom she detested and treated as a puppet, Lady Carlisle had other purposes than to discover state intrigues in engaging in meetings with John Pym. Attracted, like most women of her class, by talent and energy combined with success, the earl of Strafford had for some time arrested her fancy, leading her to pay him visits even when in prison, and to make some efforts to save his life. However, she was too strong-minded to be disconsolate when the grave closed over him; and so far from hating his foes, she turned with enthusiasm to the man whose superior genius had succeeded in subverting, Strafford's schemes, and bringing him to the block, and thenceforward she became the professed admirer of the great popular party leader. Being near sixty, and having too much real work on hand to engage in flirtation with a volatile, strong-minded lady, Pym at first treated her very coldly, which had the natural effect of inflaming her still more, until she seemed ready to fall in worship at the feet of the champion of liberty. Thus fair Lucy kept sliding from the lodgings of Master Pym to Oatlands palace, and from Oatlands palace back to Master Pym, leaving her royal bosom friend under the full impression that she alone profited by her movements.

Keenly watching the doings of the king and royal

party, Pym, on receiving the news of "the Incident," could no longer doubt that the cause of liberty was threatened by another attack, which, if not warded off at once, might be its death-blow. Together with the reports from Scotland, there came others from Ireland of the same nature: there, too, the agents of despotism were hard at work with bribery and corruption, making every effort to prepare the army of eight or nine thousand Roman Catholic soldiers, which Strafford had raised for his own purposes, to become a fit tool in the royal interest. To add to all these sources of disquiet, it was found that the constitution of parliament itself was gradually undergoing a change, the attempts of Charles to draw influential members over to his side having proved successful in a number of cases, leaving the popular party extremely weakened for action. Among those of whose apostasy there could be no longer a doubt after the recess, were two prominent men who had taken an active part in the prosecution of Strafford and all the other measures leading to the overthrow of arbitrary power, Lord Falkland, and Edward Hyde, the future Lord Clarendon. The two carried with them a train of from twenty to thirty votes, and their defection was the more serious as it was accompanied by the indecisive attitude of another group of members, straining their eyes to see which way the tide would ultimately turn, and who came to be known as "Trimmers." The general attendance in the House of Commons, which had been from the commencement of the parliament rather irregular, showed likewise a marked diminution at the beginning of the second part of the session, the loss affecting chiefly the popular party, while the court faction and its new recruits mustered in great strength. The "Trimmers" and waiters on providence were in much doubt as yet whether the king or the old parliamentary leaders would get the upper hand in the great struggle that was darkly looming before the eyes of all; and not knowing which way to turn, they resolved to pursue the convenient course of absenteeism until fortune had declared itself more decisively. It was enough to shake the courage of men less determined than Pym and his more immediate friends and coadjutors; but to them the dangers, great as they were, served but as incentives to renewed displays of energy. The problem of saving liberty, not only from the attack of its powerful enemies, but from the vacillation and discouragement of its own fainthearted friends, was a mighty one, yet they solved it in a manner worthy of them and worthy of their cause. After long and earnest discussion, the parliamentary leaders resolved to lay the case of the nation before the nation, in a final appeal, describing the past and present state of the realm, and leaving the people to decide in the last instance whether they would have back the past, or whether they would move onward to a different future. The appeal, one of the most remarkable documents of English history, was drawn up mainly by Pym, and the first rough draft of it was laid before the House of Commons on the afternoon of Monday, the 8th of November, 1641. It was then called a Declaration and Remonstrance to his majesty; but soon after, when stirring every heart in the nation, became known as "the Grand Remonstrance."

The preamble of the Grand Remonstrance, consisting of twenty clauses, and opening in the name of "the commons in the present parliament assembled," began by declaring that for the last twelve months they had been carrying on a struggle, the object of which was to restore and establish the ancient honour, the greatness, and the security of the nation. During this time, it was said, they had been called to wrestle with dangers and fears, with miseries and calamities, with distempers and disorders, so various, great, and pressing, that for a while the entire liberty and prosperity of the kingdom had been extinguished, and the foundations of the throne undermined. For this reason, and finding great aspersions cast on what had been done, many difficulties raised for the hindrance of what remained to be accomplished, and jealousies everywhere busily fomented betwixt the king and parliament, they had thought it good in this manner to declare the root and growth of the designs by which so much mischief had been caused, the height to which these had reached before the meeting of parliament, the means used for extirpating them, and, together with the progress made therein, the ways of obstruction that had occurred, and the course by which the obstacles still intervening could be finally removed. Then, in express terms, the "Declaration and Remonstrance" asserted the existence of a conspiracy to subvert the fundamental laws and principles of a just government, denouncing the conspirators as threefold; namely, first, the "Jesuited papists;" secondly, the bishops and ill-affected clergy; and thirdly, such counsellors, courtiers, and officers of state as had preferred their private ends and interests to those of the commonwealth. All the three classes of conspirators, it was said, acted under a common agreement and on the same principles, which were to keep up continual differences between the king and the people, and lower and degrade the Protestant religion in the persons of those best affected to it. The more immediate means of the conspirators were to put forward a claim of prerogative whenever a question of liberty was mooted, in order to set the authority of parliament at defiance and arrogate to themselves the places of greatest trust and power; and, on the other hand, by encouraging to the utmost such views of church doctrine and discipline as would establish ecclesiastical tyranny, to sow dissensions between common Protestants and those whom they called Puritans, including under the name all who wished to maintain unimpaired the laws and liberties of the realm and the purity and faith of the true religion. After this preamble came the body of the "Declaration and Remonstrance," consisting of two hundred and six numbered clauses, containing practical proofs and illustrations of the past and actual state of the kingdom and the grievances and wishes of the people.

The first reading of the document, which occupied the whole afternoon of Monday, the 8th of November, made so deep an impression upon the House of Commons, that Sir Edward Nicholas, one of the leading members of the court party, and private agent of the king, intrusted with sending to his majesty daily reports of parliamentary doings, wrote immediately to Scotland on the subject. He told

Charles that there had been read that day a most startling paper, reflecting so much to the prejudice of the government, that he was "troubled" to think what might be the issue if his majesty did not instantly return to London. Sir Edward added that he could not in any manner account for the so-called Remonstrance as a party demonstration. "Surely," he wrote, "if there had been in this nothing but an intention to have justified the proceedings of this parliament, they would not have begun so high." The king doubted not that Pym and his colleagues were striking high, and at once replied to the communication. "You must," he ordered his agent, "speak with such of my servants that you may best trust, in my name, that by all means possible this Declaration may be stopped." Charles had not yet learnt that it was something beyond the power of royalty to stop winged words embodying truth.

Before the king's letter reached Sir Edward Nicholas, the debate of the commons on the Grand Remonstrance was far advanced, all other matters having been discarded to make way for it. The discussion commenced on Tuesday, the 9th of November, the day after the document had been laid on the table, and from the first moment it became evident that it was to be one of the mightiest party struggles that had ever taken place in parliament. At the beginning, the order of procedure was carefully settled. Every member who wished to do so was allowed to speak to each clause, and if desirous to have the clause amended, by previous leave of the house, then it was to be so altered, and the clause with the amendments put to the vote. Among the first speakers was Oliver Cromwell, who, in a few blunt words, demanded that a clause relating to popish intrigues should be made more stringent; he was followed by William Strode, member for Beralstone, a fearless Puritan, who blurted out that the Remonstrance, though nominally addressed to the king, was meant for the people, and should be printed as soon as voted, and be sent "into the country to satisfy them."

Both on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of November, the debate lasted till late at night; but on Thursday it had to be suspended, owing to the arrival of fearful reports from Ireland. Strafford's soldiers, in part disbanded, and mixed with a Roman Catholic rabble of the lowest classes, had tried to surprise the castle of Dublin, and failing in the attempt, had marched northward into Ulster, where it was reported a fanatic chieftain named O'Neill was standing at the head of thirty thousand men, proclaiming to act under a commission of King Charles, and threatening death to all Protestants and all adherents of the English parliament. The news of the insurrection having been communicated to the commons, Sir Benjamin Rudgard, "after a little silence," moved for measures to suppress it; he was followed by Denzil Holles, who proposed that the earl of Leicester, nominated some time before, by desire of the two houses of parliament, to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, should enter upon his post with all possible speed. There again was "a little silence," and then, according to the relation of a member, an eye-witness, "Master Pym stood up, and said that no man could be more ready and

forward than himself to engage his estate, person, life, and all for the suppression of this rebellion in Ireland, or for the performance of any other service for his majesty's honour and safety; but he feared that as the king gave ear to those evil counsellors about him, all that we did would prove in vain. He therefore desired that we might add some declaration in the end of these instructions, that howsoever we had engaged ourselves for the assistance of Ireland, yet unless the king would remove his evil counsellors, and take such counsellors as might be approved by parliament, we should account ourselves absolved from this engagement." Pym's motion was vehemently opposed by Edward Hyde, who declared it to be a "menace to the king;" but it was adopted nevertheless by a majority of one hundred and fifty-one to one hundred and ten. The figures indicated the actual strength of the popular party, which was yet to diminish before the Grand Remonstrance had passed.

The debate on the all-absorbing subject recommenced on Friday, the 12th of November, and lasted till Tuesday, the 23rd of November, amidst constantly-increasing excitement. Every day, from early morn till late in the evening, often till towards the hour of midnight, by dim shadowy candle-light, the discussion went on, getting more and more into red heat toward the finishing clauses, treating of the great topic of religion. The five clauses, from the 181st to the 185th, occupied by themselves two days and nights. They ran: "And now, what hope have we but in God? The only means of our subsistence, and power of reformation is, under Him, in the parliament; but what can we, the commons, without the conjunction of the House of Lords? And what conjunction can we expect there, when the bishops and recusant lords are so numerous and prevalent that they are able to cross and interrupt our best endeavours for reformation, and by that means give advantage to this malignant party to traduce our proceedings? They infuse into the people that we mean to abolish all church government, and leave every man to his own fancy for the service and worship of God; they have strained to blast our proceedings by wresting the interpretations of our orders from their genuine intentions; they tell the people that our meddling with the power of episcopacy hath caused sectaries and conventicles, when it is idolatry, and the popish ceremonies introduced into the church by command of the bishops, which have not only debarred the people from them, but expelled them from the kingdom. And thus, with Elias, we are called by this malignant party the troublers of the state, and while we endeavour to reform their abuses they make us authors of those mischiefs we study to prevent. We confess our intention is, and our endeavours have been to reduce within bounds that exorbitant power which the prelates have assumed unto themselves, so contrary both to the word of God and the laws of the land; to which end we passed the bill for the removing them from their temporal power and employments, that so the better they might with meekness employ themselves to the discharge of their functions, which bill they themselves opposed, and were the principal instruments of crossing."

After some further protests to the same effect, the Remonstrance continued: "We have been maliciously charged with the intention to destroy and discourage learning, whereas it is our chiefest care and desire to advance it, and to provide such competent maintenance for conscientious and preaching ministers throughout the realm as will be a great encouragement to scholars, and a certain means whereby the want, meanness, and ignorance to which a great part of the clergy is now subject will be prevented. And we have intended likewise to reform and purge the fountains of learning, the two universities, that the streams flowing from thence may be clear and pure, and an honour and comfort to the whole land." The latter clause was attacked by many speakers, among them Sir Edward Dering, member for Kent, who maintained that all learning would come to an end if the great prizes in the church were abolished. "Great rewards," Sir Edward cried, "do beget great endeavours, and, certainly, when the great basin and ewer are taken out of the lottery, you shall have few adventurers for small plates and spoons only. If any man could cut the moon all out into little stars, although we might still have the same moon, or as much in small pieces, yet we should want both light and influence." The imaginative member for Kent was replied to by the member for Bucks, who, arguing that there was authority for believing that the stars were more exalted in the church of Christ than the moon, quoted the first verse of the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelations: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

All during the debate on the Remonstrance, Sir Edward Nicholas kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with the king, describing the course of the discussions, and urging his majesty, in tones more and more full of anxiety, to return to London without a moment's loss of time, so as to prevent, if not the voting, at least "the dangerous printing." For a few days Charles disregarded the advice, but then all on a sudden, with his usual impulsiveness, he resolved to act upon it. On the morning of Monday, the 22nd of November, Pym learnt, to his great astonishment, that the king was hastening with all speed up from Scotland, and would, probably, be in London before the end of two or three days. The Declaration and Remonstrance had passed through all the clauses in committee late on the Saturday night, and was now lying on the table of the house, ready engrossed, awaiting the final vote, which, however, was not expected to be taken without another long and stormy debate. It was longer and stormier than feared by Pym and his friends, who did their best to hurry on the final decision, while the court faction, with Lord Falkland and Edward Hyde at the head, did everything in their power to impede it, their hopes being that the arrival of the king, mysteriously mooted about as to be followed by "a stroke," would bring them relief.

To follow out these tactics, the opponents of the Remonstrance rose one after the other, making long orations, all trying to prove that the House of Commons had no privilege to issue a document

like the one that had passed through committee, to the people, as it was not only without precedent and unconstitutional, but derogatory to the king's honour. The latter point was brought forward with great warmth by Hyde, but replied to energetically by Pym, who insisted that the honour of the king was enshrined in the safety of the people, and that the members of the House of Commons had no choice left but to tell the truth. Thus the debate went on hour after hour till midnight, but few members of the popular party leaving their seats, for fear that even a momentary absence of any of their number might be taken advantage of by their vigilant antagonists, and lead to the defeat of the all-important bill. Not all of the court faction showed as much zeal, and the dreary hour of midnight approaching, some few were seen to steal out of the house, faint with hunger, and no longer able to keep sleep from their heavy eyelids. Among these broken-down members was the king's correspondent, Sir Edward Nicholas, who crept home towards twelve o'clock to write a few words to his royal master. "The commons have been in debate about their Declaration," wrote Sir Edward, "ever since twelve at noon, and are at it still, it being near twelve at midnight. I stayed this despatch in hope to have sent your majesty the result of that debate, but it is so late as I dare not, after my sickness, adventure to watch any longer to see the issue of it. Only I assure your majesty there are divers in the commons' house that are resolved to stand very stiff for rejecting that Declaration, and if they prevail not, then to protest against it." If the court party failed, it was not for want of organisation.

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when the first great vote was taken. On the question being put, "Whether this Declaration shall pass?" the house divided, amidst the most intense excitement, and the return being made by the tellers, it was found that one hundred and fifty-nine members had given their Yeas, and one hundred and forty-eight their Noes, so that the Grand Remonstrance was carried by the narrow majority of eleven. But another vote, scarcely less important than this first one, remained yet behind. No sooner had the numbers been proclaimed, when George Peard, member for Barnstaple, moved that the Declaration should immediately be ordered to be printed. This had been understood all along; nevertheless, the minority, whose plan of action had been prepared to the minutest detail, professed to be taken by surprise, and got up a violent scene. Several members brought forward the extraordinary argument that the House of Commons had no right to print without the concurrence of the lords; to which Edward Hyde added, that if the motion was persisted in, he and his friends should ask leave to enter their protest. The little word protest, which seemed to drop almost accidentally from the lips of the leader of the opposition, but was, as announced by Sir Edward Nicholas to the king, the basis of the further operations of the court party, at once aroused a storm of indignation in the house.

It was impossible for Pym and his colleagues not to see that their antagonists were acting upon a deliberately-laid plan to destroy the authority of parliament by representing it publicly as split into

two sections, a majority and a minority, the latter exercising rights independently of the former; and they lost not a moment to defeat this object. The right to protest, they said, never had been, and never could be admitted; the House of Commons was indivisible; it acted with one will and one power, and it exercised a sway with which individual claims were incompatible. Altogether indisputable and unquestionable as was the principle thus laid down, its assertion only served to rouse the court party to still greater vehemence. After several speeches, which could scarcely be heard in the general tumult, Geoffrey Palmer, a courtly lawyer of the Middle Temple, and member for Stamford, sprang to his feet, exclaiming that he should not be satisfied, both for himself and those around him, unless a day were at once appointed for discussion of the question as to whether the right to protest did not exist in the minority, and in the meanwhile he would move, with reference to such future debate, that the clerk of the house should now enter the names of all those who desired to protest. At these words the excitement reached its culminating point. As if seized by sudden frenzy, the whole court party rose in one body, shouting and gesticulating violently, to indicate that all their names should be entered for protestation. "All! all!" they screamed, as reported by Sir Simonds D'Ewes; "and some waved their hats over their heads, and others took their swords in their scabbards out of their belts, and held them by the pummels in their hands, setting the lower part on the ground: so as if God had not prevented it, there was very great danger that mischief might have been done. All those who cried 'All! all!' and did the other particulars, were of the number of those that were against the Remonstrance." To quell the tremendous excitement, Pym in the end consented to postpone the discussion upon the motion of the member for Barnstaple, and the amendment "that this Declaration shall not be printed without the particular order of the house," was passed by a majority of twenty-three, the Ayes being one hundred and twenty-four, and the Noes one hundred and one. "And so," says Sir Simonds D'Ewes, "the house arose just when the clock struck two the ensuing morning." Never before had the commons of England held such a debate during such hours.

Hard as had been the struggle for the popular party, the victory was decisive. The waverers began to think that they could see the new run of the tide, and came crowding once more around the banner unfurled by Pym, who grasped it with firmer hand than ever, strong in the consciousness of a good cause, and of a nation ready to defend it. The growing power of the popular party became visible the third day after the passing of the Grand Remonstrance. On Thursday, the 25th of November, it was moved that Geoffrey Palmer, who had stirred up the commotion in the memorable night by asserting his right of protest, should be committed for the offence to the Tower. A warm debate ensued, at the end of which the motion was carried by one hundred and sixty-nine against one hundred and twenty-eight votes, or a majority of forty-one, much larger than any recorded since the commencement of the second part of the session.

While the commons were voting the committal of

the champion of the court party, the king entered the city, on his return from Scotland. Through the efforts of a few energetic court partizans, chief among them Sir Richard Gurney, newly-elected lord mayor, a magnificent entertainment had been prepared for his majesty by the city authorities. With the queen and her children at his side, he rode in state through London, was greeted by the acclamations of common councilmen and functionaries, great and little, belauded to the skies by scarlet-robed aldermen, and finally escorted to Hampton Court by some companies of train bands. It would have been impossible for the king's admirers to do anything more mischievous, and more fatal almost, than to get up this splendid reception. Having failed to accomplish his objects in Scotland, Charles had come back partially inclined to give way to necessity, and attempt to make his peace with the popular party; but the adulation of the poor city magnates again turned him from his purposes, constantly fluctuating between attempts of crushing and of conciliating his supposed enemies. Spurred on by the queen, and by Lord Digby, who had come to play an important part in the councils of her majesty, Charles let not twenty-four hours pass before he rushed again into the fight.

On Friday, the 26th of November, the day after the king's arrival and procession through the city, the lord-keeper informed the House of Lords that he had "received a command from his majesty to tell them that his majesty had heard both houses had appointed guards to attend them for their security, in his absence, which he presumed they had reasons for; but now, upon his return, his presence would be a protection for them, and therefore he ordered the said guards to be dissolved." The message having been communicated to the commons, the latter at once resolved to protest against it, and a petition to the effect was instantly drawn up, and presented to the king. Among the chief reasons advanced for the continuance of the guards were "the jealousy conceived upon discovery of the design in Scotland for the surprising of the persons of divers of the nobility and members of parliament there, which had been spoken of here, a few days before it broke out, not without some whispering intimation that the like was intended against divers persons of both houses, which found the more credit by reason of the former attempts of bringing up the army, to disturb and enforce this parliament." The commons finished by declaring that they "do conceive there is just cause to apprehend some wicked and mischievous practice to interrupt the peaceable proceedings of the parliament still in hand, for preventing whereof it is fit the guard should be continued under the same command, or such other as they should choose." Whatever the faults of the commons in the eyes of the king, he could not complain that they were not frank and outspoken in their communications.

Before Charles had given an answer to the request of the lower house, the subject of the Grand Remonstrance came on again for discussion. Threatening as was the new attitude of the king, the leaders of the popular party had yet not given up all hopes of coming to an agreement with him, and in order to facilitate it, Pym proposed that to the Declaration voted by the house there should be added a humble

petition explaining the former and stating the principal grievances of the commons and of the nation. The proposal having been adopted, a committee was appointed to draw up the paper, which was read by Pym on Monday, the 29th of November. It was to the effect that his majesty's faithful commons did with much thankfulness and joy acknowledge the great mercy and favour of God in giving his majesty safe and peaceable return out of Scotland into his kingdom of England, where the pressing dangers and distempers of the state had caused them, with much earnestness, to desire the comfort of his gracious presence, to help the endeavours of parliament for the averting of that ruin and disaster with which his kingdoms at this time were threatened. For, having convinced them selves of the existence of a malignant party, having access to his person and councils, whose unceasing endeavours were to discredit his parliament, and to create factions among his people, they had, for the prevention thereof, and the better information of his majesty and all his subjects, been necessitated to make a Declaration of the state of the kingdom, as well before as after the meeting of parliament now assembled. Before submitting which, they desired frankly to point out with what dangers to the country, and grievous affliction to all loyal dwellers therein, the practice was attended of placing in employments of trust, and nearness to his majesty and the royal family, the most active members of the malignant party before mentioned, favourers in all respects of popery, and mere "engineers, or factors for Rome."

The commons justified their right to give this warning by the distractions and sufferings already caused by the continual tamperings with the army in England, by the "miserable incidents and jealousies" in Scotland, and by the "papist insurrection and most bloody massacres" in Ireland, winding up with the final requests that his majesty would please to concur with and second the desires of his people "in a parliamentary way," abridge the inordinate power of the prelates, remove the malignant and ill-affected from their places of influence, and for the future employ only such persons as parliament might have cause to confide in. Which humble desires being fulfilled, the commons declared themselves ready most cheerfully to aid his majesty in carrying on the government, to support the royal estate, and to uphold the power and prerogative of the crown, and by their loyal affections, obedience, and service, lay a sure and lasting foundation for the greatness of the king, and the happiness of his posterity in future times.

The Petition was adopted after a short debate, and the next day, Tuesday, the 30th of November, a deputation of twelve members was elected to carry it to the king, together with the Grand Remonstrance. Pym's name stood first on the list as spokesman, but he withdrew it in favour of Sir Ralph Hopton, a member of the court party, using his influence besides to procure the choice of Sir Richard Wynne, an officer of the royal household, member of Liverpool, and other adherents of the king, in the deputation. On his motion, it was finally ordered that Sir Ralph Hopton should only read the Petition, and place the Remonstrance into the hands of the king, awaiting his majesty's gracious reply.

It was on the morning of Wednesday, the 1st of December, that the Grand Remonstrance was presented to Charles at Hampton Court. On arrival at the palace, the member for Liverpool, who had familiar entrance to his majesty, announced the parliamentary deputation, and they were admitted after the lapse of a quarter of an hour. Approaching the king, Sir Ralph Hopton was proceeding to sink on his knee, but Charles would not let him do so, requesting that all should remain standing during the audience. To the reading of the Petition he listened attentively, until Sir Ralph arrived at the passage charging certain unnamed persons with being "factors for Rome," when he exclaimed, smiling, "The devil take him, whomsoever he be, that hath a design to change our religion." It was clear to all that his majesty was in excellent good humour, with none of his usual short, sharp ways about him, which became manifest still more after the Petition had been fully read and the Remonstrance been placed into his hands.

Charles showed no curiosity whatever to examine the latter important document, but appeared bent entirely upon a little gossip with the twelve honourable members of the House of Commons. They could scarcely understand what it all meant, until his majesty came more directly to the point by inquiring of Sir Ralph Hopton, in an off-hand manner, whether copies of the papers which he had taken the trouble of carrying to Hampton Court were to be given to others besides himself. Fervent royalist as he was, Sir Ralph saw the danger into which he was being led, and, bowing to the ground, replied that he had received no commission to say anything regarding what was to be done with the Petition and Declaration. "Then," the king quickly rejoined, "if you have no commission, you may speak as particular men. Doth the house intend to publish this Declaration?" Again, Sir Ralph and all his colleagues bowed, humbly informing his majesty that they could give no answer to his question. "Well, then," exclaimed Charles, his tone and manner undergoing a sudden change, "I suppose you do not expect *me* to answer now to so long a petition. But this let me tell you, I have left Scotland well and in peace; they are all satisfied with me, and I with them; and though I stayed longer than I expected, yet I think, if I had not gone, you had not been rid so soon of the army. And as to this business of yours, I shall give you an answer with as much speed as the weightiness of the business will permit." With this, Charles gave the members of the deputation his hand to kiss, smiling no longer; and on leaving the palace, Sir Ralph Hopton had brought to him the final royal message, "That there might be no publishing of the Declaration till the House of Commons had received his majesty's answer." The words sounded ominous enough, and were accepted by the commons as nothing else but a new threat.

Events were now fast drawing to a crisis. The rumour that the king intended to lay violent hands on the chief leaders of the parliamentary majority spread about among the people, and found general belief, not a little grounded on the fact that strange-looking groups of armed men were coming day by

day into the city, some taking up their quarters in and near the Tower, some at St. James's palace, and many more moving to and fro between London and Hampton Court. Charles himself was reported, by those who had access to him, to be in an extraordinary state of excitement, giving audience to all sorts of unknown persons, shutting himself up for long secret conferences with Lord Digby and other royalists of the queen's party, who had for some time been advising extreme measures, and granting appointments to men distinguished for nothing but their unpopularity. The day after receiving the parliamentary deputation with the Remonstrance, he dismissed Sir Henry Vane from his place of secretary of state, appointing instead Lord Falkland, with Sir Edward Nicholas for assistant, while at the same time, Sir John Culpeper, the intimate friend of Lord Digby, and one of the foremost leaders of the court faction in the House of Commons, had given to him the chancellorship of the exchequer. An appointment, infinitely more startling than either of these, and which was deemed the undoubted forerunner of dark schemes, was made soon after in the nomination of a fresh governor of the Tower.

The governorship of the Tower, "bridle of the city," as the courtiers were in the habit of calling it, had been filled for some years by Sir William Balfour, a man of undoubted integrity and a tried friend of parliament, who had proved both his courage and his independence by interfering with several attempts made for the escape of the earl of Strafford, and refused an enormous bribe, offered, it was said, by the queen herself, to connive at it. To remove such a man from such a post at a time of general distrust, the air thick with rumours of plots and conspiracies, was a daring act on the part of Charles, the recklessness of which was augmented by all the attendant circumstances. In order to prevent the matter making much noise, the king, according to Clarendon, "gave Sir William Balfour three thousand pounds ready money, which was raised by the sale of some of the queen's own jewels;" and the cash, together with order of dismissal, having been handed over to Sir William, a royal patent was issued appointing "our trusty and well-beloved servant, Colonel Thomas Lunsford," governor of the Tower. The trusty and well-beloved servant thus nominated to hold the "bridle of the city" was, to the knowledge of all men, a swaggering ruffian and altogether infamous character, who had been compelled to fly the kingdom some years before to escape the arm of justice, and had shown himself ready at all times to lend his hand to any foul deed against remuneration.

It was a sheer act of desperation even to attempt such an appointment, which was instantly resented by the commons as a gross insult to them and to the people. The same day on which the royal patent was issued a vote was passed by them, without a single dissentient voice, declaring that "the House holds Colonel Lunsford unfit to be, or continue, lieutenant of the Tower, as being a person whom the commons of England cannot confide in." The vote was followed by a protestation "that there had long been a design of the papists to ruin the true religion, and that the appointment of Colonel Lunsford showed that the

same design was growing to maturity: that, therefore, they protested and declared to all the world that they had done their utmost for the saving of the church and kingdom from ruin, and from the plots of the cruel and bloody papists." Charles felt startled at the vehemence of the opposition; and was startled still more when early the next morning his fervent partisan, the lord mayor of London, came hurrying up to Hampton Court, informing him that the city apprentices intended to rise in arms and storm the Tower if Colonel Lunsford was not removed from his post. Trembling before the violence of the storm which he had called up, the king gave way instantly, and Lunsford was dismissed the same day, a secret pension of five hundred pounds a year being assigned to him for further usefulness. Charles had played his first card in a great game of fraud and violence, and had lost it.

Before the king had lost this stake, the House of Commons had gained another victory. The question whether the Grand Remonstrance should be printed and published, notwithstanding the royal message conveyed by Sir Ralph Hopton, amounting to a clear prohibition, was debated warmly for two days, on Wednesday, the 15th, and Thursday, the 16th of December, and decided finally in the affirmative, by a vote which exhibited a marked decrease of the court party, the numbers being one hundred and thirty-five for, and eighty-three against the printing. The decision greatly exasperated the king, and to show his anger he had recourse to another wild menace by placing a body of halberdiers, under the command of the earl of Dorset, a nobleman deeply mistrusted by the people, around and at the entrances of the two houses of parliament. The appearance of the soldiers caused another scene of excitement among the commons. On Friday, the 17th of December, Sir Philip Stapylton, member for Boroughbridge, suddenly interrupted the proceedings by crying out that there was "a new guard set upon the house, of two hundred men with halberds;" which cry, as recorded by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, "caused great fear and bustle in the house, and caused us to leave the business we were about, though it concerned the relief and assistance of Ireland, and to look to our own present safety." Intense agitation prevailed for some time, and one member, Sir Richard Newport, attempting to go out, "there was a great cry, 'Shut the door! Shut the door!' whereupon he was brought back by Rushworth, the clerk assistant, and admonished from the chair, 'that, besides the general sense of the house, expressed by so many calling out to have the door shut, the greatness and weight of the matter in agitation might dissuade any man going out.'" Then a short and excited discussion arose, in the course of which Sir Thomas Barrington, member for Colchester during a number of parliaments, stated that it had never happened within his memory that a guard was set without the consent of the house, to which Sir Simonds D'Ewes added, significantly, that such a thing had been put in practice but twice for the last three hundred years, during the reigns of Richard II. and Henry VI., when "the consequences of it were fatal and deadly." Thereupon a resolution was passed that "the setting of any guards about this house,

without the consent of this house, is a breach of privilege, and that therefore such guards ought to be discharged; and that this guard shall be immediately discharged by the command of this house."

The authoritative tone of the commons had its due effect upon the ever-vacillating mind of Charles, who forthwith drew back his halberdiers, alleging that they had been put only for the protection of the house against an expected crowd from the city, bent upon carrying a monster petition expressing approval of the attitude of parliament. The monster document, three quarters of a yard in breadth, and twenty-four yards long, with fifteen thousand signatures appended, arrived the next day, presented by one John Foulkes, "a merchant dwelling in Mark Lane," who spoke "in the name of the aldermen, common councilmen, and freemen of London," averring, among others, that "they could have got many thousand more names but for obstructions from the lord mayor and others," "Their coming down with the petition this afternoon," Sir Simonds D'Ewes entered in his diary, "happened by a strange providence of God; for if they had come yesterday, as they had appointed, then had those armed persons brought down likewise not only justified their assembling, but perhaps also offered violence unto them; neither could they then have come with so small a number, and in so orderly a manner as they did." The corporation petition was followed on the 23rd of December by another from thirty thousand "young men of London," praying, among other things, "that episcopacy be rooted out of the church of England." After the petition had been read, "there was a general silence for a while," and then Sir Simonds D'Ewes stood up and "desired the house to take notice in what an orderly and peaceable way a few of them had come to present this petition, and that they might receive the approbation of the house for the same." The approbation was freely and warmly bestowed, and before the king had left off mustering his halberdiers, it had come to be generally understood that the citizens of London were to be the guard of parliament.

There could now be no longer any doubt that Charles intended to have recourse to the last argument of kings, physical force. Towards Christmas he removed from Hampton Court Palace to Whitehall, where, as admitted by Hyde, now, with his friend Lord Falkland, one of his chief advisers, he got quickly surrounded, "besides his ordinary retinue and menial servants, by many officers of the late disbanded army," who "expected some further employment." In view of it they "offered themselves for a guard to his majesty's person, and were with more formality and ceremony entertained by him than, upon a just computation of all distempers, was by many conceived seasonable." The officers and soldiers thus enrolled as "a guard to his majesty's person," and for other indefinite purposes, thought it part of their duty to attack people going to the House of Commons to carry petitions or listen to the debates, and before long there were daily battles in the streets between St. Stephen's and Whitehall. As represented by Clarendon, the royal guards felt "warm with indignation at the insolence of that vile rabble which every day passed by the court; using, first,

words of great contempt, and then, those words commonly finding a return of equal scorn, blows were fastened upon some of the most pragmatical of the crew." Thus in the course of little more than a week, and before the eventful year 1641 had come to an end, two camps had been formed in the neighbourhood of parliament—the "gentlemen of the late disbanded army" on the one side, and the "vile rabble" of London citizens, who impertinently refused to accept blows from the gentlemen, on the other.

The aspect of Whitehall on Thursday, the 30th of December, was described by Thomas Smith, a gentleman in the household of the earl of Northumberland, residing at York House, to his friend, Sir John Pennington, admiral of the navy, lying in the Downs under secret orders from the court. "The 'prentices and our souldiers," wrote Thomas Smith, "have lately had some bickerings, wherein many of the 'prentices were wounded, and lost their hats and cloakes. This was done yesterday at Whitehall Gate, as the 'prentices were coming from demanding an answer of their petition lately exhibited to the parliament house. The souldiers continue in great numbers in Whitehall. These woundes of the 'prentices have so exasperated them that it is feared they will be at Whitehall this day to the number of ten thousand; whereupon the souldiers have increased their number, built up a court of guard without the gate, and have called down military company to their assistance: what will be the event, God knows." Another eyewitness of these portentous scenes, Captain Robert Slingsby, a warm adherent of the king, and likewise a correspondent of Admiral Pennington, referred to them as follows, in a letter dated the 31st of December, 1641. "Yesterday," he wrote, "about fifteen or sixteen officers of the army, standing at the court gate, took a slight occasion to fall upon the people, and hurt about forty or fifty of them; they in all their skirmishes have avoided thrusting, because they would not kill them. I never saw the court so full of gentlemen. This day, five hundred gentlemen of the inns of court came to offer their services to the king. The officers of the army, since these tumults, have watched and kept a court of guard in the presence-chamber, and are entertained upon the king's charge." The conclusion of the captain's letter was ominous. "The citizens," he informed Sir John Pennington, "for the most part shut up their shops, and all gentlemen provide themselves with arms, as in time of open hostilities. Both factions talk very big, and it is a wonder there is not more blood yet spilt, seeing how earnest both sides are. There is no doubt but if the king does not comply with the commons, in all things they desire, a sudden civil war must ensue."

England, indeed, was on the verge of a great civil war: a dire contest, solely due to and prompted by the king. Already the clash of the mercenary swords which he had enlisted was heard in the streets of the capital; but as if fearful that the struggle would not begin soon enough, he hurried it on by a final measure, all but unexampled for perfidy and lawlessness. Naturally alarmed at the scenes of violence and bloodshed that were taking place under their very eyes, the commons, on the 31st of December, sent a deputa-

tion of seven members, with Denzil Holles for spokesman, to the king, representing that they fell under great danger from "a malignant party daily gathering strength and confidence," and entreating his majesty to allow them a guard out of the city of London, commanded by the earl of Essex. Charles told the deputation, in a strange, evasive manner, that if the petition were delivered to him in writing, he would consider it; but seeing the ill impression created by his reply, he quickly changed tone, exclaiming, that as the members of the lower house had been called together by his writ, "he would be as careful of their safety as of his own children." The reply having been reported to the commons, they adjourned over the new year, and on reassembling, on Monday, the 3rd of January, 1642, they received the king's written answer to their last petition. "We do engage unto you solemnly," Charles wrote, "on the word of a king, that the security of all and every one of you from violence is and shall ever be as much of our care as the preservation of us and our children. And if this general assurance shall not suffice to remove your apprehensions, we will command such a guard to wait upon you as we will be responsible for to Him who hath charged us with the protection and safety of our subjects."

At the very moment when thus invoking the Almighty, and solemnly pledging his royal honour to abstain from violence, Charles was thinking of nothing but to betray the opponents whom he wished to lull into false security. While the House of Commons was being entertained with the friendly and affectionate assurances of his majesty, in the House of Lords, his attorney-general, Sir Edward Herbert, read a paper hurling the accusation of high treason against the principal leaders of the popular party, John Pym, Denzil Holles, John Hampden, William Strode, and Sir Arthur Heselrige. The peers, in the words of Clarendon, stood "appalled" while the attorney-general read out the document, which, he declared, "his majesty had himself delivered him in writing," containing the articles of accusation under seven distinct charges. They were, first, that they had "endeavoured to subvert the fundamental laws and government of the kingdom of England, to deprive the king of his royal power, and to place in subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power over the lives, liberties, and estates of his majesty's loving people;" secondly, that they had "endeavoured, by many foul aspersions upon his majesty and his government, to alienate the affections of his people, and to make his majesty odious unto them;" thirdly, that they had "endeavoured to draw his majesty's late army to disobedience to his majesty's commands, and to side with them in their traitorous designs;" fourthly, that they had "invited and encouraged a foreign power to invade his majesty's kingdom of England;" fifthly, that they had "endeavoured to subvert the rights and very being of parliament;" sixthly, that, "for the completing of their traitorous designs," they had "endeavoured, as far as in them lay, by force and terror, to compel the parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end have actually raised and countenanced tumults against

the king and parliament;" and, finally, seventhly, that they had "traitorously conspired to levy, and actually have levied war against the king." The hour of midday was past when the attorney-general had finished reading the extraordinary document which he had received from Charles, he standing at the clerk's table of the upper house, and all the circle of peers around sitting "appalled." None of them uttered a word; whereupon the attorney-general ordered the king's serjeant-at-arms to go to the House of Commons and arrest the five members accused of treason in the name of his majesty.

The commons were not unprepared for the arrival of the serjeant-at-arms. On the afternoon of the same day on which they had been assured "solemnly, on the word of a king," of the "security of every one from violence," the leader of the majority arose to make a startling announcement. "The whole house, or at least the most of us," Sir Simonds D'Ewes noted down in his diary, "were much amazed at Master Pym's information, who showed us that his trunks, his study, and his chamber, as also the trunks, study, and chamber of Master Denzil Holles, were sealed up by some one sent by his majesty." This the house at once declared a grave breach of privilege, passing at the same time, without debate, a resolution that if any person whatsoever should offer to arrest or detain the person of any member, not having received the previous authorization of the house, it should be lawful for such member to stand upon his own defence, and to make resistance according to the protestation, taken in the earlier part of the session, to defend the privileges of parliament. In the mean while, as recorded by Sir Simonds, "private information was given to us that the king's attorney had, in his majesty's name, in the lords' house, accused the said Master Pym, Master Holles, and some other members of our house of high treason; yet we accounted it a breach of privilege that their papers and effects should be sealed up before their crime was made known to this house. So we resolved it upon the question that this was a breach of our privilege, and then the house ordered that the serjeant should go presently to the lodgings of the said Master Pym and Master Holles, and break up the seals which were set upon their doors or trunks." The declarations of breach of privilege and orders of resistance having passed by acclamation, a deputation of three was appointed to confer with the lords, Sir Philip Stapylton, member for Boroughbridge, Nathaniel Fiennes, member for Banbury, and John Glyn, member for Westminster, being nominated for the purpose. They had answered to their names, and were about to proceed to the upper house, when it was announced that the king's serjeant-at-arms, with the mace in his hand, was at the door to arrest the five accused members of treason.

Supreme as was the excitement of the hour, the leaders of the commons lost not for a moment the sense of high dignity of what was due to them as representatives of the nation. To his demand to enter the house in the name of the king, the serjeant-at-arms obtained for reply that he must lay aside his mace, and it was not till divested of this symbol of authority that he was allowed to advance to the bar. He now proclaimed,

amidst profound silence, that he had been commanded by the king's majesty, his master, upon his allegiance, that he should require of Master Speaker of the House of Commons to deliver over to him five gentlemen, members of the House of Commons, and those members having been delivered, he was commanded to arrest them in his majesty's name, of high treason. "Their names are," he concluded, "Denzil Holles, Sir Arthur Heselrige, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode." The last sound of his words having reverberated in the hall, there was deep silence for a minute or two, after which the king's serjeant-at-arms was ordered to wait outside until the pleasure of the house should be communicated to him. This done, the commons proceeded calmly to business, passing three important resolutions. By the first, a deputation was appointed to inform the king, that his message conveyed by the serjeant-at-arms "being matter of great consequence and concerning the privilege of all the commons of England," would be taken into serious consideration by the house; and that, in the mean time, the five accused members would be ready to answer any "legal charges" against them. By the second resolution, an order was directed to the city authorities, and intrusted for execution to Alderman Pennington and Captain Venn, members for London, that a military guard, drawn from the train bands, should be immediately provided for the protection of the House of Commons. By the third resolution, it was ordered that the speaker's warrant should be issued for committing to prison Sir William Fleming and Sir William Killigrew, king's agents, for violating the privilege of parliament by sealing up the papers and effects of several members of the House of Commons. The shades of night were falling after these proceedings had been brought to a close, and the sitting was adjourned to the following day. Previous to dispersing, an intimation was sent by the speaker to the king's serjeant-at-arms, who had attended all the while at the door, that he need wait no longer, as the reply to the message with which he had been intrusted would be carried to his majesty by members of the House of Commons. King Charles had lost another stake in the mighty game of hazard he was playing.

It was late in the evening of the eventful Monday, the 3rd of January, when the deputation sent by the commons were admitted to audience at Whitehall. The deputation consisted of four members, two prominent leaders of the majority, Sir John Hotham and Sir Philip Stapylton, and two of Charles's recently-appointed ministers, Lord Falkland and Sir John Culpeper, the latter chosen seemingly to remind the king that his own servants were bound, by ties which they could not break, to parliament and the nation, as well as to himself. Visibly excited, and as if scarcely able to collect his thoughts, Charles received the deputation in his cabinet, and their message having been read, he inquired of Lord Falkland, in a hasty manner, whether the commons expected a reply. In the same breath, before Falkland could answer, he cried out that the house should have his reply early the next morning, and that, for the present, they might take his assurance that all that had taken place had been done by his

own special orders. No more words passed. The deputation bowed and withdrew, and Charles retired to his private apartments, where he remained in consultation with the queen and some of the most intimate of her advisers, including the French ambassador, during the greater part of the night.

More than ever in his life, the king seemed wavering and undecided. He could not help perceiving the desperate nature of the undertaking on which he was bent, and on which he was staking his crown, if not his life, and yet he had not strength nor wisdom enough to stop in his mad career. Fear, alarm, and the vague consciousness of wrong drew him backward; but vanity, egotism, and stubbornness propelled him on—and vanity and her blind sisters got the upper hand. Before midnight arrived he had resolved, under the fierce instigation of his thoughtless consort and her jesuitical counsellors, to pursue his career of violence, and had come to shape his future course by another fatal document under his own hand. It was a warrant addressed to the chief magistrate of the city, directly provocative of civil war. "To the lord maior of London, our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor," the royal order ran: "We understand that the House of Commons hath sent to have guard of the train bands of that our city. Forasmuch as some of which said house are lately accused of high treason, our will and command is that you take especial care that none of our trained bands be raised without special warrant from us, and we shall take in our royal care that nothing shall be done to the prejudice or disturbance of our said city, which we shall be as vigilant to keep in quietness as others are to engage and put into tumult and disorder. But in case you shall find any great numbers of people to assemble together in a tumultuary and disorderly manner within our said city or the liberties thereof, our will and command is that you then cause so many of our trained bands to be raised as you shall think fit, well armed and provided, and that you give order to suppress all such tumults and disorders; and if they shall find resistance, and that the persons so assembled shall refuse to retire to their houses peaceably, or to render themselves into the hands of justice; that then, for the better keeping of the peace, and preventing any further mischiefs, you command the captains, officers, and souldiers of our said trained bands, by shooting with bullets or other wayes, to suppress such tumults, and destroy such of them as shall persist in their tumultuous ways and disorders: for which this shall be your warrant. Given under our hand, the 3rd of January, 1642. Charles Rex."

The important document was carried to the city by a privy-council messenger, one John Latch, who reported the result of his mission early next morning to Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state. "The clocks at Whitehall last night went too late," John Latch wrote; "the night was farther spent than they showed. My lord maior was in his bed before I came thither; yet I spake with him and delivered the letter: this morning he will call the sheriffs to him and open it." The clocks at Whitehall, indeed, were very much too late. Hours before "my lord maior" went into bed, and many more hours before he got out of it again, and had come to call the

sheriffs together, the whole city was up and alive, ready to guard the liberty of the nation against all attempts of despotism. Long previous to midnight the acts and proceedings of the House of Commons were in print, and circulated in thousands of copies through the city; and the officers of the train bands, called together by the appointed commissioners, Alderman Pennington and Captain Venn, swore to shed their last drop of blood in the defence of parliament. Before the dawn of the 4th of January had risen over London, the immense majority of the population bearing arms was ready for the struggle which the king meant to provoke, "by shooting with bullets or other wayes," though not in the direction understood by him. Had Charles, instead of listening to French priests and English adventurers, but paid a short visit to the city while the over-loyal lord mayor was asleep and all other men awake, he might have yet come to stop in his frantic course.

There was nothing unusual in the outer aspect of the House of Commons at the meeting of the members on the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of January. Prayers having been said, Lord Falkland reported the result of the interview with the king on the previous evening, and the house was about to proceed to its ordinary business, when Alexander Rigby, a barrister of Gray's Inn, and member for Wigan, arose to make a communication. He said he had just learnt that the night before various messages, purporting to emanate from the court, had been sent to the armed companies of the inns of court, requesting them "to be in readiness this day to attend at Whitehall, and to be ready at an hour's warning to defend his majesty's person;" and having made some pointed remarks upon the singular notion of his majesty's life being in danger, he concluded by moving that four members, belonging to the inns, should proceed thither, and ascertain the facts by personal inquiry. The motion having been adopted, and the deputation despatched, the house, in conformity with a resolution passed the previous day, turned itself into a grand committee to investigate the charges of high treason brought against five of its members.

Pym was the first to arise, holding the articles of treason in his hand. With quiet deliberation, he read the charges one by one, gravely admitting that, if established, they undoubtedly amounted to high treason; yet at the same time expressing an opinion that there must be an extraordinary mistake as to the persons accused. Beginning with the first of the seven articles, accusing him and his colleagues of having "endeavoured to subvert the fundamental laws and government of the kingdom of England," and of establishing "an arbitrary and tyrannical power," he read it twice, with comments, the allusions of which could not be misunderstood. "True, Master Speaker," Pym exclaimed, "this present parliament hath adjudged it treason to endeavour to subvert the fundamental laws of the land." Then he paused for a moment. "And, sir, it hath likewise been voted high treason to attempt to introduce into this kingdom a form of government arbitrary and tyrannical." Coming to the second article, charging him with endeavouring to "alienate the affections of his people"

from the king, the orator's warmth visibly increased. If all his actions in the present parliament, Pym cried, his speeches and votes in favour of publishing a remonstrance against delinquents in the state, against ill-counsellors in government, and against ill-affected prelates in the church—if all this was really found to alienate the hearts of loyal subjects and good Protestants from their due obedience to his royal majesty, then did he avow himself guilty of that charge. Then, reading the third charge, accusing him and the other four members with having "endeavoured to draw his majesty's late army to disobedience," he made another short pause, leaving all to think of the repeated plots of the royal faction to overawe parliament, and of the crowd of soldiers of the "late army" collected at the moment around the king. Then all on a sudden he broke forth: "Yes, sir, it is undoubtedly treason to raise an army to compel any parliament to make and enact laws without their free votes and willing proceedings therein." So he went on, the house silent as the grave, the members pale with subdued excitement.

Pym having concluded his speech, each of the other accused members, Holles, Heselrige, Strode, and Hampden, rose in succession, all declaring their entire innocence of the charges brought against them, and Hampden entering, moreover, a protest against obeying the commands of a king when contrary to the true religion and the ancient and fundamental laws of the land. The member for Buckinghamshire having concluded his speech, a momentary flutter of alarm ran through the house. "It was now generally declared," Sir Simonds D'Ewes, always writing, put down in his notes, "that there was a great confluence of armed men about Whitehall, and that between thirty and forty cannoneers went yesternight into the Tower, at ten of the clock. Also that the Hamlet men, who were to be ordinary warders there, had no arms given them, but that the bishop's men were well armed. Master Pym moved that we might send notice of these several informations and dangers into the city, to the lord mayor, aldermen, and council there assembled, and to let them know in what danger the parliament was; all which was done accordingly." The despatch of commissioners to the city did not decrease the general apprehensions, stirred by ever new rumours. "Soon Master Nathaniel Fiennes and others," Sir Simonds noted in his book, "moved that some members of this house might be sent to observe what numbers of armed men were about Whitehall, and to know by what authority they were assembled there; but this order was not fully agreed upon when we adjourned the house, about twelve of the clock, for an hour's space."

It was a momentous hour for England. While sitting at dinner with his colleagues, Pym received a message from his fair friend, Lady Carlisle, informing him that the king had resolved to go to the House of Commons at the head of an armed band of ruffians, to seize him and the other accused members, and, should the least resistance be offered, to order a general carnage. Trustworthy as was the source, the communication appeared so monstrous and incredible to the valiant leader of the popular party, that he refused for a moment to believe it; and on the

speaker resuming the chair, between one and two o'clock, he quietly went to his place in the house, to listen to various reports that were being made. They were all reassuring to a high degree. Richard Brown, member for Romney, and barrister of Lincoln's Inn, stated "that he had done the message of the house to the gentlemen of that society, whose answer was, that they had at first gone to the court last week, upon occasion of a report brought to them that the king's person was in danger;" but "that they had only an intent to defend the king's person, and would likewise do their uttermost also to defend the parliament, being not able to make any distinction between king and parliament; and that they would ever express all true affection to the House of Commons in particular." Next, William Ellis, member for Boston, and of Gray's Inn, "made the like relation;" as also did Roger Hill, of the Inner Temple, member for Bridport, and Philip Smith, of the Middle Temple, member for Marlborough, "with which several answers from the inns of court, the house rested exceedingly well satisfied." It was less the case with the next report, made by Nathaniel Fiennes, member for Banbury, who "made relation that he had been at Whitehall," but had learnt nothing but that the troops there "were commanded to obey Sir William Fleming in all things."

Fiennes had scarcely left off speaking, when a stranger, breathless with running, rushed into the house, and up to him. It was a friend of the member for Banbury, a gentleman of French extraction, Captain Hercule Langres, who came to tell him, in hurried whispers, that the king had left Whitehall at the head of a large body of armed men, and was advancing towards them. The news having been proclaimed aloud, a scene of extraordinary excitement arose. Aware, through the information received from Lady Carlisle, that the further presence of himself and his accused colleagues in the house would probably lead to a scene of frightful bloodshed, as all their friends would of necessity resist their being dragged away by force, Pym at once proposed that they should leave, to which all consented except the member for Beralstone. "Master William Strode, the last of the five, being a young man and unmarried," Sir Simonds D'Ewes recorded, "could not be persuaded by his friends, for a pretty while, to go out, but said that, knowing himself to be innocent, he would stay in the house, though he sealed his innocence with his blood at the door. So, not being at last overcome by the importunate advices and entreaties of his friends, when the van, or forefront of those ruffians, marched into Westminster Hall, nay, when no persuasion could prevail with the said Master Strode, Sir Walter Erle, his entire friend, was fain to take him by the cloak, and pull him out of his place, and so got him out of the house." The chimes of Westminster had just struck three when Strode was dragged away, and scarcely a minute after the king entered the house at the head of some five hundred cut-throats.

Deep silence once more fell over the assembly of the commons when the tramp of the armed cohort was heard at the door. All members kept their places, their eyes upon the speaker, William Lenthall, who sat enthroned in his chair, with the mace before him.

"There they sat," says John Forster, "Puritan and courtier, the pick and choice of the gentlemen of England; with bearded faces close-cut and stern, or here and there more gaily trimmed with peak and ruff; faces for the most part worn with anxious thoughts and fears, heavy with toil, weary with responsibility and care, often with long imprisonment; there they sat, in their steeple hats and Spanish cloaks, with swords and bands, by birth, by wealth, by talent, the first assembly in the world." The silence of the assembly lasted but a moment. Then, with a loud crash, the door burst open, and the king stepped over the threshold, accompanied by his young nephew Karl, eldest son of the Bohemian "Winter King." Entering the precincts of the commons, sacred from time immemorial, Charles ordered his rude followers to keep back; but they paid no attention to his command, and pushed in tumultuously. "Most of them were armed with pistols and swords," according to Sir Simonds D'Ewes; "and they forcibly kept the door of the house open, one Captain Hide standing next the door, holding his sword upright in the scabbard."

For a minute or two the king stood quiet, as if struck by the appearance of the scene before him; his eye, in the meanwhile, searching for the five members he had come to seize, and the one above all, the shadow of whose greatness had fallen over the throne. Not seeing Pym, "knowing him well," as recorded by Rushworth, Charles slowly bent his steps towards the speaker's chair. As he walked along the house, "we all," noted D'Ewes, "stood up and uncovered our heads, and the speaker stood up just before his chair. His majesty came the most part of the way uncovered also, bowing to either side of the house, and we all bowed again towards him, and so he went to the speaker's chair, on the left hand of it, coming up close by the place where I sat, between the south end of the clerk's table and me"—his majesty's flowing mantle all but touching the garments of a burly man sitting on the opposite side, Oliver Cromwell by name. As the king approached the chair, the chief of the commons went forward a few paces, upon which "he first spake," turning his face slightly towards the assembly. "Master Speaker," Charles exclaimed, "I must for a time make bold with your chair;" and without waiting for an answer, he went to the speaker's seat, and took his place upon the step, not sitting down, however, in the chair. Then ensued another long and "awefull" silence, and after the king had "looked a great while," evidently trying hard to collect his scattered thoughts, he at last broke forth with a short speech, interrupted here and there by his habitual stutter, but overcoming it again and again by convulsive efforts.

"Gentlemen," said Charles, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a serjeant-at-arms, upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some, that, by my command, were accused of high treason; whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. And I must declare unto you, here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege. And, therefore, I am come to know

if any of these persons that were accused are here." Here the king paused, casting his eye around the assembly, scrutinizing the hundreds of stern faces gazing upon him. "I do not see any of them," he stammered forth; "I think I should know them." A new pause followed, painful amidst the deep silence, after which Charles continued his address, more and more awkward and incoherent in tone. "I must tell you, gentlemen," he cried, "that so long as these persons, that I have accused, for no slight crime, but for treason, are here, I cannot expect that this house will be in the right way that I do heartily wish it. Therefore I am come to tell you that I must have them, wheresoever I find them." There was another long pause, uninterrupted by a sound, which ended by the king crying, with vehemence, "Is Master Pym here?" No reply came to the question. He then called for Denzil Holles, but still the general silence continued.

Seeing the same stern faces gaze upon him uninterruptedly, with no reply from any quarter, Charles got nervously excited, and pressed the speaker to tell him whether the five accused members were within the house or not. On this, Lenthall, an ordinarily timid man, but made great by a great occasion, fell on his knees. "Your majesty," he exclaimed, "I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the house is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and humbly I beg your pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your majesty is pleased to demand of me." The singularly appropriate reply seemed to confuse the king still more. "Well, well," he stuttered rapidly, "'tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's." There was again silence, Charles looking, as noted by D'Ewes, "round about the house, to see if he could espy any of them," and in the end giving vent to an odd farewell address. "Well," he cried, "since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour, and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the house, you will send them to me; or otherwise I must take my own course to find them." With these words, Charles descended from the speaker's place; and, as recorded by the member for Sudbury, "went out of the house in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in, going out again between myself and the south end of the clerk's table, and the prince elector after him." The spell of silence which had hung so long over the commons now was broken, and half-stifed cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" went resounding through the hall of parliament while the king was marching to the door.

"As soon as he was gone," Sir Simonds D'Ewes continues his narrative, "and the doors were shut, the speaker asked us if he should make report of his majesty's speech. But Sir John Hotham said we had all heard it, and there needed no report of it to be

made. And others cried to adjourn till to-morrow at one of the clock in the afternoon, upon which in the issue we agreed. And so, the speaker having adjourned the house to that hour, we rose about half an hour after three of the clock in the afternoon, little imagining for the present, at least a greater part of us, the extreme danger we had escaped through God's wonderful providence." "For the design was," the diarist adds, in a note to his day's journal, and before the entry of the morrow, "to have taken out of our house by force and violence the said five members, if we had refused to deliver them up peaceably and willingly, which, for the preservation of the privileges of our house, we must have refused. And in the taking of them away, they were to have set upon us all, if we had resisted, in an hostile manner. It is very true that the plot was so contrived as that the king should have withdrawn out of the house, and passed through the lobby or little room next without it, before the massacre should have begun, upon a watchword by him, to have been given upon his passing through them. But 'tis most likely that those ruffians, being about eighty in number, who were gotten into the said lobby, being armed all of them with swords, and some of them with pistols ready charged, were so thirsty after innocent blood, as they would scarce have stayed the watchword if those members had been there, but would have begun their violence as soon as they had understood of our denial, to the hazard of the persons of the king and the prince elector, as well as of us. For, one of them understanding, a little before the king came out, that those five gentlemen were absent, 'Zounds!' said he, 'they are gone! and we are never the better for our coming!'"

The ardour of the king's followers was much greater than his own. They would have gladly set out for a hunt after the five members, who, as was generally known by the time Charles had left the House of Commons, were gone by water to the city, but he would not let them, and moody and sullen, discontented with himself and all the world, he returned to Whitehall. Vaguely the consciousness that he had played another tremendous stake, and had lost it, was dawning upon his mind; and in his distraction the idea occurred to him that he might make good in words what he had spoilt in performance, by publishing an annotated account of his intrusion into the House of Commons. With this object in view, the king sent, shortly after his arrival at Whitehall, for the assistant clerk of the house, whom he had seen busy writing in front of the speaker's chair while giving vent to his confused utterances. Arrived in the royal presence, John Rushworth was startled to hear the command from the king's lips to give up the copy of his majesty's speech that day, which he had been observed to take "in characters" at the table in the house. The young man stammered out excuses about its being forbidden to report the proceedings of the commons; but he was interrupted angrily by Charles, who cried, "I do not ask you to tell me what was said by any member of the house, but what I said myself." Longer resistance being impossible, Rushworth, as recorded by himself, "gave obedience to his majesty's command, and in his majesty's presence, in the room called the jewel house, transcribed his

majesty's speech out of his characters, his majesty staying in the room all the while, and then and there presented the same to him."

The printed report of the king's speech in the House of Commons, intended to make it appear that he had acted in a legal manner, was sent the same night into the city, together with a proclamation reiterating the charges against the five members, and closing the port against any attempt they might make to quit the country. Charles still believed that the city was on his side, his confidence being based mainly on the accidental circumstance of the post of chief magistrate having come to be filled by a person strongly inclined to be a courtier. The belief exhibited, more than almost anything else, the marvellous conceit and ignorance of the king, and the isolation, and retreat among false counsellors, to which his despot tendencies had driven him. At the very moment when he was making another appeal to the inhabitants of the capital, they had risen in arms against him. The first intelligence of Charles's attempt to seize the five members created a panic. "The shops of the city," according to Clarendon, "were generally shut up, as if an enemy were at the gates ready to enter and to plunder them; and the people in all places at a gaze, as if they looked only for directions, and were then disposed to any undertaking." London had started up in revolution, its sword pointed against the throne.

During the whole night, from Tuesday the 4th to Wednesday the 5th of January, the capital was in arms, the train bands guarding the gates, and excited people running about in all directions, crying that "the cavaliers," as the adherents of the court were called, had the intention "to fire the city," and "that the king himself was at the head of them." With daylight breaking on the Wednesday, the report that Charles was coming to the city got stronger, until it rose into seeming certainty about nine o'clock, when the great news flew from mouth to mouth that his majesty had left Whitehall already, and was advancing along the Strand towards Temple Bar. The news proved but too true. As incapable to learn from experience, as to open his eyes to the great fact that he was going to battle, not with a few parliamentary speakers, but with a whole nation, Charles had resolved to repeat his attempt of the previous day under infinitely more difficult and dangerous circumstances. To seize the five members of the House of Commons, now shielded by more than fifty thousand swords and a dense population of above a quarter of a million, the king set out for the city towards nine o'clock, accompanied by a small train of courtiers. The reception he met with from the crowds that had gathered in the streets was unfavourable in the extreme. All the way from Temple Bar to the Guildhall the people shouted "Privilege! Privilege of parliament!" and one citizen, less restrained than the rest, made himself conspicuous by flinging through the window of the royal coach, right into the king's face, a paper with the inscription, "To your tents, O Israel!"

Charles, now as always, acting in haste, had given no notice of his coming to the city authorities, and he had to walk up the steps to the Guildhall almost alone, while the lord mayor, common council, and aldermen,

whom public rumour had advertised of his arrival, put on their robes and hurried up from their houses. The majority of them having assembled around him, together with a miscellaneous crowd of citizens, the king addressed his new audience in a short speech. "Gentlemen," he cried, "I am come to demand such persons as I have already accused of high treason, and do believe are shrouded in the city. I hope no good men will keep them from me: their offences are treasons and misdemeanours of a high nature. I desire your loving assistance herein, that they may be brought to a legal trial. And whereas there are divers suspicions raised that I am a favourer of the popish religion, I do profess, in the name of a king, that I did and ever will, and that to the utmost of my power, be a prosecutor of all such as shall any ways oppose the laws and statutes of the kingdom, either Papists or Separatists; and not only so, but I will maintain and defend the true Protestant religion, which my father did profess, and I will continue in it during life." Highly conciliatory as was the address, it had not the effect desired by Charles. A short silence followed the conclusion of the royal speech, after which, as reported by an eye-witness, Captain Slingsby, confused shouts arose among the audience, some calling out "Parliament! Privilege of parliament!" and others, "God bless the king!" the cries continuing "both at once a good while;" but the calls for "Privilege" gradually getting to drown all others.

"After some knocking for silence," Slingsby, loyal adherent of Charles, goes on to say, "the king commanded some to speak if they had anything to say. One said, 'It is the vote of this court that your majesty hear the advice of your parliament;' but presently another answered, 'It is not the vote of this court: it is your own vote.' The king replied, 'Who is it that says I do not take the advice of my parliament? I do take their advice and will; but I must distinguish between the parliament and some traitors in it, and those I will bring to trial!'" The last words Charles repeated again and again, stammering, "to trial—trial!" There was silence again for a few minutes, till the breaking out of a fresh incident, not a little characteristic of the whole memorable scene. "Another bold fellow in the lowest rank," Captain Slingsby continues in his narrative, "stood up upon a form and cried, 'The privileges of parliament!' and another cried out, 'Observe the man; apprehend him!' The king mildly replied, 'I have and will observe all privileges of parliament; but no privileges can protect a traitor from a trial—a trial!' And so departed. In the outer hall were a multitude of the ruder people, who, as the king went out, set up a greater cry, 'The privilege of parliament!'" To escape the cries of the multitude, the king, according to the report of another eye-witness, Thomas Wiseman, "bid himself to dinner to Sheriff Garrett's, where he stayed till three of the clock;" but to no other effect than that of increasing the excitement against him. "Returning to Whitehall," Wiseman says, "the rude multitude followed, crying again, 'Privilege of parliament! Privilege of parliament!' whereat the good king was somewhat moved, and, I believe, was glad when he was home." One more grand stake was thrown and lost.

While Charles was dining at the sheriff's house in the city, with cries of "Privilege!" under the windows, the commons reassembled at Westminster. The excitement of the previous day, not lessened by the king's visit to the Guildhall, was still in all minds, and the first proceedings of the house were to order that the doors should be locked, and the outer lobbies be cleared of all strangers; that no member should offer to go out without leave; and that some should send forth their servants to see whether any armed crowds were approaching the gates. These preparations, deemed necessary for immediate safety, finished, it was moved by Harbottle Grimstone, member for Colchester, that the house should adjourn for a week, till Tuesday the 11th of January, and that in the mean time the commons should be represented by a select committee, sitting at the Guildhall or some other place in the city. The motion was opposed with great energy by the court party, but after an hour's sharp discussion was adopted by a vote of 170 against 86. "And thereupon," Sir Simonds D'Ewes noted in his diary, "Sir John Culpeper, newly-made chancellor of the exchequer, and divers others, were named to sit as a committee at the Guildhall, in London, to-morrow morning at nine of the clock, and all that would come were to have voices; and they were to consider of the breach of the privilege of parliament by his majesty's coming yesterday." In addition to this, another vote passed that a message should be sent to the lords, to let them know that, "by reason of his majesty coming to our house yesterday in such a warlike manner, we had adjourned the house till Tuesday next, at one of the clock, and that we had in the meantime appointed a select committee to sit in the Guildhall, to which all the members of the house who would come were to have voices, to consider of the breach of the privilege of parliament and the safety of the kingdom."

The motion to transfer the seat of parliament for a time into the city had scarcely been adopted when a new panic arose. It was bruited at the doors that the armed bands of Whitehall had been let loose once more upon the House of Commons, and in the agitation of the moment the members were divided in opinion whether it would be best becoming their dignity to adjourn at once, or to remain on their seats awaiting the arrival of the royal mercenaries. Sir John Clotworthy, member for Maldon, a country gentleman of much Irish experience, accustomed to face all sorts of ruffians and cut-throats, insisted that they should stop; and to set an example of legislating under difficulties, he brought forward at once a series of motions, to which, however, the house showed little disposition to listen. There were many cries of "Move! move!" but many more of "Adjourn! adjourn!" and in the end, amidst increasing confusion, all the proposals of brave Sir John "were allowed and voted by the house, but in such haste as they would not permit the clerk to read them." "For," continues D'Ewes, "we had new alarms given us of the coming down of armed persons upon us, and it was generally reported also that his majesty had intended to come down to both the houses this afternoon, again attended with the desperate troop with which he came yesterday, and to have accused

some other members, both of our house and of the lords' house, of treason, and to have seized upon their persons; but that, going into the city of London this morning, he was there so roundly and plainly dealt withal, by people of all sorts, who called upon him to maintain the privilege of parliament, to follow the advice of his great council in parliament, without which they were all undone, and that their blood would cry to Heaven for justice, and that they would with their lives and fortunes maintain the safety of his majesty's person, and the safety and privilege of parliament—some also throwing the printed protestation of the House of Commons into his coach as he went along—as that he both returned late out of the city, and altered, it seems, his former resolution."

The king's "resolution," unfortunately for himself, was still as unsettled as ever. At every successive check he received, his pride and obstinacy rebounded, and instead of learning wisdom from failure, it seemed to make him only the more stubborn in continuing in the old disastrous path. Deeply imbued with the divine-right superstition, fatal heirloom of the Stuart kings, but which they, of all men, were least fitted to exemplify, he could not bring himself for a moment to believe that he, the anointed sovereign, should be wrong in his doings and his subjects right in theirs. All that he had witnessed in the last days or weeks only proved to him that the "traitors" and "conspirators" were more numerous than he had at first imagined. It was exasperating, no doubt, that "treason" should be as rampant in the city as he had found it there; yet still the king did not come back disheartened, and in less than an hour after his return to Whitehall he set himself to make new endeavours for laying hold of the chief parliamentary traitors after whom he had been hunting for the last two days. In the teeth of the advice of nearly all the members of the privy council, Charles arrived at the determination to issue another decree for the arrest of the five members; and perceiving the unwillingness and all but open resistance of his ministers to the scheme, he drew up the order with his own hand.

The mandate—still existing in the original, the rough scrawl of Charles showing his fitful precipitancy—was addressed to "Our trusty and well-beloved councillor, Sir Edward Nicholas, our principal secretary of state," and ran as follows. "Charles Rex.—Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith prepare a draught of a proclamation declaring ye course of our proceedings upon the accusation of high treason and other high misdemeanours lodged against Mr. Denzil Holles, Sir Arthur Heselrige, Mr. John Pym, Mr. John Hampden, and Mr. William Strode, members of our House of Commons, who, being struck with the conscience of their own guilt of soe hainous crimes, have made their escape. And our will and pleasure is that you thereby commend all our officers, ministers, and loving subjects, to use their diligence in ye apprehending and carrying of them, and every of them, to our Tower of London, to be kept in safe custody, to be brought to triall according to justice. And that, moreover, you prohibitt all our loving subjects to harbor, relieve, and maintayne them, with any other fit clause. And for doing hereoff this shall be your sufficient war-

rant. Given at our court at Whitehall this fifth day of January in the 17th year of our of our reigne." It was an act of madness to issue such a proclamation, a fresh challenge, not only to the House of Commons, but to the whole city, already arrayed in arms against the crown, and priding itself in giving shelter to those whom the king accused of high treason. Sir Edward Nicholas and his other advisers vainly tried to persuade Charles to withhold his new edict. He insisted it should be issued, and to get his behest obeyed, wrote with his own hand the order "to our printer to print our proclamation." It was not strength, or perseverance for a principle, but weakness, hiding itself under the cloak of obstinacy.

If there remained any doubt yet as to the attitude assumed by the people of London in the struggle between king and parliament, it was dispelled by the first meeting of the commons in the city, on Thursday the 6th of January. While Charles on the preceding day had been all but hooted through the streets, the members of the lower house were received with marks of the deepest respect and affection, and carried in triumph to the Guildhall, where a deputation of the leading members of the common council, in their robes and chains, were waiting to receive them. A guard of honour, composed of the wealthiest citizens, each with his footman in livery behind him, was stationed in and around the Guildhall as special protection of the commons; while the train bands stood ranged further off, enclosing the representatives of the nation circle within circle. Nor were other attentions of a hospitable nature wanting. On suspending their deliberations, at the hour of dinner, the commons were surprised to find a banquet prepared for them, and apologize as they might, they had to sit down to it, and partake of "great cheere." But the banqueting did not make earnest members forget the earnestness of the time, and the grand objects which had brought them to the city. "It was first debated and resolved," reports Sir Simonds D'Ewes, indefatigable as ever with his note-book, "that the impeachment of the five members was illegal, and a breach of the privilege of parliament. Then they fell in debate—which continued when I came in—that the sealing up of the doors of the chambers and studies of the said Master Pym and Master Holles, on Monday morning last, was a breach of the liberty of the subject and of the privilege of parliament; and this was also voted upon the question. Then we fell in debate concerning the king's issuing out warrants, signed with his own hand, to Mr. Francis and others his serjeants-at-arms, to attach their bodies, that they were illegal, and against the liberty of the subject." It was finally moved by Sir Henry Vane the younger, to "make some short declaration," and the proposal having been adopted, and a committee appointed, they retired to draw up the paper. While they were absent, "I departed," says D'Ewes, "from the committee, between two and three of the clock in the afternoon; but the declaration was afterwards brought in by the said committee, and allowed and voted, and also printed."

The declaration began by stating that a great breach had been committed against the rights and privileges of parliament, and the freedom of speech of

the House of Commons, by the king's attempt to arrest the members, and then went on: "And whereas his majesty did issue forth several warrants, under his own hand, for the apprehension of the persons of the said members, which by law he cannot do, there being not all this time any legal charge or accusation, or due process of law, issued against them, nor any pretence of charge made known to the house, all which are against the fundamental liberties of the subject and the rights of parliament: whereupon we are necessitated, according to our duty, to declare, and we do hereby declare, that any person that shall arrest Mr. Holles, Sir Arthur Heselrige, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hampden, and Mr. Strode, or any of them, by pretence or colour of any warrant issuing out from the king only, is guilty of a breach of the liberties of the subject and of the privileges of parliament, and a public enemy of the commonwealth." The commons had hurled back the challenge thrown by Charles, and it remained to be seen whether the people of England were disposed to obey the orders of "the king only," or range themselves under the banner of "the commonwealth."

During the five days from Thursday the 6th till Monday the 10th of January, while the commons were sitting at Guildhall—changing the place of meeting at times, for more convenience, to Grocers' Hall—extreme agitation continued to prevail both at court and in the city. More than once the king was on the point of hurling the armed host of "cavaliers" that was crowding round him, including such men as Colonel Lunsford, the two-day governor of the Tower, against train bands and parliamentary traitors, but his courage each time failed at the last moment, and indecision constantly gained the upper hand, leaving him the prey of his own thoughts, and the vacillating tool of the swarm of needy and desperate adventurers congregated at Whitehall. Their schemes and plots counteracted so far upon the city as to keep the people in a perennial state of excitement, filling the air with ever-new rumours of assaults, fights, and battles to come. The alarm reached its zenith late in the evening of Friday, the 7th of January, by the arrival of a report that startled every soul in London. As recorded by D'Ewes, "this night a gentleman coming to the watch at Ludgate, between nine and ten of the clock, informed them that those soldiers and ruffians who came down to the house on Tuesday last had some design upon the city, to be executed this night; whereupon the city and the suburbs were almost wholly raised, so as within little more than an hour's space there were about forty thousand men in complete arms, and near upon a hundred thousand more that had halberts, swords, clubs, and the like. And the general cry of the city, 'Arm! Arm!' was with so much vehemency, and knocking at men's doors with so much violence, as some women, being with child, were so affrighted therewith as they miscarried; but after the lord mayor had sent to Whitehall and some other places, and found all things quiet, the streets were cleared within an hour's space, and every man retired to his house."

To prevent a repetition of such scenes, the commons, the next day, set themselves to place the military organization of the city on a better footing than it had hitherto been, by laying down fresh rules, and ap-

pointing new officers to the train bands, and nominating a commander-in-chief for the whole of the armed forces. The choice for the latter important post fell upon John Skippon, captain of the London military school, called the Artillery Garden, a pious man no less than brave soldier, who was invested with the title of "major-general of the militia of the city of London." There was much merriment among the fine courtiers at Whitehall at the news of the appointment, John Skippon being, as reported by Lord Clarendon, "altogether illiterate," and "from a common soldier had raised himself to the degree of a captain and to the reputation of a good officer," not by royal commission, but merely by his own merit. But the old "common soldier" proved a wonderfully good commander, upholding the strictest discipline, and gaining the hearts of his men as none ever had gained them before. When leading the city train bands, not long after, against the mocking cavaliers, they were made to feel the weight of the sword no less than the power of eloquence of the "illiterate" captain. "Come, my boys," he would cry, "my brave boys, let us pray heartily, and fight heartily. I will share the same fortunes and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us." It was the new language of a new race of Englishmen, unknown as yet at Whitehall, and incomprehensible in the court dialect.

The exaltation of the citizens of the capital greatly increased towards the end of the week in which the commons had sought a refuge in the Guildhall; and one of its effects was the expression of a strong desire among all classes that the national representatives should be taken back in a triumphal procession to Westminster, on the day appointed for reassembly there, Tuesday, the 11th of January. As the time approached, London got filled by vast crowds from all the neighbouring counties, who came to testify their sympathy and affection for the popular cause. Buckinghamshire alone sent up four thousand sturdy yeomen, farmers, and freeholders, all on their own horses, who had arrived specially to gather round and protect John Hampden; and equal and larger numbers flocked in from Kent, Essex, Surrey, Herts, and Middlesex, till the city seemed unable to hold the vast numbers of unbidden yet welcome guests. A singular spirit of brotherhood, never before witnessed, appeared to pervade the vast crowds that floated up and down, wave-like, through the narrow streets of the capital, with thousands of bright eyes looking down upon them from the high gabled dwellings. Master and servant, rich and poor, went mingling together; persons who had never beheld each other's face shook hands as they met—shook hands and passed on, without uttering a word, the radiant joy in their eyes alone expressing the purpose of their grasp.

The four thousand men from Buckinghamshire, with throngs of squires and freeholders from other counties, came riding into the city on Saturday, the 8th of January; and on Sunday the churches were crowded to such an extent that many of the ministers had to put their pulpits in the streets. Nearly all,

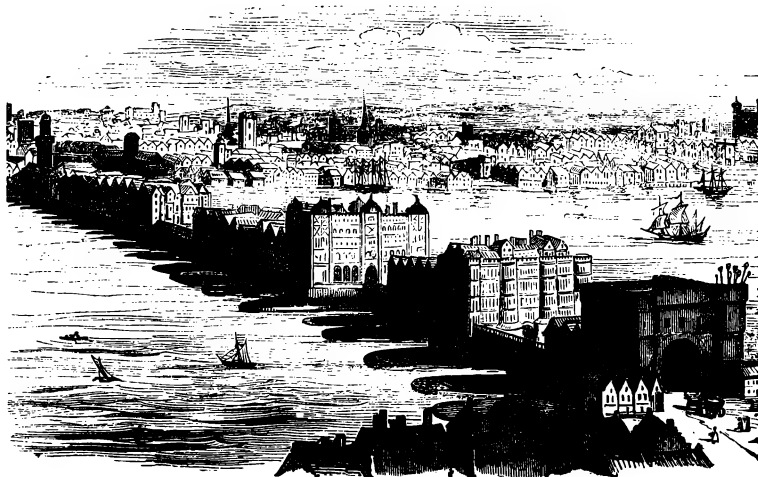
with one accord, preached on the text of the hundred and twenty-second psalm: "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David." Urged on by the boundless enthusiasm of the multitude, Pym and the other four accused members, who had hitherto abstained from taking part in the parliamentary proceedings, resumed their seats the next morning, Monday, the 10th of May, among their colleagues at the Guildhall. They were received with rapturous shouts of applause, taken up by the multitude outside the doors. Various deputations followed to heighten the exaltation of the hour. First came some hundred sailors and mariners from the port of London, with a petition signed on the spur of the moment by more than a thousand hands, offering, as told by the member for Sudbury, "to be with us to-morrow, to defend the parliament by water with muskets and other ammunition, in several vessels;" which offer "was accepted by us," with directions "to meet at the Hermitage at three of the clock the next morning." Next appeared a large deputation from the London apprentices, desiring, "in their own names, and in the names of all the rest, to guard the parliament to-morrow." The reply given to them was "to keep at home to-morrow for the guard of the city, whilst their masters did guard at the parliament," the humble answer to which was "that they would obey our command; and so departed." There were still more delegations behind. "Divers of the borough of Southwark," d'Ewes put down in his notes, "then came and offered the assistance of their train bands to us to-morrow, to come and be our guard at Westminster. We told them that we hoped the city of London would take care for our guard; but accepted their offer with thanks, and desired them to be in the fields about Lambeth and Southwark in their arms." The Southwark deputation had scarcely left the commons when a piece of news of all-absorbing importance went flying from mouth to mouth. It was that the king had suddenly and secretly run away from Whitehall, no man knew whither.

Like all the resolutions of Charles, the great one of taking to flight, without the existence of the least indication of danger to his person to justify so extreme a step, was hastily taken and still more hastily executed. Up till the afternoon of Monday he kept wavering between opposite courses, reason telling him to make his reconciliation with parliament and his subjects, and pride to continue in his arbitrary career. With the queen, her priests, and the crowd of bootless adventurers at court all dragging in the latter direction, the mental struggle did not last long, and by three o'clock he had come to the determination to crown all his other senseless

doings by making his escape from London. "Before his going," as related by Clarendon, "he sent to the earls of Essex and Holland to attend him in his journey, who were both by their places, the one being his chamberlain of the household, the other the prime gentleman of his bedchamber, obliged to that duty. The earl of Essex resolved to go, and to that purpose was making himself ready, when the earl of Holland came to him, and privately dissuaded him, assuring him that if the two went they should be both murdered. Whereupon they left the king to his small retinue, and in a most disconsolate perplexed condition, in more need of comfort and counsel than they had ever known him; and instead of attending their master in that exigent, they went together into the city."

The flight of Charles, followed by the desertion of nearly all the honourable men who had hitherto been adhering to his fortunes, threw the whole weight of political power at once into the hands of parliament, and more particularly the House of Commons. The return of the members from the city to St. Stephen's, on Tuesday, the 11th of January, was a triumph greater than even the most sanguine of them could ever have expected. On both sides of the River Thames, all the way from London Bridge to Westminster Stairs, the shore was crowded with people in their gayest festal attire, the train band in front with drums beating and banners flying, and the immense multitude behind, shouting welcome to the men who had overthrown that despotism which had weighed so long and so heavily upon the land. The members of the House of Commons went at midday from the city to Westminster by water, which was almost as crowded as the shore. "The Thames," says Clarendon, "was guarded with above one hundred lighters and long-boats, laden with nablettes and murderers, and dressed up with waist-clothes and streamers, as ready for fight."

The largest and most splendid of the barges belonging to the corporation of the city had been specially fitted up for the five accused members, and embarking in it "from the Three Cranes," they gave the signal for the immense procession to put itself in movement. "They returned," the under secretary of state



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

wrote to Admiral Pennington, "with such multitudes as had far more of triumph than guard; and the seamen made fleets of boats, which gave volleys all the way they went." "There was one circumstance not to be forgotten," Clarendon adds, "in the march of the city that day, when the show by water was little inferior to the other by land, that the pikemen had fastened to the tops of their pikes, and the rest in their hats, or their bosoms, printed papers of the protestation which had been enjoined by the House of Commons the year before, for the defence of the privilege of parliament; and many of them had the printed votes of the king's breaking their privileges in his coming to the house and demanding their members." The spectacle of a whole population thus rising up to proclaim its freedom was so grand altogether as to impress even the partisans of the court. "If I could be Pym with honesty," Sir Edward Dering, member for Kent, and warm adherent of the royalist party, wrote home to his wife, "I had rather be Pym than King Charles."

The first act of the commons, reinstalled at Westminster, was to pass a vote of thanks for "the great kindness and affection they had found in the city, and their zeal to the parliament." When the vote had been passed, the five accused members arose together, and while Hampden, Holles, Heselrige, and Strode stood silent and uncovered, Pym tendered, in the most impassioned language, his own hearty thanks and those of his colleagues to the citizens of London. He should never forget, he said, the unexampled scene they had that day witnessed, "and if their expressions of it, upon this extraordinary occasion, had been somewhat unusual, the house was engaged in honour to protect and defend them from receiving any damage." Then the sheriffs of the city were called into the house, and thanked by the speaker "for their extraordinary care and love expressed to the parliament," adding, "that they should have an ordinance of parliament for their indemnity," and declaring "that all their actions of respect and kindness, which they had showed to the lords and commons in London, and their attending them to and at Westminster, was legal and justifiable." The officers of the train bands, and the masters of the vessels in the river were likewise called in, and received the thanks of the speaker, who at the same time ordered Major-general Skippon to attend every day at Westminster, with such a guard as he thought sufficient for the guard of the two houses. This done, Arthur Goodwin, Hampden's colleague in the representation of Buckinghamshire, arose, asking that such of the gentry of his county as had been appointed to be the bearers of a numerous-signed address to parliament might be called in to deliver it. The same being assented to, the Buckinghamshire deputation came in, and the spokesman informed the house that more than six thousand men of his county had come to London, every one of them ready to defend, with life and fortune, the honourable members of the commons, or, if need were, "to die at their feet."

The words were followed by cheers from the dense crowd blocking up all the passages to the house; and which, taken up by the multitudes outside, re-echoed

again and again, sounding like distant thunder. "And then," Sir Simonds D'Ewes recorded, "they withdrew out of the house; but they were so many, and the press was so great in the lobby and rooms next without the door, that they were a good while before they could get out." The member for Sudbury, following the crowd, went out after it, and was recompensed for the trouble he took by a grand sight. "I went to walk a while in Westminster Hall," he noted in his diary, "and there stood many of the citizens, of the train bands of London, and of the eight companies, which guarded us this day by land, being in all two thousand four hundred men, in their arms, besides companies of the city of Westminster. And I saw upon the top of the pikes of divers of the Londoners the protestation, formerly framed and taken by the members of the House of Commons, and afterwards by most of the citizens, hanging like a little square banner; some had them also affixed, as I am informed, to their muskets; one had it fastened upon his breast, and it was also wrapped upon one of the ensigns." Sir Simonds felt, and many others felt with him, that there was as much eloquence in these little bits of paper, carried like banners by the people, as in all the din of cheers and speeches resounding in and around St. Stephen's Hall.

The first intoxication of victory over, the great question before the commons was their attitude towards the king. All hope of reconciliation was clearly gone with his flight from London, and there could be little doubt of his intention to raise a civil war for regaining the despotic power of which he had been dispossessed. However, his plans in this respect were not so manifest as to allow of energetic action, and the majority of the members of the house, moreover, were as yet so imbued with instinct loyalty that they dared not lift their hands or voices against the sacred person of the sovereign, even although the saving of the country from the most frightful of all evils depended upon it. Only a few of the boldest and most statesmanlike of the leaders of the popular party attempted, more or less secretly, to gain adherents to the proposal to force the king into abdication, and crown the prince of Wales, now twelve years old, surrounding him with such advisers as would give in their persons sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the new and hardly-gained liberties of the nation. It was clearly the only scheme promising a solution of the terrible difficulties of the moment and escape from the horrors of civil war; nevertheless, the great body of the members shrank from the step with something like terror, and on Sir John Northcote, member for Ashburton, mentioning, a few days after the reassembly of the house at Westminster, that "it was reported by some that there was an intention to crown the prince and make him king," the words raised such a storm that he had to give up speaking.

The want of prudent energy thus shown by the men who had become the virtual rulers of the nation, as it could not but lead to the most deplorable consequences in the end, so was immediately fraught with an amount of wavering, if not dissimulation, that went far to frustrate all their actions. For a few days after his flight from the capital, Charles felt so dejected and

dispirited that he would, probably, under gentle pressure, have signed his abdication and allowed his son to take possession of the throne, as the only alternative that would save his crown to his family. He and his consort made their way, first to Hampton Court, and from thence to Windsor, with scarcely any men of position as followers, and in such a state of poverty and wretchedness that they had to borrow money for their subsistence from their servants. "The prince [of Wales] one night wanted wine and another candles," one of the court attendants informed his wife in a letter of the 14th of January; likewise, "the king and queen are forced to lie with their children now," and "the king is so poor that he cannot feed them that follow him." What added greatly to the dejection of Charles was that even his consort, who hitherto had urged him on in his desperate career, was losing courage, being under the impression that parliament was going to impeach her, and that she might suffer the fate of Strafford. The fear so worked upon her mind that she conceived the plan of escaping to the Continent, with the double object of placing her own person in safety, and of enlisting mercenaries to fight the king's battles in the approaching civil war. Charles gave his consent to the scheme, though with great reluctance, being most unwilling to lose the society of his spouse, as well as afraid that her departure would still more endanger his cause. Her stronger will having gained once more the upper hand, the king allowed his consort not only to proceed abroad, but to lay hold of and take with her the crown jewels, agreeing that the national property should be converted into soldiers, guns, and ammunition for making war upon the nation. The House of Commons, with lamentable weakness, made no opposition to the design, its veneration for the kingly office being still far stronger than its patriotic feelings and love of justice.

Having given his assent to the queen's departure, a new phase opened in the career of Charles. It now became his immediate object to gain time, and to amuse parliament with the appearance of granting what he was determined to resist, till he had set himself at the head of a military force, with which he could crush the hated representatives of the people and annul all their acts. A few days after the re-assembling of the commons at Westminster, he sent them a message declaring that he waived the impeachment for treason against the five members, and if still proceeding against them would do so "in an unquestionable way;" and on the house asking for proofs of the charges, he replied that he could not give his evidence, but that no time should be lost in preferring the indictment at common law "in the usual way." There appeared to be no suspicion among the members that they were being toyed with merely; and so far from throwing up the king's game, and proceeding to energetic measures, becoming the responsible and perilous position in which they were placed, they dallied on more loyally than ever, despatching humble petitions to Windsor, and receiving in return gracious replies, full of compliments, and obscure as oracles. To a request of extraordinary import, touching the appointments in the militia, which the commons desired should "be settled in

every county upon such persons as the parliament should approve," Charles returned an answer of an exceeding cleverness, vague and well-bred enough to perplex the most headstrong of his antagonists. "The king," according to Thomas May, "in fair language desired the parliament, since the particular grievances and distractions were too many, and would be too tedious to be presented by themselves, that they would comprise and digest them into one entire body, that so his majesty and themselves might be able to make the more clear judgment of them, and that it should then appear, by what his majesty would do, how far he hath been from intending or designing any of those things which the too great fears and jealousies of some persons seem to apprehend, and how ready he would be to equal, or exceed, the greatest examples of most indulgent princes in their acts of grace and favour to the people."

The fine words, in such contrast to the acts of Charles as to be utterly absurd, "were received," as reported by May, "with thanks by the parliament, who resolved to take them into speedy and serious consideration." While thus beguiling his faithful commons, the king got everything ready for the warlike mission of his consort to the Continent, and the crown diamonds having been securely packed up, with as many other valuables as could be seized, they both started for Dover in the middle of February. The ostensible object of the queen's journey was to take her little daughter, Princess Mary, ten years old, who had been betrothed some months before to Prince William of Orange, to Holland, to learn Dutch; but the real intent of the expedition was so little hidden that it was a matter of open conversation in the city, where not a few of the more clear-sighted politicians gave vent to their grief and indignation that parliament, having been so bold before, should all on a sudden become so timid as to allow the open prosecution of the most nefarious designs for disturbing the peace of the nation. A kind of stupor, produce of the sudden and unexpected victory which they had achieved, and of a dark fear in the minds of many that it might drive them too far towards democracy, appeared to have fallen upon the House of Commons, and the members were roused from it only for a moment on learning that the king and queen, in their journey to Dover, had been joined by the prince of Wales. On this they sent an order to the marquis of Hertford, governor of the young prince, to bring the heir to the throne to London. But the command met with no obedience; and having put his wife and the regalia safe on board a Dutch vessel, on the 23rd of February, Charles turned round, with his son in his company, to make his way to the north of England and prepare for battle.

Now or never was the time for parliament to stop the further proceedings of the king, and smother the rising flame of intestine war. Unfortunately, though there was no want of courage on the part of the leaders, it failed the body of the members, and they could not be induced to go further than send off another petition. They humbly entreated Charles to continue his abode near London and his parliament, and not to take his son, the prince, out of those parts; "to which the king," says May,

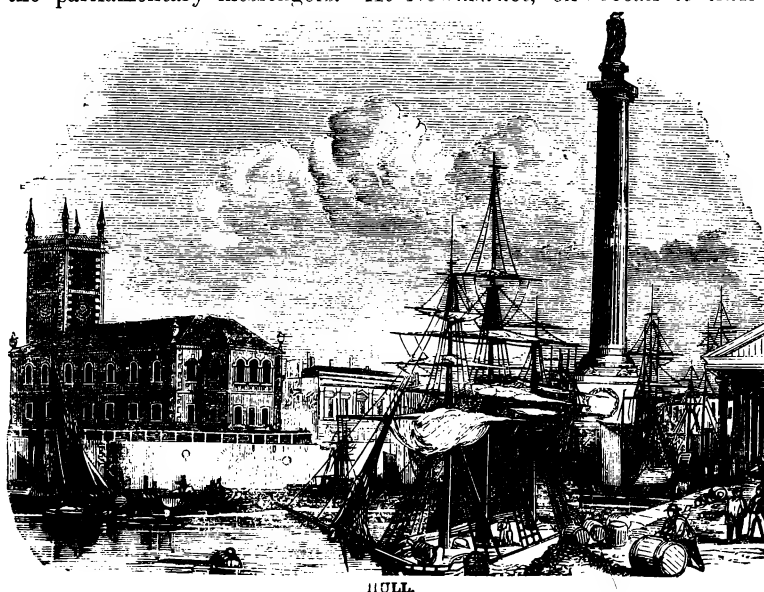
"denied to give any other answer" than "that he conceived himself not safe in any place near London, and that he would take such a care of the prince, his son, as should justify him to God as a father and to his dominions as a king." It was evident, from the haughtiness of the language, that Charles was beginning to feel new ground under his feet. While the commons were strong, the king had been wavering, and now the commons were wavering the king got strong.

In moving northward, after sending the queen and her eldest daughter away, and taking the prince of Wales under his own charge, the plan of Charles was to seize the town of Hull, the most important military magazine next to the Tower of London, to raise troops, nominally for the suppression of the Irish rebellion, which his adherents were keeping alive and gradually fanning into a wide massacre of Protestants, and, when strong enough, and having received the foreign regiments whose help his consort was to purchase with the crown jewels, to march upon the capital and annihilate parliament and the opponents of his regal power. The scheme, due mainly to the fertile brain of Henrietta Maria, was not without great chances of success under the existing indecision of the House of Commons; but at the outset the king was stopped in the speedy prosecution of his vast design by a powerful obstacle in his want of money. His consort had taken possession of nearly everything capable of being converted into coin, and the needy crowd of adventurers and soldiers of fortune who had hitherto been following in his track showed entire unwillingness to go further without being paid for their services. Thus the king's progress to the north was of extreme slowness. At Theobalds, Newmarket, Ely, and other towns in the eastern counties, where he stayed for several days, he had to receive new petitions from the commons, more and more urgent in tone, to which he replied in the old evasive manner, alternately coaxing and threatening the parliamentary messengers. At Newmarket, on

the 9th of March, a select committee of both houses, headed by the earls of Pembroke and Holland, waited upon him with a long declaration, reiterating all the "fears and jealousies" so often expressed, pressing him again to put away the "evil counsellors" who were leading him into wrong paths, and particularly entreating him to return to the capital, into the midst of his faithful subjects. The declaration stated that both lords and commons "had searched their affections, their thoughts, considered their actions, and they found none that could give his majesty any just occasion to absent himself from Whitehall and his parliament, but that he might, with more honour and safety, continue there than in any other place." His desertion, they said, they took "as the heaviest misery to himself, and imputation upon them, that could be imagined, and the most mischievous effect of evil counsels: it rooted up the strongest foundations of the safety and honour of the crown, and it cast upon the parliament such a charge as was inconsistent with the nature of that great council, being the body of which his majesty was the head."

The conclusion of the address, as reported by Clarendon, was most pathetic, enough to touch any other man but Charles. "They besought his majesty to consider in what state he was, how easy and fair a way he had to happiness, honour, greatness, plenty, and security, if he would join with his parliament and his faithful subjects in the defence of the religion and the public good of the kingdom. That was all they expected from him, and for that they would return to him their lives and fortunes, and make their uttermost endeavours to support him, his just sovereignty, and power over them. But," they continued, "it was not words that could secure them in their humble desires: they could not but too well and sorrowfully remember what gracious messages they had from his majesty the last summer, when, with his privity, the bringing up of the army was in agitation; they could not but with the like affections recall to their minds how, not two days before he

gave directions for the impeachment of the five members and his own coming to the House of Commons, that house received from him a gracious message that he would always have care of their privileges as of his own prerogative, and of the safety of their persons as of his own children. That which they expected, and which would give them assurance that he had no thought but of peace and justice to his people, must be some real effect of his goodness to them, in granting those things which the present necessity of the kingdom did enforce them to desire. In the first place, that he would be graciously pleased to put from him those wicked and mischievous counsellors who had caused all those dangers and distractions; and, secondly, to continue his own residence, and the prince's, near London and the parlia-



ment, which, they hoped, would be a happy beginning of contentment and confidence between him and his people, and be followed with many succeeding blessings of honour and greatness to his majesty, and of security and prosperity to the nation." Never had parliamentary eloquence found nobler expression, in language coming alike from brain and heart. Unfortunately it was lost upon an empty brain and an emptier heart.

Charles's reply to the great declaration of the lords and commons was coarse and vulgar in the extreme. The reading of it by the earl of Holland he interrupted repeatedly with such ejaculations as "That's false!" and "It's a lie!" the latter one of his majesty's favourite phrases, but singularly out of place on this occasion. Having listened with much impatience to the end, the king told the deputation that he would give them a full reply the next day. "I am confident," he cried, stuttering as usual, "that you expect not I should give you a speedy answer to this strange and unexpected declaration. As concerning the grounds of your fears and jealousies, I will take time to answer them particularly, and doubt not but I shall do it to the satisfaction of all the world. God, in his good time, will, I hope, discover the secrets and bottoms of all plots and treasons, and then I shall stand right in the eyes of all my people." Having thus invoked heaven to discover plots, while he was plotting civil war, Charles continued, in a more rambling tone, "I still confess my fears, and call God to witness that they are greater for the true Protestant profession, my people and laws, than for my own rights and safety. What would you have? Have I violated your laws? Have I denied to pass any one bill for the ease and security of my subjects? I do not ask you what you have done for me. Are my people transported with fears and apprehensions? I have offered as free and general a pardon as yourselves can devise. There is a judgment from heaven upon this nation if these distractions continue. God so deal with me and mine, as all my thoughts and intentions are upright for the maintenance of the true Protestant profession, and for the observation and preservation of the laws of the land, and I hope God will bless and assist those laws for my preservation."

The last words being uttered "suddenly and with some vehemence," the deputation thought fit to withdraw, after requesting that "since they were to carry back with them no other answer, his majesty would vouchsafe to give them what he had spoken in writing." This the king did the next morning; but his reply being extraordinarily vague, the earl of Holland made bold to ask him what were his real demands. "I would whip a boy in Westminster school that cannot tell that by my answer," cried the king, with great brutality; and being further entreated by the deputation to take pity upon the miseries of his subjects and return to the capital, he snappishly exclaimed that the declaration "was not the way to it." Then came a final explanation between Charles and the parliamentary deputation. To prevent, if possible, the threatening civil war from breaking out, the commons, in conjunction with the lords, had been trying for some time to get the king's

assent to the bill vesting in them the appointment of the chief officers of the militia. Charles had hitherto refused it absolutely, and the earl of Pembroke now once more pressed him to grant the desired power, if only "for a time." "By God! not for an hour!" the king ejaculated; "you have asked that of me which was never asked of a king, and with which I will not trust my wife and children." So the interview ended, the king immediately after hurrying away from Newmarket further north, while the deputation, sad at heart, went back to London. "As soon as they returned," says Clarendon, "and reported to both houses what they had received, and in what disposition and temper they found and left the king, it was ordered that their declaration which they had sent to him should be speedily printed, and carefully dispersed throughout the kingdom, that the people might see upon what terms they stood." Parliament still trusted to the printing press, while Charles had already firmly grasped the hilt of his sword.



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Leaving Newmarket, the king went to Huntingdon, and from thence to York, which he reached on the 19th of March, having gathered around him on the road a crowd of squires and nobles disaffected to the parliament, and levied contributions sufficient to hold together the throng of military adventurers and other "cavaliers" that had followed him, under somewhat loose discipline, from Whitehall. Arrived at York, Charles set to organise his forces, and deeming it time to lift, at least in part, the veil from his further movements, he sent a message to the House of Lords, with the information that he intended to go in person over to Ireland, "to chastise by force of arms those barbarous and bloody rebels," and for that purpose "thought fit to advertise the parliament that he intended to raise forthwith, by his commissions, in the counties near Westchester, a guard for his own person when he should come into Ireland, consisting of two thousand foot and two hundred horse, which he would arm at Westchester, from his magazine at Hull." The message was dated the 8th of April, 1642; but before it reached London, the commons, now at last awoke to a sense of the extreme dangers threatening the nation, had already taken some steps towards counteracting the aggressive movements of the king. They passed a vote, immediately confirmed by the lords, "that the kingdom hath been of late,

and still is, in so evident and imminent danger, both from enemies abroad and a popish and discontented party at home, that there is an urgent and inevitable necessity of putting his majesty's subjects into a posture of defence, for the safeguard both of the king and his people." This was followed by another still more significant resolution. It was to the effect "that the lords and commons, apprehending danger, and being sensible of their own duty to provide a suitable prevention, had in several petitions addressed themselves to his majesty for the ordering and disposing the militia of the kingdom, in such a way as agreed upon, by the wisdom of both houses, to be the most proper for the present exigence of the kingdom; yet they could not obtain it, but his majesty did several times refuse to give his royal assent thereunto." In consequence of which it was resolved now "that in case of extreme danger, and of his majesty's refusal, the ordinance agreed on by both houses for the militia did oblige the people, and should stand among the laws of the kingdom; and that such persons as should be nominated deputy lieutenants, and approved of by both houses, should receive the commands of both houses to take upon them to execute their offices."

The important resolution, amounting to little less than the grasping of the sword by parliament, was not passed without strenuous opposition of the minority, apparently more than ever afraid of the dismal black clouds hovering in the air, and inclined rather to bend anew under the heavy weight of kingly despotism than to face the unknown dangers in the trail of the rising spirit of democracy. In the upper house, the militia bill was agreed to only after a long and warm debate, and under the written protest of thirteen peers, the number including not only the known members of the court party, but several nobles who had hitherto voted on the liberal side, such as Lord Seymour and the earl of Southampton. The tearing asunder of old party divisions was no less marked in the House of Commons, the most resolute members of which, though not shrinking back from the stern duty imposed upon them, yet felt as if overborne by the immense weight of their responsibilities. "The weather was very cold," Sir Simonds D'Ewes noted, "and our debate full of sadness and evil augury, all conceiving, that whether we sat still or did proceed to settle the militia by authority of both houses, matters were now grown to a desperate pass." A little more determination, displayed a little earlier, might have chased the grisly phantom of civil war: now it was standing by, knocking at the door, and proclaiming loudly the advent of the revolution.

While the commons were still groping their way onward in fear and hesitation, the king began to act. After a fortnight's stay at York, Charles had succeeded in gathering near a thousand adherents, whose loyalty was flaming up in enthusiastic addresses, one of them entreating him to take up his temporary residence at Hull, and there to unfurl his standard. "Your royal person is," the writers declared, "the David, the light of Israel, and more worth than ten thousand of us." In conformity with the invitation, which, not quite accidentally, fell in with his own plans, the king moved towards Hull, intending to take possession

of the place partly by stratagem and partly by force. Late in the evening of Friday the 22nd of April, the prince palatine, son of the "Winter King," accompanied by the younger brother of the prince of Wales, the duke of York, a boy of nine, who had just come up from Richmond to join his father, presented themselves at the town entrance, claiming to be the guests of the mayor for a night or two. They were admitted without hesitation, and splendidly feasted the next day at a banquet prepared in their honour, to which also the governor, Sir John Hotham, was invited. The banqueting was still going on when an express despatched by Charles came riding up, informing Sir John that the king had resolved upon honouring the town of Hull with a visit, to stay for a few days with his son and nephew, and to share the hospitalities which they were enjoying. On the heels of the first came a second messenger, not official, but despatched by some zealous patriots, who reported to the astonished governor that his majesty had with him a train of from five to six hundred "servants," all of them of singularly warlike appearance, high on horseback, with long dangling swords, pistols in their holsters, and steel-cased from head to foot. To admit such visitors, evidently coming for other purposes than merely to dine, was more than Sir John dared to do on his own responsibility. Though attached to the king, he yet had the fear of parliament before his eyes; and uncertain which way to turn, he summoned the magistrates and officers of the garrison to a consultation, resolved to act upon their advice. It was to the effect to admit the king and the prince of Wales, together with a dozen of their followers, but to exclude the rest, on the well-grounded plea that the entrance of armed strangers into the town was forbidden by the rules of service, as well as by a special act of parliament passed not long before. The notification, couched in the most respectful terms, was forwarded instantly to the king, who had come to be within a mile of Hull; and on his paying no attention to it, the governor, instigated by some of his chief officers, more warmly than himself attached to the popular cause, ordered all the gates to be shut, the drawbridges to be raised, and the whole garrison to be put under arms.

Charles fumed with rage when approaching Hull and seeing it closed against him. His expectation had been that he would be allowed to ride in quietly, and that a short and sharp fight in the streets, and seizure of all his antagonists at a banquet, or by night in their beds, would suffice to settle the fate of the town. Not strong enough to make his entrance by force, the king sat down for some hours at the gate, sending message after message to Sir John Hotham, the first full of flattery and the others of menace. Finding all fruitless, he ordered the duke of York and prince palatine to leave the town, and they having joined him, he retreated to Beverley, and from thence despatched heralds proclaiming the governor of Hull a traitor, and all who obeyed him guilty of high treason. The only effect of the royal proclamation was that Sir John Hotham, "a man of a fearful nature and perplexed understanding," according to Clarendon, and who, in his opinion, "would have conformed to the king's pleasure if prepared

dexterously beforehand and in confidence," was driven temporarily into the ranks of Charles's fiercest enemies.

His first failure in raising the standard of civil war brought the king again for a moment back to his old hypocritical ways. Assuming the airs of a deeply-injured sovereign, he had the assurance to appeal to the House of Commons to set him right with his traitorous subjects, who had deemed laws of parliament higher than his own orders. From York, which he once more made his head-quarters, after the retreat from Hull, he sent a long message to the commons, declaring that the behaviour of Sir John Hotham had been the greatest indignity ever heaped upon him, the more so as Sir John "had justified his treason and disloyalty by pretence of an order and trust from them, which his majesty was confident they would not own, but would be highly sensible of the scandal he had laid upon them, as well as of his disloyalty to his majesty." The message not being immediately replied to, Charles despatched a second, more urgent one, to the members of both houses of parliament. "He was so much concerned in the undutiful affront he had received from Sir John Hotham, at Hull," his majesty wrote, "that he was impatient till he received justice from them, and was compelled to call again for an answer; being confident, however, that as they had been so careful to have put, though without his consent, a garrison into the town, to secure it and his magazines of war against any attempt of the papists, that they never intended to dispose and maintain it against him, their sovereign. Therefore, he required them forthwith, the business admitting of no delay, that they would take some speedy course that the said town with all its magazines might be immediately delivered up to him, and that such severe exemplary proceedings should be against those persons who had offered that insupportable affront and injury to him, as by the law was provided." Till this was done, he "would intend no business whatever, other than the business of Ireland."

The extraordinary missive, marvellous compound of frankness, impertinence, and duplicity, finished with the startling assertion that the walled towns of the kingdom belonged to the sovereign, the same as all personal property belonged to its owners. By being shut out of Hull, his majesty stated, he was "brought into a condition so much worse than any of his subjects, that while they all enjoyed their privileges, and could not have their possessions disturbed, or their titles questioned, he only might be spoiled, thrown out of his towns, and his goods taken from him." The time had come, he added, "to examine how he had lost those privileges;" and it was his intention "to try all possible ways, by the help of God, the law of the land, and the affection of his good subjects, to recover them, and to vindicate himself from those injuries; and if he should miscarry therein, he should be the first sovereign of the kingdom that had failed." It was a little constitutional question, this of his majesty's "titles" to his "possessions," which, there could be no doubt, clearly demanded a settlement.

The answer to the king's second message followed

very quickly in an unanimous address of the two houses of parliament, prefaced by a declaration drawn up by the lords. In the latter his majesty was told, with a tone of sternness never yet displayed by the peers, "that Sir John Hotham had done nothing but in obedience to the command of both houses of parliament, and that the declaring of him a traitor, being a member of the House of Commons, was a high breach of the privilege of parliament; and, being without due process of law, was against the liberty of the subject and against the law of the land." The address following this declaration was very explicit, as well as elaborate, aiming to controvert point by point the strange legal and constitutional principles laid down by the king. After declaring that the two houses of parliament were prepared to accept the refusal of the governor of Hull to let his majesty enter the place as their own act, the document went on to say that it was not only irrational to maintain that this or any other town in the realm were royal property in the same sense as a man's goods, house, or jewels were his own; but that such a claim in itself formed the basis of a worse than oriental despotism. The address further argued that "though the king may be entrusted with public property for the common good, the powers delegated to him by the community are under the control of the nation;" that "the erroneous maxim infused into princes that their kingdoms are their property, and that they may do with them what they will, as if their kingdoms were made for them, and not they for their kingdoms, is the root of all their subjects' misery, and of all the invasions of their just rights and liberties;" that "the king is merely entrusted with the forts and magazines of war for the general good, and that the crown jewels themselves compose a part of this trust, being placed under his command only for public uses;" that "as these trusts are for the common good, so ought they to be exercised by the advice of both houses of parliament, authorized by the nation to see them properly discharged;" and, finally, that "even if it should be admitted, which was impossible, that his majesty had a property in the town and magazines of Hull, yet the parliament was entitled to dispose of his property, as well as that of his subjects, in such a manner as to secure the kingdom from danger."

Going on to combat the motive of precedents which the king had put forward, the address argued with deep sagacity that it was vain to urge precedents, since the representatives of the nation in parliament assembled might, upon better grounds, make precedents for posterity than their ancestors had done for them; and that if there were no precedents in their favour, it was merely because there had not hitherto been counsellors who attempted to alienate the people from parliament, and infuse into them disobedience to the fundamental laws of the realm, sacred guards of the freedom of the nation. "Were there ever," the address concluded, "such practices to poison the people with an ill apprehension of the parliament? Were there ever such imputations and scandals laid upon the proceedings of both houses? Were there ever so many and so great breaches of privilege? Were there

ever so many and desperate designs against the parliament and the members thereof? If we have done more than our ancestors have done, we also have suffered more than ever they have suffered. And yet, in point of modesty and duty, we shall not yield to the best of former times, and we shall put this in issue, whether the highest and most unwarrantable precedents of any of his majesty's predecessors do not fall short and much below what has been done to us in this parliament; and, on the other side, whether, if we should make the highest precedents of other parliaments our patterns, there would be cause to complain of want of modesty and duty in us." Charles made no rejoinder to the address, but immediately after receiving it, on the 12th of May, summoned a meeting of all his adherents at York, and declared "that he was resolved, in regard of the public distempers, and the neighbourhood of Hull, to have a guard for his person." In the wake of this declaration, "the king," says Clarendon, "appointed such gentlemen as were willing to list themselves into a troop of horse, and made the prince of Wales their captain, and made choice of one regiment of the trained bands, consisting of about six hundred, whom he caused, every Saturday, to be paid at his own charge." The step was equivalent to a declaration of war, and considered as such by both houses of parliament.

As soon as the weighty intelligence arrived in London, the commons, in conjunction with the lords, formed themselves into a grand committee, to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the king. After a short but excited debate three resolutions were resolved upon and passed the same day, the 20th of May. The first ran: "It appears that the king intends to make war against the parliament, who, in all their consultations and actions, have proposed no other end unto themselves but the care of his kingdoms, and the performance of all duty and loyalty to his person." On the resolution being put to the vote, it met with sharp opposition; but, as reported by D'Ewes, "the hotter and more violent spirits prevailing in number, the question was carried affirmatively, although there were many negatives against it. Notwithstanding that, upon Mr. Pym's motion, seconded by myself, the words 'seduced by wicked counsel' were added after the word 'king.'" The next two resolutions passed "with little or no difficulty." They were: "That whensoever the king maketh war upon parliament, it is a breach of the trust reposed in him by his people, contrary to his oath, and tending to the dissolution of the government;" and "that whosoever shall serve or assist him in such wars, are traitors by the fundamental laws of this kingdom; and have been so adjudged by two acts of parliament, 2 Rich. II. and 1 Hen. IV., and ought to suffer as traitors."

The passing of the three resolutions, definite reply to the war declaration of the king, was the signal for many members of the court party, in both the upper and lower house, to run away to York and openly range themselves under the banner of Charles. Among the first who took this step were Edward Hyde, Lord Falkland, and Sir John Culpeper. All three had been playing a very doubtful and undignified part in the

House of Commons since the king's flight from London, acting as if they did not approve many of the doings of his majesty, while yet everybody knew that they were his advisers, and in constant and uninterrupted communication with him. Hyde, the leading man of the three, and suspected author of many of the proclamations and edicts issued by Charles, had arranged to follow his royal master before it had come to a complete breach between him and the parliament, but he remained longer at Westminster for the purpose of drawing others away from parliament and over to the king's side. His aim more especially was to seduce the lord-keeper of the great seal, Sir Edward Littleton, not so much on his own account, he himself being obnoxious to the king for his moderately liberal opinions, but to get possession of the symbol of executive authority entrusted to his hands.

After long secret negotiations, Littleton was induced to give his promise to join the royalists at York; however, when the moment arrived for the flight, he still hesitated, which led the king, who felt more and more anxious to procure the great seal, to have recourse to a measure of considerable boldness. In the middle of May, a day or two after he had taken the final step towards civil war by enrolling troops, Charles despatched one of his bedchamber grooms, a daring youth named Thomas Eliot, to London, with instructions to get the great seal from the lord-keeper, if possible by fair words, but if necessary by force. Eliot executed his commission with as much skill as audacity. As soon as arrived in London, on the 22nd of May, he obtained a private audience of Sir Edward Littleton, and informed him of his master's orders; and finding him unwilling to fulfil his demands, locked the door of the chamber, cocked a couple of pistols, and threatened to blow out his brains. For this argument Sir Edward was unprepared, and hesitating no longer, delivered up the seal, which the king's messenger carried off at once, in furious ride, to York. There remained nothing for the lord-keeper but to follow his assailant, being too deeply engaged in the intrigues of the court party to answer for the past; and in the afternoon of the 23rd of May, the announcement of his flight was made in the upper house of parliament, creating much consternation. It was shared in by the commons; while in the city there was a sort of panic for twenty-four hours, many of the people holding that all authority in the state rested with the actual possessor of the engraved stamp with which the bedchamber groom had run away.

Edward Hyde, Lord Falkland, and the other principal members of the court party in the House of Commons, took to flight immediately after the lord-keeper. Hyde, soon to be Lord Clarendon, shrewdest of the knot of political adventurers who resolved to throw in their fortune with the king, had been closely watched for some time by the leaders of the popular party, but managed to make his escape at the last moment by a somewhat vulgar display of cunning. Feigning to be very ill, he obtained on the day of Thomas Eliot's arrival in London the speaker's leave for a short absence in the country, and went to conceal himself at a friend's house near Oxford, a

little away from the northern road, along which he meant to fly. Here he stayed, till learning that both the great seal and the lord-keeper had got away safely, when he himself slowly and watchfully crept towards the north, not however going directly to the king, so as to compromise himself irrevocably, but stopping at a distance from the royal camp, and remaining in the meanwhile in daily and almost hourly correspondence both with his friends at York and in London. His absence being noticed in the House of Commons, inquiries were made after him, when the speaker informed them "that Mr. Hyde had acquainted him with his going into the country to recover his health by fresh air, and that Dr. Winston, his physician, had certified that he was troubled with the stone." On this, George Peard, member for Barnstaple, expressed his belief "that Mr. Hyde was troubled with no other stone than the stone in his heart, and therefore he would have him sent for wherever he was, for he was confident that he was doing them mischief wherever he was."

The motion was thrown out by the commons, on the good ground of not giving any undue importance to men who treated the misfortunes of the country as a political lottery; but the lords acted otherwise, and on the 25th of May, two days after the flight of Littleton, they ordered that an account should be taken of all the peers who had absented themselves, without permission, from their duties in parliament. The list having been made out, it was found that it comprised thirty peers, besides the lord-keeper, namely, one duke, one marquis, sixteen earls, and twelve lords, all of whom were summoned, by letter and proclamation, to appear at Westminster by the 8th of June. Twenty-one made no reply, indicative of their being still engaged in watching the ebb and flow of the tide before casting their fortune upon the waters. The other nine, the earls of Devonshire, Dover, Monmouth, and Northampton, and Lords Capel, Coventry, Rich, Howard of Charlton, and Grey de Ruthyn, returned a common answer, stating that they had gone to the city of York by order of the king, and intended to remain there by the same authority. The peers decided by a unanimous vote to communicate the letter to the commons, and on the 11th of June the matter was debated in the lower house. After a lengthened discussion, the speaker put the question, that the said nine lords had offered an affront to the parliament by going to York and not returning back when summoned, and that they might justly be suspected of furthering a civil war in the kingdom. Many being against the putting of this question, the house divided on it, appointing "Mr. Denzil Holles and Mr. Cromwell tellers for the ayes." The ayes having been found to number 109, and the noes 51, the house declared the nine lords who had espoused the cause of the king traitors to the commonwealth.

Both sides now entered into active preparations for the seemingly inevitable war. Charles had followed up the levying of troops in Yorkshire with the despatch of commissions of array, in his own name, through all the counties, and the two houses of parliament now in their turn ordered that the militia ordinance, passed a short time before, should be put

into execution. Both the royal emissaries and the parliamentary commissioners exerted themselves to the utmost to carry out the orders with which they were entrusted, as well as to defeat their antagonists, and the result was no little disturbance, confusion, and distress in the quiet homesteads of England. The turmoil was heightened by constant change of sides among leading men in the counties, the result partly of unscrupulous bribery, and partly of great political vacillation. In Leicestershire, which was believed to be devoted to the popular cause, Henry Hastings, a younger son of the earl of Huntingdon, came forward all on a sudden and boldly proclaimed the king's commission of array, in defiance of the two members, Sir Arthur Heselrige and Lord Grey, who had come as parliamentary commissioners to organize the militia. In Buckinghamshire, one of the great strongholds of liberal opinion, parliament encountered a still more unexpected difficulty. On the 14th of June, John Hampden reported to the house that a general muster of the newly-raised militia of his county was to take place within a few days, but that Lord Paget, the lord-lieutenant, who had taken an active part in the measure, and was believed to be a firm adherent of the popular party, had run away to York. He therefore moved that either a new lord-lieutenant might be appointed, or that the deputy lieutenants might be empowered to fulfil his functions. "We all wondered," Sir Simonds D'Ewes recorded in his diary, "at the Lord Paget's mean and unworthy spirit to go to York to the king, having already mustered the county. Mr. Hampden and others were appointed to draw up an order." Like many of his noble friends, Lord Paget not long after ran back to Westminster with as much celerity as he had taken in galloping to York, evidently quite unable to find out which way the wind was blowing. A fine specimen of a somewhat numerous class, the Buckinghamshire lord-lieutenant incurred no very great obloquy by the twirls he executed; the worst that happened to him was being laughed at by his colleagues in the upper house. "My Lord Paget," wrote the earl of Radnor, a kind of D'Ewes among the peers, "in the beginning of this parliament was very fiery against the court; but afterwards ran away from the parliament with the old earl of Bristol, and remained a fiery courtier till the tide began to turn, and then warps off from the king. About 1641, coming to the court, talking with the queen, he boasted much of the power of the country lords, and said, 'Madam, we are as strong as Sampson!' 'My lord,' replied the queen, 'I easily believe it, seeing you want not among you the jawbone of an ass.' Ever after he was nicknamed 'Sampson.' This lord had a long lean face, not differing in length from that of an ass."

Although both houses of parliament were now roused to considerable energy, the king was yet more active, if not more successful in his war preparations, than they. On the 1st of May he published his commissions for the array of the northern counties, and the following day the spirit of the "Cavaliers" was cheered by the arrival in Kenningham creek of a small vessel from Holland, bearing stores of arms and ammunition sent by the queen. Henrietta

Maria, after selling or pawning the greater part of the English regalia, had managed to fit out the vessel, which she baptized "The Providence," in spite of the jealous watching of several parliamentary envoys, who, aware of the task in which she was engaged, tried hard to prevent both the disposal of the national property and the stirring-up of civil war by calling for the interference of the Dutch government. The latter felt well enough disposed towards a cause so much in harmony with their own great battle for civil and religious liberty; nevertheless, the authorities of the republic either had not, or professed not to have the power to prevent the glittering diamonds with which her majesty of England had absconded from finding their way into the outstretched hands of the eager pawnbrokers of Amsterdam, nor the gold advanced by them from flowing into the hands of other dealers, in exchange for powder and bullets, ships and ships' stores. To make up for their laxity in this respect, the rulers of the Dutch commonwealth treated the queen herself with the utmost disdain. "They showed," wrote one of the companions of Henrietta Maria, "no respect or veneration for her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on; threw themselves on chairs close to her; stared at her from under the brim of their heavy beavers; and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The queen, though feeling deeply hurt at the treatment, accompanied at times by rude speeches broadly insinuating that she had stolen the diamonds which she was selling and pawning, nevertheless continued her task-work, the first fruit of which was the running of "The Providence" from Amsterdam to Hull, and up the Humber into Kenningham creek.

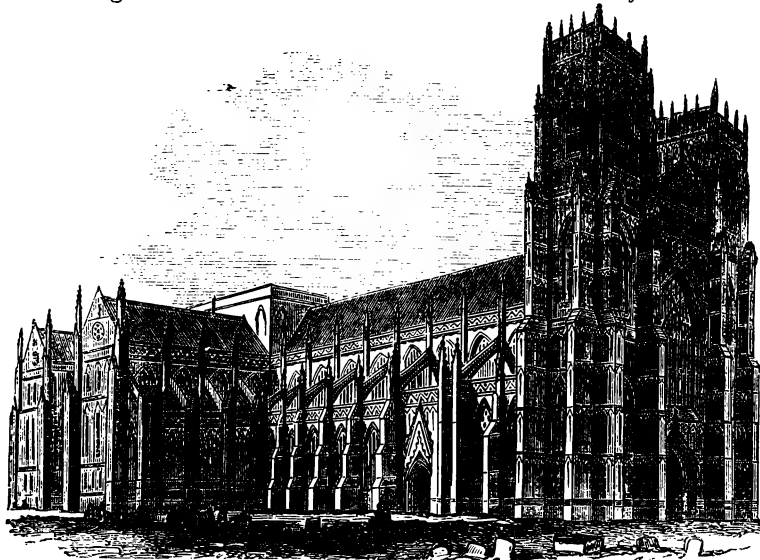
The arrival of the little vessel despatched by his consort was such a joyful event to Charles, that he celebrated it the next day, the 3rd of June, by holding a great review of his followers and adherents at Heyworth Moor. It was far more numerous attended than the king had foreseen, a crowd of nearly a hundred thousand men, citizens of York, on foot and on horseback, peasants, farmers, and freeholders, encircling the body of his own partisans, numbering, with the trained bands enrolled under the royal banner, not above two thousand. At the commencement of the review it was reported to Charles that a petition was being circulated among the crowd, which, in humble and affectionate terms, entreated him to banish all thoughts of civil war, and to make his reconciliation with the parliament. To put a stop to the "extreme insolence" of the multitude, the Cavaliers rode in upon the groups of people, snatching copies of the petition from the hands of the readers, and declaring to all that the king would never consent to receive the document. Charles himself, to prevent being addressed by any of his subjects, spurred quickly along the lines of his armed partisans; but before he had come to the end, a gentleman of about thirty years of age sprang forward from the crowd, bent a knee, and laid the dreaded petition on the pommel of his majesty's saddle. Seeing the movement, the king roughly urged his horse onward, to trample upon the intruder. However, the petition-bearer was of firm mould, keeping the animal at bay,

and leaving Charles to turn aside with a scowl. It was the first, but not the last time his majesty set eyes upon the Yorkshire gentleman, whose name, as he learnt by-and-by, was Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The total of his forces having swollen, by gradual accumulation, to between three and four thousand men, Charles nominated his lord-chamberlain, the earl of Lindsey, commander-in-chief of the army, with Sir Jacob Astley, a man of some military experience, as major-general under him; and in conjunction with them drew up a plan of operations, the first part of which was the taking of Hull. But before marching to the attack of the place which he had been coveting for many months, and which, in the opinion of Thomas May, "did allure him to forsake the parliament sitting at London and visit the north," the king had recourse to another extraordinary piece of fraud. The attitude of the population at the review of Heyworth Moor had created in him apprehensions of meeting with resistance on the part of the people in his first aggressive enterprises; and to lull the excitement of the masses to sleep, no less than detain parliament from making any decided efforts to secure Hull, he got all the men of note who had rallied around him to issue a joint declaration protesting his love of peace, and solemnly denying all warlike designs and preparations. The extraordinary document, bearing the date of June 15, 1642, ran as follows: "We, whose names are underwritten, in obedience to his majesty's desire, and out of the duty we owe to his majesty's honour, and to truth, being here upon the place, and witnesses of his majesty's frequent and earnest declarations and professions of his abhorring all designs of making war upon his parliament, and not seeing any colour of preparations or counsels that might reasonably beget the belief of any such designs, do profess before God, and testify to all the world, that we are fully persuaded that his majesty hath no such intention, but that all his endeavours tend to the firm and constant settlement of the true Protestant religion, the just privileges of parliament, the liberty of the subject, and the law, peace, and prosperity of this kingdom."

To this declaration, as base in conception as form, no less than forty peers, great officers of state, or intimate advisers of the king, set their names, conspicuous among them being those of Edward Hyde and of Lord Falkland, the latter referred to on all occasions as the very soul of honour, and the one among all the partisans of the royal cause whose character was without blemish. In less than a fortnight after the issue of the solemn declaration of peace "before God and all the world," Charles set his troops in movement upon Hull, he himself marching at the head of them, accompanied by Hyde, Falkland, and the rest of his political and military advisers. The total forces under his command amounted to about three thousand foot and one thousand horse, and the numbers being deemed insufficient to take the town by assault, the king resolved to enclose it from all sides, so as to reduce it by starvation. For this purpose he began by employing the greater part of his infantry to cut trenches "to divert the current of fresh water that ran to Hull," while the cavalry took possession of the roads leading to the town, intercepting all communi-

cation, and posting up everywhere royal proclamations interdicting, on pain of death, to carry provisions thither. To the governor and garrison the attack thus treacherously made came entirely unexpected, but they met it with high courage and determination. "Sir John Hotham," recorded the "secretary for the parliament," Thomas May, "perceiving the king's intentions and endeavours, and knowing him to be in person within an hour and a half's march of the town, having first sent three messengers, one after another, with humble petitions to him, who were all laid fast by the king and not suffered to return, called a council of war, in which it was debated whether or not they should permit the enemies to march near the town with their ordnance, holding them play from off the wall and outworks, until the tide came to its height, and then draw up the sluice and let them swim for their lives. But a more merciful advice prevailed, which was, for prevention of so many deaths, to draw up the sluice presently, having the advantage of a spring tide, and drown all the country about Hull." The plan was carried out with the greatest success, all the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood acquiescing cheerfully in it, on receiving the governor's assurance that "whatsoever damage they received thereby should be repaired, by the authority of parliament, out of the estates of those persons who had been most active to assist the king in his designs."



BEVERLEY MINSTER.

The story of the siege of Hull, first notable event of the civil war, was noted down by "the secretary for the parliament" in detail, and with much graphic power. At the first approach of the king, "Sir John Hotham by letters informed the parliament in what condition the town was, desiring only, so it might speedily be done, a supply of money and victuals, with five hundred men. Upon which, by command of parliament, drums were beat up in London, and other adjacent places, for soldiers to be sent to Hull by sea. The earl of Warwick was desired by the Houses to send two of the king's ships from the Downs

to Hull, to do as Sir John Hotham should direct for his best assistance. And Sir John Meldrum, a Scottish gentleman, an expert and brave commander, was appointed to assist Sir John in that service. The king's army were not confident to carry the town by plain force, making their approaches with great difficulty and disadvantage, and those for the most part in the night time, when undiscovered they burnt two mills about the town. They therefore had recourse to subtlety, and knowing some within the walls fit for their purpose, a plot was laid to fire the town in four places, which, whilst the soldiers and inhabitants were busy in quenching, two thousand of the king's army should assault. The sign to those within the town, when to fire those places, was when they discerned a fire on Beverley Minster; it should be assurance to them within the town that they without were ready for the assault. But this treason had no success, being discovered by one of the instruments, and confessed to Sir John Hotham. The townsmen of Hull were so far provoked by this treacherous design of their enemies, and so much animated against them, that they all entered into pay, and now the walls would not contain them. But five hundred of the town, conducted by Sir John Meldrum, issued out, about the end of July, upon their besiegers, who, seeing their approach, prepared courageously to receive and encounter them. But they were but a small part of the king's forces which

were resolute to fight; the other part, which consisted of the trained bands of that country, were not forward to be engaged against their neighbours. The king's horse, and most resolute assistants, seeing themselves deserted by the foot, retired as fast as they could to Beverley; but Sir John Meldrum pursued them, slew two, and took thirty prisoners in the pursuit."

The end was disastrous for the king's partisans, or "Leaguers," as they were often denominated. "Not long after," says Thomas May, "when the supplies from London arrived at Hull, Sir John Meldrum, with a greater force, made so fierce a sally upon his enemies, as caused most of the leaguers to retire disorderly, one and twenty of them being slain, and fifteen taken prisoners. Sir John Meldrum, following the advantage of

his success with a swift motion, arrived suddenly at a leaguer-town called Aulby, between three and four miles from Hull, where the king's magazine was kept in a barn, in which was a great quantity of ammunition, powder, and fire-balls, and certain engineers employed there for making of fireworks. Sir John suddenly set upon it in the night, drove away the guard, who consisted most of trained bands, and other Yorkshire men, bearing no great affection to the war, and therefore ran more speedily away, leaving their arms behind them. Much of the ammunition and arms they took away with

them, fired the barn, the powder, and fireworks, and what else they could not carry with them, and returned safely again into Hull. Then the king, calling a council of war, and considering the ill success of his proceedings, and the preciousness of that time which he consumed there, by their advice resolved to break up his siege before Hull and march away." Before Charles had made good his retreat from Hull, a decisive vote was passed at Westminster. On the 12th of July it was resolved, on the motion of Henry Marten, member for Berkshire, and reporter of the "Committee of Lords and Commons appointed to provide for the safety of the kingdom," that "an army shall be forthwith raised for the safety of the king's person, the defence of both houses of parliament, and of those who have obeyed their orders and commands, and for the preservation of the true religion, the laws, liberties, and peace of the kingdom." By a unanimous vote of both houses the command of the parliamentary army was intrusted to the earl of Essex.

Next to the army, the thoughts of the leaders of the House of Commons were turned towards the navy. Most of the common sailors were known to be warmly attached to the parliamentary cause, but this was less the case with the officers; and even as regarded the lord high admiral, the earl of Warwick, there was some uncertainty as to whether he would not prefer taking orders from York instead of from Westminster. Charles, with his usual rashness and want of judgment, settled the doubt by superseding Warwick, and conferring his place upon Sir John Pennington, a good sailor, who had long served as vice-admiral, but for various causes, among others his retrograde political opinions, had made himself highly unpopular. The king had no sooner taken this step, when the House of Commons reinvested Warwick with the command-in-chief, who thereupon hesitated not a moment to execute his powers and chase his hated rival from the scene. Having summoned the captains and chief officers of the various ships to give in their adherence to parliament, all obeyed except five, Captains Bailly, Fogge, Slingsby, Wake, and the rear-admiral of the navy, who declared that they were under orders from the king to obey Sir John Pennington, and could follow no other command. After giving in this declaration, the five captains made preparations to desert with their vessels, but Warwick was on the alert. "He came to anchor about them," noted Thomas May, "and having begirt them, summoned them; upon which three of them came in and submitted, and two only, Captain Slingsby and Captain Wake, stood out. The earl let fly a gun over them, and turned the glass upon them, sending his boat, and most of the boats in the fleet, to let them know their danger if they came not within that space. But so peremptory was their answer, that the sailors grew impatient, and although they had no arms, assaulted them, seized upon their captains, being armed with their pistols and swords, struck their yards and topmasts, and brought them to the earl. Thus, by the wonderful courage of these unarmed men, the business was ended without effusion of any blood, when the earl was ready to give fire upon them."

Within a few days after the earl of Warwick had resumed the command of the royal navy, the loss of it was brought painfully home to the king by an event of some importance. Henrietta Maria, still busy in the Netherlands pawning crown jewels and buying guns and gunpowder, by the aid of which she meant to rebuild the edifice of absolutism in England, had fitted out another vessel, full of ammunition and war material of all sorts, and despatched it to Newcastle. The vessel, called "The Lion," commanded by a brave old sailor, Captain Fox, got safely out of the Zuyder Zee, and was nearing the English coast, when it was caught by adverse winds and driven into the Downs, in sight of Warwick's fleet. Being summoned to surrender, Captain Fox at first refused, and was about to engage in battle, intending, when driven to extremity, to sink his ship, when the mutiny of his English crew compelled him to strike his flag and submit at discretion. Vast stores of gunpowder, and no less than forty-two great pieces of brass ordnance were found in "The Lion," the capture of which for a moment disconcerted the whole of the king's movements.

By a mere chance it failed having a still more momentous result, by depriving Charles of the aid of an ally destined to play a very conspicuous part in the progress of the civil war stirred up by the royal faction. There embarked in "The Lion," when setting sail from Amsterdam, a nephew of Charles, one of the eight sons of the unhappy "Winter King," Prince Rupert. He was a youth of twenty-three, of little education, but fond of chivalric and warlike exercises; and this, and his impetuous character, brought Henrietta Maria to think that he would make a capital general in the service of her consort, fit to hew down all enemies of the throne, and to stamp out the plague of parliamentary government on the soil of England. The queen accordingly enlisted Rupert, who expressed the most eager desire to fight his uncle's battles; and surrounded by a train of French and other foreign adventurers, including his brother Moritz, the young prince started in "The Lion," with the blessing of Henrietta Maria on his head, and all the gold she could spare in his pocket. All went well for the first twenty hours, while "The Lion" was scudding along the lake-like Dutch lagoons; but the scene changed after the vessel of Captain Fox had got out into the open ocean, and went dancing about on long North-sea waves, lashed into foam by a strong north-easter. The fiery valour of the warlike son of the "Winter King," ready to annihilate at a stroke all the rebels against the authority of Uncle Charles, now collapsed on a sudden. Prince Rupert declared to Captain Fox that he felt abjectly miserable; that he repented the hour he had set foot on board "The Lion;" and that he wished he was dead, or, preferably, to be again on shore, away as far as possible from the ugly jumping North-sea waves. It was in vain that Captain Fox tried to break the despondency of his august passenger by using all his sailor eloquence, even giving his word of honour that the naughty waves would behave better by-and-by, if only his highness would have a little patience. But the prince refused all consolation, and insisted on being taken back

immediately to the green Dutch shore, into the rural peace of cows, and cheese, and buttermilk. There remained nothing but to obey the orders of Rupert, as he had been invested by the queen with the supreme command of the expedition, and his highness and friends accordingly were landed again on the third day after starting. "The Lion," continuing her voyage, was captured in less than a week, leaving the nephew of King Charles under a full sense of the advantages of being sea-sick at the right time.

The capture of "The Lion" was a sore grief to the king, and, in his exasperation, he resolved once more upon rushing forward immediately into battle with his opponents. Driven back from Hull, he remained for a few weeks at York, gathering around him all the Roman Catholic squires of the northern counties, and as many adventurers, English and foreign, as could be got under his severe financial straits; and having collected, by dint of great efforts, a train of two thousand persons, he set out to perform an exploit half warlike and half theatrical. It was the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham. Disregarding the fact of having commenced hostilities ever since his arrival in the north, and shedding the blood of a great many of his subjects, Charles took up the attitude of a deeply-injured sovereign, finding himself suddenly face to face with rebels against his authority. After issuing various proclamations, professing, as usual, the greatest love for his people, and deepest attachment to parliamentary government, and throwing the whole blame of the distracted government of the kingdom upon half a score of "traitors" in the House of Commons, Charles set out from York, and, at the head of his two thousand retainers, slowly advanced towards Coventry, under the walls of which he set up a regular camp. Here he was joined by Prince Rupert and his brother Moritz, who had managed to get across the North sea in a temporary calm, and, rejoicing at the boldness of the deed, exhibited the fiercest mood. Possessing all the impetuosity of his unhappy father, but entirely wanting his education, his manners, and his other estimable qualities, Rupert came into England like a compound of Dutch boor and knight-errant of the middle ages, utterly ignorant of the people, and looking down upon them as upon a crowd of serfs, who might be crushed under the hoofs of his war-horse. He had not been many days with the king before his superior physical vigour asserted its natural ascendancy, and Charles, as wavering and irresolute as ever in his life, was drawn along helplessly by his new companion. Thus uncle and nephew set out together for the great dramatic performance at Nottingham.

It was altogether a curious and striking scene, the setting-up of the royal standard and formal proclamation of civil war. "Monday, being the 22nd of August," says Rushworth, "in the morning the king left his forces before Coventry, and with some lords and others in company rode to Leicester, where he dined that day at the abbey, the countess of Devonshire's house. Presently, after dinner, the king again took horse, and, with his company, rode to Nottingham, where was great preparation for the setting-up of the standard that day, as was formerly appointed. Not long after the king's coming to town, the standard

was taken out of the castle and carried into the field a little on the back side of the castle wall. The likeness of the standard was much of the fashion of the city streamers used at the lord mayor's show, having about twenty supporters, and was carried in the same way: on the top of it hung a flag, the king's arms quartered, with a hand pointing to the crown, which stood above, with the motto, 'Give Cæsar his due.' The names of those knights-baronets who were appointed to bear the standard, namely the chief of them, were Sir Thomas Brooks, Sir Arthur Hopton, Sir Francis Wortley, and Sir Robert Dodington. Likewise there were three troops of horse to wait upon the standard, and to bear the same backward and forward, with about six hundred foot soldiers. It was conducted to the field in great state, his majesty and Prince Rupert, whom his majesty had made Knight of the Garter, going along with it, with divers other lords and gentlemen of his majesty's train, besides a great company of horse and foot, in all to the number of two thousand. So soon as the standard was set up, and his majesty and the other lords placed about it, a herald of arms made ready to publish a proclamation, declaring the ground and cause of his majesty's setting up of his standard, namely, to suppress the rebellion of the earl of Essex in raising forces against him, to which he required the aid and assistance of all his loving subjects. But before the trumpeters could sound to make proclamation, his majesty called to view the said proclamation, which being given him, he privately read the same over to himself, and seeming to dislike some passages therein, called for pen and ink, and with his own hand crossed out and altered the same in some places, and then gave it to the herald, who proclaimed the same to the people, though with some difficulty after his majesty's corrections. After the reading thereof the whole multitude threw up their hats, and cried 'God save the king!' with other such like expressions."

It was highly characteristic of Charles to call for pen and ink and correct his proclamation in the very sight of his armed followers ranged in battle array. The same unreadiness marked all his subsequent proceedings after the Nottingham ceremonial. Returning to the camp before Coventry, he made a languid attempt to seize the city; but seeing that the inhabitants guarded their gates well, and replied to his eloquent summons to surrender by still more eloquent shots from the walls, he quickly drew back, and took up fresh quarters some miles away, at Stoneleigh, near Warwick. The hasty retreat caused much discouragement among the partisans of the royal cause, and had the immediate effect of the council of the king itself splitting into two sections; the one, headed by Prince Rupert, advocating an immediate attack of the parliamentary forces which were slowly advancing from the south, and the other, under the earl of Southampton, advising further negotiations with a view to peace. At the first suggestion of negotiations, the king got violently angry; but the very next day he wheeled round, and consented to the despatch of commissioners to London, appointing for the purpose the earls of Southampton and Dorset, and Sir John Culpeper, member for Kent, recently

arrived in the royal camp. The three started in great haste on the 26th of August from Nottingham, carrying with them an important document in the shape of a royal message addressed to both houses of parliament.

The message was in singular contrast with all the proclamations, letters, addresses, and other public utterances of Charles since his flight from the capital. "We have with unspeakable grief of heart," it ran, "long beheld the distractions of our kingdom. Our soul is full of anguish until we may find some remedy to prevent the miseries which are ready to overwhelm this whole nation by a civil war. And though all our endeavours, tending to the composing of these unhappy differences betwixt us and our two houses of parliament, though pursued by us with all zeal and sincerity, have been hitherto without the success we hoped for, yet such is our constant and earnest care to preserve the public peace, that we shall not be discouraged from using any expedient which, by the blessing of the God of mercy, may lay a firm foundation of peace and happiness to all our good subjects. To this end, observing that many mistakes have arisen by the messages, petitions, and answers betwixt us and our two houses of parliament, which happily may be prevented by some other way of treaty, wherein the matters in difference may be more clearly understood and more freely transacted, we thought fit to propound to you that some fit persons may be by you enabled to treat with the like number to be authorised by us, in such a manner, and with such freedom of debate, as may best tend to that happy conclusion which all good men desire; namely, the peace of the kingdom. Wherein, as we promise, on the word of a king, all safety and encouragement to such as shall be sent unto us, if you shall choose the place where we are for the treaty, which we wholly leave to you, presuming the like care of the safety of those we shall employ, if you shall name another place; so we assure you, and all our good subjects that, to the best of our understanding, nothing shall be therein wanting on our part which may advance the true Protestant religion, oppose popery and superstition, secure the law of the land, upon which is built as well our just prerogative as the property and liberty of the subject, confirm all just power and privileges of parliament, and render us and our people truly happy, by a true understanding betwixt us and our two houses of parliament. Bring with you as firm resolutions to do your duty, and let all our people join with us in our prayers to Almighty God for his blessing upon the work. If this proposition shall be rejected by you, we have done our duty so amply that God will absolve us from the guilt of any of that blood which must be spilt. And what opinion soever other men may have of our power, we assure you nothing but our christian and pious care to prevent the effusion of blood hath begot this motion; our provision of men, arms, and money being such as may secure us from further violence till it please God to open the eyes of our people."

It was a task of no slight difficulty to the great political leaders in the House of Commons to decide how to deal with this extraordinary communication.

There could not be the least doubt in the mind of any one that the king's message was a tissue of hypocrisy from beginning to end; and that while holding out the olive branch of peace, he was arming with all his might, and straining every nerve to gain his objects by bloodshed. Charles evidently had a double object in view in suddenly adopting the advice of his peace-loving councillors and entering upon negotiations, that of gaining time for further armaments, and the still more important one of throwing the whole responsibility of the terrible internecine contest which he was preparing upon his opponents. The latter aim he himself acknowledged, very imprudently, by stating that if his propositions be rejected he would hold himself absolved "from the guilt of any of that blood which must be spilt." Thus there was left to the representatives of the nation no other choice but that of either burthens themselves with a fearful charge, or of playing into the hands of the king by submitting to be toyed with during a period of the highest importance, and staying, in the very crisis of affairs, their preparations for defence, while he was completing his means of attack. It was a most perplexing, no less than most serious dilemma, and to escape from it required all the political sagacity of Pym and the other leaders of the liberal party of both houses. The result of their deliberations was the vote, by unanimity, of a most judicious reply to the king's message, a model of high statesmanship. "May it please your majesty," ran the document, "the lords and commons in parliament assembled, having received your majesty's message of the 25th of August, do with much grief resent the dangerous and distracted state of the kingdom, which we have by all means endeavoured to prevent, both by our several advices and petitions to your majesty, which have been not only without success, but there hath followed that, which no evil counsel in former times hath produced, or any age hath seen, those several proclamations and declarations against both the houses of parliament, whereby their actions are declared treasonable and their persons traitors; and thereupon your majesty hath set up your standard against them, whereupon your majesty hath put the two houses of parliament, and in them this whole kingdom, out of your protection. So that, until your majesty shall recall those proclamations and declarations whereby the earl of Essex and both houses of parliament, their adherents and assistants, and all such as have obeyed and executed their commands and directions according to their duties, are declared traitors, or otherwise delinquents, and until the standard, set up in pursuance of the said declarations, be taken down, your majesty hath put us into such condition that, whilst we so remain, we cannot, by the fundamental privileges of parliament, the public trust reposed in us, or with the general good and safety of this kingdom, give your majesty any other answer to this message." On receipt of this address Charles once more fell into an excess of fury, and sending instructions under his privy signet to his commissioners of array for England and Wales, commanded them to pursue the earl of Essex and the forces under his command as "rebels" and "traitors." In reply, parliament quietly passed an

order directing Essex to sweep the rabble gathered under the Nottingham standard to all the winds. The commons felt that war could no longer be prevented, and the only desire and prayer was that it might be speedy and swift.

Essex put himself in movement at the beginning of September, making St. Albans his head-quarters. The parliamentary army under his orders numbered nearly fifteen thousand men, the greater part of them men of the middle and working classes, well armed and equipped, and in good discipline, forming in every respect a contrast to the half noble, half beggar crowd that had mustered under the royal banner. All the chief posts under Essex had been given to military men of tried reputation devoted to the liberal cause. The command of the foot soldiers was made over to Sir John Meyrick, who bore the title of sergeant-major-general; that of the horse to Sir William Balfour, called lieutenant-general; and that of the artillery to the earl of Peterborough, denominated general of the ordnance. An officer of Huguenot extraction, Philibert Emanuel du Bois, was lieutenant of artillery, and another, John Dalbier, quartermaster-general. The rest of the general officers were Sir Gilbert Gerrard, treasurer-at-war, Dr. Isaac Dorislaus, advocate of the army, and Lionel Copley, muster-master-general. There were twenty regiments of foot under as many colonels, including general officers, and seventy-five troops of horse under as many captains. Many members of the House of Commons, and a great number of wealthy and distinguished noblemen were serving in the parliamentary army. Lord Wharton was colonel of the 6th regiment of foot; Lord Brooke of the 9th; Lord Mandeville of the 10th; Denzil Holles, member for Dorchester, of the 13th; and John Hampden, "father of the country," and father of liberty, of the 20th regiment. Names quite as eminent were to be found among the captains of horse. Lord Brooke commanded the 6th troop; Lord St. John the 8th; Sir William Waller the 15th; Alexander Pym, eldest son of the leader of the House of Commons, the 29th; John Hotham, member for Scarborough, the 30th; Nathaniel Fiennes, member for Banbury, the 37th; Sir Arthur Heselrige, member for Leicestershire, the 43rd; Walter Long, member for Ludgershall, the 59th; James Fiennes, member for Oxfordshire, the 60th; and Oliver Cromwell, member for Cambridge, the 69th troop of horse. Another Oliver Cromwell, eldest surviving son of the member for Cambridge, was serving as cornet in the 6th troop, under Lord Brooke. The royalists themselves acknowledged that the "traitors" in the House of Commons were terribly in earnest.

The troops collected under the banner of Charles were, by the time the parliamentary army had taken the field, nearly as numerous as those commanded by the earl of Essex. But the only valuable portion of them was the cavalry, composed in part of the nobility and gentry of the northern, western, and midland counties; while the infantry, forming in numbers about one half of the royal forces, was the merest scum of the population, fond of plundering defenceless citizens, but not at all fond of fighting battles, and held together by no other ties than those

connecting bands of robbers. With artillery the king was tolerably well provided, but both his horse and foot were ill supplied with arms and ammunition. "The foot," according to Clarendon, "all but three or four hundred who marched without any weapon but a cudgel, were armed with muskets and pikes, and had bags for their powder; but in the whole body there was not a pikeman who had a corselet, and very few musketeers who had swords. Among the horse the officers had their full desire if they were able to procure old backs and breasts, with pots and pistols, and carabines for their two or three first ranks, and swords for the rest; themselves, and some soldiers by their examples, having gotten, besides their pistols and swords, a short pole-axe."

When raising his standard at Nottingham, the king invested Robert Bertie, earl of Lindsey, with the chief command of his troops, giving him the title of field-marshal; but immediately after he made Prince Rupert general of the horse, with power to act entirely independent of Lindsey, thus creating virtually two heads for his army, or rather three, he retaining to himself the right of giving orders regardless of both prince and earl. The two latter hated each other cordially, not merely like rivals, but as men antagonistic in every feature of their characters, and with nothing in common but love of licentiousness. Robert Bertie, as described by Lord Clarendon, "was a man of great honour, and spent his youth and the vigour of his age in military actions and commands abroad; and albeit he indulged to himself great liberties of life, yet he still preserved a very good reputation with all men, and a very great interest in his country, as appeared by the supplies he and his son brought to the king's army." Prince Rupert was a person of very different stamp. "His temper," the duke de Grammont, French ambassador, reported home, "had a violence which he scorned to control; his person was large, his carriage awkward, his manner was sometimes polite to excess, and sometimes brutal. His countenance was dry and harsh, even when he wished to soften it, but in his fits of ill-humour it was truly infernal." Rupert could speak but little English when arriving in the country; he nevertheless enriched the language at once by a new word, not previously known—the word "plunder." In return the people bestowed upon him the name of "Prince Robber."

After remaining about a week at St. Albans, organizing his forces, Essex marched forward to meet the royal army, in conformity with the orders of parliament. These were embodied in four clauses. The first ran: "You shall carefully restrain all impieties, prophaneness and disorders, violence, insolence, and plundering in your soldiers, as well by strict and severe punishment of such offences as by all other means which you in your wisdom shall think fit." The second instruction was: "Your lordship is to march with such forces as you think fit towards the army raised in his majesty's name against the parliament and kingdom. And you shall use your utmost endeavours, by battle or otherwise, to rescue his majesty's person and the persons of the prince and of the duke of York out of the hands of

those desperate persons who are now about them." Essex was ordered in the third clause: "You shall take an opportunity, in some safe and honourable way, to cause the petition of both houses of parliament [praying for the king's return to London] to be presented unto his majesty; and if his majesty shall thereupon please to withdraw himself from the forces now about him, and to resort to the parliament, you shall cause all those forces to disband, and shall serve and defend his majesty." And fourthly: "You shall publish and declare that if any who have been so seduced by the false aspersions cast upon the proceedings of parliament as to assist the king in the acting of those dangerous counsels, shall willingly, within ten days after such publication in the army, return to their duty, not doing any hostile act within the time limited, and join themselves with the parliament in defence of religion, his majesty's person, the liberties and laws of the kingdom, and privileges of parliament, with their persons and estates, as the members of both houses and the rest of the kingdom have done, that the lords and commons will be ready, upon their submission, to receive such persons in such manner as they shall have cause to acknowledge they have been used with clemency and favour." Armed with these instructions, which clearly defined both his military and political duties, the parliamentary general passed onward in slow marches, taking possession, first of Northampton, and then of Coventry and Warwick, where he left garrisons, and next marching upon Worcester. The latter city, which had been made for a while the head-quarters of Prince Rupert, was taken after a sharp fight between the king's horse and the vanguard of the parliamentary forces, so that the two armies were now nearly face to face. For a few days they kept watching each other, and then engaged in battle.

On Wednesday, the 19th of October, news was brought to the earl of Essex that Charles, who had been staying for some time at Shrewsbury, where he had established a mint, and was coining money and issuing proclamations, was advancing in person to the south, evidently bent upon outflanking his opponents and effecting a diversion by threatening the capital. To prevent this, Essex resolved to set out immediately from Worcester in pursuit, without awaiting the arrival of his artillery, which had been left behind, owing to the negligence of the principal officer in charge of it. In order to escort the cannon which was coming up, three regiments of foot soldiers and ten troops of horse were left in Worcester, and with the rest of his forces Essex started eastward on Friday, and on Saturday, between nine and ten o'clock at night, reached Keynton, a small market town, six miles from Warwick, and about midway between Banbury and Stratford-on-Avon. Here the earl intended to rest his army during the Sunday, to await the arrival of his train with its convoy of horse and foot; but the king, who was only some six or seven miles off, frustrated this plan by marching upon him at once and offering battle. In doing so, Charles acted against the advice of his older officers, following mainly the counsel of Prince Rupert, who insisted that the opportunity of the enemy being temporarily devoid of artillery should not be lost.

Accordingly, at daybreak on Sunday, the 23rd of October, the king put his whole army in movement, and between ten and eleven o'clock Prince Rupert with the vanguard arrived at the top of Edgehill, a ridge overlooking Keynton and the vale of the Red Horse. He was surprised on seeing the parliamentary forces march out of the town and form into battalions at the moment he came to the brow of the hill. Essex, with all his officers, had been attending divine service in the morning, when in the midst of the service some peasants of the neighbourhood brought the earl intelligence that the royal troops were in advance upon him, and distant but a few miles. The earl did not interrupt the sermon, but listened attentively to the end, said his prayers, and then called his soldiers to battle. In little more than an hour ten thousand men stood ready to assert England's right to civil and religious liberty in a first great encounter of arms.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the whole of the royal troops, foot, horse, and artillery, had arrived at Edgehill, King Charles in the midst of them, on a splendid war-horse, clad in complete armour, over which hung a black velvet mantle with the star and George. Having posted his guns on an elevated position, he ordered the infantry and cavalry to descend the hill towards the enemy, who was advancing from Keynton, and had come to within a mile and a half. In numbers, the two armies now facing each other were not nearly equal, for while there were some fourteen thousand men fighting under the king's banner, there were not more than ten thousand on the other side. Moreover, the Royalists possessed greatly the advantage of ground, they leaning against the hill, while their opponents were in the plain, to which benefit was added that of a strong wind at their back. But their main superiority was in their heavy cannon and the absence of it in the parliamentary army; and to supplement the need, Essex had to employ all his strategic skill and warlike experience. His army consisted of eleven regiments of foot, forty-two troops of light horse, and about seven hundred dragoons. The main body of his cavalry, twenty-four troops, under commissary-general Sir James Ramsay, a Scotch officer, were placed on rising ground on the left wing, protected by several companies of musketeers, while the rest of the horse, commanded by Sir Philip Stapylton, were divided into three regiments, and formed on the right wing. The foot, which occupied the centre, were drawn up in three brigades. On the right, in the van, was a brigade commanded by Sir John Meldrum, and composed of the regiments of Lord Robartes and Sir William Constable; and on the left a brigade made up of four regiments, under the orders of Lord Wharton, Sir William Fairfax, Lord Mandeville, and Sir Henry Cholmeley. The Royalists were drawn up with almost all their horse in the right, where Prince Rupert commanded, opposing Sir James Ramsay; on the left there were mainly foot soldiers, among them the king's regiment of guards, known from their dress as the "Red Regiment," led by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, son of the earl of Lindsey. The king's troop of mounted guards, commanded by Lord Bernard Stuart, had obtained leave to be absent

from the royal person for the day, and to charge under Prince Rupert, who assigned them the first place on his wing. All the centre of Charles's army was composed of foot, drawn up in nine great bodies, and forming three brigades, under Sir Nicholas Byron, Colonel Richard Fielding, and Colonel Harry Wentworth. Sir Jacob Astley, the king's major-general, had under his orders the whole of the infantry, the earl of Lindsey, actual commander-in-chief, preferring to fight at the head of his own regiment, on account of a desperate quarrel with Prince Rupert, who had come to treat him with the greatest insolence. The old soldier loudly expressed his longing to rush into the thickest of the battle and to die, since live he could not with honour. His wish was to be fulfilled.

The battle commenced at three o'clock with an advance of the right wing of the royal army, and simultaneous discharge of cannon. Prince Rupert, dashing forward with impetuosity, immediately threw the parliamentary left in confusion, and several of the regiments here, composed of young recruits, at once turned and fled. It was in vain that Lord Wharton, Sir William Constable, and other officers, endeavoured to maintain discipline in their ranks, and stay the retreat. Under the influence of a wild panic, the fugitives refused to obey orders, and, tramping backward, drew with them the rear brigade, commanded by Colonel Essex, a chivalrous youth of high promise. Left alone, with but a few officers around him, the colonel was forced to seek his way as best he could to the right van, where he charged bravely, and fell mortally wounded in a gallant attempt to retrieve the honour of his regiment. The horse on the parliamentary left wing did not stand their ground much better than the foot, but their flight was not entirely due to causeless panic, but the offspring, in part, of treachery. One of the colonels on this side, bearing the name of Sir "Faithful" Fortescue, had been for some time in secret negotiations with Charles, and having concluded these, and won over a sufficient number of his men with money from the new Shrewsbury mint, the gallant officer took the opportunity of Rupert's impetuous advance to go over with his whole troop to the Royalists, and joining in the charge with them. Sir Faithful did not get all the reward he expected from his perfidy; for his men in the confusion forgot to take off the orange scarf worn by the soldiers of the parliamentary army, in consequence of which they were fired into, at first by the party they wished to join, and afterwards, when fairly rolled up with them, by their former comrades, who, naturally furious at the treachery, killed the greater number of the troop.

The rush of the deserters nevertheless had a very ill effect upon the whole of the division commanded by Sir James Ramsay; for bewildered at the unlooked-for flight of their comrades, and doubtful of each other, they were unable to meet the fierce shock of Rupert's cavalry, and having fired off their carbines, they wheeled right about, abandoned their musketeers, and rushed galloping down from the high ground upon which they had been placed, directly upon a regiment of foot, commanded by Denzil Holles, the member for Dorchester, one of Charles's "traitors."

Holles and his officers made great efforts to rally the flying horse, and succeeded with three troops; but the rest rushed along madly, and, breaking through the regiment of foot, galloped on to Keynton in such panic as to carry away by sheer impetus their commander, who had to ride two miles before he could extricate himself. The fugitives were hotly pursued by the royalist horse as far as the town, where the natural instinct of Prince Rupert's men created a sudden and unexpected diversion. They smelt "plunder" in the long rows of carriages and waggons drawn up in the streets and market-place of Keynton; and forgetting everything else, they threw themselves from their steeds and eagerly broke open lids and boxes, shaping the most attractive of the contents into interesting bundles of movable property. The occupation of making these bundles, pursued with much artistic skill, lasted for nearly an hour, and had the consequence of saving the parliamentary army from defeat, and of saving King Charles the trouble of making his triumphant entry into London, victorious over all friends of liberty and other traitors.

While Rupert's horse were busy at Keynton, depriving by their absence the king of the most valuable part of his army, the fate of the battle was being decided on the slopes of Edgehill and in the Vale of the Red Horse. On the parliamentary left wing the gallantry had been all with the Royalists, but on the right, both the military skill and the courage of the contending parties was nearly equally divided, leaving victory to be the result of a severe contest. At the commencement of the struggle, while Sir James Ramsay's horse were being driven back by Prince Rupert, Sir Philip Stapylton pushed forward slowly but determinedly with the right wing of the parliamentary forces, the men advancing in a solemn, stubborn mood upon the enemy, encouraged by the word of their officers. Among these were various notable men, Captain Nathaniel Fiennes, Sir Arthur Heselrige, Lord Grey of Groby, and Captain Oliver Cromwell. The member for Cambridge, commanding a troop in Essex's own regiment, was foremost in the charge, which, from commencing with subdued force, gradually increased in vigour till it broke every opposing element. Falling upon a regiment of foot with green colours, they utterly routed it, and next rode into a small battery placed in the rear, the gunners within which were put to the sword and the cannon nailed up. While this was being done, Sir William Balfour came up with the rest of the parliamentary horse on the right wing, and all combined fell upon the centre of the royalist army, charging in the first instance the king's Red Regiment. It was scattered in an instant, and nearly every man taken or slain; the commander, Lord Willoughby, was taken prisoner, and the standard-bearer, Sir Edward Verney, hewn down and his standard seized.

The two regiments of Denzil Holles and Colonel Ballard, which their commanders after immense efforts had succeeded in rallying, now came on and charged side by side with the victorious right wing. Everywhere the Royalists gave way, and everywhere they were cut down. Sir Arthur Heselrige's cuirassiers, nicknamed "lobsters," from their dress, and

Lord Grey's troop of horse, did great execution, wholly destroying one of the best disciplined bodies of the king's infantry, called the Blue Regiment. For a short time Charles himself, with his two sons, the prince of Wales and duke of York, were in imminent danger of being made prisoners; and they were saved only by the report that Rupert's horse were returning, which created a momentary confusion. The final issue of the struggle, it was felt on both sides, had come to depend entirely on the reappearance in the field of the king's right wing; but the troopers of Prince Rupert were still occupied in ransacking boxes and waggons, and before they had finished their task, the fierce game of war was played out. It was past five; the battle had been raging for more than two hours, and the falling twilight reminded the fighters on both sides to stay their bloody work for the day. The parliamentary troops of Essex, foot and horse, had exhausted all their ammunition, and the Royalists were scattered about in isolated groups, leaving both armies weary of the contest, and both uncertain of victory. With the falling darkness, the struggle ceased by tacit consent, and the king's soldiers retired in tolerable order over the hills which they had crossed at noon, while the earl of Essex kept possession of the Vale of the Red Horse—more than ever reddened by the blood of some four or five thousand dead and wounded strewn over it. Late at night, among the camp fires, many a Puritan preacher lifted his voice in the Red Vale, descanting upon the "goodly Sabbath-day's work," the battle of Edgehill.

Virtually, the battle of Edgehill was won by the parliamentary army, but the earl of Essex did not pursue his advantage, partly for want of military genius, and partly out of timidity. He was fully aware how narrow had been the margin, and how almost accidental the circumstances which separated his doubtful victory from a real defeat, and was unable therefore to summon up courage to follow the enemy, even after the regiments which he had left at Worcester had come to his aid. They arrived early on the Monday morning, and although nearly all the chief officers, foremost among them John Hampden, entreated him to push forward at once and to scatter the disorganised royal forces, Essex resisted their importunities, and so far from attacking the king, withdrew some troops that were standing in his way. Charles was not slow to turn the inactivity and sluggishness of his antagonist to profitable use, and assuming the air of a victorious general, he at once marched upon the fortified town of Banbury, which he was allowed to take without resistance, and from thence leisurely made his way to Oxford, one of the strongholds of the royal cause. For a moment it seemed as if he felt inclined to still bolder measures, by either throwing himself towards the capital or by offering another challenge to the parliamentary army, but he stopped short in his aggressive attitude, cowed, probably, by the intensely hostile spirit of the country population.

While supplies of all kinds were readily and cheerfully furnished by the peasantry to the parliamentary troops, they concealed and carried away from the Royalists all provisions for man or horse. As stated

by one of the fervent adherents of Charles, "The very smiths hid themselves, that they might not be compelled to shoe horses, of which in those stoney ways there was great need." According to the same authority, the hostility of the people was owing, not so much to any deep-seated dislike of the cause or person of the king, but to a "prejudiced" ill-will against the soldiery fighting under the banner of Charles, notably the horsemen of Prince Rupert. The "prejudice" of the population of nine-tenths of all the towns and villages of England was to believe "that the Cavaliers were of a fierce, bloody, and licentious disposition, and that they committed all manner of cruelty upon the inhabitants of those places where they came, of which robbery was the least." It was in consequence of this feeling, that, on the arrival of the royal army at Edgehill, "there were very many companies of common soldiers who had scarcely eaten bread in eight-and-forty hours before;" and that after the battle, "many of the men who straggled into the villages for refreshment were knocked on the head by the inhabitants." No doubt the country people had taken close measure of both "Roundheads"—as the parliamentary troops, on account of the closely-cropped hair of the officers and soldiers of the Puritan party had come to be nicknamed—and the "Cavaliers." Leaving alone principles, the simple difference between them was that the "Roundheads" paid for what they required, which was more than was deemed necessary by the "Cavaliers" in general, and the men of "Prince Robber" in particular.

The menacing position taken up by the king after the battle of Edgehill, coupled with the hesitating behaviour of the earl of Essex, had an immediate and marked effect upon the proceedings of parliament. On the 4th of July a "Committee of Safety" had been appointed, in whom the executive was rested, comprising five members of the upper house, the earls of Essex, Holland, Pembroke, and Northumberland, and Viscount Saye and Sele, and ten members of the House of Commons, Pym, Hampden, Holles, Marten, Fiennes, Pierrepont, Glynne, Sir John Meyrick, Sir Philip Stapylton, and Sir William Waller. The first actions of the Committee were of a very energetic nature, Pym and his friends ruling the deliberations and giving them a sort of republican character; but the doubtful issue of the important contest of arms in the Red Horse Vale made the new government, as well as parliament itself, split into two parties, the one advocating a more vigorous continuation of the war, and the other renewed negotiations with the king.

The section in the House of Commons which had all along opposed the resort to arms, comprising Edmund Waller, John Selden, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Sir Benjamin Rudyard, and others of inferior talent, some of them secret partisans of the king, and others men of no particular convictions, now came forward all at once in a very loud manner, insisting that a final effort should be made to shed further effusion of blood. The leader of the party, Edmund Waller, long in correspondence with Charles, and who had obtained his leave to stay at Westminster and serve him there, showed himself most active in the prosecution of the scheme for renewing negotiations; and his efforts were

successful so far as to induce a majority in the House of Commons, made up chiefly of wavering members, to consent to new proposals being made to the king. On the 3rd of November, eleven days after the battle of Edgehill, a petition for peace to his majesty, couched in most conciliating terms, was agreed on by the house, notwithstanding the energetic opposition of Pym, Strode, and others, whom Sir Simonds D'Ewes in his "Journal" characterized as "fiery spirits." There was now a great opportunity for the king to prove his constantly professed love of peace, and to regain the lost love of his subjects by ending in one stroke, wise no less than magnanimous, the endless misery of internecine strife. But magnanimity had as little entrance in the narrow and compressed mind of Charles as wisdom. He could bear reverses, like all small men, but could not bear success; and the merest gleam of it now once more made him intolerably haughty and despotic.

Having passed a resolution beseeching peace, the next step of the commons, voting, in conjunction with the lords, was an application to the king for a safe-conduct for some members of both houses to act as commissioners. The request was replied to by Charles in a very insolent strain, he granting it, but only on condition of the envoys not being "traitors," or excepted from pardon in any of his numerous proclamations. There was a great revulsion of feeling among both peers and commons, but especially the latter, when the royal message came to be read. However, the "moderate men," as Sir Simonds D'Ewes called his party, in opposition to the "fiery spirits," prevailed once again, and it was voted by a small majority that a list of the names of the commissioners should be forwarded to his majesty. The list had none but "moderate men;" nevertheless, one of them, Sir John Evelyn, member for Blechingley, was not deemed sufficiently moderate by Charles, and he refused to sanction his nomination. It was enough to exasperate all but the absolute partisans of the royal cause; and the king's decision being made known to the two houses of parliament, it was decided that the refusal of his majesty to admit Sir John was equivalent to a rejection of peace proposals. However, at the next sitting, the "fiery spirits" were once more outvoted, and the "moderate men" carried a resolution to the effect that the prayer for peace should be sent on to the king, and that Sir John Evelyn, though having been duly appointed, should be left to his own liberty to go or not as he thought fit. Thereupon the member for Blechingley forthwith, "in an excellent speech," as described by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, declared his intention to waive his right of going, after which the other commissioners, five in number, the earls of Northumberland and Pembroke, and three commoners, at once set out to lay their humble petition at the feet of his majesty.

Charles had advanced in the meanwhile—in order, as it seemed, to quicken the zeal of his friends the "moderate men"—from Oxford to Colnebrook, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Middlesex, and it was here that he received, on the 11th of November, the parliamentary envoys; and having made some vague assurances of his willingness to effect a peace, told them finally that he would be ready to receive

distinct propositions at Windsor Castle, whither he was going to move. With this reply the commissioners returned to parliament, which then resolved to send Sir Peter Killigrew, member for Westlow, a zealous royalist, with an address to the king, renewing the offers of peace, and at the same time entreating his majesty to order a cessation of hostilities during the time of the treaty. Sir Peter started in all haste on Saturday, the 13th of November, but had not got further on the road than Brentford when he was stopped by armed men on horseback. They were "Cavaliers" under the orders of Prince Rupert. While the king was standing encamped with his army in Buckinghamshire, his majesty's nephew was doing a little business on his account by exploring the western part of the metropolitan county, and levying forced contributions upon the inhabitants. Rupert and his men had discovered that the nearer they came to London the more profitable became their peculiar mode of making war; and now, resting within ten miles of Gresham's Exchange, their hearts were yearning to teach the new word "plunder" to the citizens of the capital. It was thus the king's Cavaliers came tramping up the high road through Brentford, arresting the errand of Sir Peter Killigrew and the transport of the olive branch from Westminster to Windsor.

Rupert's Cavaliers had made good preparations for getting as far as possible into the gold-paved regions of the city. They had with them not only their carbines and swords, but some small field batteries, and in the afternoon of the day when Sir Peter was stopped, the sound of their artillery was distinctly heard all over London. The earl of Essex, who had come up with a portion of his army for the protection of the capital, was sitting in parliament when the dim roar of cannon fell upon his ear, and leaving hastily, he took horse and galloped off on the western road. He found skirmishing going on all along the river bank between Strand-on-the-Green and Brentford; but before he could well examine the scene of operations night set in, when both parties very sensibly desisted from fighting and went to supper and rest. The next morning, Sunday, the 14th of November, the whole city was up and alive with excitement, the train bands, with companies of volunteers of all kinds, marching towards Brentford by sound of drum and fife, and the rest of the population engaging to supply the defenders of liberty with victuals. As described by an eye-witness, a citizen warm in the good cause, all the inhabitants of London, "as soon as they were come from morning sermon, of their own voluntary and free accord took the greatest part of the victuals which they had provided for their own dinners, and carried it to the Guildhall, to be sent to the army. It was a wonder to see how many cart-loads of bread, cheese, and meat, baked, boiled, and roasted, of the best sorts, with great stores of pies piping hot, were on a sudden brought out of every street and parish to Guildhall. By certain relation, there were near upon one hundred cart-loads of victuals that day sent to the army; and there might have been abundance more if it could have been told what to have done with it, or how to have sent it. Great quantities of beer were also sent,

besides a hogshead or two of sack, and three or four hogsheads of burnt claret." If liberty was doomed to perish, it was clearly not for want of victuals.

The zeal and energy of the citizens of London in the defence of their homes had its immediate effect upon the roving bands of Prince Rupert. As soon as the trained bands and volunteers, altogether some twenty thousand strong, had come within a short distance of Brentford, the Cavaliers set off on the retreat, scampering off even faster than they had come. Charles himself, who was cautiously advancing towards Kingston and Richmond, was drawn back by the flying mass of horse, and had to return to Hampton Court, where he stayed for twenty-four hours, and then marched back to Oxford, making the orthodox university again his head-quarters. It would not have been very difficult at the moment for the parliamentary army, greatly reinforced by the London auxiliaries, to make a flank attack upon the Royalists and cut off their retreat to Oxford, a movement evidently commended by the circumstances, and strongly urged by John Hampden and other officers. However, the earl of Essex was too timid a general, and had too little of self-reliance to listen to such advice; and although, when the pressure upon him became very great, he allowed Hampden to take a couple of regiments of horse and start in pursuit of the flying enemy, he recalled him before he was a couple of miles away, assigning as a reason the necessity to defend the capital.

The general opinion was that Essex, himself not gifted with great military capacity, was swayed in all his actions by the counsels of a small knot of old soldiers of fortune, men who had spent their lives in wars in the Netherlands and France, and had come back now that there was a good opening for their trade at home. It was manifestly not in their interest to shorten the sanguinary strife between Royalists and Parliamentarians even for a day. England, they were thoroughly aware, was a land of milk and honey compared with France and the Low Countries, where the labour had been hard, the pay small, the comforts few, and the stripes many; and it was not in human nature to expect that these fighting men should give advice tending to throw them out of work, and prematurely end their agreeable existence. In consequence the ancient warriors used their influence upon the commander-in-chief to keep him as much as possible at rest, seeking no great gain and incurring no great risk, in which policy alone there was a chance of keeping up the even balance between the contending parties, and prolonging the war for a goodly number of years. Thus Charles was allowed to go back to Oxford from his hazardous expedition without being molested; and being established there at his ease, the earl of Essex likewise settled down in comfortable winter quarters in the county of Middlesex.

In parliament the conduct of Essex found its due echo. Great as was the fear of a return to absolutism, the apprehension of a prolonged civil war, of which no man could see the end, was still greater; and full of alarm, that, as actually conducted, the struggle might last for a generation, the desire for an accommodation with the king once more made itself strongly felt. Early in January, 1643, the

party of the "moderate men" again got the upper hand over the "fiery spirits" in both houses of parliament, and it was voted by a considerable majority that another petition for peace should be addressed to his majesty. Charles, for the time, being in great want of money and of arms, showed himself a little less arrogant than usual, and on the 28th of January granted a safe-conduct to the earls of Northumberland, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Holland, and eight members of the House of Commons, to deliver proposals for peace. The twelve commissioners made their entry into Oxford in great state, riding in four coaches, each drawn by six horses, and accompanied by a great number of servants in splendid liveries. Their reception by the Oxford populace was not very gratifying, for the mob of all ranks, deeming the magnificence of the dozen envoys too great for rebels, jeered and yelled as they passed along, a few giving vent to their feelings by throwing mud and stones at the Roundheads. However, this was compensated for to some extent by the gracious demeanour of the king. Charles received the parliamentary ambassadors in the garden of Christchurch, where he was walking with the prince of Wales, and having granted to all and each the favour of kissing hands, he asked that the peace proposals be read to him on the spot. The earl of Northumberland at once began doing so, but before he had gone far, the king interrupted him, after his accustomed fashion, by some frivolous remark. "Will your majesty give me leave to proceed?" Northumberland asked sternly, keeping, as noted by a bystander, "a stout and sober carriage." Charles felt abashed, and cried "Ay! ay!" after which the earl "read all through." Towering as was his pride, the king sadly wanted dignity.

The propositions framed by parliament, and laid before Charles at Oxford, were embodied in nine clauses. They were: first, "that the king would pass those bills which the house had made ready;" secondly, "to pass a bill for settling parliamentary privileges and liberties;" thirdly, "to bring to trial those delinquents whom the houses had impeached since January last;" fourthly, "to clear the six members accused of treason;" fifthly, "to restore all judges and officers of state lately removed;" sixthly, "to pass a bill for repaying the charge of the kingdom;" seventhly and eighthly, to pass "a bill for an act of oblivion," and "an act for a general pardon without exception;" and ninthly and lastly, to order "a cessation of arms for fourteen days, to agree upon these propositions." These conditions of peace, if anything, erred on the side of moderation, and there was nothing in them to prevent the king, had he accepted them, making himself again, within a short time after the signing of the treaty, as despotic a ruler as he had ever been in his life. However, Charles, "not liking nor yet utterly refusing the propositions," as stated by Thomas May, thought fit to resume his old policy of equivocation; and after amusing the parliamentary envoys for a week with fine speeches, and keeping them promenading in the gardens of Christchurch, he sent them back to London with five counter-proposals, in part absolutely unacceptable, and in part studiously vague and indefinite.

His majesty's demands were three in number, namely: first, "that his revenue, magazines, towns, forts, and ships, be delivered up to him;" secondly, "that all orders and ordinances of parliament wanting his assent be recalled;" and thirdly, "that all power exercised over his subjects by assessments and imprisoning their persons be disclaimed." His conditional offers, on the other hand, were summed up in two clauses, namely: "that he will yield to the execution of the laws against Papists, provided that the Book of Common Prayer be confirmed;" and "that such persons as upon the treaty shall be excepted out of the general pardon shall be tried by their peers only." In carrying these terms back to parliament, the commissioners, with scarcely an exception, felt that the king was not sincere in his dealings with them; and the conviction was so strong in the House of Commons, as to bring forth a resolution to send no reply to his majesty's counter-proposals, but drop all further negotiations and enter resolutely upon war. However, within a few days the peace party again got the upper hand, whereupon new negotiators came to be appointed, and another address to the king, very humble in tone, was despatched to Oxford. It only served to make Charles more arrogant in his demands; and while the "moderate men" in parliament exhausted all their eloquence to prove his majesty's wonderful love and affection for his subjects, his sole thoughts were bent upon raising fighting men and fanning the flame of civil war. His hopes of being able to rebuild his throne upon swords were stronger than ever for the moment; a new ally, to whom he trusted more than any other, having appeared in the field. While batch after batch of parliamentary commissioners were moving up and down between Westminster and Oxford, the bearers of long documents full of honeyed words, Queen Henrietta Maria was sailing across the German Ocean, bringing soldiers, and guns, and gunpowder to her consort. With her came the head that had hitherto been wanting to the royal cause.

After a year's incessant labour and intrigue; after bribing and cajoling the governors of the Netherlands republic; after pawning and selling the English crown diamonds, and raising goods and money by every effort of her elastic genius, Henrietta Maria at last had succeeded in getting together a fleet of eleven transports loaded with war material; and with it she set sail from Scheveningen, the port of the Hague, on the 2nd of February, 1643. The queen herself embarked in a man-of-war, the "Princess Royal," a deserter from the English navy; and besides it there went for the protection of the transports several Dutch ships, under the command of a noted sea hero, Admiral Van Tromp. When Henrietta Maria set foot on board the "Princess Royal," surrounded by a great train of ladies and gentlemen, soldiers, priests, and Capuchin monks, it was a splendid day, the sun shining beautifully; but the fleet had not been twenty-four hours at sea when there arose a terrific north-easterly gale, which spread consternation among the whole host of adventurers. All the ladies and not a few of the fine gentlemen wept and screamed incessantly; and the storm getting at its height, religious compunction seized every bosom, and the

Capuchin monks and priests were called upon by a hundred voices to hear confession and give absolution. It could not be done with the usual privacy, for the voyagers were unable to move, the female companions of the queen being tied down in little beds against the sides of the pitching vessel, and the male courtiers lying prostrate on the floor in their ruffles and laces, a horror to themselves and to others. All were dreadfully sea-sick, but all were nevertheless very devout; and raising their voices as much as weakness and sickness allowed, the ladies and gentlemen loudly proclaimed their sins and misdeeds to the Capuchins, held in devout attitude by means of ropes. Almost the only one on board the "Princess Royal," besides the sailors, not a victim to the *mal de mer*, was the queen of Charles, who amused herself by listening to the confessions of her male and female train, remarking, with a complacent air, that "she supposed the height of their fears took away their shame of confessing their depravities in public." The extraordinary scene had no sooner come to an end when the gale abated, changing into a strong westerly wind; and the fleet being unable to make head against it, Henrietta Maria was compelled, after a ten days' tossing on the ocean, to return to Scheveningen, with the loss of two of her transports, ill compensated for by her memory enriched by a great many curious facts. She set sail again, with Van Tromp in the rear, on the 18th of February, and this time had a quick and prosperous voyage, the "Princess Royal" casting anchor in Burlington Bay, Yorkshire, on the evening of the 20th. The Dutch admiral had outwitted the earl of Warwick, who expected him at the mouth of the Humber, and before "the king's navy" could get in sight of Flamborough Head the queen's navy was discharging its combustible cargo on Burlington quay. There was war fuel enough in the nine transports of Henrietta Maria to set all England on fire for another couple of years.

The queen on landing was received by a troop of Cavaliers, nearly all Roman Catholics, a thousand strong, and under their protection, and that of the foreign mercenaries come over from Holland, she took up her residence in the town of Burlington, making it the head-quarters of a second royalist army. But she had been but forty-eight hours here when the van of Warwick's fleet, under Rear-admiral Batten, made its appearance in the bay, and began firing upon the Dutch transports actively engaged in discharging war stores and ammunition. The firing commenced in the night, putting for a moment the life of Henrietta Maria in jeopardy. "One of the ships," she informed her royal consort in a somewhat boastful letter, "did me the favour of flanking upon the dwelling where I slept, and before I was out of bed the cannon balls whistled so loud about me that the attendants insisted that I should leave at once. An adjoining house had already been knocked down, while two shots had fallen upon that in which I was, so that there was not much time to lose. Therefore I put on in haste a few clothes, and ran on foot to a little distance from the town, where I took to the shelter of a ditch. Before I could get there the bullets fell thick all around, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." The ditch itself did

not afford complete protection to her majesty. "One dangerous ball," she wrote, "grazed the edge of our retreat, covering us with earth and stones, and the firing lasted uninterruptedly for some hours, until the turn of the tide." In her nocturnal flight the queen gave a great proof of her physical courage. "Her majesty," related Madame de Motteville, favourite lady of honour, "had an old brute of a dog, called Mitte, an ugly creature, but whom she loved much. When she had gone so far as the middle of Burlington High Street, she suddenly remembered that she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary cannon balls, upon which she instantly made her way back to the house we had left, rushed upstairs into her chamber, caught the animal, reposing on her bed, in her arms, and carried him off in safety." It is doubtful whether the impetuous royal lady, worthy scion of the Italian Medici, would have done as much for any man as for her poodle.

The landing of the queen and her war stores in Yorkshire caused the greatest excitement in parliament, and under the influence of it both houses resolved to regard her no longer as the wife of the sovereign, but as an armed enemy of the nation, and to hold her responsible for her deeds in the character she had chosen to assume. A motion to this effect was brought in at the end of March, but rested for a while in suspense. However, when it was seen during the next few months that Henrietta Maria was placing herself at the head of bands of Roman Catholics, wilder almost than Prince Rupert's Cavaliers, who were ravaging the whole of the north-eastern counties, all hesitation came to an end. On the 23rd of May one of the members for Yorkshire moved in the House of Commons the impeachment of the queen for high treason, and votes to that effect were carried without a division. The impeachment was taken up at once to the lords by Pym, and the next day, on the motion of Henry Marten, member for Berks, a committee was appointed to prepare the articles, which were drawn up and passed immediately after. At the same time, in its new energetic mood, the House of Commons took another important step towards the formal assumption of executive authority, independent of the crown.

On the 12th of May, John Glynn, member for Westminster, moved that a "new broad seal" should be made in place of that which Lord-keeper Lyttleton had carried off. The motion was strongly opposed, the debates on the subject running over several days; but on a division, on the 15th of May, the commons adopted it by a majority of eighty-six against seventy-four, upon which the bill was carried to the upper house. Here it met with greater resistance than had been offered to any former measure, and in the end, after long and unusually stormy discussions, was negatived. The matter was then allowed to drop for two months, till the middle of July, when the commons passed a bill ordering that a great seal should be made and be given into the custody of the speaker, but not to be made use of for the present. After another series of lively debates, the lords gave their assent to the use of the great instrument of authority, and an ordinance to this effect passed both houses, while at the same time six

commissioners were nominated to form a board for the keeping of the seal. They were the earls of Kent and of Bolingbroke, Oliver St. John, member for Totness, John Wylde, member for Worcestershire, Samuel Browne, member for Dartmouth, and Edmund Prideaux, member for Lyme Regis. A step as important as the formation of this board, was taken in conjunction with the lords by the House of Commons, in the appointment of a regular ministry. It was headed by John Pym, who assumed the direction of military affairs, under the title of lieutenant of the ordnance, while William Lenthall, the speaker of the house, was made master of the rolls, and John Selden got the place of keeper of the records. The ordinance directing these appointments passed on the 9th of November, marking the date on which parliament, or rather the House of Commons assumed the formal executive as well as legislative authority of the realm.

The sudden energy of parliament was partly the result of desperation, all hope of accommodation with the king having come to an end, and the national forces succumbing almost everywhere under the attacks of the royalist troops. After remaining entirely inactive for more than four months, the earl of Essex had roused himself towards the end of April, and marching westward, had attacked the town of Reading, garrisoned for the king, and taken it almost without an effort. The leaders in the House of Commons now made great efforts to induce the "lord-general" to proceed to the siege of Oxford, and attempt to end the hateful contest by getting possession of the king; but Essex obstinately refused, and all the importunities of Pym, Hampden, and their friends—who had begun to lose confidence in the commander-in-chief, yet did not deem it wise to discard him, not knowing anybody else of sufficient trust to fill his place—could not persuade him to advance further than to Thame, ten miles from Oxford. Here he stationed his troops at the beginning of June; not, however, in a well-guarded camp, but dispersed all over the district, with very little regard to intercommunication, and still less watchfulness over the movements of the enemy. Prince Rupert, always hovering on the flanks of the parliamentary army, on the watch for plunder and glory, instantly availed himself of the earl's neglect and mismanagement, by making a bold dash in advance. Learning that a convoy, containing some twenty thousand pounds in cash, for the payment of the parliamentary soldiers, was on the road from London to Thame, he sallied forth in the night from the 17th to the 18th of June, with about eight hundred of the most daring of his Cavaliers, and closely skirting the ground occupied by the troops of Essex, made his way right to the rear of them. He was nigh grasping the treasure he was longing after, when arrested in his course by a detachment of horse and foot that had come up in hurry for the protection of the convoy, in consequence of a warning given by a poor labourer. Greatly disappointed, Rupert resolved to have his revenge. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 18th, he swooped down upon two regiments of cavalry, posted by Essex at Wycombe, in an isolated position, and before assistance could be brought he cut to

pieces or made prisoners nearly the whole of these troops. This news of the disaster was too much for Essex to bear, and he at once set out on the pursuit of Rupert. It proved an exploit costing more than it was worth.

The van of the force despatched by the lord-general was commanded by John Hampden and Colonel Gunter, and they met the enemy not far from Thame, on the road to Oxford. To intercept the retreat of the Cavaliers, Hampden moved several troops of horse to Chiselhampton bridge, covered by a regiment of foot; and seeing this, and his way across the Thames blocked, Rupert drew up in order of battle on a large plain called Chalgrove Field. A sharp exchange of shots followed immediately, the Parliamentarians keeping to the road, and then Cavaliers half hidden amidst the standing corn and among bushes. One of the first bullets that came hissing through the air hit Colonel Hampden in the shoulder, making the blood gush forth; but he uttered not a sound, contenting himself to ride away quietly from the scene of strife. He had a presentiment that his wound was mortal, and his first impulse was to proceed to a house at Pyrton, a few miles off, where he had married his first wife, and where he thought it sweet to die. But the enemy kept spreading out in that direction, so he turned his horse's head, and rode off towards Thame, where he alighted at the dwelling of one Ezekiel Browne. The doctors came, and told him that there was hope of life; but he shook his head, and solemnly and earnestly prepared for another world. But before withdrawing his mind entirely from earthly affairs, he wrote a number of letters to his friends in parliament and in the army, entreating them to set to work in a more manly and energetic manner than had hitherto been done to secure the triumph of civil and religious freedom, and, if possible, end the horrors of a long civil war by a great, bold, and swift stroke. This task accomplished, among the most excruciating pains of body, he opened his soul to fervent prayer. "O Lord," he exclaimed, "save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy especial keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked councillors from the malice and sinfulness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

Towards midnight of Saturday, the 24th of June, the spirit of John Hampden passed away, the last words on his lips breathing earnest prayers for the welfare of the nation. Two days after the "Father of the Country" was buried in the parish church at Hampden, accompanied to his last rest by the regiment he had commanded, the Buckinghamshire "green coats." The whole of the men followed the coffin bareheaded, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled; and as they went along they kept singing, in high-swalling melodious strain, the grand ninetieth Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Thou turnest men to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy

sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The death of Hampden threw a deep gloom over the whole nation, which was increased by a course of political disasters that followed in its wake. For a time everything seemed to turn in favour of the king, and against the defenders of liberty, who were driven to the verge of despair by the ill-success of their great cause. Bands of Royalists, or of armed robbers bearing the name, were starting up all over the country, burning houses and villages, and murdering the inhabitants. Prince Rupert extended the scene of his devastations in ever-widening circle in the districts west of London; and Henrietta Maria, styling herself "generalissima" of his majesty's forces, carried on her operations on a still larger scale in the north; so that it seemed but too probable that before the year ended there would scarce be a county in England free from the horrors and miseries of civil war.

Independent of the two main bodies of troops opposing each other, the king's army and that of Essex, there were already half a dozen smaller collections of fighting men in the field on both sides, and the number threatened to multiply from week to week. Each county, and almost each town and hamlet, was divided into armed factions and confederations, acting sometimes under orders from either Oxford or London, but quite as frequently without, and carrying on a petty guerilla warfare utterly destructive to public welfare. From a general view, the parliamentary party was strongest in the eastern, midland, and south-eastern districts, the most industrious, populous, and intelligent of the kingdom; while the king had his adherents chiefly in the counties of the north, west, and south-west, containing fewer of the middle classes, but a predominance of the highest and lowest elements in the social scale, landowning squires and agricultural serfs. On the side of parliament was the advantage that the districts devoted to its cause were contiguous to each other, forming a strong girdle of defence around the capital; while on the other hand the royalist counties stretched in a long and narrow circuit, broken constantly by adverse regions, from the mouth of the Humber to the Land's End. But this benefit was more than counteracted by the superior energy, or rather unscrupulousness, of the men fighting for Charles, who hesitated not to rush onward with fire and sword in any direction to gain the slightest advantage, while their adversaries were moving about in the most guarded manner, careful to cause no more damage than absolutely necessary, and more bent upon healing than inflicting wounds.

It was by dint mainly of their relentless mode of warfare that the Royalists made everywhere progress in the summer of 1643. On the 30th of June, a week after the death of Hampden, the strongest body of parliamentary troops in the north, commanded by Lord Fairfax, was defeated by a royal corps, under the earl of Newcastle, in a severely contested battle on Atherton Moor, near Bradford; and simultaneously with the report of this disaster, parliament received the intelligence that the governor of Hull, Sir John Hotham, was on the point of surrendering that important town and arsenal to the queen; that Lord

Willoughby, sent to defend Lincoln, could no longer hold the city, being in direst want of food and ammunition; and lastly, that the Eastern Counties Association, a powerful confederacy in favour of the national cause, embracing the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Essex, Lincoln, and Hertford, was about to be dissolved, and thrown open by the enemy. The evil tidings created universal consternation in the capital, but news still worse followed in the rear of them.

Hitherto, the spread of the Royalists over the west of England had been disputed with much success by a valiant body of troops under Sir William Waller, whose military talents were held in such high estimation by his friends and admirers, that they had come to speak of him as "William the Conqueror." However, the tide turned all on a sudden, and while Fairfax was routed in the north, Waller met in rapid succession with three great reverses, at Bradock Down, not far from Frome; at Lansdowne; and at Roundway Down, near Devizes; the last a most disastrous defeat, ending with the destruction of nearly his whole army. During the month of August all the great towns in the western counties, with the sole exception of Gloucester, fell into the hands of the king; the most important of them, Bristol, being surrendered by the governor, Nathaniel Fiennes, after but a feeble resistance. While thus misfortune upon misfortune accompanied the cause of the defenders of liberty, spreading a deep gloom in parliament and all over London, confidence in success had been brought to a pitch at the headquarters of Charles by the sudden and rather unexpected arrival of the queen. On the 13th of July Henrietta Maria entered Oxford, at the head of three thousand soldiers, and accompanied by a vast train of Cavaliers and courtiers, among the latter her very dear friend Harry Jermyn, companion of all her travels. Charles received his queen with a great display of pomp and ceremony, and ordered a medal to be struck in honour of the event. On it the two majesties were represented as seated on high thrones, the sun over his, and the moon and stars over her head, with the dragon Python, representing parliament and its adherents, lying dead at their feet.

It was a dark hour for the people of England, but at its darkest a ray of light came piercing through the shadows and the clouds. As yet the great weakness of the popular cause, more important than all others, was that it had found no military leader of sufficient genius to combine the moral and physical forces of the nation in the struggle for liberty, and thus to oppose the mere brute vigour of the champions of absolutism. It was high time that such a leader should come forward; and he came at last in the person of the member for Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell, known to his friends as the "Lord of the Fens." Like no other man of the age who rose above its din and confusion, Cromwell perceived the defects of the party with whom he had enlisted; and perceiving a remedy, too, hesitated not to apply it. "At my first going out into this enterprise," the "Lord of the Fens" said years after, addressing parliament in a very notable speech, "I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did, indeed; and I desired Mr.

John Hampden that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments. And I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them?' Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him, 'You must get men of spirit, and, take it not ill what I say, of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still.' I told him so. I did, truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Still I told him I could do somewhat in it. I did so, and the result was I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you they were never beaten." Such the origin and history, in Cromwell's own brief words, sharp and trenchant like sword-strokes, of the new movement in the war which established the subsequently famous regiment of the "Ironsides," and which, by laying down a great principle hitherto wanting, definitely secured the victory of freedom over absolutism.

The "Ironsides"—so called after Oliver Cromwell himself, who first bore the nickname, his burly figure when seated on horseback exhibiting conspicuously the heavy steel coat—was formed soon after the death of Hampden; and the "men of spirit with the fear of God before them" had not long been raised before the great contest between king and nation took another turn. It manifested itself in a striking manner in a series of progressive movements of the parliamentary main body under Essex, which had hitherto lain in a nearly dormant state in the neighbourhood of the capital. Seeing the earl's inactivity, and flushed with pride at the many successes of his own troops, Charles left his headquarters at Oxford at the beginning of August, to proceed to the siege of Gloucester, the only city in the west which still held out against him. It seemed but too probable that Gloucester would share the fate of Bristol, being less strongly fortified, and far away from any succours of parliamentary forces; but the new "Ironside" spirit that had come to make itself felt would not bend its neck to the probability. There was a great clamour that Gloucester should not be allowed to fall, and though the earl of Essex showed his usual reluctance to move, pleading want of soldiers, he was forced, for the first time, to do so against his inclination. "It pleased God," wrote one of Cromwell's party, "that according to this extremity the resolutions of men were fitted; the city regiments and auxiliaries came cheerfully in to perform the service, and the poor remainder of the lord-general's old army was with all speed recruited."

On the 19th of May, Pym reported in the House of Commons that Essex would start for the relief of Gloucester on the 23rd, and punctually to the hour

the army set out on its march. Early the following morning, the parliamentary troops, comprising eight thousand foot and four thousand horse, were reviewed on Hounslow Heath in presence of most of the members of both houses, and the same day they reached Colnebrook. From thence they went in forced marches to Gloucester, with swarms of Cavaliers constantly hovering around them, but doing little mischief, and on the 3rd of September Essex drew up his forces on Prestbury Hills, in sight of the closely-invested city, to the unbounded joy of the inhabitants. Charles, who had never reckoned upon the swiftness of movement and energy displayed in this instance by his antagonists, appeared as if paralysed at the approach of the parliamentary army, and breaking up the siege of the city, and setting his camp on fire, retreated in great precipitation. After relieving Gloucester, Essex turned aside to Tewkesbury, and made demonstrations as if going to advance towards Worcester. However, he stopped short in that direction, turning by a forced march towards Cirencester, which fell into his hands; and after sustaining at Hungerford a severe attack of Prince Rupert's cavalry, he arrived, on the 20th of September, at Newbury, where to his surprise he found the road to London barred by the royal army. King Charles had been drawn by some of his impetuous friends into hazarding once more the fortune of battle.

The fight commenced a little before noon, and lasted, with uninterrupted heat, till after sunset. Charles, stationed on a hill, with his back to the town of Newbury, garrisoned by his troops, held a most excellent position, and yet was not altogether confident of success. "He seemed to be possessed," according to Lord Clarendon's statement, "of all advantages to be desired: a good town to refresh his men in, whilst the enemy lodged in the field; his own quarters to friend, and his garrison of Wallingford at hand; and Oxford itself within distance, for supply of whatsoever should be wanting. The enemy was tired with long marches, and from the time that the prince had attacked them, the day before, had stood in their arms, in a country where they could not find victuals. So that it was conceived that it was in the king's power whether he would fight or not, and therefore that he might compel them to notable disadvantages, as they must make their way through or starve. This was so fully understood, that it was resolved over night not to engage in battle but upon such grounds as should give an assurance of victory. But contrary to this resolution—when the earl of Essex had, with excellent conduct, drawn out his army in battle order, upon a hill called Bigg's Hill, within less than a mile of the town, and ordered his men in all places to the best advantage—by the precipitate courage of some young officers who had good commands, and who unhappily always undervalued the courage of the enemy, strong parties became successively so far engaged, that the king was compelled to put the whole to the hazard of a battle, and to give the enemy at least an equal game to play. It was disputed on all parts with great fierceness and courage, the enemy preserving good order, and standing rather to keep the ground they were upon than to get more, by which they did

not expose themselves to those disadvantages which any motion would have offered to the assailants. The king's horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness upon all grounds of inequality, and were so far too hard for the troops of the other side, that they routed them in most places, till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved themselves admirably on the enemy's part, and gave their scattered horse time to rally, and were ready to assist and secure them upon all occasions. The London trained bands, and auxiliary regiments, of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy kind of practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation, behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as bulwark and rampart to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that, though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about." It was the first time the Royalists acknowledged the valour of their opponents, and proved how the "good notion" which Oliver Cromwell had tried to impress upon Hampden was spreading and bearing fruit in the parliamentary army, the Lord of the Fens having kept his word to "do somewhat in it."

The battle of Newbury, like that of Edgehill, after raging for about seven hours, resulted in a drawn contest, but with the victory leaning slightly to the parliamentary side. Essex, after spending the night on the field of battle, continued his march to London the next day unmolested, while the king withdrew his army to Oxford, leaving Prince Rupert to annoy the rear of the parliamentary force, and to ravage the country after his accustomed fashion. The return of Charles to his former headquarters in the ancient university town, where Henrietta Maria, in his absence, had kept court with Harry Jermyn and her other Cavaliers, marked the beginning of a new era in the royal policy. Hitherto the king, though having a great number of Roman Catholics fighting under his banner, had been prudent enough not to make a too open display of his Romish predilections; but a change in this respect took place immediately after the strongminded queen had come to reassert her old influence over her consort. By her advice, Charles put himself into communication with the wild hordes of brigands, passing nominally as rebels against English rule, who for some years past had turned all Ireland into a vast scene of murder and bloodshed, and offered to give them the sanction of his name if in return they would serve his cause in the civil war. A pact on these terms was soon concluded, and in the autumn of 1643, ten Irish regiments came to join the royalist troops, five of them landing at Chester, and the other five at Bristol.

Henrietta Maria and her friends were wild in rejoicing at this reinforcement of the king's armies, predicting immediate victories to come; but the shortsightedness of their calculations got evident

before many weeks were over. The news of the arrival of the Irish auxiliaries had no sooner become known than a great number of noble and influential personages took wings from Oxford to London. At the beginning of November, the earl of Holland, a man of remarkable talent, who, after long playing an important part in the councils of Essex, had just come to join the royal cause, returned to Westminster, throwing himself upon the mercy of parliament, which passed over the offence of his desertion; and the example thus set was followed by several other waverers, whom the successes of Charles had allured. In December, the earls of Bedford and of Clare escaped back to their seats at St. Stephen's, which they had left in the previous summer; and several commoners, among them Sir Edward Dering, and Sir Anthony Ashley-Cooper, did the same. All of them openly declared, that however great their sympathy with the king, personally, or with the political principles involved in his cause, they would have nothing to do with the "popish party." They knew, and all men having eyes to see, knew, that, how many other corruptions might continue to live, the thing called popery was dead in England.

The change in the king's policy was accompanied by a great movement, at least of equal importance, on the part of parliament. While Charles was looking to Ireland for help, the leaders of the popular cause in the House of Commons turned their eyes to Scotland. On the motion of Pym, the commons resolved, almost unanimously, to send commissioners to Scotland, to request their brethren in that country to send an army to the succour of the English Protestants, in danger of falling under the yoke of the papists. Sir Henry Vane, member for Kingston-on-Hull, with three others, having been nominated envoys, they set out on their momentous errand at the commencement of August, while the king was besieging Gloucester, and were received with great enthusiasm at Edinburgh, where negotiations commenced at once with the government. They were carried on through the mediation of Alexander Henderson, one of the chiefs of the Presbyterians, and the Moderator of the General Assembly, who, rightly judging that the union between the two nations could not be effective if merely designed to satisfy temporary political objects, insisted upon introducing into the treaty of alliance some important religious clauses.

By the terms proposed by Henderson, the people of England and of Scotland bound each other to "prosecute incendiaries and malignants;" to "preserve the king's life and authority in defence of the true religion of both kingdoms;" to "extirpate popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, and profaneness;" and to "establish a conformity of doctrine, discipline, and church government throughout the island." The first three of these stipulations were assented to by Sir Henry Vane and his colleagues; but they felt strongly alarmed at the last, the "uniformity of doctrine" clause, for although the majority of both houses of parliament were inclined to presbyterianism, yet they knew that there was a numerous and most active body among them, as well as in the nation, who considered all ecclesiastical authority an invasion

of the rights of conscience, and who were almost as much opposed to the "discipline" of Presbyters, as to "prelacy," or even "popery." They were beginning to be known, and to make their importance, as a political as well as religious body, to be felt, under the denomination of the "Independents." Sir Henry Vane himself claimed leadership in the body, together with a number of other members of the House of Commons, among them the burly Lord of the Fens, very busy just now to "do somewhat" towards crushing political and spiritual authority together, and to leave no other guide and beacon standing but the "fear of God." In his own name, therefore, and greater ones fast rising into moment, the chief commissioner of the English parliament at Edinburgh stoutly protested against the "conformity of doctrine, discipline, and church government throughout the island," tendered by the Moderator of the General Assembly of Scotland.

The protest did not interrupt the negotiations for more than a few days, and both parties being sincerely anxious to carry through the work in hand, all difficulties, great or little, had to fall before their earnestness. It was settled, after some discussion, that the objectionable clause should be struck out and another inserted, declaring that the kirk was to be "preserved in its existing purity," and that the Church of England should be "reformed according to the Word of God," and "after the example of the best reformed churches," which left all desirable latitude to the Independents. Everything having been settled to mutual satisfaction, the Solemn League and Covenant, as the treaty between the two nations was to be called, was sworn to at Edinburgh on the 17th of August, and the next day the English envoys set out on their return journey to London, accompanied by a number of Scottish commissioners. The two houses of parliament at Westminster, after having consulted a meeting of divines convened for the purpose, sanctioned the treaty of Edinburgh on the 18th of September; and a week after, on the 25th, the whole of the lords and commons went in procession to the Church of St. Margaret, and took the oath of adhesion to the Solemn League and Covenant.

The scene, as described by an eye-witness, Bulstrode Whitelock, was most impressive. "Both houses, with the assembly of divines and Scotch commissioners, met in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where Mr. White, one of the assembly, prayed an hour to prepare them for taking the Covenant. Then Mr. Nye, in the pulpit, made some observations touching the Covenant, showing the warrant of it from Scripture, the examples of it since the creation, and the benefit to the Church. Mr. Henderson, one of the Scots commissioners, concluded in a declaration of what the Scots had done, and the good they had received by such covenants; and then he showed the prevalence of ill counsels about the king, and the resolutions of the states of Scotland to assist the parliament of England. Then Mr. Nye, in the pulpit, read the Covenant, and all present held up their hands in testimony of their assent to it; and afterwards, in the two houses, subscribed their names in a parchment roll where the Covenant was written. The divines of the assembly and the Scots commis-

sioners likewise subscribed the Covenant; and then Dr. Gouge in the pulpit prayed for a blessing upon it. There were two hundred and twenty-eight commoners and thirty-one peers who in St. Margaret's Church raised their hands to heaven, and swore to be faithful to the Covenant. At their meeting the following day the two houses of parliament voted an order for the ceremony to be repeated "the next Lord's day by all persons in their respective parishes;" and sixteen weeks after, on the 19th of January, 1644, a Scottish army, twenty thousand strong, crossed the Tweed.

On the eve of the important event which opened up an entirely new phase in the civil war, the English parliament and nation suffered an immense loss in the death of John Pym. Worn out by incessant toil, care, and anxiety for the public welfare, the great leader of the liberal party in the House of Commons, and virtual ruler of the kingdom since the flight of Charles from London, died on the 8th of December, 1643, not quite sixty years of age. It was said of Pym "that while he lived there was no law in England so potent as his will;" and although this amounted, superficially considered, to a heavy charge against the men of the ruling party in parliament, implying that they were guided more by persons than by fixed principles, it was substantially correct, though in a very different sense. Pym's greatness sprang almost solely from being the firmest and clearest exponent of the national will; he was the mouthpiece of that vast mass of the population surging upwards and aiming at higher forms of civil and religious life through the light of the Reformation. If he wavered at times, it was because they wavered; and the current being too strong for him or any living being to direct, he could do nothing but swim with the stream. But he went along like a good and brave swimmer, with his eyes open, untouched by fear. Even his great political enemy, Lord Clarendon, acknowledged "he understood the tempers and affections of the kingdom as well as any man, and had observed the errors and mistakes in government;" adding, that "he had a very comely and grave way of expressing himself, with great volubility of words natural and proper." Pym was held to be the greatest orator of his age, and one of the most accomplished masters of parliamentary science ever born in England. His style was terse and nervous, no less than highly polished, and his reasoning close and vigorous, and enforced with great rhetorical skill. Taking care not to undertake too much at a time, he carried whatever he undertook, thus creating a feeling of security in his influence among his followers that was of incalculable benefit to the cause for which they were struggling. His last task, not one of the least important he achieved, the conclusion of the Solemn League and Covenant, and alliance of English and Scottish Puritanism, fitly closed his eventful earthly career. He stood bareheaded, with uplifted hands, at the head of the two hundred and sixty representatives of the nation who took oath in St. Margaret's church, and then he laid himself down to die. They fitly ordered him a burial in Westminster Abbey, to rest among the kings of England.

The conclusion of the great alliance, and march of a Scottish army across the Border, created intense consternation at the head-quarters of Charles. Short-sighted as was his whole policy, and narrow as were all his aims, the king could not help feeling that this was the greatest stroke as yet aimed against his cause, and that it was indispensable that something should be done to counteract it. There were many opinions among his advisers, an everchanging crowd of errant politicians, but the majority of them seemed to agree that it would be best to strengthen the royal influence by the creation of a sham parliament. The scheme was strongly advocated by the former member for Saltash, future Lord Clarendon, who now figured as chancellor of the exchequer, and, though mistrusted by the queen, exerted great authority. The chancellor urged, as related by himself, "that since the whole kingdom was misled by the reverence they had to parliaments, and believed that the laws and liberties of the people could not be otherwise preserved than by their authority, and that it appeared to be to no purpose to persuade men that what they did was against law, when they were persuaded that their very doing was lawful; it would be therefore necessary and could be only effectual to convince them that they who did those monstrous things were not the parliament, but a handful of desperate persons, who, by the help of the tumults raised in the city of London, had driven away the major part of the parliament, and called themselves the parliament, though they were in truth much the less and the least considerable part of it." Taking this as a basis of his plan, the ambitious minister, full of craft more than of wisdom, recommended his royal master to "issue out a proclamation to require all the members who had left the parliament at Westminster to repair to Oxford by a certain day, where his majesty would be willing to advise with them in matters of the greatest importance, concerning the peace and distractions of the kingdom." With his innate dislike of popular assemblies, Charles at first showed no liking to accept even the counterfeit legislature proposed by Clarendon; being, as stated by the latter, "in some apprehension that such a conflux of persons together of the parliament, who would look to enjoy the privileges of it in their debates, might, instead of doing him service, do many things contrary to it." However, on the chancellor of the exchequer representing eloquently that the persons to be used in the formation of a sham parliament "would be none but such as had already absented themselves from Westminster, and thereby incensed those who remained there, would not bring ill and troublesome humours with them to disturb that service which could only preserve them; but, on the contrary, would unite and conspire together to make his majesty superior to his and their enemies," Charles gave his consent to the scheme. Accordingly writs were issued in the name of the king, summoning both houses of parliament to meet on the 22nd of January, 1644, at the head-quarters of the royalist army.

The summons was obeyed by a hundred and odd ex-members of parliament, who had run away from Westminster, and were held to be not only harmless, but fit "to conspire together" under proper direction.

They were "graciously and solemnly welcomed by his majesty, with that ceremony which is used at the opening of a parliament," and even treated to a speech from a throne, although Charles, as was shown soon after, looked upon them with perfect contempt. The royal address was curious in many respects, not the least in his majesty referring to his countrymen as "foreigners." After briefly telling his audience that he was ready to receive from them "any advice which they thought would be suitable to the miserable and distracted condition of the kingdom," Charles went to the attack of the two houses of parliament, quite forgetting that by his new policy he ought to ignore them altogether. "My hope," he exclaimed, "was that, either by success on my part, or repentance on theirs, God would have put an end to this great storm; but guilt and despair have made these men more wicked than ever I imagined they intended to be; for instead of removing and reconciling these bloody distractions, and restoring peace to this languishing country, they have invited a foreign power to invade the kingdom."

The members of the Oxford assembly were quite ready to stamp Scotland as "a foreign power," and forthwith voted a bill declaring traitors all such of his majesty's subjects as did not resist the invaders from the north. This done, they resolved, under royal impulse, to make an attempt to induce the commander-in-chief of the parliamentary army to become unfaithful to his trust, for which purpose they sent him a long letter "by a trumpeter." Essex kept the trumpeter for a day or two, half inclined to hang him, but in the end despatching him back with a short note to the earl of North, in command of one of the royalist regiments at Oxford. "My lord," the note ran, "I have received this day a letter from your lordship, and a parchment subscribed by the king, the duke of York, and divers other lords and gentlemen, but it neither having address to the two houses of parliament, nor there being any acknowledgement of them therein, I could not communicate it to them. My lord, the maintenance of the parliament of England, and of the privileges thereof, is that for which we are all resolved to spend our blood, as being the foundation whereupon all our laws and liberties are built. I send your lordship herewith a national Covenant, solemnly entered into by both the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and a declaration passed by them both together. I rest your lordship's very humble servant—Essex." The attempt to gain the lord-general over having failed, Charles forwarded a message to the two houses at Westminster, desiring "that a convenient number of fit persons may be appointed and authorised" to meet "an equal number of fit persons whom we shall appoint," in order "to settle the present distractions of this our kingdom." Had the king's peaceable intentions been serious, or even had he merely spoken in his own name, the message might not have been without effect. However, being evidently desirous as much as ever to wound more than to reconcile, he very needlessly insulted the representatives of the nation by announcing that he was acting "by the advice of the lords and commons of parliament assembled at Oxford." The affront was met by a most dignified reply.

Impressed by the deep importance of the great and final step they were taking, the two houses at Westminster debated for three days, in the presence of the Scotch commissioners, "without whose concurrence nothing was transacted," about the answer that was to be sent to the royal message. The form of it was finally decided upon by a unanimous vote on the 9th of March. "May it please your majesty," the document ran. "We, the lords and commons assembled in the parliament of England, taking into consideration a letter sent from your majesty, have resolved, with the advice and consent of the commissioners of Scotland, to represent to your majesty, in all humility and plainness, as followeth: That as we have used all means for a just and safe peace, so will we never be wanting to do our utmost for the procuring thereof; but when we consider the expressions in that letter of your majesty's, we have more sad and despairing thoughts of attaining the same than ever, because thereby those persons now assembled at Oxford, who, contrary to their duty, have deserted your parliament, are put into an equal condition with it. And this present parliament, convened according to the known and fundamental laws of the kingdom, the continuance whereof is established by a law consented unto by your majesty, is in effect denied to be a parliament; the scope and intention of that letter being to make provision how all the members, as is pretended, of both houses, may securely meet in a full and free convention of parliament; whereof no other conclusion can be made, but that this present parliament is not a full nor free convention, and that to make it a full and free convention of parliament, the presence of those is necessary, who, notwithstanding they have deserted that great trust, and do levy war against the parliament, are pretended to be members of the two houses of parliament. And hereupon we think ourselves bound to let your majesty know, that seeing the continuance of this parliament is settled by a law, which, as all other laws of your kingdom, your majesty hath sworn to maintain, as we are sworn to our allegiance to your majesty, these obligations being reciprocal, we must in duty, and accordingly are resolved, with our lives and fortunes, to defend and preserve the just rights and full power of this parliament. And we do beseech your majesty to be assured, that your majesty's royal and hearty concurrence with us herein will be the most effectual and ready means of procuring a firm and lasting peace in all your majesty's dominions, and of begetting a perfect understanding between your majesty and your people, without which your majesty's most earnest professions, and our most real intentions concerning the same, must necessarily be frustrated. And in case your majesty's three kingdoms should, by reason thereof, remain in this sad and bleeding condition, tending, by the continuance of this unnatural war, to their ruin, your majesty cannot be the least nor the last sufferer. God in his goodness incline your royal breast, out of pity and compassion to those deep sufferings of your innocent people, to put a speedy and happy issue to these desperate evils, by the joint advice of both your kingdoms, now happily united in this cause by their late Solemn League and Covenant;

which as it will prove the surest remedy, so it is the earnest prayer of your majesty's loyal subjects, the lords and commons assembled in the parliament of England. Grey of Warke, speaker of the house of peers in parliament, *pro tempore*. William Lenthall, speaker of the House of Commons in parliament."

Enough of words had now been exchanged, and the final appeal was to the sword. But before his majesty's Oxford comedians were allowed to go home to their wives, they had to pass a number of resolutions, imposing taxes upon the English nation, recommending forced loans for the maintenance of the royalist armies, and finally declaring the members of both houses of parliament traitors to the king and kingdom. All this having been accomplished to his satisfaction, Charles on the 16th of April dissolved the curious assembly his chancellor of the exchequer had swept together, and a few days after informed the queen in a letter of his satisfaction at having got "rid of this mongrel parliament." The mongrels, indeed, had become woefully unprofitable, whether for use or ornament; and the soft murmur of their obedient voices was lost in the terrible din of war gradually drawing nearer and circling around the head-quarters of the king. By the middle of April, when the Oxford comedy was being played out, parliament had five great armies in the field, including the Scotch auxiliaries, and there seemed hope that the horrors of the civil war would be brought to an end at last in one great decisive battle. The earl of Essex was at the head of twelve thousand troops in the midland, and Sir William Waller with eight thousand in the western counties; while Sir Thomas Fairfax commanded six thousand well-disciplined soldiers to co-operate in the north with the twenty thousand Scots who had come across the border, and whose road southward was kept open by fourteen thousand men raised in the eastern counties, the flower of the national forces, under the leadership of the earl of Manchester, with Oliver Cromwell as second in command.

The first contest of arms of any importance that took place in the new year 1644 was under the walls of Nantwich, where Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the 25th of January, defeated and almost annihilated the five Irish regiments which had landed at Chester in the previous November. Turning eastward after this victory, Fairfax attacked and routed, on the 11th of April, a body of Royalists at Selby, in consequence of which the marquis of Newcastle, royalist commander-in-chief in the north, was compelled to fall back upon York, which he entered on the 19th of April, hotly pursued by the vanguard of the Scottish army. The latter, after effecting a junction with the troops under Sir Thomas Fairfax, at once laid siege to the head-quarters of Newcastle, and both parties prepared to struggle to the utmost for the possession of York. To save the city, capital of the north of England, Charles at once ordered all his available troops forward, especially charging Prince Rupert, who was roaming about in Lancashire, to hurry to the relief of the city without a moment's loss of time. Rupert obeyed, and having safely crossed the river Ouse at Boroughbridge on the 30th of June, entered the city on the north, joining the twenty thousand men under his command to Newcastle's troops. The besiegers,

who had invested the city mainly on the western side, broke up their works on the approach of the Royalists, moving towards the south, in the direction of Tadcaster, in order to effect a union with the earl of Manchester's forces. Prince Rupert, not content with relieving York, followed in the rear of the Scots and parliamentary troops, drawing Newcastle with him, and on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd of July, 1644, both armies came to front each other on Long Marston Moor. Once again the fate of England was to be left to the chance of battle.

Long Marston Moor was singularly well chosen for the great contest of arms about to take place. A flat piece of moorland, extending south from the Ouse river for upwards of six miles, intersected by a broad ditch and some low ridges, but with very few houses and fewer trees to interrupt the view and the flight of deadly cannon and musket balls, it offered all the advantages that could be desired to carry out the science of murder on a grand scale. It was towards noon on the morning of the eventful 2nd of July, 1644, that the two armies of the Roundheads and Cavaliers placed themselves on different sides of the broad moor ditch, ready for the bloody task of the day. The forces of parliament, stationed on slightly rising ground, in a rather advantageous position, consisted of three great divisions, commanded respectively by Sir Thomas Fairfax, John Baillie, lieutenant-general of the Scots, and the earl of Manchester. Sir Thomas Fairfax formed the right wing, with eighty troops of horse in the first line, four thousand infantry, men of Yorkshire and the northern counties, behind them, and three regiments of Scotch lancers, under Lord Balgonie and the earls of Dalhousie and Eglintoun, in the rear. Next to Fairfax, commanding the centre, or "main battle," of the parliamentary army, stood old Alexander Leslie, now earl of Leven, with the bulk of the Scottish auxiliaries, entirely foot soldiers, under Lieutenant-general John Baillie, and the earls of Lindsay, Cassilis, Dunfermline, Loudon, and Buccleugh, there being no Englishmen among them but a brigade of Manchester's foot and some ordnance in the reserve at the rear. Adjoining the Scottish foot on the other side, and forming the left wing of the parliamentarians, were the troops commanded by the earl of Manchester. They stood in three divisions; the left made up of Scotch dragoons, under Colonel Frizeall; the right of three brigades of foot soldiers, mostly men from the eastern counties, under Major-general Crawford; and the centre of five thousand English horse under Lieutenant-general Oliver Cromwell, with three regiments of Scotch horse, under General David Leslie, in the reserve. Facing Cromwell, across the dark moor ditch, in command of the right wing of the king's army, stood Prince Rupert, also with five thousand horse, and some Irish foot under Lord Byron; while the centre of the royalist forces, all infantry, under General King, opposed John Baillie's Scotsmen; and the left wing, four thousand horse, under General Goring, confronted the division of Fairfax. In numbers, the hostile armies were nearly equal, each counting about twenty-five thousand men. For full eight hours, from eleven in the morning till seven in the evening, the fifty thousand kept looking forward fiercely, prepared to spring at each other's

throats, and only awaiting the word of command. It was long in coming. "But surely," said Scout-master Watson, serving in Cromwell's horse, "had two such armies, drawn up so close one to the other, being on both wings within musket shot, departed without fighting, I think it would have been as great a wonder as hath been seen in England."

It was past seven in the evening; both armies had been facing each other motionless for hours, and many of the officers, thinking that the battle would not begin till the rise of another sun, were preparing themselves for rest, when suddenly the pent-up rage of war was set in motion, almost by accident. Ever restless in his movements, Prince Rupert began to erect, while the day was already on the decline, a new battery on the moor, somewhat closer than his other ordnance to the left wing of the parliamentary forces, and seeing this, Cromwell at once ordered two field-pieces forward, under the protection of two regiments of foot. The guns had to be brought down from a slight eminence, and their removal attracting the attention of some companies of musketeers who had been posted in the extreme van of the royalist right wing across the ditch, they forthwith opened a brisk fire. The crack of the muskets was the signal for a general engagement the whole of the length of the two lines, beginning on the parliamentary left wing, where Cromwell was standing with his "Iron-sides," on an elevation overlooking the dark moorland. "We came down the hill in the bravest order," Scout-master Watson said, "with the greatest resolution that was ever seen. The earl of Manchester's foot began the charge against some of the bravest of Newcastle's and Rupert's foot, Colonel Frizeall and his dragoons acting their part admirably, and driving the musketeers before them into the ditch." Amazed at the sudden attack, the vanguard of the Royalists, after a short firing on both sides, retreated in great confusion over the ditch, leaving behind four "drakes," or small field-pieces. It was in vain that Lord Byron with his Irishmen dashed forward to recover the guns; he was driven back instantly, the soldiers of his brigade increasing the thick stream of flying Royalists. "In a moment," the scout-master continues his relation, "we were past the ditch on to the moor, upon equal terms with the enemy, our men going in a running march. Our front divisions of horse charged their front, Cromwell's own division of horse, in which himself was in person, and in which were all their gallant men, charging the first division of Prince Rupert's, in which himself was in person, and in which were all their gallant men, they being resolved, if they could scatter Cromwell, all were their own. The rest of our horse, backed by Leslie's three troops, charged other divisions of theirs, and with such admirable valour as to astonish all the old soldiers of the army. Cromwell's own division had a hard struggle, for they were charged by Rupert's men both in front and flank." The troopers on both sides first discharged their pistols, after which, flinging the heavy weapons at each other's heads, they drew their swords. A stray shot grazed the neck of Cromwell, carrying great fear among his men, who thought that he was severely hurt; but he did not stop his horse for a moment, and riding on, cried

gaily, "A miss is as good as a mile." All after him, in irresistible torrent, rushed the Ironsides, shouting the signal of the parliamentary army for the day, "God with us!"

"God with us!" cried the Roundheads, and "God and the king!" ejaculated the Cavaliers, and so they killed each other in the name of God. "For a good while they stood at the sword's point, hacking one another," says the scout-master, busily hacking himself; "but at last Cromwell broke through, scattering them before him like a little dust. At the same time, the rest of the horse on the parliamentary left wing had wholly broken through Prince Rupert's lines, and the Cavaliers did fly along by Wilstrop-wood side as fast and as thick as could be." After sending a party in pursuit of the fugitives, Cromwell and Leslie pushed onward with the main bodies of their horse and some regiments of foot towards the centre of the royalist army. "Manchester's foot," noted the active scout-master, "charged by our side, dispersing the enemy's foot almost as fast as they charged them; still going by our side, cutting them down, so that we carried the whole field before us, thinking the victory ours, and nothing to be done but to kill and take prisoners." In this struggle the three brigades of eastern counties men, commanded by Major-general Crawford, particularly distinguished themselves, "standing when charged like a wall of brass, and letting fly small shot like hail." Some few, however, detached themselves from their regiments to join in the pursuit of Rupert's horse, long the pride of the royalist army, but now galloping about in frightful disorder, driven mad by sudden panic. Dispersing thus over the wild and black moorland, one of the soldiers came across a peaceful son of the soil, undisturbed by the roar of murder that was going on in the distance, in his attention to turnips and cabbages. "For which party are you—king or parliament?" the trooper addressed the peasant, in alarmingly authoritative tone. "Whaat, has them two fallen out, then?" cried he of the turnips, in intense surprise. There were yet happy souls left in England—happy souls, not caring for "them two," even on the borders of Long Marston Moor.

The great battle on the moor lasted till an hour after sunset, with strange fluctuation of success on both sides. Cromwell's scout-master was entirely mistaken in deeming "the victory ours" while chasing Rupert's horse; for while the left wing of the parliamentary army was beating the Royalists, the centre, as well as the right wing, were being beaten and scattered in all directions. Between the division of Sir Thomas Fairfax and the troops of the enemy, under General Goring, "there was no passage across the ditch except at a narrow lane where they could not march except three or four in front, and upon the one side of the lane was a ditch and on the other a hedge, both of which were lined with royalist musketeers." Having passed with great loss through this defile, Fairfax's men were charged in a body, and although Sir Thomas himself made his way forward with a small squadron of horse, hewing the enemy down to right and left, the rest of his wing was defeated, his foot being thrown into complete disorder

by the furious assaults of a picked body of northerners, known as the Whitecoats. The left wing of the Royalists, thus victorious, next turned upon the flank of the parliamentary centre, whose front was already hard pressed by the forces of General King and the marquis of Newcastle. After a brief and desperate struggle the Scotch gave way, their lines, formed half of pikemen and half of musketeers, getting into confusion under the repeated charges of the enemy's cavalry, so as to be no longer able to keep together. In vain the earl of Leven hastened from one part to the other of the field, endeavouring by words, and even by blows, to keep his men from running away. "Though you escape from the enemy," he cried, "yet leave not your general; though you fly from them, yet forsake not me!"

Attached as the soldiers were to their old commander, his words met with no attention in the general panic; and at last he himself, conceiving the battle utterly lost, was persuaded by the officers of his staff to turn his horse's head and go with the stream of fugitives. He did so, and never drew bridle till he came to Leeds, nearly forty miles distant, riding all the night in a cloak of "drap-de-berrie," belonging to a gentleman named Somerville, who noted down the fact as important to posterity. The other two commanders of the parliamentary army, Fairfax and Manchester, fled the same as Leven, but did not go quite so far, for on perceiving that they were not pursued, they turned round, and gathering as many troops as they could, once more charged the enemy. However, even to them the struggle seemed hopeless, and they sought death rather than victory. "It was a sad sight," an eye-witness exclaimed, "to behold so many thousands posting away, amazed with panic fears." Great numbers fled without striking a blow, some of the horsemen never looking back till they got as far as Lincoln, others nearly reaching Hull, and others Halifax and Wakefield. All along the roads the fugitives went, the news that the parliamentary army had been utterly routed, if not annihilated, spread like wildfire; and the intelligence reaching the royalist governor of Tickhill castle, five miles from Doncaster, he caused it to be transmitted by mounted messengers to Newark, and from thence to Oxford. On Thursday evening, the 5th of July, the streets of the old university town, head-quarters of the king, were lighted up by bonfires, and the next morning the bells of all the churches were set ringing, and the bishop and clergy, in high episcopal state, returned thanks to heaven for the great victory vouchsafed to his majesty.

The thanksgiving was somewhat uncalled for. The grim fight on Long Marston Moor, indeed, had been a great victory, but in favour of another majesty than the one prayed for at Oxford. Night was coming on when the right wing and centre of the parliamentary forces were flying from the field of battle, but at that very moment the fate of the all-important struggle was being decided in another quarter. Cromwell and his men had begun with success, and they kept it to the last in their grasp. Having cleared the field on their side, routed Prince Rupert's horse, and taken all his artillery and ammunition, the Ironsides came sweeping round to the part of the

moor before occupied by the royalist left, expecting that their own right wing had done their duty as well as they themselves. It was not long before they were undeceived. However, this did not in the least detract from their calm courage; and neither wearied by their hot service, nor discouraged by the flight of their friends and the victorious shouts of their opponents, they rode forward in excellent order to a second charge. "And here," Scout-master Watson noted, "came the business of the day, nay almost of the kingdom, to be disputed; for the enemy, seeing us come in such a gallant posture to charge them, left all thoughts of pursuit, and began to think that they must fight again for that victory which they thought had been already got, they marching down the hill upon us from our carriages, so that they fought upon the same ground, and with the same front that our right wing had before stood to receive their charge, and we stood upon the same ground and with the same front which they had when they began the charge. Our three brigades of foot of the earl of Manchester being on our right hand, on we went, with great resolution, charging them home, one while their horse, and then again their foot, and our foot and horse seconding each other with such valour, with such sound charges, that away they fled, not being able to endure the sight of us." By nine o'clock, when the battle had been raging for nearly two hours, Oliver Cromwell, valiantly aided by David Leslie and Colonel Frizeall with his Scotch dragoons, had cleared the field, not only of all enemies, but recovered the ordnance and carriages of the parliamentary centre and right wing, and captured all those of the Royalists. Then commenced the pursuit of the defeated enemy. "We followed the chase of them," Watson says, "to within a mile of York, cutting them down, so that their dead bodies lay three miles in length." "The moon with her light," another eye-witness recorded, "helped somewhat the darkness of the season," in the task of making "dead bodies."

Long Marston Moor presented sights both terrible and grand the night after the battle. "The Prince of Plunderland," a spectator noted, "he that had by daylight plundered others, had his rich sumpter plundered by moonlight, for till twelve at night our soldiers had the slaughter of the enemy in woods and lanes and fields." The rabble of both armies was busy till sunrise stripping corpses, and when the morning came "it was mortifying to behold the naked bodies of thousands lie upon the ground, many not altogether dead." Yet while the vagabonds plundered, brave soldiers prayed. For some hours after the victory had been decided, and up till midnight, the earl of Manchester and other officers, not engaged like Cromwell in the pursuit of fugitives, rode about among their men, the earl "thanking them for the exceeding good service which they had done for the kingdom, but earnestly exhorting them to give the honour of their victory to God alone. He also further told them that although he could not possibly that night make provisions for them according to their deserts and necessities, yet he would without fail endeavour their satisfaction in that kind in the morning. The soldiers unanimously gave God the glory of their great deliverance and victory, and told

his lordship with much cheerfulness, that though they had long fasted and were very faint, yet they would willingly wait three days longer rather than give off the service." It was no mere idle talk, for they could have had good reason to complain had they liked.

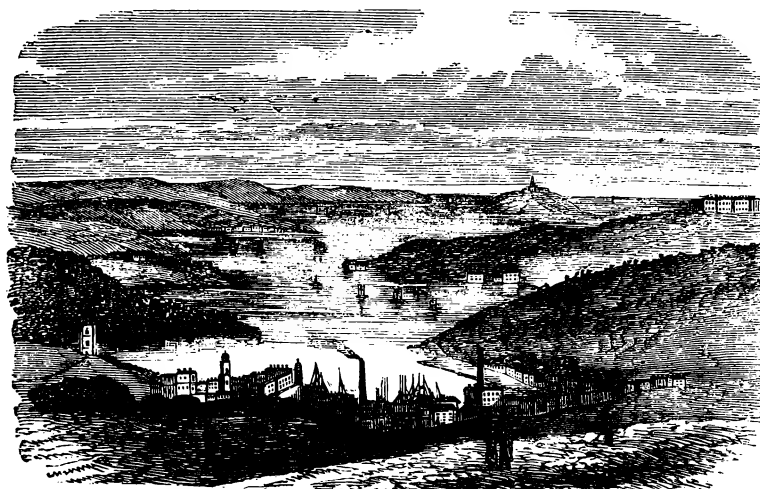
Victorious though they were, the soldiers of parliament and of the nation had neither food nor drink, nor the commonest of their wants supplied. Having drained the few wells on the moor down to the mud, they were obliged to drink water out of ditches and places puddled by the horses' feet; and a great number of the men "did not eat above the quantity of a penny loaf from Tuesday to Saturday morning, nor had they any beer at all." Nevertheless, the starving fighters for the national cause, notably those under Cromwell's command, manfully did their duty, not only as soldiers, but as Christians. After thanking God for having strengthened their arms and their souls to achieve so great a victory, they set to perform charitable offices, nursing the wounded and burying the dead. The number slain on the battle-field, and buried there in wide graves, was reported to amount to four thousand one hundred and fifty, and it was calculated that nearly three thousand of these were of the royal army. The smooth white skins of many of them gave reason to think that they were of "gentle blood," and in order that they might have a more honourable burial than the rest, the parliamentary generals freely allowed their corpses to be taken away. It gave rise to numerous touching scenes, some of them preserved in old accounts and family traditions. "Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Trappes," runs one of these, "married Charles Towneley, of Towneley, in Lancashire, esquire, who was killed at the battle of Marston Moor. During the engagement she was with her father at Knaresborough, where she heard of her husband's fate, and came upon the field the next morning to search for his body, while the attendants of the camp were stripping and burying the dead. Here she was accosted by a general officer, to whom she told her melancholy story. He heard her with great tenderness, but earnestly desired her to leave a place where,

besides the distress of witnessing sorrowful things, she might probably be insulted. She complied, and he called a trooper, who took her 'en croupe.' On her way to Knaresborough, she inquired of the man the name of the officer to whose civility she had been indebted, and learned that it was Lieutenant-general Cromwell."

The results of the battle of Long Marston Moor were of the most important nature. Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Newcastle, who had long professed antipathy to each other, parted the morning after the struggle, the prince retiring to his former command in the west of England, while the marquis, deeming the royal cause in the northern counties, where all his own influence was concentrated, entirely lost, embarked at Scarborough for the continent. The city of York, abandoned to its fate, capitulated on the 16th of July, after which the combined armies separated, Manchester and Cromwell returning to Nottinghamshire, Fairfax establishing his headquarters at York, and the Scots, under Leven, marching to Newcastle, which they reduced after a short siege. By the sudden collapse of the king's cause in the north, the prospects of the two combatants in the civil war all at once underwent a vast change; and while on the side of parliament all was bright and hopeful, everything was gloomy and cheerless on the part of the Royalists. However, nearly one-third of the territory of the realm still adhered to Charles, at least nominally. From Oxford to the extremity of Cornwall the king held uninterrupted sway, and his authority was acknowledged all over North and South Wales, with the exception only of the castles of Pembroke and Montgomery, while several towns in the midland counties were garrisoned by his troops. Driven from the north, the west of England had now become the stronghold of the Royalists, which was so far acknowledged by Charles that he sent thither the prince of Wales, investing him with the nominal command of all his forces.

The queen had gone to the west a month previous to the battle of Long Marston Moor, not thinking her residence at Oxford quite safe; and taking farewell from her consort at Abingdon—farewell for ever!—

had established herself at Exeter, where, on the 16th of June, she was delivered, somewhat to the surprise of the court, of a daughter. But Exeter was a badly-chosen place of refuge, for a fortnight after the accouchement of Henrietta Maria, the vanguard of the parliamentary forces, under the earl of Essex, approached to besiege the city. Still maintaining her haughty dignity, the royal lady demanded of Essex to allow her to retire to Bath for the sake of her health; the respectful reply to which was, that the lord-general had orders "to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." Henrietta Maria did not choose to accept the invitation, couched though it was



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in the most polite terms; and stealing out of Exeter in disguise, she hid herself for several days in a hut in the neighbourhood, "under a heap of litter," after which, rejoined by a few of her intimate friends and attendants, including her old favourite, Harry Jermyn, recently turned into a lord, she made her way to Falmouth. A small Dutch fleet, prepared for some time past for her flight, and, if necessary, that of the prince of Wales, was lying in Falmouth roadstead, and here the queen embarked on Sunday, the 14th of July, having just received the full details of the great struggle on Long Marston Moor. According to Rushworth, "the earl of Warwick had ordered several ships to attend at Torbay to intercept and hinder her passage; yet her majesty, with a Flemish man-of-war and ten other ships, adventured out, and by the advantage of the wind avoided any annoyance from the parliament fleet, who yet pursued with all the sail they could make. One frigate came up and discharged several shots at them, but her majesty's ships, coming out fresh tallowed, and trained for so important a service, had the advantage of them in sailing; and to prevent the worst, there was provided a galley with sixteen oars, which might have carried off her majesty if they could have come up. But without needing to make use thereof, her majesty landed safely at Brest, in France, and resided in that her native kingdom from henceforth." Which was decidedly a blessing to England.

The march of the earl of Essex into the western counties, though fortunate so far as driving the wretched consort of Charles from the soil of England, was not otherwise distinguished by success. Being devoid of great cannons, and fearing that the siege of Exeter would last a long time without them, Essex withdrew from the city almost as soon as he had arrived, and went marching westward into Cornwall; evidently not very clearly knowing what he meant to do, but acting chiefly upon the advice of one of his favourite officers, Lord Roberts, who possessed large estates in the county, and was anxious to renew the long-lost pleasure of getting rents from his property. For this laudable desire the nation had to pay somewhat dearly. As yet the whole of the narrow peninsula, from the Exe river to Mount Bay, was faithful to the royal cause; and seeing the parliamentary general push forward into this seagirt territory, sliding, as it were, into a net, or a great mousetrap, Charles determined to shut the gate behind, and lay hold of his prey.

The scheme was not very difficult to execute. Rupert's Cavaliers, learning that there was a splendid opportunity for plunder, the cash of the capital being securely packed in the coffers of Essex and of his faithful lieutenant, John Skippon, commander of the London train bands, came up in hasty strides from the midland counties, under the personal command of the king, and reinforced by great crowds of loyal Cornishmen, deeply antipathetic to the designs of Lord Roberts, they rushed down upon the parliamentary forces, numbering only about seven thousand men, encircling them within their grasp. Essex did not perceive their intentions till he found himself hemmed in among the hills between Bodmin, Lostwithiel, and Fowey, where daily, and almost hourly, skirmishing awaited

him, "with ever growing scarcity of victual." He now made a desperate attempt to get out of the net, by forming a plan, according to which his cavalry, under Sir William Balfour, were to hew their way through the meshes spread by the enemy, while he himself, with all the foot and artillery in his possession, were to embark at Fowey in the ships of the fleet under Warwick, who was aware of his danger. But the design miscarried, as far as the embarkation of the foot was concerned, through the treachery of a Frenchman serving in the parliamentary army, who deserted into the camp of Charles, acquainting him with every particular of the earl's intended movements, and leaving him to take his own measures to prevent them. The horse had time to break through the enemy; but the bulk of his forces, being attacked when least prepared for resistance, Essex himself became panic-stricken, and fled away to Fowey, where he took ship on the 1st of September, in company with the chief officers of his staff, including the unfortunate Lord Roberts, most afraid of all to get face to face with his countrymen, friends, and tenants.

The flight of the commander-in-chief left the parliamentary army under the orders of Major-general Skippon, who forthwith assembled a council of war, and proposed boldly to assume the offensive. "You see," cried the brave train-band captain, "our general and some chief officers have thought fit to leave us, and our horse are got away, and so we are left alone upon our defence. That which I now propound to you is this: that we, having the same courage as our horse had, and the same God to assist us, may make the same trial of our fortunes, and endeavour to make our way through our enemies as they have done, and account it better to die with honour and faithfulness than to live dishonourable." It was a speech worthy of the man and of the occasion, but few only would listen to it; and easy conditions of surrender being offered by the Royalists, it was resolved by the war council that they should be accepted. Accordingly, on the 2nd of September, the day after the flight of Essex, they all laid down their arms, the swords being returned to the officers, and the whole of the cannon and ammunition, stores and baggage, having been delivered up, the men were conducted back to the outposts of Sir William Waller's army, at Poole and Southampton. By the terms of the capitulation, the parliamentary soldiers were to retain all their personal property; but before they reached their journey's end, they were not only robbed of all the money and valuables they possessed, but most of them had even the clothes taken from their back, giving them occasion to remember for a long time to come the "Prince of Plunderers."

Essex's flight, and the surrender of his troops, caused immense excitement in London, although the event was of no very great moment from a political point of view. "The parliament," says Rushworth, "soon caused the foot to be armed and clothed again, and the horse having forced their way, the army was speedily recruited, scarce a man having taken arms on the other side." Nevertheless, it was thought that Essex had shown great military incapacity, both in allowing himself to be surrounded, and in not

making a good retreat, he being, to the very last moment, numerically stronger than the enemy. The murmur against the earl before long assumed the wider shape of a general protest against commanders drawn from the ranks of the nobility, it being undeniable that nearly all of them had been unsuccessful in the war, and that the only great victory over the enemy had been obtained in spite of them. What greatly embittered these feelings was the slowly growing religious feud in the House of Commons and among the educated middle classes from which it had sprung. While bowing down under adversity, with all their nerves strained to oppose the common foe, the two great parties of which the parliamentary majority was made up, the Presbyterians and the Independents, had worked zealously together for the same end; but the sunshine of prosperity had no sooner made itself felt when it asserted its usual effect in dividing those whose union had only been temporary, and more or less artificial. This was the more the case as both factions dissented from each other, not only about important questions of religion, or rather of church government, but about matters of civil polity, of equal importance to them and to the commonwealth. The Presbyterians were glad to avail themselves of the assistance of the Independents both to destroy the episcopal establishment and to curb royal absolutism; but here they wished to stop, aiming no further than to substitute ministers and ruling elders for bishops and priests, and a constitutional charter for the blind will of an irresponsible ruler. But the Independents were not at all inclined to arrest the course of the great revolution, which they had helped to set in movement, at these landmarks. Democratic in all their views, they would not submit to presbyters much more willingly than to priests, and had little greater faith in oligarchical than in monarchical forms of civil government; and having helped to clear the road for a certain distance, as far as their allies wished to go, they set to work with still greater zeal to strike out their own track. Indications of the career the Independents meant to pursue became visible immediately after the battle of Marston Moor, which made the whole party rise together with the great member of it who had won the victory. In and out of parliament constant attacks were made upon eminent leaders of the Presbyterian faction, such as Essex and Manchester; and the former, having fallen into general disfavour through his behaviour in Cornwall, the excitement went on increasing on all sides. But little now was wanting to bring the agitation of parties to an outbreak; and the events of the next few months sufficed to fan the smouldering fire into open flame.

Having driven the army of Essex into capitulation, the king, elated beyond measure by his victory, which he immensely overrated, turned eastward, loudly declaring his intention to fall upon the capital, and compel the parliament to accept peace upon terms dictated by him. However, his hasty march was much impeded before he had reached the borders of Wiltshire; and having pushed with great difficulty across the country as far as Hungerford, he was brought to a standstill by the van of the armies under Sir William Waller and the earl of Manchester, joined

by the reorganised forces of Essex, who were coming up in quick marches to oppose his further progress. Some sharp skirmishing ensued, and was continued till the town of Newbury, where Royalists and Parliamentarians had a tough encounter the previous year, and of which the former now took once more possession. It was on the evening of the 26th of October that Charles marched into the place, and early the following morning, a Sunday, he found the united forces of Essex, Waller, and Manchester, drawn up in the field fronting him, and offering to engage in a second battle of Newbury. The king accepted the challenge, though numerically weaker than his opponents, and with troops exhausted by the long march from the extreme west of England, and the struggle commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon. After six hours' confused fighting the left wing of the Royalists drove back the Parliamentarians, but their right was compelled to give way before the onset of Cromwell's horse.

Charles withdrew his army from the field, marching off "by moonlight, at ten o'clock," towards Wallingford, on the road to Oxford, and leaving his artillery with a small garrison at Donnington Castle. Cromwell was very anxious to follow the enemy, and to turn the partly undecided contest into a victory; but his superior, the earl of Manchester, refused to let him do so; and though he urged and urged again the necessity of a pursuit, the earl remained obstinate. In consequence, no attempt was made even to seize Donnington Castle, which might have been done with comparative ease. Instead of it the parliamentary forces, as stated by Clarendon, "remained quietly at Newbury, in great faction among themselves, every man taking upon himself to find fault, and censure what had been done and what had been left undone." Charles was not slow in taking advantage of the quarrels of his adversaries, and eight days after the battle he boldly came back again to fetch the guns he had left at Donnington Castle. "The enemy's army," records Clarendon, "lay still at Newbury, perplexed with the divisions and factions among their own officers, without any notice of the king's advance, till a quarter of their horse was beaten up. The next morning [November 5th] the king put his army into battalia. Prince Rupert, who was now declared general, led the van, and got possession of the heath on the back side of the castle, from which a small party might have kept him, the entrance into it being very steep, and the way narrow. On that heath the king's army was drawn up about noon, every one being prepared to fight; and none of the enemy appearing, they marched by the castle, over the river by a mill, and two fords below it, without any opposition." Having stayed a night at Donnington Castle, and retaken possession of the whole of his ordnance in sight of the parliamentary generals, who were fronting him with troops nearly three times as numerous as his own, Charles graciously "resolved to attempt them no farther, but gave orders to retire in their view, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, the same way he came." Cromwell and his men ground their teeth; to them, as, indeed, to all beholders of the scene, there could be no longer any doubt that the earl of

Manchester and his advisers and coadjutors were either traitors, or the most incapable commanders of armies that ever lived.

All was now ripe for an explosion. "In the House of Commons, on Monday, the 25th of November, 1644," it was entered in the "journals" of parliament, "Lieutenant-general Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the earl of Manchester to this effect: That the said earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword; and for such a peace as a victory would be a disadvantage to, and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and a continued series of carriage and actions: That since the taking of York, as if the parliament had now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever tendeth to farther advantage upon the enemy, and neglected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, especially at Donnington Castle: That he hath drawn the army into, and detained them in such a posture, as to give the enemy fresh advantages, and this before his conjunction with the other armies, by his own absolute will, against or without his council of war, against many commands of parliament, and with contempt and villifying of those commands." These charges having been read, it was resolved by the commons, though with great reluctance on the part of the majority, still representing the Presbyterian element, but cowed by the daily rising power of the Independents, that they should be sent to the House of Lords, with request to the accused peer to furnish an answer thereto. Manchester complied at the end of a week, but in a very unsatisfactory manner, his replies to the inculpations laid upon him turning into mere counter-charges against his subordinate, the stern lieutenant-general. He accused the latter of having shown repeatedly disrespect to him, the earl; of having expressed sentiments inimical to the pride and glory of the realm, the English peerage; and, worse than all, of having not always shown due reverence to the person and character of his majesty the king. Instances were adduced in each case to prove the terrible accusations hurled against Cromwell. He was reported to have said, on one occasion, when ordered to amuse the commander-in-chief with his Ironsides at some grand parade: "If your lordship want to have the skins of the horses, this is the way to get them;" and on another, that "there would never be a good time in England till they had done with the lords." This was appalling enough; but the horror of all the sayings and doings of the lieutenant-general culminated in the utterance ascribed to him, that, "if he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol upon the king as at another." It was, as remarked by Carlyle, "a thing hardly conceivable to the Presbyterian human mind," that, though in open war against his majesty, soldiers should dare to fire at "our poor semi-divine misguided father;" "divinity fallen insane," and accordingly Cromwell met with strong rebuke on all hands, ending in a violent attempt to bring him to justice as an "incendiary." Already the leaders of the Presbyterian party in both houses of parliament were getting in a mood which preferred to make war upon the Independents

and republicans rather than the Royalists and absolutists.

The design to bring Cromwell to trial, and, if possible, to the block, was carried out with great concealment and not a little craft. Before disclosing their plan in parliament, Essex and his friends held several secret meetings at his house to deliberate upon the proper mode of proceeding; and after some discussion it was resolved to call in the assistance of two of the most eminent lawyers of the English bar, Sir John Maynard, and Bulstrode Whitelock, both Presbyterians. They were sent for late one evening, at the beginning of December, much to their astonishment. "There was no excuse to be admitted," Whitelock recorded, "nor did they know beforehand the occasion of their being sent for." Maynard and Whitelock found the leaders of the Presbyterian party assembled in conclave with several of the Scottish commissioners, Essex sitting at the head of the table, and the lord chancellor of Scotland acting as spokesman for "his excellence," the earl. "You ken vara weel," said his lordship, addressing the two lawyers, "that Lieutenant-general Cromwell is no friend of ours, and since the advance of our army into England he hath used all underhand and cunning means to take off from our honour and merit of this kingdom—an evil requital of all our hazards and services. But so it is; and we are nevertheless fully satisfied of the affections and gratitude of the gude people of this nation in general. It is thought requisite for us, and for the carrying on of the cause of the twa kingdoms, that this obstacle, or 'remora,' may be removed out of the way, who, we foresee, will otherwise be no small impediment to us and the gude design we have undertaken. He not only is no friend to us, and to the government of our church, but he is also no well-willer to his excellence, whom you and we all have cause to love and honour; and if he be permitted to go on in his ways, it may, I fear, endanger the whole business. Therefore we are to advise of some course to be taken for prevention of that mischief. You ken vara weel the accord 'twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the Solemn League and Covenant, and if any be an incendiary between the twa nations, how is he to be proceeded against? Now the matter wherein we desire your opinions is what you tak the meaning of this word incendiary to be, and whether Lieutenant-general Cromwell be not sich an incendiary as is meant thereby, and whilk way wud be best to tak to proceed against him, if he be proved to be sich an incendiary. Now, you may ken that by our law in Scotland we class him an incendiary wha kindleth coals of contention, and raiseth differences in the state to the public damage, and is 'tanquam publicus hostis patriæ.' Whether your law be the same or not, you ken best, who are mickle learned therein; and therefore, with the favour of his excellence, we desire your judgment in these points." Thus spoke the lord chancellor of Scotland to Sir John Maynard and Bulstrode Whitelock, pillars on the mountain of English law. And the two "mickle learned" men kept their keen eyes on his excellence and friends, wondering how clever they were to ask them to fetch their nuts from the fire.

Bulstrode Whitelock was the first to open his lips in reply to the sapient speech of the lord chancellor. He informed his lordship that the word incendiary had exactly the same meaning in the law of England as in that of Scotland; but added, with great caution, that, as it seemed to him the matter to be considered was not the state of the law with regard to incendiaries, but whether they had good evidence of Lieutenant-general Cromwell being one of those who "kindleth coals of contention and raiseth differences in the state," and also whether, if they had such evidence, it would be legally available. "I take Lieutenant-general Cromwell," Whitelock added, with all the circumspection becoming an eminent lawyer, pattern and beacon of the English bar—"I take Lieutenant-general Cromwell to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained no small interest in the House of Commons; nor is he wanting of friends in the House of Peers, nor of abilities in himself to manage his own part or defence to the best advantage. If this be so, it will be the more requisite to be well prepared against him before he be brought upon the stage." Sir John Maynard, as shrewd and as wary as his colleague, took care to chime in with the sentiments he had expressed. "Lieutenant-general Cromwell," Sir John pointed out with emphasis, "is a person of great favour and interest with the House of Commons, and with some of the House of Peers likewise, and therefore there must be proofs the most clear and evident against him to prevail with the parliament to adjudge him to be an incendiary."

The advice thus given caused a warm debate at the meeting presided over by Essex, ending in a resolution, come to some hours after midnight, to postpone action for the time. Some of the more hot-headed of the presbyterian chiefs, foremost among them Denzil Holles, who bore a deep personal hatred to Cromwell, "spoke smartly to the business," recommending fearless action; but they were overruled by the Scottish commissioners, who, with national caution, "were not so forward to adventure themselves, so that the blow was given up for the present." There was wisdom in this step, for the much-feared lieutenant-colonel had his eye upon his enemies even more than they had upon him. "They had some cause afterwards to believe," Whitelock noted, "that, at this debate, some who were present were false brethren, and informed Cromwell of all that passed among them." His foes as yet little understood the dreaded Lord of the Fens. While they were there talking, he was working, and while they were planning deep schemes, he was preparing simple acts.

A few days after the secret meeting at Essex's house, on Wednesday, the 9th of December, Cromwell arose in his seat in the House of Commons, amidst the deepest silence. "It is now time to speak," he cried, abruptly, "or for ever hold the tongue." The important question now is no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying condition, which the long continuance of this war hath already brought it into, so that without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, casting off all lingering proceedings, like soldiers of fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war, we shall make the

kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a parliament. For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the parliament? Even this; that the members of both houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in parliament, what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should end with it. This, that I speak here to our faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those commanders, members of both houses, who are yet in power; but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace. But this I would recommend to your prudence, not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any commander-in-chief, upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy, which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affection towards the general weal of our mother country, that no members of either house will scruple to deny themselves, and their own private interests for the public good, nor account it to be a dishonour done to them whatever the parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter."

Cromwell having concluded his speech, Zouch Tate, representative of Northampton, a zealous Independent, but hitherto obscure member, sprang to his feet. "Two summers are passed over," he cried, "and we are not saved. Our victories, the price of blood invaluable, so gallantly gotten and so graciously bestowed, seem to have been put into a bag with holes. What we won at one time we lost at another. The treasure is exhausted, the country wasted; a summer's victory has proved but a winter's story. The game, however, shut up with autumn, must be played again the next spring, as if the blood was only shed to manure the field for a more plentiful crop of contention. Men's hearts have failed them with the observation of these things." He went on arguing that the protracted war and all its misfortunes were due to the causes already urged by the member for Cambridge, and asked permission to bring in a bill for their remedy. "There was a general silence for a good space of time," and then the representative of Northampton brought forward a bill, which was seconded by Sir Harry Vane, ordering "that no member of either house shall, during the war, enjoy or execute any office or command, civil or military." The bill, in its first reading, was adopted by a large majority, and an amendment excepting the lord-general, the earl of Essex, from the Act, was lost on a division by twenty-seven votes, in a house of one hundred and ninety-three members. Cromwell and his friends had laid the basis of the "Self-denying Ordinance," which once more altered the government of England.

But the parliamentary struggle for power as yet had only commenced, and the toughest part of it was still to come. It was in a moment of extreme alarm and trepidation, caused by the address of Cromwell, whose influence with the army was growing in a gigantic manner, that the commons passed the preamble of the Self-denying Ordinance; but when the second reading came on, two days after, on the 11th of December, the presbyterian majority were up in arms for the fight. The debate on this occasion was long and violent, and was renewed in four successive sittings, with ever-increasing heat, both on the part of the Independents and of the Presbyterians. The latter, though being able to throw out the Ordinance by an immediate vote, were afraid to do so, aware that public opinion was greatly in favour of it, and that the city with its trained bands was ready to back it by force; and all their efforts, therefore, were directed to destroy the real object of the bill, that of depriving all the noble lords, as well as the presbyterian leaders in the House of Commons, of their power in the army, by a series of amendments and exceptions. The effort not proving successful, the earl of Essex and his friends in their despair began opening fresh negotiations for the king. On being applied to secretly, Charles consented to grant a safe-conduct to six English and three Scottish commissioners, all of them members of the Presbyterian party, to lay a petition for peace before him; and although in the paper transmitted by the king the envoys were merely referred to as private persons, and the parliament not even mentioned, both the lords and commons in their majority took the insult quietly, and allowed their members to depart for Oxford with the drawn-up propositions.

Acquainted with the exact position of affairs at Westminster, Charles received the nine commissioners in a haughty and all but insulting manner. The earl of Denbigh, spokesman of the nine, having read the proposals, the king asked him, in an irascible manner, "Have you power to treat fully?" "No," replied the earl, bowing to the ground, "but we are to receive your majesty's answer in writing." "Then," Charles replied coarsely, though with much truth, "a letter-carrier might have done as much as you." His lordship's offended dignity made him bold to utter a faint remonstrance. "I hope," he whimpered, "your majesty looks upon us as persons of another condition than letter-carriers." "Well, well," stuttered the king, "I know your condition, but I say that your commission does not give you any power to do more than a mere letter-carrier might have done." After having been in humble attendance about his majesty for a week, openly laughed at by Prince Rupert and others, and treated with disdain by all the courtiers, who tried faithfully to reflect in their demeanour the tone of their royal master, the nine ambassadors had the honour of a farewell audience. It consisted chiefly in a sealed letter, directed to nobody, being handed to them to carry back to their employers. Some commissioners, among them Denzil Holles, summoned courage to lay in a lowly protest against the manner in which they were treated, reminding the king that it was usual to furnish political envoys with the copy of replies to their

messages. But Charles laughed with scorn. "What is that to you," he cried, "who are but to carry what I send? If I will send the song of Robin Hood and Little John you must carry it."

Under any other circumstances further negotiations for peace would have been entirely out of the question after this insulting behaviour of the king towards the leaders of the parliamentary majority and chiefs of the government, but now, hard pressed as they were, they submitted to everything. Essex, Manchester, Denbigh, Denzil Holles, with four-fifths of the peers, and nearly two-thirds of the commons, felt a sincere abhorrence towards a return of royal absolutism, yet they at the same time had a still greater dread towards the advent of republicanism in church and state, and the fear of it overran all other considerations. While the Self-denying Ordinance was still under discussion in parliament, partly accepted in the lower house, but rejected in the upper, and then thrown as a shuttlecock from one to the other, a strong majority in the lords and commons resolved to make a great effort to come to terms with the king. Having humiliated his old antagonists and new friends to the utmost, Charles finally condescended to touch the olive branch held out to him, and a dozen commissioners having been nominated by him, and as many on the part of parliament, a great peace congress was opened at the town of Uxbridge on the 30th of January, 1645.



UXBRIDGE TREATY HOUSE.

The deliberations extended over twenty days, but, as was foreseen by all impartial observers, led to not the slightest result. It was clear from the beginning that the king did not wish to have peace on any conditions other than such as he might obtain at the very best by a series of great victories in the field and the complete military subjugation of the realm; and the action of congress, though carried on with great dignity, with a superabundance of fine orations and exchange of diplomatic parchments, resolved itself into a mere comedy. While the envoys of Charles were holding forth at Uxbridge, with inexhaustible eloquence, upon the necessity of an agreement, declaring that there was nothing in the world their royal master wished better than to restore the

blessings of peace to his beloved subjects, his majesty was busy at Oxford negotiating with the king of France, the duke of Lorraine, and other continental potentates and chieftains, for the invasion of England by a foreign army. "Hope was given him," according to Thomas May, "from the duke of Lorraine of ten thousand men; and, for bringing of these soldiers into England, Goffa (major in the army, by turns Roundhead and Cavalier) was sent into Holland to arrange for shipping and other necessities. The king likewise desired assistance at that time from the Irish rebels, and by his letters commanded Ormond (successor to the earl of Strafford) to make a peace with those rebels, and to promise and grant to them a free exercise of their religion, and to assure them that if, by their assistance, he could but finish his war in England, he would abrogate all those laws which had been heretofore made against the Papists there." The Irish negotiations were not entirely unknown at Westminster, and the mere rumour of them drove many a staunch Presbyterian for the time into the camp of the Independents. However deep the veneration for the royal dignity, they all in turn discovered that they could not trust the royal person.

Before the Uxbridge conference came to an end, a sanguinary drama, not without influence on the course of the abortive peace negotiations, had been played out in the capital. After lying a prisoner in the Tower for nearly four years, Archbishop Laud, once the greatest man in England, but now almost forgotten by the majority of Englishmen, was put on his trial before the House of Lords, for "papistical innovations" amounting to treason. The more immediate cause of the proceedings was the resistance of Laud to appoint to the rectory of Chartham, in Kent, of which he was the patron, a clergyman designated by the lords; the refusal being due to a wish of the king that the nomination should fall upon another person, his majesty evidently little caring to what dangers this would expose his old friend and servant. Laud's trial was conducted after the same despotic fashion he himself had exercised for years in the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, and the chief of the public prosecutors arrayed against him was William Prynne, the unhappy author and lawyer, whose barbarous treatment had drawn first upon the archbishop the execration of the people. Prynne was ordered by the House of Commons to draw up the articles of impeachment against Laud, which task he executed with much moderation, not imitated by the other lawyers engaged in the case. One of them, Serjeant Wild, in opening the accusation against the primate, declared vehemently that he had committed "high treason, treason in all and every part, and treason of the highest pitch and altitude," and that he had fully deserved a traitor's death, both by law human and divine. "Naaman," said Serjeant Wild, getting into Scripture, "was a great man, but he was a leper: this man's leprosy hath so infected all, that there remains no other cure but the sword of justice, which we doubt not your lordships will so apply that the commonwealth shall yet live again and flourish."

The lords passed the bill of attainder with but a

few dissentient voices, yet made nevertheless some efforts afterwards to save the aged archbishop, which, however, were unavailing against the persistent determination of the Presbyterian party in the lower house to have his blood. After some delay, caused by the preparations for the Uxbridge congress, and the all-absorbing debates on the Self-denying Ordinance, Laud was finally condemned to death, and executed on the 10th of January, 1645. Though past seventy, the primate exhibited great courage on the scaffold, where several zealous ministers, together with a member of the lower house, Sir John Clotworthy, representative of Maldon, made some great but unavailing efforts to convert him to Presbyterianism. After a brief theological discussion, Laud turned his face away from the preachers, and to the executioner. "Here, my honest friend," said he, addressing the man, and handing him some money, "God forgive thee, and do thy office upon me in mercy." The executioner did his office as required, ending all earthly pain and trouble with one stroke of his axe, and then swinging the primate's hoary head aloft over the block, crying, "God save the king!"

Five days after the execution of Laud, on the 15th of January, the House of Lords, full of bitterness at the event, rejected by a large majority the Self-denying Ordinance, which had passed the commons some weeks previous. The reasons put forward in justification of this bold step were given with unusual frankness. It was said, and the fact was undeniable, that the Ordinance would have the immediate effect of lowering the social position of the entire hereditary nobility of the kingdom, by excluding them from all power and influence in the state, making the same over to the middle classes, already strongly represented in the House of Commons, and to the non-parliamentary section of which must fall, if the Act passed, all offices and dignities whatsoever. This was precisely the aim of the Independents, acknowledged in the saying attributed to Cromwell, that "there would never be a good time in England till they had done with the lords." However, it was not politic for the moment to avow the object too openly, and, therefore, after the upper house had rejected the bill of the member for Northampton by a decisive vote, it became necessary to go to work with somewhat more of circumspection than before. A few weeks' deliberation in committee resulted in the bringing forward of a fresh bill, called the second Self-denying Ordinance. It differed from the first by not laying down the general principle of disqualification, but merely enacting that every member of either of the two houses of parliament should be discharged from any office he might hold, civil or military, at the end of forty days, but not forbidding reinstalment, and reserving expressly to the lords and commons the right of exempting individuals. Though far less sweeping a measure in the new form than in the old, the party of Cromwell increased its effect by combining with it a reorganisation of the whole of the parliamentary forces, or, as it was denominated, placing the army on a "new model."

The plan proposed, and adopted after but little discussion by the House of Commons, was to keep on foot, not several bodies of troops as heretofore, but

one sole army, under the supreme direction of a commander-in-chief, bearing the title of lord-general, with one lieutenant-general, one major-general, thirty colonels, and a proportionate staff of inferior officers, as subordinates. The effective of the army was fixed at twenty-one thousand men, comprising fourteen thousand foot, one thousand dragoons, and six thousand light horse. It was likewise settled that the total charge for the army, estimated at forty-five thousand pounds per month, should be raised by assessment throughout the kingdom; and the House of Commons went so far into the details of the "new model" as to nominate at once all the general officers. Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed commander-in-chief, and John Skippon, worthy captain of the London train bands, major-general; while the intermediate dignity, that of lieutenant-general, was left open for Cromwell, who, as was understood by all parties, would have to be exempted from the Act, as the greatest military leader of the day. The "new model" was completed and passed by the commons, together with the second Self-denying Ordinance, on the 30th of March, and on the following day the bills were sent to the upper house. Further resistance to measures approved of by the whole nation had now become impossible on the part of the lords, and they gave their consent to them, with scarcely any debate, on the 3rd of April. The date opened a new epoch in the ever more rapid march of the revolution.

On the same day on which the Self-denying Ordinance was passed by the lords, the earls of Essex and of Manchester, together with all the other peers who had held commands in the army, surrendered their commissions, the former general-in-chief making it a point of stating, in the letter containing his resignation, that he had performed his duty with faithfulness in the army "raised for the defence of the king, parliament, and kingdom." A few hours after the missive of Essex had been read before the commons, Sir Thomas Fairfax was solemnly introduced into the house, presented to the members as the new lord-general, and his commission handed to him by the Speaker. In it, the royal authority, and even existence of the majesty whom Essex had professed to serve, was quietly ignored, the army being referred to as assembled, not "for the defence of the king," but, more truthfully, for that of parliament and the nation. Fairfax assumed command forthwith, establishing his head-quarters at Windsor Castle, and setting actively to work in the task of reorganising and re-recruiting the army, his great object being to get the kind of men recommended by Cromwell, "such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did." He was very successful in this undertaking, and with the active assistance of Major-general Skippon, most popular of all military commanders, old or new, succeeded in raising, equipping, and drilling, a body of men such as for valour and discipline had never been brought into the field in the same number since the beginning of the civil war.

Their valour was soon to be tested, for the king, affrighted at the immense energy developed all on a sudden by his opponents, kept arming, too, with all haste, evidently bent on staking his fortune in another

great battle. To meet him, Fairfax as well as the parliamentary Committee of Both Kingdoms, representing, since the death of Pym, the executive in the war department, exerted themselves to the utmost, both in hastening on the reorganisation of the army, and concentrating all available troops between the Thames and the Severn, so as to interrupt the king's communication with the west of England. Cromwell, who had been sent with Sir William Waller to oppose the progress of the Royalists in Somerset and Gloucestershire, was ordered, on his return to Windsor in the middle of April, to prevent the junction of Rupert's horse with the forces under the immediate command of Charles, whose head-quarters were still at Oxford. He executed his commission in the most brilliant manner, defeating the Royalists in three successive engagements, at Islip Bridge, Witney, and Bampton Bush; and after that stormed Bletchington House, a fortified mansion not far from Oxford, garrisoned by some hundred Cavaliers, under the command of Colonel Windebank. The loss of the latter place, upon which he set great store, enraged Charles so much that he ordered Windebank to be shot for cowardice, but without a proper trial; and the unhappy colonel was murdered accordingly, "with his back to the wall of Merton College." In the meanwhile, amidst his small but not unimportant victories, Cromwell's term of military service, according to the prescriptions of the Self-denying Ordinance, was coming to an end; and as the final day approached he hurried once more to head-quarters at Windsor, "to kiss the general's hand and take leave of him." He arrived late at night; but the next morning, "ere he came forth from his chamber," a letter was handed to him, under the seal of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, desiring that he would retain his command "for forty days." Before the forty days had run out Cromwell had added another great deed to his military fame, raising him above the Self-denying Ordinance, with the shadow of his sword cast all over England.

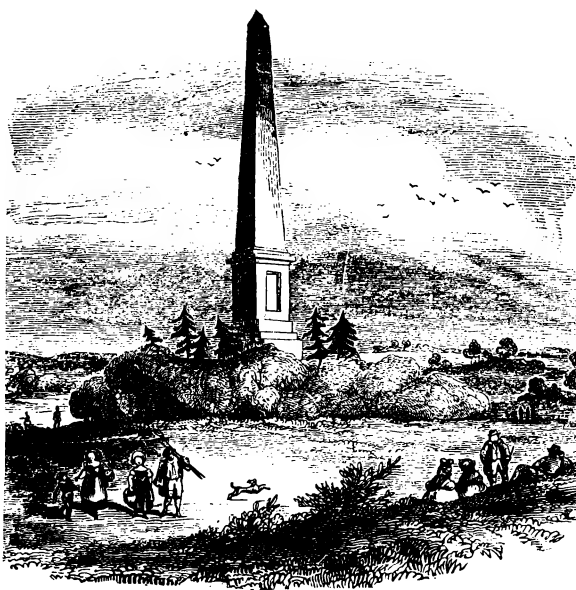
Aroused by the progress of the parliamentary forces, who were gradually surrounding his head-quarters, the king left Oxford on the 10th of May with the whole of his army, numbering some ten thousand men. Breaking easily through the thin lines of his opponents, he advanced towards Rupert, who was ravaging Gloucestershire, and joining his troops, chiefly horse, to his own, set out on a march northward to relieve Chester, closely besieged by a small body of Parliamentarians under Sir William Brereton. They raised the siege on the approach of the royal army, upon which Charles suddenly turned round to the north-east, and advancing in long strides through Staffordshire, threw himself upon Leicester, which he captured, after but slight resistance, on the 1st of June. The report of it alarmed Fairfax, who was preparing the siege of Oxford, and leaving it, he immediately advanced to Northampton, where he was joined by Cromwell on the 11th of June, after which both started off in pursuit of the king. On the evening of the second day, Friday, the 13th of June, the van of the parliamentary army came in sight of the forces of Charles, lying idly on the borders of Leicester and Northamptonshire, quite ignorant of the approach of any enemy.

"Everybody believed," as recorded by Clarendon, "that Fairfax's army was much dispirited, and that it was now led out of the way that it might recover courage before it should be brought to fight with so victorious troops as the king's were; and therefore that it was best to find them out whilst their fear was yet upon them. All men concluded that to be true which their own wishes suggested to them. And so the army marched to Daventry, in Northamptonshire, where, for want of knowing where the enemy was, the king remained in a quiet posture the space of five days." His majesty was amusing himself shooting hares and rabbits when the news of the approach of the Parliamentarians arrived. "Upon the 13th of June," Clarendon continues, "the king received intelligence that Fairfax was advanced to Northampton with a strong army, much superior to the numbers he had formerly been advertised of. Whereupon he retired the next day to Harborough, and meant to have gone back to Leicester, that he might draw more foot out of Newark, and stand upon his defence till the other forces which he expected could come up to him. But that very night an alarm was brought to Harborough that Fairfax himself was quartered within six miles. A council was presently called, and the former resolution of retiring presently laid aside, and a new one as quickly taken 'to fight,' for which there was always an immoderate appetite when the enemy was within any distance. They would not stay to expect his coming, but would go back to meet him. And so in the morning early, being Saturday, the 14th of June, all the army was drawn up on a rising ground of very great advantage, about a mile south of Harborough, which was left at their back, and there put in order to give or receive the charge." King Charles was standing on the field of Naseby to fight his last battle.

"The old hamlet of Naseby," says Carlyle, "stands yet on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market Harborough, in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly midway between that town and Daventry. A peaceable old hamlet, of some eight hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order, forming a kind of square which leads off southwards into two long streets; the old church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old ball, held up by rods, a 'hollow copper ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry VIII.'s time'—which has, like Hudibras' breeches, 'been at the siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland; though now growing corn, was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England. Gentle dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from 'navel,' thus, 'Navesby, quasi Navelsby, from being,' &c., &c. Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakespeare's Avon, is on the western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's fen country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the eastern side. The grounds lie high, and are still, in

their subdivisions, known by the name of 'hills,' as 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time; but they are not properly hills at all, but broad, blunt, clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent. It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle."

The battle commenced at ten o'clock in the morning by an impetuous charge of Rupert's horse. The two armies were facing each other in very nearly the same strength and order as on Long Marston Moor, except that the Scottish forces were absent. Prince Rupert commanded the right wing of the Royalists, with Henry Ireton, a pupil of Cromwell, opposite on the parliamentary left; the centre on both sides was formed by the bulk of the infantry, the king's under the orders of Lord Ashley, and that of parliament under Fairfax; while the left of the Royalists, half foot, half horse, was placed under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and the parliamentary right, nearly all horse, under Cromwell. Both the parliamentary army and the king's were drawn up on elevated ground, the first on "Mill Hill," and the other on "Rutput Hill," with a flat piece of ground, called "Broad Moor," between them, and it was on this plain that the brunt of the battle was fought. Rupert, rushing forward at the head of his Cavaliers with usual vehemence, at once broke down the parliamentary left, taking six pieces "of the rebels' best cannon;" and Ireton, badly wounded in the charge, having been made a prisoner, his men fled in all directions, hotly pursued by the Royalists. While thus one part of each army was withdrawn from the field, a tough contest went on between the remaining forces, headed by Fairfax and Cromwell on the one side, and Ashley and Langdale on the other. As described by Clarendon, "the Lord Ashley with his foot, though against the hill, advanced upon their



NASEBY OBELISK.



THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

foot, who discharged their cannon at them, but over-shot them, and so did their musketeers too. For the foot on either side hardly saw each other till they were within carabine shot, and so only gave one volley; the king's foot, according to their usual custom, falling in with their swords and the butt-end of their muskets, with which they did very notable execution, and put the enemy into great disorder and confusion."

The hand-to-hand struggle continued for about an hour, Fairfax himself, with Skippon and other parliamentary leaders, fighting on foot like common soldiers, alternately retreating and advancing, but at length driving the Royalists back in disorder. Before this had been accomplished, the onset of Cromwell's horse upon the king's left wing, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, had led to a complete rout of the latter, decisive of the fate of the day. Overthrown on this side, the whole of the king's army got into wild confusion, as if seized by a panic; and though Rupert returned from "his fatal success" at the time the swords of the Ironsides were flashing over the heads, and hewing away at the backs of Langdale's troopers; and though Charles himself, with a reserve of horse, composed chiefly of noblemen and gentlemen, made an advance to the front, the flight soon became universal. The king's troops, Lord Clarendon explains, "having, as they thought, acted their parts, could never be brought to rally themselves again in order, or to charge the enemy. And that difference was observable shortly from the beginning of the war in the discipline of the king's troops and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell—for it was only under him, and had never been notorious under Essex or Waller—that though the king's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves again in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day; which was the reason that they had not an entire victory at Edgehill. Whereas Cromwell's troops, if they prevailed, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again and stood in good order." It was a notable "difference," the one thus plainly recorded by an enemy, exhibiting in a striking manner the comparative valour and value of soldiers fighting for pay or plunder, and of men battling for freedom and religion.

The defeat of the Royalists on the field of Naseby was absolute and irretrievable. The king himself made great efforts to rally his flying soldiers, but they were utterly useless, and about one o'clock in the afternoon, at the end of not more than three hours' fighting, he was forced from the ground by the tumultuous current that was receding backward, and driven on to Leicester, which he reached in the evening with two thousand Cavaliers. Behind him, on the broad dark moorland, now stained red with blood, three thousand stalwart men which had rallied round his standard in the morning were lying dead and wounded, and eight thousand more, together with all his cannon, guns, ammunition, and baggage, were laid hold of by the pursuing troops of Cromwell and Fairfax. Among the prisoners made by the parliamentary forces were a great many English "ladies of

quality in carriages," and some ten score Irish ladies, not of quality, "with long skean-knives about a foot in length." More important than the capture of these camp-followers in silks and rags, indispensable adjunct of royalist armies, was that of the private carriage containing his cabinet, with a large number of letters, and a quantity of "most secret papers." All these were sent to London, and having been carefully inspected by the Committee of Both Kingdoms, the House of Commons on its recommendation ordered that all the letters and other documents should be publicly read at Guildhall.

The reading took place on the appointed day, the 3rd of July, amidst an immense concourse of persons, many of whom had come from a long distance. It made a profound impression, dispelling all doubts as to the perfidy and hypocrisy of Charles. "From the reading of his letters," Thomas May recorded, "many discourses of the people arose, for in them appeared his transactions with the Irish rebels, and with the queen for assistance from France and the duke of Lorraine. Many good men were sorry that the king's actions agreed no better with his words; that he openly protested before God, with horrid imprecations, that he endeavoured nothing so much as the preservation of the Protestant religion and rooting out of popery, yet in the meantime, underhand, he promised to the Irish rebels an abrogation of the laws against them, which was contrary to his expressed promise contained in these words: 'I will never abrogate the laws against the papists.' And again he said, 'I abhor of bringing foreign soldiers into the kingdom;' and yet he solicited the duke of Lorraine, the French, the Danes, and the very Irish, for assistance. They were vexed also that the king was so much ruled by the will of his wife, as to do everything by her prescript; and that peace, war, religion, and parliament, should be at her disposal." There was a loud demand on all sides to have the documents thus exhibiting the character of Charles printed; and parliament having given its approval, a small quarto appeared soon after, entitled "The King's Cabinet opened; or certain packets of secret letters and papers, written by the king's hand, and taken from his portfolio on the field of Naseby, the 14th of June, 1645, by the victorious Sir Thomas Fairfax, in which are revealed many mysteries of state, which fully justify the cause for which Sir Thomas Fairfax gave battle on that memorable day." The little book did as much as Naseby battle to ruin despotism.

Virtually, the cause of Charles was lost on the field of Naseby. His friends and councillors confessed it openly; and had he himself but had the slightest regard for the sufferings and misery of the people, he must have felt it his duty, obstinate as he was, either to submit to the propositions of parliament, or to withdraw from the realm, and thus end the fearful intestine contest. However, the king did neither, but continued his course of war and devastation, rather increasing than diminishing its horrors. Being unable to hold himself any longer in the midland counties, he hurried, with the handful of Cavaliers still remaining faithful to his person, into Wales, proceeding in quick stages from Leicester to Hereford; from here to Raglan Castle, seat of the marquis of Worcester,

head of the Catholic party, and richest nobleman in England, and from thence on to Cardiff, where he stopped for some weeks, as if in indecision what to do next. Reports of the most gloomy kind were reaching him every day and almost every hour. Leicester had surrendered at the first summons; Bridgewater, hitherto deemed all but impregnable, capitulated after a short siege; and the last three fortresses in the north garrisoned by Royalists, Carlisle, Pontefract, and Scarborough, fell one after the other into the hands of the Scottish army which had been investing them. Having achieved their task in that direction, the Scots advanced in full force towards Hereford and Monmouthshire, upon which Charles, deeming himself no longer safe in his retreat, hastily quitted Cardiff, and flying across the kingdom, threw himself into Newark-upon-Trent, one of the great strongholds of his party.

There was evidently no plan or object whatever in this movement, and hearing that the Scottish horse were at his heels, the king rushed again to the west, by way of Oxford, declaring his intention to relieve Hereford, to the siege of which a portion of the troops of Scotland had sat down. They fled at his approach eastward, probably intimidated by the boldness of his march, and under the impression that he had succeeded in raising a new army, and Charles joyfully entered its gates, full of the belief that the star of his fortune was once more in the ascendant. But a day had scarcely elapsed before he was crushed under the weight of overwhelming evil intelligence. Though flying about wildly through the more central parts of the kingdom, the main hopes of Charles to renew the war on a larger scale rested on the possession of the west of England, and the certainty that he held still the greatest place in the west, the city of Bristol. All else being lost, he hoped to be able to establish here his head-quarters and the seat of his government, in such an imposing manner as to give courage to his wavering friends, to attract new bodies of troops around his person, and in the

end to punish the rebels against his authority. But he had not been many hours at Hereford before he was horrified by the terrible news of the surrender of Bristol to the parliamentary forces under Fairfax. The city, mainstay of all the hopes of Charles, he learnt, had fallen on the first assault, and not only this, but had been given up by the boldest of royalist commanders, his own nephew, Prince Rupert.

For a moment the king seemed as if stunned by the intelligence that the capital of the west of England had surrendered, and that Rupert himself, who had solemnly promised to hold it at least four months, had given it up to the enemy. "He so little apprehended," Clarendon says, "the terrible information of the surrender of Bristol, that if the evidence thereof had not been unquestionable, it could never have been believed." Recovered from his stupor, Charles sat down to pen a letter to Prince Rupert—a curious document in more than one sense. "Nephew," the king wrote, dating Hereford, the 14th September, 1645, "though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. For what is to be done, after one that is so near to me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action—I give it the easiest term. I have so much to say that I will say no more of it; only, lest rashness of judgment be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of August, whereby you assured me that, if no mutiny happened, you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now, I confess, to little purpose. My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond seas, to which end I send you herewith a pass. And I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeem

what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion, without blushing, to assure you of my being your loving uncle, and most faithful friend, Charles Rex." Rupert did not accept the royal order with becoming meekness, for instead of seeking a "subsistence" as recommended "somewhere beyond seas," he quietly trotted off, in the midst of a goodly number of friends and boon companions, to Oxford, paying not the least regard to the mandate of the "loving uncle." Though ever so many battles had been lost, ever so many towns been surrendered, and ever so many "ladies of quality" been taken from the gallant Cavaliers, life yet offered many pleasant things in the merry land of England, and it seemed utterly foolish to quit it in haste. So Rupert sent his compliments to Charles Rex,



RAGLAN CASTLE.

telling him that he was as sensible of his condition as could be desired, but that for the present he was determined not to leave the country.

It was impossible for Charles to be in a more pitiable, if not despicable, position than that in which he had now fallen. All those he counted his friends were leaving him one after another; his orders were disregarded and opposed in his very presence; his movements were watched by followers ready to turn enemies at any moment; and the few troops still adhering to his fortune in Wales and the western counties were gradually sinking into the condition of mere robbers and highwaymen. The ebb of his misfortunes seemed at the lowest; yet misfortune was as far as ever from teaching wisdom to King Charles. Still the road was open either to honest reconciliation with the nation and its representatives, or to self-banishment; but neither suited the king's perverse temper and love of obliquity, he being as much as ever persuaded that double-dealing would lead him further than honesty. Bristol having fallen, and with it the all but last chance of success by arms, Charles commenced once more his old system of treacherous negotiations, opening a secret intercourse at the same time with the Irish, the Scotch, the Presbyterian party in parliament, and the Independents. To the Irish he promised the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism, and to the Scotch the annihilation of popery and episcopacy; to the Presbyterians he engaged himself to uphold with all his might their religious and political principles; and to the Independents he gave the solemn assurance that if they would join him he would assist them with all his powers in "rooting out that tyrannical government," the presbytery.

While thus scheming in all directions, his majesty informed Lord Digby, who was representing his interests in the west of England, that his nets were being so beautifully laid as to give hopes of early success in his great object "so to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to side with him for extirpating one the other that he should be really king again." But both parties had too long experience of the king's duplicity, and had learnt too much from the secret cabinet found on Naseby field, to be able to trust him this time, however much they might be inclined to take advantage of his humble position; and the parliamentary leaders to whom he addressed himself not sending even replies to his messages, all his expectations were soon confined to aid from the Irish insurgents. The latter were quite willing to enter into the part proposed to them, and after some little delay it was settled, by a secret agreement concluded at the commencement of October, 1645, that an army of ten thousand Roman Catholics was to be landed immediately at Chester to uphold the royal cause. However, before the Irish had set sail, Chester was captured by the Parliamentarians, and the last remnant of compact royalist bodies in the western counties, held together by the presence of the prince of Wales, being dispersed soon after, there was no more ground in England on which the invasion could take place. Driven before the spreading forces of Cromwell and Fairfax, the heir to the crown fled to the Scilly Islands, preparatory to

going to Jersey and France, while the king himself started for Newark, "with three or four hundred horse as his entire army, and John Ashburnham, his valet de chambre, as his council."

At Newark, where he arrived on the last day of October, Charles had to undergo a last humiliation. Learning, on his arrival at the place, that Rupert was staying in the neighbourhood, he gave strict orders that the prince should not be allowed to approach him, issuing at the same time a writ for his confinement at Belvoir Castle "for not having given obedience to his former commands." Notwithstanding this, Rupert, accompanied by a suite of a hundred and twenty Cavaliers, went riding into Newark, and to the intense mortification of the king, was received with great demonstrations of honour by the chief officers of the garrison, as well as the governor, Sir Richard Willis, who quartered him at his own residence. From here Rupert made his way into the royal presence, followed by his whole train of armed men, and boisterously demanded to be listened to by his majesty. "I am come to render an account of the loss of Bristol," he cried, "and to clear myself from the imputations that have been cast upon me." Perplexed, and to some extent intimidated, the king made no reply, and supper being brought in at the moment, he sat down to it, suffered the company of his nephew, and afterwards withdrew to his room. The next day Charles consented to the calling of a council of war, which, presided over by Sir Richard Willis, and made up almost entirely of Rupert's friends, issued a declaration that the prince in surrendering Bristol had not been deficient either in courage or fidelity. Nothing more now could be done by the king against the nephew who had become his master. However, to punish Sir Richard Willis as far as he was able to do, he announced to the latter that he intended to remove him from his post as governor, in order to make him captain of the royal life guards. Sir Richard boldly refused to submit to this arrangement, declaring that people would regard his removal as a disgrace; and that, besides, he was not rich enough to fill the place near his majesty's person that was assigned to him. "I will see to that, and provide for your support," exclaimed Charles, and left the room. A few hours after, while the much humiliated king was sitting at dinner, Prince Rupert, Sir Richard Willis, and a score of officers of the garrison, rushed into the room. "What your majesty said to me this morning," shouted the irate governor, "is now the talk of the town, and very much to my dishonour." "It is not for any fault he has committed," cried Rupert, chiming in, "that Sir Richard loses his place, but for being my friend." The rest of the strange scene, painful exhibition of the fall of a ruler content with nothing but absolutism, is told by Clarendon. "The king," says he, "was so surprised with this manner of behaviour, that he rose in some disorder from the table, and would have gone into his bedchamber, calling Sir Richard Willis to follow him, but that the latter cried aloud 'he had received a public injury, and therefore he expected a public satisfaction.' This, with what had passed, so provoked his majesty, that with greater indignation than he was ever seen possessed with, he commanded them

'to depart from his presence, and to come no more into it,' and this with such circumstances in his looks and gestures, as well as words, that they appeared confounded and departed the room, ashamed of what they had done. And yet as soon as they came to the governor's house they sounded to horse, intending to be gone." Charles intended to be gone, too, and the day after his nephew and friends had departed he quitted Newark to seek a last refuge at Oxford.

The ancient university city, head-quarters of the Royalists during the greater part of the civil war, had yet not been taken by the forces of parliament, and it was with the design of encouraging its defenders to hold out as long as possible that the king resolved to throw himself into it. But the task was not easily accomplished, the troops of Fairfax holding possession of all the country; and Charles, therefore, to get from Newark to Oxford, had to travel during the dark mostly, and over by-roads. He set out from the former place, with his beard shaved off and otherwise disguised, an hour before midnight on the 3rd of November, attended by several hundred horse taken from the garrison, and a small number of Cavaliers, anxious of rescuing the majesty of England from a state of absolute vagabondage. The flying troop, coiling around the king in a firm body, galloped along fast, reaching Belvoir Castle at three o'clock in the morning, without any interruption on the part of the Parliamentarians, who were camped thickly in this district. At the castle, a strong royalist position not yet captured, good guides were ready, together with one more troop of horse, under the governor, Sir Gervas Lucas, who relinquished his charge to follow his royal master. "The guides," the king's chancellor of the exchequer records, "attended his majesty till the break of day, by which time he was past those quarters he most apprehended; but he was still to march between their garrisons, and therefore made no delay, but marched all that day, and passed near Burleigh-upon-the-Hill, a garrison of the enemy. From here some horse waited upon the rear, and took and killed some men, who either negligently stayed behind, or whose horses were tired."

The rest of the troop, with the concealed king in their midst, of whose presence the parliamentary soldiers did not dream, spurred on furiously, riding for dear life. Towards the evening, the king was so very weary and tired, that he was compelled to rest and sleep for the space of four hours, in a village within eight miles of Northampton. At ten of the clock that night they began to march again, and were before day the next morning past Daventry, and before noon came to Banbury, where the Oxford horse were ready and waited upon his majesty, and conducted him safe to Oxford that day. And so he finished the most tedious and grievous march that ever king was exercised in." Charles arrived at Oxford utterly helpless, and all but hopeless. He had no idea what to do, nor where to turn; and for more than a week he seemed utterly prostrate, at moments a prey to passionate bursts of despair, and at others sunk in deep silence and gloom. All the people around him, last adherents in misfortune, in the meanwhile pressed upon him the necessity to enter into fresh negotiations with the parliamentary government, to cease treating the re-

presentatives of the nation as "rebels," and to make peace on the best terms that could be obtained, or, indeed, on any terms. Charles gave way before the pressure, though much against his inclinations, and at the beginning of December forwarded a message to the lords and commons, offering negotiations, and asking "that they would send a safe-conduct for the duke of Richmond, the earl of Southampton, Mr. John Ashburnham, and Mr. Geoffrey Palmer, by whom he would make such particular propositions to them as he hoped would produce a peace."

It was too late. Never had parliament been less inclined to peace negotiations, never more distrustful of the king's veracity and good intentions. At the very time when Charles asked the safe-conduct for his valet and three other gentlemen to carry "particular propositions," the leaders of the House of Commons held in their hands the secret documents disclosing his Irish intrigues, and his all but successful attempt to have England invaded from the west, and set up Roman Catholicism. A singular accident brought these notable papers to Westminster. On the 17th of October, the archbishop of Tuam, one of the rebel leaders, was slain in a skirmish under the walls of Sligo, and in his carriage were found copies of the secret treaty just before concluded by his party, as well as letters relating to the whole course of negotiations between the king and the Roman Catholics. Though aware of the duplicity of Charles, the members of the Committee of Both Kingdoms were so startled at the receipt of these documents, that they thought it necessary to keep them secret for a while, until the king had arrived at Oxford, when, learning that he was going to make another trial to beguile them with fair and false words, they laid everything before parliament.

It was all that was wanting to drive the members in violent antagonism to Charles, such as they had never before exhibited. For some time past the constitution of the commons had been undergoing a gradual change, reflex of a similar change in the nation. The brilliant victories of Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the high and manly tone that pervaded the actions of his party, in the cabinet as in the field, had given an immense increase of power to the Independents, so that they were fast rising from a minority into a majority. To place their influence on a secure basis, they tried hard to infuse new blood into parliament, aware that they could rely upon the constituencies of at least the towns; and though the Presbyterians made all possible efforts to counteract this scheme, they had to give way at last. It was first proposed on the 13th of September, 1644, to fill up the vacant places of those who had openly embraced the royal cause, as well as of the "Trimmers," who had slipped quietly away from Westminster by new elections, but after a stormy discussion the motion was negatived by a considerable majority. But it was brought forward again and again under various forms, till it passed at last at the end of eleven months. On the 21st of August, 1645, while the echo of Naseby's victory was resounding through London, the commons voted, upon a petition from the citizens of Southwark, but by a majority of only three members, that various boroughs not represented in parliament should have

writs for new elections sent to them; the places specified in the first instance being Hythe, Southwark, and Bury St. Edmunds. The door, once opened in this manner, could no more be closed, and before the year had come to an end, there were one hundred and forty-six new men seated in the House of Commons. With a few exceptions, and those of no importance, the new representatives of the nation were Independents, some of them of the sternest sort, proclaiming their hatred of absolutism not only, but of royalty. Thus finally, when the king seemed really inclined, if not to be honest, at least to be humble, negotiating had become all but impossible. Swiftly the tide had been running; far more swift than the timid, the wavering, and the too subtle ones expected, and now it was too late.

To the king's demand to accredit his valet and three other courtly personages as peace commissioners, the commons, speaking in the names of both houses of parliament, made a curt reply. They told his majesty "that it would be inconvenient, and might be of dangerous consequence, to admit those lords and gentlemen to come to them; but that they were preparing some propositions which, when finished, should be sent to his majesty in bills, to be signed by him, which would be the only way to produce a peace." The answer greatly discomfited Charles, who had been led to expect the immediate acceptance of his propositions. For a moment, he again assumed a high tone, and then relapsed into the silent mood, declaring himself careless as to what might happen. A hint from his valet Ashburnham, who had become one of his principal advisers, after a while decided him on striking out a new plan. It was to put himself in personal intercourse with the parliamentary leaders at Westminster, to see what he could effect by the charm of his kingly manners and language. Before carrying out this design, conscious that there would be greater safety for his own person if his heir was out of the way, Charles ordered the prince of Wales to leave the Scilly Islands, where he had taken refuge, and to go abroad, either to Denmark, France, or the Netherlands.

"I have resolved," Charles told his son, in a letter dated Oxford, the 17th of December, 1645, "to propose a personal treaty to the rebels at London, in order to which a trumpet is by this time there. My real security will be your being in another country, as also a chief argument, which speaks itself without an orator, to make the rebels hearken and yield to reason." The message forwarded by his majesty to the "rebels" was couched in exceedingly polite phrases, with not a trace of the old sublimity about it. Charles condescended to say, "that since all other overtures had proved ineffectual, he desired to enter into a personal treaty with the two houses of parliament at Westminster, and the commissioners of the parliament of Scotland, upon all matters which might conduce to the peace and happiness of the distracted kingdoms." His conditions were that he "would come to London or Westminster with such of his servants as now attended him, and their followers, not exceeding in the whole the number of three hundred persons, if he might have the engagement of the two houses of parliament, the commissioners of the parliament of Scotland, of the

chief commanders of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, and of those of the Scottish army, for his free and safe coming to and abode in London, or Westminster, for the space of forty days, and, after that time, for his free and safe repair to Oxford, Worcester, or Newark, if a peace should not be concluded." Six months before, the offer in all probability would have been willingly accepted, but now it was out of date. Naseby, the opened private cabinet, and the secret Irish treaty, had taught new things, and one hundred and forty-six new men in the commons were standing ranged in dense phalanx with the old "rebels" against all proposals coming from a perjured king.

There was some difficulty for the majority in deciding upon a judicious reply to the king's offer, which, viewed superficially, looked fair enough; and while the extreme party among the Independents seemed inclined to leave it altogether unanswered, the more moderate members desired to keep the door of communication open as far as possible. A middle course was adopted finally in sending Charles a reply, but framed in somewhat severe terms. The commons told him that it would not be desirable, nor could they give their consent that he should appear in the capital for the moment, "after so much innocent blood shed in the war by his commands and commissions." They stated further, "that until satisfaction and security were first given to both kingdoms, his majesty's coming thither would not only not be convenient, nor could be by them assented to, but they did not apprehend it to be a means conducing to peace to accept a treaty for a few days with any thoughts or intentions of returning to hostility again." The commons finally remarked, very justly, "that his majesty desired the engagement, not only of the parliament, but of the chief commanders in Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, and those of the Scottish army, which was against the privilege of parliament, as those could not be joined by them who were subject and subordinate to their authority."

Charles exhibited great irritation on receiving a reply he little looked for, and its bitterness made him give vent once more to some irrational threats as to the way he meant to punish all his adversaries. There came a quick answer to them in the shape of a parliamentary ordinance, voted by large majorities in both houses. It was resolved and ordered "that if the king should, contrary to the advice of the parliament already given to him, come, or attempt to come, within the lines of communication, that then the Committee of the Militia should raise such forces as they should think fit to prevent any tumult that might arise by his coming, and to suppress any that should happen; and to apprehend any that should come with him, or resort to him—and to secure his person from danger." To secure his majesty's person from danger, the commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces likewise received instructions to proceed as fast as possible with the preparations for investing and reducing the city of Oxford. Hitherto, Fairfax, as well as Cromwell and the principal of the other generals, had directed their chief endeavours to the dispersion of the remnants of the royalist army, spread in many flying bands over the west of England; and having accomplished their

work with much success, the last task of the civil war devolved upon them. The board having been stripped of pawns, knights, bishops, and castles, it became time to offer checkmate to the king.

The great game, it was felt by all parties, was now fast drawing to an end. At the beginning of February, 1646, Fairfax's troops had come up to Oxford on all sides, but there was some hesitation to begin the actual siege, owing to an entire indecision of the parliamentary leaders as to what to do with the king after he had been captured. The wavering was taken advantage of by the few remaining friends of the king to make an attempt to save him. A French gentleman, monsieur de Montreuil, specially deputed by Henrietta Maria to assist her royal consort in his distress, took the lead in the matter, and on his pressing demand Charles allowed the opening of negotiations both with the leaders of the Covenanting army and the members of the government of Scotland for giving him an asylum and protection. It was a delicate task, and Montreuil did not execute it very well. Rebuffed, in the first instance, by the Scottish commissioners in London, and convinced, by a journey to Edinburgh, that there was nothing to hope from the Scottish parliament, the French diplomatist at last addressed himself to the generals of the army besieging Newark, who had so many fair words for him that he thought himself warranted to promise the king that if he would fly into the camp of the Scots they would receive him as their legitimate sovereign, shelter him from danger, and co-operate with him in coming to an agreement with the English parliament. But a second trip to Newark camp, and close communication with a number of the officers there, altered somewhat the opinion of monsieur de Montreuil, and on getting back to Oxford he informed Charles that he had been too sanguine before, and did not think that the Scots would be inclined after all to raise their arms in his favour. However, the king in the meanwhile had made up his mind to trust himself among and seek the aid of his Scottish subjects, in which resolve he was strongly backed by Henrietta Maria, who in several letters, following close upon each other, exhorted him to lose not a moment in carrying out the plan first proposed by her agent.

Time, indeed, was not to be lost, for the iron circle prepared to enclose the head-quarters of Charles was drawing more and more close; and though Sir Thomas Fairfax moved with extreme slowness, as if not very anxious to have an illustrious prisoner upon his hands, it was absolutely certain that before the month of April had come to an end the ancient city would be within his grasp. Though strongly fortified, surrounded on three sides by the Isis and the Charwell, and on the fourth by strong fortifications, Oxford was altogether unable to sustain a siege, being in want of provisions and ammunition as well as soldiers. Nothing therefore remained for the king but either to go boldly over into the parliamentary camp, or to fly. Charles chose the latter alternative, and a little before midnight on Monday, the 27th of April, he rode over Magdalen bridge out of Oxford, his beard cut, his features shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, and a coarse cloak strapped round his waist.

In his flight the king was accompanied by only two

persons, John Ashburnham, his valet, now personifying the master, his majesty riding behind him in groom fashion, and Dr. Hudson, a fox-hunting divine, well acquainted with all the lanes and by-roads of Oxfordshire and neighbouring counties, and engaged on this account to act as a guide. To escape pursuit, in case his escape from Oxford should become known to the besiegers, Charles and his companions first took the road to London, by way of Slough and Uxbridge, reaching the latter place, after a hard gallop across country, early on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of April. Here they halted for a short while, and then spurred on to Hillingdon, a mile and a half nearer to the capital, its towers and steeples almost visible in the bright spring sun. The king felt more wavering than ever in his life at this last crisis of his fortunes. "His majesty," according to Dr. Hudson, "was much perplexed what course to resolve upon, whether to go to London or northward."

A little moral courage only was required to make Charles ride unattended right into the midst of those he conceived his bitter enemies, and to turn them by bold confidence into friends. The result, in all human probability, would have brought him back to the throne, for loyalty was yet flaming high in thousands of breasts, and the sight of a king in the depth of distress was enough to gain over many a political foe. But Charles, with abundance of physical pluck, had but little of moral courage, and after looking for an hour in helpless irresolution eastward and northward, he turned towards Harrow-on-the-Hill. Here again, nearer still to the heart of his kingdom, to the great city the gates of which he might reach in an hour's ride, Charles stopped and hesitated, lost in painful indecision, till the sun was sinking in the west. Then he turned his horse's head once more and galloped off to the north. Past St. Albans the king and his two companions galloped, and past Dunstable, Leighton Buzzard, and Newport Pagnel, proceeding onward from thence through Northampton into Leicestershire, and stopping on the road to accept food and drink from hospitable squires, holding tables ever ready spread for errant Cavaliers.

At Harborough, in Leicestershire, Charles expected to meet monsieur de Montreuil; but the diplomatist was not there, and uneasy at his absence, the king sent Dr. Hudson to seek him, while he himself turned direct east, and in slow stages, roaming from village to village, and constantly changing his disguise, made his way through the fens into Norfolk. At Downham, near the mouth of the Ouse, he sought for a vessel to convey him to Scotland, or at least as far as Newcastle; but having sought in vain, and in constant fear of being made a prisoner, he set to wandering through the dreary marshlands along the coast of Norfolk and Lincolnshire. After roaming about for a week, apparently without any settled purpose, Charles turned inland towards Nottingham, as if seeking to visit once more the town where he had raised, not quite three years before, his royal standard, emblem of civil war. But he did not go quite to Nottingham, but stopped short at Kelham Hall, two miles north-west of Newark-upon-Trent. Kelham Hall for the time being was the residence and head-quarters of Alexander Lesley, earl of Leven,

commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces in England. To him, the royal wanderer forthwith introduced himself, and was gratified to see that, though evidently surprised, the earl and all his officers treated him with the most profound respect. Having been a vagabond for nine days, Charles once more felt himself king, and on the evening of the day of his arrival he summoned the officer of the guard to give him the password for the night. But Alexander Lesley interrupted while Charles was speaking. "Pardon me," said he, "I am the oldest soldier here: your majesty must permit me to give orders."

The news of the king having gone into the Scottish camp created the utmost consternation in London. In the House of Commons the belief was general that the whole was a carefully preconcerted scheme of the Presbyterian party to crush the Independents, and that Charles had given his aid to the former in order to be reinstated in absolute power, on the sole condition on his part of accepting the Covenant. "The parliament," says Clarendon, "were so disordered with the intelligence that at first they resolved to command their general to raise the siege before Oxford, and to march with all expedition to Newark; but the Scottish commissioners at London diverted them from that, by assuring them 'that all their orders would meet with an absolute obedience in their army.' So they made a short despatch to them, in which it was evident that they believed the king had gone to them by invitation, and not out of his own free choice." The leaders of the Scottish army, on their part, were as perplexed what to do with the illustrious fugitive who had so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen into their hands as the Independent majority in the House of Commons was in alarm about their doings; and hearing of the great agitation in London, and the suspicions against them, they resolved upon retreating further north so as to hold their prize with greater security.

Charles was not at all unwilling to be taken nearer to the Border, feeling assured that the movement could not but increase the existing jealousy between the Presbyterian and Independent factions, from which he had long hoped to draw advantage; and to accelerate the step he gave orders to the governor of Newark, a few days after his arrival at Kelham Hall, to surrender the place. The command was at once obeyed; and immediately after the earl of Leven broke up his camp, and with the whole of his forces traversed the counties of Nottingham, York, and Durham, not resting till he arrived before Newcastle. While making in rapid strides for the north, the ministers of the kirk explained to the soldiers the state of the political situation from the pulpit. The first sermon preached before the army of the Covenant on the retreat to the Border, in the presence of the king and all the generals, was on the text of the three last verses of the 19th chapter of the second book of Samuel. Seldom did preachers find a text of Scripture more fitting for the occasion.

On the march from Nottinghamshire into Northumberland Charles was treated with much rigour, none being allowed access to him but a few persons appointed by the commander-in-chief of the Scottish army. Arrived at Newcastle, the king came to under-

stand that he was completely a prisoner; but he learnt at the same time that there was one means offered to him which would not only end his confinement, but open again the road to the throne. This was to accept and to take the oath upon the Covenant. Charles, as usual, tried to gain his ends by half promises, which being taken for consent, the leaders of the army sent for Alexander Henderson, looked upon as the most eloquent minister of the kirk, to undertake his majesty's conversion to presbyterianism. Henderson arrived at Newcastle on the 16th of May, and forthwith began his labours. But his attempts to instruct the king were soon turned by the latter into a controversy as to the respective merits of episcopacy and presbyterianism, the whole ending in a sharp theological skirmish conducted not without acrimony on both sides. The discussion lasted for nearly two months, and while it was going on Charles, chafing more and more at his imprisonment, wrote letters to the governors of all the towns still attached to his cause, ordering them to surrender the places they held at once to the parliamentary forces, which commands were obeyed in all but a few instances. Having given this strong proof of his desire for an accommodation with the "rebels" in London, the king addressed the two houses of parliament in a long message. He explained his flight into the Scottish camp by stating that "being informed that their armies were marching so fast upon Oxford as to make that no fit place for treating, he did resolve to withdraw himself hither only to secure his own person, and with no intention to continue the war any longer, or make any division between his two kingdoms, but to give such contentment to both as by the blessing of God he might see a happy and well-grounded peace." To obtain it he sent the draught of a treaty proposing that all questions of religion should be settled "by the advice of the divines of both kingdoms assembled at Westminster," and that the command of the army and militia should be vested "in persons to be named for that trust by the two houses of parliament for the space of seven years, and after the expiration of that term as shall be agreed upon between his majesty and the two houses of parliament." For the rest, the king requested the lords and commons to draw up their own conditions of peace, and to send them to him speedily, he "being resolved to comply with his parliament in everything that should be for the happiness of his subjects, and for the removing of all unhappy differences that have produced so many sad effects."

The arrival of the royal message caused warm debates in both houses. Many of the commons were of opinion that it would be foolish to enter into any kind of treaty with an imprisoned monarch, he being able to repudiate it afterwards as made under compulsion; however, there were others who thought that it was necessary to make every possible effort to wrest from the hands of the northern allies the prize they had got, and the latter desire overruling all others, it was resolved to send the peace propositions desired by Charles to Newcastle. They were carried by four members of the lower house and two of the upper, one of the latter, the earl of Pembroke, acting as spokesman. On the 23rd of July the six commis-

sioners were ushered into the royal presence, and Pembroke at once commenced reading the document intrusted to him, demanding, as terms of agreement, the adoption of the Covenant by the king, the abolition of episcopacy, the surrender to the parliament for twenty years of the command of the army, navy, and militia, and the exclusion of all who had taken a prominent part in the civil war, on the royalist side, from public employment. Before the earl of Pembroke had gone far in reading the propositions, he was interrupted by Charles. "I beg your pardon," he cried, "but have you any power to treat?" "No, your majesty," was the reply. "In that case," the king broke out, "a good honest trumpeter might, but for the honour of the thing, have done as much as you." The earl took no notice of the insult, but continued reading his paper in a respectful manner, his colleagues standing quietly around. The task finished, Charles again assumed a haughty attitude. "I suppose," he exclaimed, "you do not expect an immediate answer from me in a business of this importance?" "Please your majesty," Pembroke answered, "we are commanded to stay no longer than ten days." "Very well," rejoined the king; "I will give you an answer in proper time."

The answer, obviously dictated by self-interest, and that desire for peace and for "the happiness of his subjects" of which Charles had made so much in his message to parliament, could be but of one kind: it was to accept at once, without hesitation and without reserve, the propositions laid before him. All the friends he had still left, and all the advisers to whom he applied, entreated and urged him to do so; and Henrietta Maria herself, in a momentary fit of discretion, united her voice to those of the other counsellors in pressing the king to submit to the conditions offered by his victorious opponents, which, though severe, were not degrading, and altogether far more favourable than could be expected under the circumstances. But Charles withstood with obstinacy, apparently more than ever in his life inclined to reject the dictates of common sense, and take refuge in deception. He still relied upon intrigues, carrying on an active secret intercourse with the Roman Catholic insurgents of Ireland, who continued to promise great things; in the first instance money, for which the king was very eager, scheming to buy therewith his liberty. "If you can procure me a large sum of money," he told the earl of Glamorgan, his chief agent in Ireland, who was actively carrying on the negotiations; "if you can procure me a large sum of money, by engaging my kingdoms as security, I shall be glad, and as soon as I shall have recovered possession of them I will fully repay the debt." The week after despatching the note to Glamorgan, Charles delivered his answer to the peace proposals of parliament into the hands of the six commissioners. It was a blank refusal to accept the offered terms.

Great was the sorrow of the king's friends, and great the joy of his personal and political enemies, when it became known that once more, and probably for the last time, he had, blinded by conceit and stubbornness, rejected the olive branch held out to him. "What will become of us now that his majesty hath refused our proposals?" a moderate Presbyterian

of the House of Commons inquired of a friend, a member of the advanced Independent party. "Nay: what would have become of us if his majesty had accepted them?" rejoined the latter, looking very grave and thoughtful. The refusal of Charles to come to a reconciliation with the parliament, coupled with his rejection of the Covenant, after two months' controversy with Alexander Henderson, immediately altered the attitude of the leaders of the Scottish army and government against him. The chancellor plainly and broadly told his majesty that by his act "he had lost all his friends in parliament, lost the capital, and lost the country; and that all England would join against him as one man to process and depose him, and to set up another government." To this he added that he must expect no longer to find an asylum and protection across the border; as a resolution had been passed by the General Assembly at Edinburgh, "that if the king should refuse to give satisfaction to his parliament he should not be permitted to come into Scotland." In the wake of this decision, which they took care to make known, the Scottish commissioners in London handed in a declaration to both houses of parliament, stating, in the name of their government, that they were willing "forthwith to surrender the garrisons possessed by them in England, which they did keep for no other end but the safety and security of their forces." They promised, moreover, "without delay to recall their army, reasonable satisfaction being given for their pains, hazards, charges, and sufferings, whereof a competent proportion to be presently paid to their army before their disbanding, and security to be given for the remainder, at such times hereafter as shall be mutually agreed on."

The communication made matters sufficiently plain for a clear understanding to be arrived at. The readiness of the Scottish allies to leave England on being paid for their services, included, as was tacitly understood on all sides, the leaving behind of the prize that had fallen into their hands at Newark; and this important point once settled, all that remained was to fix the exact value, in cash, of the "pains, hazards, charges, and sufferings" referred to by the commissioners. Half a million pounds sterling, it was hinted by them, would scarcely be sufficient compensation for the total amount of all pains and sufferings; and to accept anything less would be derogatory to the nation of Scotland. Upon this basis the negotiations commenced, the House of Commons voting, as a first sign of good-will, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, in discharge of arrears of pay to the army of the Covenant, adding thereto the thanks of the nation for past services. In the wake of this was passed another vote declaring that the right of disposing of the person of the king belonged exclusively to the parliament of England.

The money claims of the Scots gave rise to some excitement in London, as well as much expression of ill feeling towards them. While some professed indignation that the northern allies should wish to be paid for having lifted their swords in defence of religion, others reproached them with the intention of selling the king, "as Judas Iscariot sold Christ." To give a reply to all the clamour and obloquy, the

Scotch commissioners presented a paper, very dignified in tone, to both houses of parliament, in which they reiterated the willingness of their army to leave England, and justified their demand to be paid for the great services they had rendered to the nation. "The same principles of brotherly affection," they said, "which did induce both kingdoms to a conjunction of their counsels and forces in this cause, move us at this time to apply ourselves to the most real and effectual ways which tend to a speedy conclusion and amicable parting, and to the prevention of misunderstandings between the kingdoms in any of these things, which, peradventure, our common enemies look upon with much joy as occasions of differences. For this end we have taken no notice of the many base calumnies and execrable aspersions cast upon the kingdom of Scotland, in printed pamphlets and otherwise; expecting, from the justice and wisdom of the honourable houses, that they will themselves take such course for the vindication of our nation and army as the estates of Scotland have showed themselves ready to do for them in the like case. Upon the invitation of both houses the kingdom of Scotland did cheerfully undertake and hath faithfully managed their assistance to this kingdom, in pursuance of the ends expressed in the Covenant; and the forces of the common enemy being, by the blessing of God, upon the joint endeavours of both kingdoms, now broken and subdued, a foundation is laid and some good progress made in the reformation of religion, which we trust the honourable houses will, according to the Covenant, sincerely, really, and constantly prosecute till it be perfected."

The language was too calm and conciliating not to be responded to by both the lords and commons; and a special committee having been appointed to decide upon the claims of the Scottish army, an arrangement was come to within a short time. It was settled by vote and embodied in the form of a treaty, signed at the beginning of December, 1646, that the sum of four hundred thousand pounds should be given to the forces under the earl of Leven, quartered in the north of England, and that one half the amount should be paid down at once, and the rest when they had returned over the border. The two hundred thousand pounds thus promised were immediately raised, partly by the sale of church lands, and partly by loan in the city; and on the 16th of December the whole of the money was despatched from London in thirty-six waggons, containing two hundred cases, each secured with the seal of the two nations. A regiment of infantry, under the command of Major-general Skippon, escorted the treasure convoy, which entered the city of York—to which the outposts of the Scottish army had been advanced—on the first day of the new year, amidst the ringing of bells and discharge of cannon.

In the treaty concluded between the Scottish commissioners and the parliament, nothing was said about the disposal of the king, nor even his name mentioned; nevertheless it was fully understood that he was to be delivered up at the fulfilment of the principal stipulation of the agreement, the payment in cash of the two hundred thousand pounds. Charles himself remained in no ignorance about the fact; but, as in every other

important crisis of his life, was in a state of extreme vacillation, and entirely undecided what to do. The best of his friends urged him to seek personal security in flight to France or the Netherlands, which could have easily been executed during the first months of his sojourn at Newcastle, inasmuch as the Scotch generals were greatly inclined to connive at his escape, so as to prevent his surrender to the English parliament, which many looked upon as a disgrace. However, the king refused to fly, mainly because his consort, who had strong personal reasons for not wishing his presence in France, advised him not to do so; and thus the favourable time passed away, and the treaty being concluded, escape was out of the question. But at this last moment, when watched not only like a prisoner, but like one upon whom depended the payment of a very large sum, Charles attempted to regain his freedom. Learning that the thirty-six money-carts had left London, the king entered into an intrigue with some of his attendants, and disguising himself by means of a sailor's dress, in a dark night in the last week of December, he tried to elude the vigilance of his guards, and to get to Shields, where a Dutch man-of-war was lying to carry him off.

The scheme, known beforehand to the commander-in-chief of the army of Scotland, miscarried entirely, and the only result of it to the king was a more rigorous confinement than that previously ordered. At the same time measures were taken to insure his safe delivery to his English subjects; and the question coming before the House of Commons, a lively discussion ensued as to whether his majesty should be brought southward with some amount of ceremony, by commissioners specially appointed for the purpose, or whether Major-general Skippon should simply be instructed to receive him, together with the keys of Newcastle, and the receipt for his two hundred cases of gold. The latter appeared the form generally desired; nevertheless, at a final vote, taken on the 6th of January, 1647, inclinations more friendly to royalty prevailed, and it was settled to send nine commissioners to receive the king from the hands of the Scotch. They were at once chosen, the selection falling upon the earls of Pembroke and of Denbigh, Lord Montague, Sir John Coke, Sir Walter Earl, Sir John Holland, Sir James Harrington, Sir Alexander Carew, and Major-general Brown, and the day after their nomination they set out for Newcastle. Charles, when hearing of the appointment of the parliamentary envoys, and being informed that simultaneously the estates of Scotland had consented to his surrender into their hands, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, "I am bought and sold."

The nine commissioners arrived at Newcastle on the 22nd of January, 1647, and having settled the money account with the Scottish army, the latter, on the last day of the month, gave over the town to an English garrison, and then rapidly recrossed the Tweed. Charles at first received the parliamentary envoys in a somewhat haughty manner, but at the end of a few days changed his tactics, and became most affable and pleasing in manners. He congratulated the earl of Pembroke, who was past sixty, on being able at his age, and in so inclement a season, to undertake the long journey to the north without fatigue;

and showed himself equally polite in his personal intercourse with the other commissioners, apparently bent to make it appear that he had not the least reluctance, but felt rather gratified to return to the capital and parliament, or, provisionally, to its neighbourhood. By a vote passed some days previous to the departure from London of the earl of Pembroke and his colleagues, the House of Commons had appointed Holmby Castle, near Northampton, a royal domain, inhabited by the first of the Stuarts, as the residence of Charles; and for this destination he and his parliamentary guardians, escorted by a regiment of horse, set out on the 9th of February, a day the king himself had fixed. The party travelled in slow stages, greeted all along the road by eager crowds, the behaviour of which showed that the veneration for the royal office and the wearer of the crown had not yet altogether departed from the country, rudely as it had been assailed in four years of war upon Royalists. In many villages, especially those remote from larger towns, the people asked to be "touched" for the king's evil; and although one of the commissioners was cynical enough to observe that the touch of the great seal of parliament might prove more efficacious than that of the middle-aged gentleman who was being conducted to Holmby Castle, the agriculturists of Yorkshire, Notts, and Leicester thought otherwise, and dropped down kneeling in the muddy roads as Charles came riding along in the midst of his custodians.

The preparations for the king's reception at the residence assigned to him by parliament were on a very liberal, and almost magnificent scale. He found house and table well furnished, with not only all the necessities he could want, but all the luxuries he could wish for, the only exception in the latter respect being that of episcopal court chaplains. These the House of Commons absolutely refused his majesty, although he pleaded hard for their coming, and provided him instead with clergymen who had seceded from the church. But Charles in his turn was obstinate, refusing to see the latter, nor even allowing them to say grace over his dinner and supper. As with other men of small brains and large conceit, religion with his majesty was essentially a matter of form, and but in a very slight degree of substance. His conscience as a Christian forbade him not to slay thousands and tens of thousands in battle, in satisfaction of his pride, and to gain his own personal ends; but it revolted against saying prayers and addressing the Almighty in any other but the high Anglican orthodox fashion.

With the king's removal to Holmby commenced a new and extraordinary struggle for power between the two great parties in parliament. Hitherto the Independents had carried it all their own way, not so much because possessing a numerical majority, which was often very doubtful, but on account of their strength in great men, nearly all the prominent leaders in the field belonging to their faction. But now that the war was at an end, a reaction set in. Regal autocracy having succumbed under the sword of Cromwell and his associates, the politicians in parliament, mostly members of the presbyterian party, speakers more than fighters, began to be afraid of the new power that had knocked the crown in the dust, and did all

they could to bend it into obedience to their votes and resolutions. If prudently and cautiously undertaken, the dissolution of the great national army that had arisen might have been accomplished without much difficulty, as the vast majority of the men who had marched and fought under the parliamentary banner were not soldiers by profession, but peaceable citizens, anxious to return to their homes, and friends, and ordinary occupations. But as if determined to stir up these elements into fierce opposition, the Presbyterians, whose strength in parliament had been much increased by new elections undertaken since the humiliation of the king, set to work passing ordinances all but insulting to the army, and the immediate consequence was a strong ferment among the troops, which gradually ripened into revolt.

On the 19th of February, three days after the arrival of Charles at Holmby, a vote passed the commons that a great portion of the parliamentary forces should be immediately disbanded, and the rest sent into Ireland to subdue the chronic rebellion there; or, in other words, to reconquer, at, in all probability, an immense expenditure of blood, a country that had fallen into a state of the most savage anarchy. Terrible as was the task, the majority of Fairfax's and Cromwell's veterans, the strong, pious, psalm-singing men who had fought and been victorious at Marston Moor and Naseby, were quite willing and even anxious to undertake it, deeming it an act glorious to God to destroy popish superstition wherever it nestled, and making no other conditions to set out at once for Ireland than to receive their arrears of pay, and to retain their old commanders. Fair and natural as were these demands, the House of Commons, in its majority, refused to listen to them, and, assuming a haughty tone, passed a resolution ordering unconditional compliance with their orders. To carry them out a special committee, consisting entirely of Presbyterians, with Denzil Holles, a passionate enemy of Cromwell, at the head of them, was appointed forthwith, and invested with great powers for controlling and subduing the army. The report of these doings created a sudden stir among the armed masses spread all over the kingdom, garrisoning its towns and fortresses. For a moment they listened in silence to the news from Westminster, and then sprang to their feet.

The first sign of the intense disaffection prevailing in the army was a petition for redress of grievances presented to the House of Commons on the 25th of March. It was signed by only fourteen officers, they asking, in a humble tone, for an investigation into the condition of the troops, and offering at the same time some counsel as to the payment of arrears. The reply to this supplication was short. The fourteen were told that it did not become them to give advice to parliament, and that they would do well to attend to their duties and not meddle with matters above them. The arrogant answer served nothing but to add fuel to the fire. As soon as it became known in the army, another petition was prepared, much more firm and definite in tone, and signed by several hundreds of officers. It demanded that all arrears of pay to the parliamentary forces should be strictly liquidated; that no one should be obliged to go to Ireland against his will; that disabled soldiers and their widows and children

should receive pensions; and that there should at once commence prompt and regular payments of wages, so as to allow the troops to live in decency, and prevent them from becoming a burthen upon the people among whom they were quartered.

The document wound up by a dignified justification of the right of petition, which by the tone of its former reply, as well as by one or two distinct resolutions, the lower house of parliament wished to withdraw from the army. "We hope," the address ran, "that in being soldiers we have not lost the capacity of subjects, nor divested ourselves thereby of our interests in the commonwealth, and that in purchasing the freedom of our brethren we have not lost our own. For our liberty of petitioning, we hope the house will never deny it to us, as it has not denied it to its enemies, but justified and commended it, and received misrepresentations of us. The false suggestions of some men informed you that the army intended to enslave the kingdom. We earnestly implore you to vindicate us, and that our hardly-earned wages may be cared for, according to our great necessities, more especially those of the common soldiers." Soon after despatching this petition, the principal signers of it, chiefly officers under Sir Thomas Fairfax, all belonging to the party of the Independents, set on foot a formidable organization within their own regiments, which before long spread over the whole army. The men of every squadron of horse and of every company of foot chose two deputies, or, as they were called, "adjutors," to represent their interests, and the whole of them met periodically in a council "to consult for the good of the army." It was the germ of a parliament of fighters that was to oppose a parliament of talkers.

As yet it was completely in the power of the House of Commons to quench the growing sedition of the army. Nothing was needed to satisfy the just demands for discharge of arrears of pay, than to make a call for volunteers to go to Ireland and to disband the rest of the troops, to reduce everything to order and obedience. But with a strange perversity, to be explained only by the fact of the two houses of parliament containing many Royalists in disguise, anxious to stir up another civil war, by which their cause could not but profit, both the lords and commons refused, and again refused, to accede to the prayers and petitions of the army, with the consequence of at last driving the majority of the men into open insurrection. On the 30th of April Major-general Skippon arose in his seat in parliament, and, according to the commons' journals, "produced a letter presented to him the day before by some troopers, in behalf of eight regiments of the army of horse." The letter "complained of the many scandals and false suggestions which were of late raised against the army in their proceedings; that they were taken as enemies; that they saw designs upon them, and upon many of the godly party in the kingdom; and that they could not engage for Ireland till they were satisfied in their expectations, and their just desires granted."

Feeling offended at the tone of the letter, or petition, which, among others, contained some remarks about the ambition of men who, "having tasted of sovereign power, wished to be tyrants," the commons ordered the

bearers to be summoned to the bar of the house; and the next day "three troopers, Edward Sexby, William Allen, and Thomas Sheppard," were brought in by the usher of the black rod. "Where was this letter got up?" inquired the Speaker of the commons. "At a meeting of the regiments," was the reply. "Who wrote it?" he asked further. "A council of delegates appointed by the regiments," they answered. "Did your officers approve of it?" was the next question. "Very few of them know anything of it," replied the troopers, with some pride. "But do you know," said the Speaker, "that none but Royalists could have suggested such a proceeding? You yourselves, were you ever Cavaliers?" They answered indignantly: "We entered the service of parliament before the battle of Edgehill, and have remained in it ever since." There was a moment's silence; then one of the three soldiers strode a step nearer to the bar. "I have received," he cried, "on one occasion five wounds. I had fallen. Major-general Skippon saw me on the ground: he gave me five shillings to get relief. The major-general can contradict me if I lie." "It is true, quite true!" exclaimed the old general, full of emotion. "But what," the Speaker continued, "means this sentence in which you speak of sovereign power?" With one voice the troopers replied, "We are only the agents of our regiments. If the house will give us its questions in writing, we will take them to the regiments and bring back the replies." A great stillness fell over the house. The three hundred representatives of "all the commons of England" could not but silently tremble at sight of the three representatives of the citizens of England trained in arms, who, spurred and booted, helmet on head and sword at the side, were standing there at the bar. Shrinking back in his chair, the Speaker told the troopers that they would have to attend the house when ordered on summons; upon which the three turned on their heels and stalked away, their heavy swords rattling on the floor.

Petitions and addresses from the army to the commons followed each other rapidly for a month after the appearance of the three troopers at the bar, yet to no visible effect. At times the Presbyterians seemed as if wavering under the policy they were pursuing, and inclined to give way to the demands of their armed antagonists; but this lasted only a short while, and the spirit of conciliation lapsing, the old animosity flared up higher than ever. It was felt on both sides, but more apparently on the part of the Presbyterians than on that of the Independents, that the great aims, religious and political, which they were pursuing, were all but irreconcilable. The church government of the Presbyterians, it was perfectly certain, was no more likely to be accepted by the Independents than episcopacy itself; while at the same time, the constitutional monarchy schemes of Denzil Holles and his friends seemed as futile and almost as bad to Oliver Cromwell and the stern, proud soldiers gathered around him, whose horses' hoofs had trodden a crown in the mire, as a return to the old paternal despotism of the Stuart kings. "What misery!" said Cromwell, one day, while petitions were flying fast from the army to Westminster, to his friend, Edmund Ludlow, a staunch republican;

"What misery to serve a parliament! Let a man be ever so true, if there is a lawyer to abuse him he can never recover it."

The sentiment was re-echoed among the best and most thoughtful of the soldiers. Nearly all of them were Independents, and all of them writhing under the consciousness, that after having left house and home, family and friends—after having staked their blood and their lives to free the nation from the burthen of unbearable tyranny and misgovernment, they should be treated with contumely, little better than vagabonds, by a set of "lawyers" who had never soiled their ruffles in the service of the country, and whose whole merit was that of talking glibly. On the other hand, the leaders of the parliamentary majority had become fully aware—and felt it more and more now that the clang of arms had ceased and royalty was lying prostrate, an object of fear no more, but of pity—that it would be infinitely easier to amalgamate presbyterianism with moderate episcopacy than with the no-church system of the Independents; and that it would be better to re-erect a throne, even at the risk of seeing it encroach at times upon the boundaries of law, than let the English monarchy be changed into an English republic. Deeply impressed with these considerations, and evermore exasperated at the threatening attitude of the army, the presbyterian party in parliament resolved upon an extreme step. They opened secret negotiations with Charles, and he eagerly reciprocating them, the upper house at once, and with very unwise haste, voted that his majesty should be humbly invited to come nearer to London, the palace of Oatlands, in Surrey, being pointed out as a proper royal residence. It was on the 20th of May that the lords passed the vote, in which the commons were invited to join. The latter hesitated a while, perceiving the extreme imprudence of throwing off the mask while yet facing an armed enemy, but in the end were made to pass a similar resolution. It was a manifest challenge to the army and the Independents, and they hesitated not to take it up. They knew they must strike, and they struck hard and struck swift.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 2nd of June, King Charles was amusing himself playing at bowls on Althorpe Down, a little distance from Holmby Castle, when the parliamentary commissioners, who were watching "the sacred person of his majesty" day and night, noticed a stranger, an officer in the army, among the crowd of rustics who stood gaping around. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of a cornet of Fairfax's regiment of guards, quartered at Oxford, fifty miles away from Holmby; and anxious to know what had brought him so far, Colonel Greaves, one of the commissioners, went up to him and made some polite inquiries as to the condition of the troops under the commander-in-chief. The replies were short and somewhat disdainful; and while colonel and cornet were yet talking together, a report was brought to the former that a body of horse had been seen near Towcester, on the road apparently to Holmby Castle. "Did you hear of them?" asked the colonel of the stranger. "I did more than hear," said the latter, smiling. "I saw them yesterday, not thirty miles off." There was a sudden end of the

game of bowls on Althorpe Downs, Colonel Greaves and his colleagues humbly requesting his majesty to return with them at a sharp trot to the castle, where preparations were commenced immediately to resist the attack of an enemy, the drawbridge raised, and the cannon pushed forward on the walls.

The garrison was under arms, and everybody on the alert, when towards midnight the tramp of horses was heard in the distance, and shortly after part of a regiment of cavalry, some seven hundred men, came up under the castle gate, demanding entrance. "Who is your commander?" asked Colonel Greaves, who had hurried up in haste to the warder's tower. "We all command," was the many-voiced reply, truly republican in spirit, though against military rules. When the shouts of the horsemen had died away, one of them rode forward and saluted Colonel Greaves, who recognized in him at once the stranger of Althorpe Downs. "My name is Joyce," he cried, merrily, introducing himself. "I am a cornet in the general's guard, and I want to speak to the king." "From whom?" inquired the colonel. "From myself," replied the cornet. The parliamentary commissioners faintly laughed. "It's no laughing matter," exclaimed Cornet Joyce, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "I and my comrades did not come hither to talk to you, and with you I have no business. I want to speak to the king, and speak with him I will." The commissioners withdrew, ordering the garrison to hold themselves in readiness to fire upon the enemy without; but before they had finished their speech-making, eloquently exhorting the soldiers to be faithful to parliament, the drawbridge fell, the gates were flung open, and Cornet Joyce and his seven hundred steel-capped companions came prancing into the castle yard. The soldiers of the garrison and the new-comers shook hands like old friends, and Colonel Greaves and his fellow-commissioners became conscious of the great fact that the army of England was in open rebellion against the parliament of England.

Cornet Joyce and his men, having got possession of Holmby Castle, appeared for a while somewhat undecided what to do. To seize the king, the most important figure in the great chess game opened between war-makers and law-makers, was their immediate object; but they had not quite settled in their own minds how to handle "the sacred person of his majesty," and therefore, once within the castle, with sentinels securely posted on the walls, they thoughtfully took supper and went to bed, postponing decisions of national importance till they had slept well. The next morning and afternoon Cornet Joyce was no more in a hurry than the night before; and it was only in the evening, when learning that one of the parliamentary commissioners had made his escape, with the design of fetching troops from London, that he became impatient, and insisted on seeing the king. The remaining commissioners and attendants made excuses of various kinds, keeping the cornet in conversation till nearly ten o'clock at night, when at last they told him that now his majesty had gone to bed. "Well, I do not care," replied Joyce. "I must see the king, whether in bed or not, for there are matters of importance to be undertaken." Which saying, he made his way gently to the sleeping apartment of

Charles, at the door of which he was again stopped by servants, but after some delay was allowed to enter by express order of the king. A long conversation ensued, the cornet behaving most respectfully; and the tenor of the words exchanged soon showed the commissioners that there was no great unwillingness on the part of his majesty to be carried off by the troopers, so as to become a prisoner of the army instead of a parliamentary captive.

Keenly following the progress of the mortal strife that had sprung up between his enemies in the army and his enemies in parliament, Charles had already built new schemes on the advantages he might reap from the struggle, and fancied he might do better to throw himself into the arms of the Independents than into those of the Presbyterians. The former were not only the strongest materially, but their actions were most in sympathy with his own. He was not a great soldier, but he was a worse politician, and in his heart felt far more inclination to ally himself with the rough fighting men of Naseby and Long Marston Moor, who had dashed the purple from his shoulders, than with the glib orators who wished, as he imagined, to tie his hands and feet to a throne, and to reduce him to the position of a mere figure perched at the top of the constitutional monarchy house which they were building up. After an hour's discussion with Joyce, the latter having replied with all the frankness of a soldier to the many questions addressed to him, the king gave his promise to go to the army. The cornet had made a remark, speaking of the struggle for power between Presbyterians and Independents, which much impressed the king. "It has now come to this: they must sink us, or we must sink them," said Joyce, to which Charles nodded agreement, silently reflecting that a third alternative was just possible, and that a hope he had expressed a year before, in a letter to an adherent—"the Presbyterians and Independents may now be got to extirpate one another,"—would be fulfilled at last. Matters altogether looked promising, and the clock striking eleven, his majesty smilingly and graciously waived his hand to the diplomatic cornet. "Good-night, Mr. Joyce. I will readily go with you if your soldiers confirm all you have promised me. I will be with you to-morrow morning, at six. Good-night!"

Punctually at six o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 4th of June, Charles came down the staircase from his apartments to meet his new friends. The seven hundred were drawn up in the castle yard to receive his majesty, who, on approaching them, thought fit to go through a small comedy for the sake of the parliamentary commissioners looking on in unutterable astonishment. "Mr. Joyce," exclaimed Charles, trying to look a little angry, "I must ask you by what authority you pretend to seize me, and take me from this place?" "By authority," replied the cornet, not abashed, "of the army of England, in order to prevent the designs of its enemies, who would once more plunge the kingdom in blood." "This is no legal authority," resumed his majesty, grave as before. "But have you a written order from Sir Thomas Fairfax?" "I have orders from the army," said Joyce, "and the general is comprised in the army." "That is no answer," continued the king. "The general is not part of, but

at the head of the army. But have you a written warrant?" It seemed to the brave little cornet that the fun of the dialogue was wearing out, which made him reply, somewhat quickly, "I beg that your majesty will question me no further, for I have already said enough." But the king thought the comedy charming. "Come, Mr. Joyce," he cried, "be frank with me: tell me where is your commission?" "There it is!" the cornet said abruptly. "Where?" asked Charles. "There," repeated Joyce, pointing with his finger to the seven hundred behind him on horseback, stiff like statues. The king broke out laughing. "Certainly," he exclaimed, "your instructions are written in very clear characters. It is as fair a commission, and as well written, as I have ever seen in my life. You have a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a great while. But yet you must know that, to take me hence, you must have force, unless you do promise that I shall be treated with respect, and that nothing shall be required of me against my conscience or my honour." As with one voice, the seven hundred shouted, "Nothing, Nothing!" "We should be most unwilling," added Cornet Joyce, "to force any man to act against his conscience, least of all your majesty." There was a short pause. "Now, gentlemen, for the place you intend to have me to?" Charles inquired. "If it please your majesty, to Oxford," replied the cornet. "That's no good air," said the king, musingly, bethinking himself that his old head-quarters were rather near to Westminster. "Then to Cambridge?" suggested Joyce. "No, I would rather go to Newmarket," said Charles, "it is an air that always agreed with me." "Be it so, your majesty," said the polite cornet, not unaware that "the air" of the Newmarket regions, home of not a few of the Ironsides, was held to be much better for Independents than their antagonists. The king was about to step into his coach, when one of the parliamentary commissioners, Major-general Brown, thought it his duty to make one more speech. "Gentlemen," he cried, addressing the soldiers with extraordinary deference, "we are here in trust from both houses, and wish to know whether you all agree to what Mr. Joyce has said?" "All! all!" shouted the troopers. "Let those," continued the major-general, "who wish the king should remain with us, say so." "None! none!" exclaimed all. Cornet Joyce was getting impatient, thinking they had had enough of parliamentary forms and ceremonies. "March!" he cried out; and the seven hundred horsemen, with the king in their midst, galloped away, across the drawbridge of Holmby castle.

The same day on which King Charles quitted Holmby, Oliver Cromwell left London. There was a rumour flying about that his liberty, if not life, was in danger, the most hot-headed of the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons having decided to have him arrested and bring him to trial as an "incendiary." Urged by his friends, he left the capital secretly, and without rest or stay rode on to Triploe Heath, near Royston, on the borders of Hertford and Cambridgeshire, where a great meeting of troops quartered in the eastern counties, and delegates from the principal divisions of the army in other parts of

the kingdom, had been arranged to take place on the 10th of June. There were twenty thousand soldiers assembled on the occasion, "the remarkablest army that ever wore steel in this world," to discuss the state of the nation in general, and the relations of parliament and the army to each other in particular. A most important decision was come to by the vast meeting, that to march upon London, in defiance of a vote of the House of Commons, passed a short time before, ordering that the army should not approach within forty miles of the capital.

The march commenced the following day, and went as far as St. Albans, from which place a manifesto, subscribed by Fairfax, Cromwell, and eleven other generals and high officers, was sent to the lord mayor and aldermen of London, acquainting them with the intention of the army, and stating the reasons why it had put itself in movement. "The sum of all our desires," said the paper, written, to judge by internal evidence, by Cromwell, "is no other than this: satisfaction to our undoubted claims as soldiers, and reparation upon those who have to the utmost improved all opportunities and advantages by false suggestions, misrepresentations, and otherwise, for the destruction of this army, with a perpetual blot of ignominy upon it. Which injury we should not value if it singly concerned our own particular persons, being ready to deny ourselves in this, as we have done in other cases, for the kingdom's good; but under this pretence we find no less is involved than the overthrow of the privileges both of parliament and people; and that rather than they shall fail in their designs, or we receive what in the eyes of all good men is our just right, the kingdom is endeavoured to be engaged in a new war." "These are our brief desires," the document concluded, "and the things for which we stand, and beyond which we shall not go. And for the obtaining of these things we are drawing near your city; professing sincerely from our hearts that we intend no evil towards you, and declaring, with all confidence and assurance, that if you appear not against us in these our just desires, to assist that wicked party which would embroil us and the kingdom, neither we nor our soldiers shall give you the least offence. We come not to do any act to prejudice the being of parliaments, or to the hurt of this parliament, in order to the present settlement of the kingdom. We seek the good of all."

There was wild confusion in parliament when it became known that the army was marching upon London. The majority in the House of Commons had no material force to lean upon than the trainbands and other armed organizations of the capital, who were believed to be strongly attached to the presbyterian party, and willing to defend its interests with the sword. However, as the danger approached, the confidence in this support broke down entirely. The good citizens of London were ready to talk a great deal, to hold monster meetings, and get up monster petitions, signed by thousands, and full of grandiloquent expressions of unalterable attachment to the cause of parliament; but at the last moment, when the tramp of the twenty thousand steel-capped men came resounding on the high road from St.

Albans, the loudly-talking and gesticulating crowds looked at each other, and there were few who seemed ready to fight, and fewer still ready to lay down their lives for the parliamentary leaders. The lord mayor and aldermen had no sooner received the letter of the thirteen generals, than, with extraordinary haste, they donned their state garments, got up a glowing address to the valiant army, and went away from the Guildhall to the head-quarters of Cromwell and Fairfax, "in three coaches, with the due number of outriders."

Seeing the gates of the capital open before them, and no difficulty in that direction, the leaders of the army resolved to remain at St. Albans for a few days, to prepare the steps for another important measure which had been long under discussion among them. It came forth on the 16th of June, in the shape of an address to the commons, accusing of treason eleven members of the house, who were declared to be "chief authors of all these troubles;" and who, it was demanded, should be put upon their trial, and prevented from voting in the interim. The eleven members, all of them distinguished as presbyterian partisans, were Denzil Holles, representative of Dorchester, Sir Philip Stapylton, of Boroughbridge, Sir William Waller, of Andover, Sir William Lewis, of Petersfield, Sir John Clotworthy, of Malden, Recorder Glyn, of Westminster, Anthony Nichols, of Bodmin, Major-general Massey, of Wootton-Basset, Colonel Walter Long, of Ludgershall, Sir John Maynard, of Lostwithiel, and Colonel Edward Harley, of Herefordshire. The demand of the army leaders met with no resistance on the part of the parliamentary chiefs, whose former arrogance in refusing to treat with the soldiers gave way all at once to abject fear and humility. Not waiting even till their accusers had come face to face with them, the eleven members fled from the House of Commons as soon as they heard their names pronounced, some hiding themselves in the City, and others, still more under the influence of terror, asking the Speaker's leave and passport to go out of the kingdom. Denzil Holles and his friends were not men devoid of personal courage, and their pusillanimity on this occasion showed that they knew themselves without support among the masses, devoid alike of sympathy with presbyterianism and the subtle theories of constitutional monarchy government.

After staying for more than a week at St. Albans, the army put itself in movement towards Windsor, accompanying the king, who, after his seizure at Holmby Castle, had been led in slow stages to Newmarket, Royston, and Hatfield, amusing himself on the road with hunting and feasting in gentlemen's houses, and proceeding finally to the head-quarters of Cromwell and Fairfax. The main object of the latter, in going to the royal residence in Berkshire, instead of to the capital, now appeared to be to come quietly to some arrangement with Charles, for which all preparations were made. He was not only treated with the greatest attention by all the officers of the army, but was allowed to form a court around him, to have intercourse, freely and without molestation, with all friends and adherents who wished to see him, even with emissaries from France; and,

what pleased him more than all else, was permitted to have his own episcopalian chaplains, who read the church service in his presence morning, noon, and evening. On his expressing a wish to that effect, his three youngest children, the dukes of York and of Gloucester, and Princess Elizabeth, whom Henrietta Maria had left behind when escaping from England with her cavaliers, and who had fallen into the hands of the parliamentary troops at the surrender of Oxford, were allowed to see the king, the interview taking place at Caversham, near Reading. Charles, all the while, seemed to be in the happiest mood, making no secret to his confidential advisers that he was engaged in negotiations with the leaders of the army, which, he fondly believed, would soon seat him again on the throne.

The terms offered in this instance were more moderate than Charles could possibly expect, being far less exacting than what had been demanded of him at Newmarket. The Independents, as represented by Cromwell, Fairfax, and their partisans, required chiefly that the command of the militia, as well as the nomination of the chief officers of state, should be given to the parliament for ten years, and that all civil and coercive authority should be withdrawn from the bishops and clergy, but that episcopacy should subsist, together with presbyterianism, both to be on an equal footing, with liberty of conscience for all subjects. Certain other reforms were demanded, of importance to the nation, but none affecting the crown and its prerogative; as that parliaments should be annually, that small and decayed boroughs should be disfranchised, and that everything regarding the representation and the election of members should be left to the House of Commons. For a moment it appeared as if Charles was really willing to subscribe to these conditions, and the negotiations were so far advanced that the treaty between him and the representatives of the army, denominated "the settlement," was already drawn up and ready for signature. But now, at the last moment, the king once more drew back, refusing to ratify his previous engagements. He did so in words which could leave but little doubt of his being still engaged in double-dealing, holding out one hand to the Independents and the other to the Presbyterians, but honest towards no party, and anxious only that they should make war upon one another to his own ultimate benefit. "You cannot do without me; you will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you," he repeated frequently to the army leaders, after finally declining to put his name to "the settlement." Having arrived at this point in their understanding with the king, there seemed but one way open to the generals—to do without him.

The new hopes of Charles, which seemed to blind him to all considerations of even the most ordinary prudence, were based mainly on the attitude of a portion of the citizens of London. While the army was standing at St. Albans, ready at a moment's notice to swoop down upon the capital, everything had been quiet within; but no sooner had the march of the troops towards Windsor—looked upon as a confession of weakness, or at least irresolution on the part of Fairfax and Cromwell—become known, than the

masses began again to stir, exhibiting their old antipathy to the Independent party. Towards the end of July, while the negotiations between the king and the army were making active progress, a monster petition, signed by nearly a hundred thousand individuals, was carried from the city to Westminster, calling upon parliament to order the suppression of all "conventicles," or meeting-houses of the Independents, and to rescue his majesty from the hands of the brutal soldiery who held him captive. At the same time another paper was laid up for signature at the Guildhall, intended to be the basis of a great league between Royalists and Presbyterians, all the subscribers binding themselves to oppose the Independents arms in hand, to keep away the troops from the capital, and to reinstall the king in power.

The Guildhall document having been covered with many thousands of names, the new faction, composed in part of the lowest rabble, to show their strength, marched in a great body to Westminster on Monday, the 26th of July, demanding the reinstatement of the eleven presbyterian members of the lower house who had been impeached by the army. "The apprentices," noted Bulstrode Whitelocke, member for Great Marlow, "and many other rude boys and mean fellows among them, came into the House of Commons, and kept the door open, and their hats on, and called out as they stood, 'Vote! Vote!' and in this arrogant posture stood till the votes passed in that way." The next morning, Tuesday, the house assembled at the usual hour; but armed crowds continuing to come down from the city, the leaders of the Independent party carried a vote for an adjournment till Friday, preparing, if order should not be restored by this time, to proceed to the head-quarters of the army. The necessity for this step made itself felt sooner than expected, and on the commons re-assembling at the appointed day, it was found that nearly one-half of the members had withdrawn, the number including the Speaker, who had taken with him the symbol of authority, the mace. Nothing daunted, the remaining representatives, constituting the bulk of the presbyterian party, resumed their sittings, elected a new Speaker, borrowed a mace from the lord mayor, and set to work voting ordinances for the defence of London and the raising in mass of the inhabitants. But the martial ardour, fiercely as it was flaring up for a moment, scarcely lasted three days. On Saturday, the 31st of July, the capital was forming into a camp, with all the shops shut, and the principal streets turned into bivouacs for the militia and train bands. On Sunday, the first of August, the war fire rose to the highest pitch, twenty thousand men taking a great oath to uphold presbyterianism with their lives; yet the next morning already a reaction had set in, and before the evening of Monday, a large portion of the inhabitants of the city, and almost the entire population of Southwark, declined to fight, the news of the approach of the army having arrived in the course of the day. Before midnight had arrived the fact had become abundantly clear that the presbyterian party in London was not inclined "to die with harness on its back."

Cromwell and Fairfax had not waited for the report of the final outbreak to put themselves in

movement towards the capital. Their secret intelligence, and the little disguised expectations of the king, who had kept up all along an active communication with his new and old friends, had told them some time before what was likely to happen, and they were ready to start on the first signal. It came with the news of the reconstitution of parliament and the election of a fresh Speaker, which had no sooner arrived than the army strode forward, Cromwell leading the van with his Ironsides. On Hounslow Heath the troops mustered for a great review, attended by the Speaker and fugitive members of the House of Commons, who were received with shouts by the soldiers; and the review over, a "public declaration," signed by the commander-in-chief, was issued, "showing the grounds of his present advance to the city of London," and declaring his intention to enter the capital, if necessary, by force, in order to quench anarchy. But force had already become wholly unnecessary. On the army advancing from Hounslow to Brentford, the commander of the city militia, General Massey, "sent out scouts to Brentford," making mien as if intending to offer resistance. "But ten men of the army," says Bulstrode Whitelocke, "beat thirty of his, and took a flag from a party of the city. The city militia and common council sat late, and a great number of people attended at Guildhall. When a scout came in and brought news that the army made a halt, or other good intelligence, they cry, 'One and all!' But when the scouts reported that the army was advancing nearer them, then they would cry as loud, 'Treat, treat, treat!' So they spent most part of the night. At last they resolved to send the general an humble letter, beseeching him that there might be a way of composure."

There was not the slightest objection on the part of either Fairfax or Cromwell to arrive at a "composure," or peaceable agreement; and immediately after receiving the white flag of the authorities at the Guildhall, orders were given to the troops to proceed into London with arms lowered, as friends, and not as enemies. Accordingly, on the morning of Friday, the 6th of August, the army marched "three deep by Hyde Park" into the heart of the city, "with boughs of laurel in their hats." A week after, the king was transferred from Windsor to Hampton Court Palace, still treated with great show of reverence, and under no other guard than his word of honour not to escape, but stripped of all the attributes of royal power, with no more mention made of negotiations and "settlements." Just before the march of the army to London, Charles, in a conversation with the son-in-law of Cromwell, Henry Ireton, one of the shrewdest and most statesmanlike of the army leaders, had allowed himself to fall into the boastful, and not a little stupid utterance, "I must be allowed to play my game." Ireton quietly replied, "If your majesty has a game to play, we must likewise play ours." What the play would be, the king began to perceive at last, when hearing that the troops had entered London without the least resistance, victorious in peace, crowned with "boughs of laurel."

With the occupation of the capital by the army,

and the entire collapse of the Presbyterian party, all the hopes of Charles, of his being able to reinstall himself in power by the antagonism of the two opposing factions in parliament and in the nation, came to an end. Henceforth the great question as to the future form of government to be established in the kingdom narrowed itself in a manner that Charles himself was no more concerned in it. His latest duplicity had made all men of the least influence in parliament or in the army unwilling to make attempts of further negotiations; and the discussions of the political leaders gradually turned towards the point as to whether it would be wisest to seat one of the royal children on the throne, with curtailment of the royal prerogative to a mere shadow, or whether the simply republican form of rule should be preferred. Some of the ablest men in the House of Commons unreservedly declared themselves in favour of the latter alternative, which also had the support of nearly all the superior officers of the army, and of a decided majority among the common soldiers. However, it seemed doubtful how far the nation at large was prepared to submit to the proposed new order of things, and the provisional conclusion came to was that it would be best to make no change for the moment, and to leave the crown on the head of Charles, nominally, for a little while longer.

The arrangement was the most favourable that could be come to in respect to the illustrious captive at Hampton Court, for as long as he bore the title of king, empty as it was under the circumstances, there seemed a possibility of his reoccupying the throne; any lapse of time, quietly passed, increasing his chances by softening political acerbities, and extinguishing the fierce hatreds of the civil war. However, it was not in the king's nature to be quiet and resigned; and even now, when every motive of pride, of self-interest, and of love for his children, whose succession could only be secured by a dignified behaviour on his part, went to urge him to acquiescence into inexorable facts, he appeared determined to act a suicidal part, by giving the reins to his irritability and waywardness of temper. With all his power taken from him, even that of intrigue, it seemed impossible that he could inflict any more mischief upon himself; nevertheless, he managed to do it by almost the only act he was still able to accomplish. Against the advice of every friend still faithful to him, but to the secret delight of his personal enemies, the king resolved to break his word of honour, and fly from Hampton Court. It was in vain his adherents told him that while within the walls of Henry VIII.'s palace he was still a crowned sovereign, with all the outward attributes of royalty around him; yet that once without he would be nothing more but an adventurer. Charles listened, but did not change his resolve, apparently bent to be either despot or adventurer.

The king effected his escape from the palace on the evening of Thursday, the 11th of November. He left his room accompanied only by a single servant, William Legge, and gaining the park by a back staircase, soon found himself at the side of the river, where a ferry boat was lying ready. Two more attendants, Ashburnham, his confidential valet, and

Sir John Berkeley, joined Charles here, and in their company he crossed the Thames to the village of Ditton, and then took horse, shaping his course in a south-westerly direction, towards the borders of Hampshire. It was highly characteristic of the king, that though having resolved upon so momentous a step as that of risking his crown, and, perhaps, his life, by flight, he was quite undecided as yet where to go; and having ridden all night long in furious haste, his companions had to learn to their dismay the next morning, when changing horses at the little town of Sutton, that their movements were not regulated by any fixed plan, but left to chance. As chance would have it, a parliamentary commission was sitting at Sutton, at the very hostelry before which his majesty was alighting; and having learnt this much, he quickly galloped off again, declining the invitation into the place of public resort. Again the riders galloped on fast and furious, not resting till they arrived, with the sinking day, in view of Southampton.

On the descent of an eminence near the town, Charles reined in his horse. "Let us alight," he cried, "and consult what is best to be done." The consultation was long and serious, but based on nothing better than surmises, hopes, and expectations of what might happen under certain circumstances; and the decision came to in the end by the fugitives was that they should go to the Isle of Wight, to throw themselves upon the protection of the governor there, Colonel Hammond, of whom it was strangely believed that he might forsake the trust of parliament, which had appointed him, to espouse the cause of a crownless king. The resolve was so manifestly absurd, that Charles himself hesitated to carry it out at once; and in order to see his way a little clearer, before trusting his person into the hands of Colonel Hammond, despatched Ashburnham and Sir John Berkeley forward to announce his arrival, while he, accompanied by William Legge, went to seek a temporary residence at Tichfield House, the residence of the earl of Southampton. The earl was not at home, but his mother willingly offered an asylum to the fugitive monarch for several days, which he spent in much care and anxiety, harassed by opposing thoughts. Always acting first and reflecting afterwards, Charles faintly began to see the rashness of his escape from Hampton Court, and the utter irrationality of the things he was attempting. He could have relied upon Cromwell and Fairfax, whose hands had been outstretched towards him to the last; but to throw himself absolutely upon the support of an obscure colonel, who might betray him, and at the very best could not render him the least assistance, seemed little less than madness. However, reflections now were vain; he had burnt his bridges behind him, and had to await the result.

While the king was staying at Tichfield House, a prey to dark care, the two messengers he had sent forward executed his behests with all possible speed. On the evening of the day they had left their royal master, Ashburnham and Berkeley arrived at Lymington, seeking the ferry to the Isle of Wight, and in hopes to meet the governor before the next morning. But it was blowing a heavy gale, and they had to wait for more than twelve hours before being able to

cross the Solent; and having passed at last the narrow strip of sea, and got as far as Carisbrook Castle, the residence of Colonel Hammond, they learned to their intense disappointment that he left just before, and had gone to Newport. Thither they followed immediately, and spurring hard, overtook the governor on the road, acquainting him, in a very hasty and decidedly undiplomatic manner, at once with the object of their journey. Colonel Hammond was astounded as much as perplexed upon learning that the king had flown from the army, and was seeking a refuge in the quiet little territory under his administration. Naturally thinking of his own person in the first instance, he exclaimed, in bitter indignation, "Oh, gentlemen! you have undone me by bringing the king to this island. If he is not yet landed, pray let him not come; for what between my allegiance to his majesty and my trust to parliament and the army, I shall be confounded." A long discussion ensued on the road to Newport Castle, Sir John Berkeley pressing the colonel hard to assist the king in his great need, and earn his eternal gratitude; till in the end, won over partly by his arguments as well as by deeper calculations of self-interest, Hammond yielded, or appeared to yield, to the demands made upon him. "Well," he cried, "I believe his majesty has made choice of me as a person of honour and honesty, and I will not deceive his expectations." Sir John Berkeley did not like entirely the look accompanying these words, and still less the proposition of the governor which followed, that he himself would set out in their company to fetch the king. However, John Ashburnham, according to Berkeley's account, "embraced the motion most readily, and immediately went over the bridge into the castle, though I had the image of the gallows very perfectly before me."

It having been settled that Colonel Hammond should accompany them to the retreat of Charles, the travellers at once started for Cowes, where they engaged a boat to take them across Southampton water to Tichfield. Sir John Berkeley, mistrusting to some extent the loyalty of the colonel, had stipulated that the latter must go without any attendants. However, arrived at Cowes, Hammond insisted that the governor of the town, Captain Baskett, should be of the company; and his guides giving way, the four stepped together into the boat, and before the short autumn day had come to an end, found themselves in the courtyard of the old mansion where the majesty of England had taken refuge. Leaving Sir John Berkeley and the two strangers downstairs, Ashburnham first went into the chamber of the king, to inform him that the governor of the Isle of Wight had arrived in person, with a companion, to offer his services. On hearing the narrative of his favourite valet, Charles, more than ever under the influence of anxiety and suspicion, jumped up on his seat, striking his breast. "What, you have brought Hammond with you!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Jack! you have undone me, for I am by this means made fast from stirring." The reproach fell heavy upon faithful "Jack," and to clear himself, and give a new proof of his attachment to his royal master, he forthwith proposed the assassination of the colonel.

Charles did not receive the offer of his faithful valet with any show of indignation, but, on the contrary, listened to it with great benignity. According to Ashburnham's own narrative, subsequently published, the king told him "that he had sent to Hampton for a vessel to transport him into France, and was in good hope to be supplied;" yet at the same time his majesty "very earnestly pressed to know *how* I would clear him of the governor." "I answered," says "Jack" the faithful, "that I was resolved and prepared to kill him and the captain with my own hands. His majesty—walking some few turns in the room, and, as he was afterwards pleased to tell me, weighing what I had proposed to him, and considering that if the ship should not come, it would not be many hours before some, in pursuance of him, would seize him, the consequence whereof he very much apprehended—resolved he would not have execution done upon the governor, for he intended to accept of what he had proffered, and go with him, and therefore commanded he should be called up." The valet bowed to the ground, and in accordance with the behest of the king went to summon the Isle of Wight governor, who did not dream how narrowly he had escaped being murdered. Charles received the colonel most graciously, smiling upon him as a dear old friend. "Hammond," he exclaimed, using the familiar tone, "after an intolerable restraint to my person at Hampton Court, I found there was a further design against my person by some which insinuated themselves into divers regiments of the army; and having an earnest desire of the settling of the kingdom in such sort as might best conduce to a lasting peace throughout my dominions, and not to be an instrument of stirring up a new war, I have thought good to come to this place, with confidence of your fidelity in protecting my person from danger, until, by such addresses as shall be made unto us by the parliament, there be a mutual agreement concluded, and our kingdom settled." The flattering speech did not make the governor forget his caution, and he merely replied that he would do "his utmost in fulfilling his majesty's just desires, in relation to the orders and directions he should receive from the parliament." It sounded not very reassuring. However, the king, with habitual dissimulation, professed to be mightily pleased at the reply, and declared his readiness to put himself at once under the protection of his presumed friend. Leaving the Southampton mansion, he stepped into the ready boat at Tichfield bay, and in the dark November evening was ferried across the sea to Cowes. Here he remained for the night, taking up his quarters at an ale-house, and the next morning was transferred to Carisbrook Castle under a guard of honour. His majesty had found another prison, not by any means as good as that from which he had escaped.

The king's flight was announced to the House of Commons by a short note from Oliver Cromwell, dated "Hampton Court, twelve at night, the 11th of November, 1647." "His majesty," Cromwell stated, "has withdrawn himself at nine o'clock. The manner is variously reported, and we will say little of it at present, but that his majesty was expected at supper, when the commissioners and Colonel Whalley

missed him, upon which they entered the room. They found his majesty had left his cloak behind him in the gallery in the private way. He passed by the backstairs and vault towards the water-side." After the reading of the letter a vote was passed immediately, ordering all the ports to be shut, and all ships to be laid under embargo, so as to prevent the king's escape from the island. There was profound agitation in the house; but it was allayed at the end of three days, when there arrived a despatch from Colonel Hammond, "signifying that the king is come into the Isle of Wight." The same day on which this communication was made to parliament, Monday, the 15th of November, a subject almost more important than the flight of Charles engaged the whole attention of the commons, as well as the whole of the citizens of the capital. For some weeks past a strongly mutinous spirit had shown itself in several regiments of the army quartered near London, due, it was said, to the working of a new political sect that had arisen, the members of which went by the name of "the Levellers." Their chief aim was to organize a purely democratic government, to abolish the privileges of rank and birth, and establish perfect equality of all citizens before the law; and deeming that the simplest way of accomplishing this object was through the agency of the army, great efforts had been made to imbue the soldiers with the "levelling" spirit.

The ground thus sought was fully ready to receive the seeds, and in an extraordinarily short time a vast mass of the troops declared themselves in favour of entirely overturning the established order of things, and setting up instead new forms of political and social rule. A little more than a week before Charles's flight from Hampton Court, a deputation from the soldiers, consisting mainly of "adjutors," or "agitators," presented to General Fairfax two papers, the one entitled "the Case of the Army," and the other, "the Agreement of the People," stating their views and claims in firm terms. They demanded that a new constitution should be drawn up, establishing an English republic, and vesting the sovereign power of the state in the people and its representatives, the latter to be elected by household suffrage every three years. They also insisted upon extensive reforms of justice; security, for the lower classes as well as the higher, against arbitrary imprisonment; freedom from forced service in time of war; and, finally, complete liberty of conscience. The propositions went very much further than the majority of the House of Commons—made up of the moderate section of the Independents and such Presbyterians as had come to vote with them—had any desire to go, and on General Fairfax handing in the papers he had received, a storm of indignation broke loose. Both lords and commons passed resolutions declaring the proposals contained in "the Case of the Army," and "the Agreement of the People" destructive of all government, and expressing a wish that the commander-in-chief would forthwith suppress the function of the "agitators." Fairfax did so, but at the same time, to calm the ever-growing excitement by persuasive speech, ordered the greater part of the troops quartered near London, seven regiments altogether,



CHARLES I. A PRISONER IN CARISBROOK CASTLE.

to assemble for a general muster near the town of Ware, on the river Lea, about a day's march from London. The day appointed for the review was Monday, the 15th of November, and the early morning of it saw one half of the members of both houses of parliament on the road to Ware. The fugitive king for the moment was all but forgotten over the greater power, the mutinous army.

The seven regiments assembled, as ordered, "in Corkbush field, between Hertford and Ware," but with them came two more detachments of soldiers whose presence was neither desired nor requested by General Fairfax. They were a regiment of cavalry under Colonel Harrison, a stern republican, and a brigade of foot, commanded by John Lilburne, a distinguished soldier but vehement sectarian, who had contributed much to the victory of Long Marston Moor, and was looked upon generally as the chief of the "Levellers." The whole of the troops drew up quietly in Corkbush field, with the exception of the regiments of Harrison and Lilburne, who, from not having been summoned, arrived in a state of great excitement, every man having stuck on his helmet a copy of "the Agreement of the People," with the motto in front, "Liberty for England: their rights to the soldiers." Up and down their lines the "agitators" kept riding, encouraging the general exaltation, dwelling upon the justness of the demands of the army, and repeating everywhere that all true soldiers and Englishmen, having staked their lives in the overthrow of despotism, were bound now not to lay down the sword till the liberty of the country had been secured fully and for ever. In the midst of this fierce flare of political passions, Fairfax and Cromwell, accompanied by their staff, arrived on the ground, and ordering the troops to form a square, proceeded to read to them an address composed by the general council of officers. It was calm, but firm in tone, dwelling chiefly upon the dangers that would arise to the country from sedition among men whose highest duty was obedience; and while exhorting all to be quiet and submissive, ended with a promise that the just demands of the army should find full and warm advocacy in parliament, if the soldiers on their part would sign an engagement to return forthwith under the strict laws of discipline.

The address met with the most favourable reception, and even the troopers of Harrison's regiment, on hearing the promises made to all repeated to them from the lips of Fairfax, tore the "Agreement" from their helmets, exclaiming that they would be faithful to parliament and their generals. However, Lilburne's brigade of infantry still stood out, apparently more obstinate and rebellious than ever; and on Fairfax advancing in front of them, begging they would return to order and obedience, they greeted him with seditious shouts. Oliver Cromwell now galloped forward, resolution in his eye, and anger in every feature. "Take that paper from your hats!" he cried, his shrill voice dominating over the dull roar of the armed multitude. The command was not obeyed, most of the soldiers relapsing into grim silence, while a few broke out into shouts, assuming a menacing attitude. Cromwell could contain himself no longer, and dashing into the ranks of the mutinous

troops, ordered eleven of the more conspicuous ring-leaders to be seized. It was accomplished without resistance from their comrades, and a court-martial having been formed on the spot, the eleven were tried for riot and sedition, and three of them condemned to be shot at once, in front of the army. After some further deliberation, the court resolved, on the intercession of Fairfax, to mitigate its sentence, ordering that only one of the three condemned men should be shot, the question as to who should be the victim, to be decided by a lottery between them. The fatal lot fell upon Richard Arnell, a brave soldier, and determined republican. Led out from the ranks, he saw the muskets of his comrades pointed to his breast without a stir, and sank in his blood with a last shout for the liberty of England. The vast crowd of armed men looked on in deep awe and horror, submitting to discipline, yet scarcely able to comprehend the fearful tragedy enacted before their eyes. If England was, as all expected, to become a republic, it seemed passing strange that the new era should commence with the shooting of a republican.

In breaking the mutinous spirit of the troops, Oliver Cromwell—upon whom all eyes had been directed for some time as both greatest military and civil leader, and as such, probable future ruler of England—played a somewhat vacillating part, not altogether free from the suspicion of dishonesty. While to all his intimate friends he made no secret that he was a republican at heart, and ready to subscribe to the main, if not to all the tenets of the democrats of the army, he at the same time regulated his more public utterances carefully, so as to be in accordance with the principles of the parliamentary majority, taking care not to say anything that might associate him with the dreaded "Levellers," the terror of all honest, plodding, middle-class citizens, before whose eyes the no-king system, with triennial parliaments and household suffrage, appeared like the forerunner of universal distribution of property. It was a course of no little difficulty which Cromwell had thus struck out for himself, but for some time he managed to keep in it with great skill, and broke down only when affairs had come to a crisis after the tragic incident on Corkbush field. The report of it was made by himself to the commons, earning the thanks of the house. However, in the very midst of this manifestation, he had to hear the sound of loud murmurs from both the extreme presbyterian and republican side of the house. Both parties had come deeply to mistrust his motives and his actions; and hesitating no longer to declare their suspicions, it was apparent that Cromwell would have to declare his policy frankly, unless he was prepared to succumb under the combined attacks of his old enemies and his old friends. For a moment he seemed as if in doubt which way to turn, but the short hesitation ended by his coming forth boldly as a representative of the demands of the army. That the essence of power was still, after all that had happened, residing with the army, he could not fail to perceive with his eagle glance, and he went to shape his objects accordingly. The first stupor produced by the shooting on Corkbush field having passed, deputation after deputation of soldiers and non-commissioned officers went to see him, declaring

that no severity whatever would turn them from their great design of getting rid of the king and establishing a commonwealth of free citizens; and that if things should come to the worst, they would divide the army, being sure of two-thirds, and settle in another battle, or, if need be, in another score of battles, the great question as to whether England should be a monarchy or a republic. It was enough to decide Cromwell. He felt he was strong enough already to crush parliament, but he could never hope to conquer two-thirds of the great fighting host, his own Ironsides included, who had helped him to trample a crown in the dust. He hoped, with all the fervency of his passionate heart, to be one day a great statesman. However, as yet he was only a great general, and feeling powerless without the army, he went with the army.

Cromwell's movement towards the republican party had the effect of driving the House of Commons to make a final and almost desperate effort to come to an accommodation with the king. On the first report by Colonel Hammond that Charles had arrived in the Isle of Wight, stringent orders had been given, not only to secure his person, but to send his three attendants, Ashburnham, Berkeley, and Legge, as prisoners to London; but these injunctions were countermanded within a week, and others substituted, by which Hammond was to treat his prisoner with great respect, and to leave his servants near him, with a hint that fresh proposals for a "settlement of the nation" might be attended to favourably. The king took the suggestion with his usual eager and unreflecting haste, forthwith despatching Sir John Berkeley to the capital, intrusting to him letters to some of the chief presbyterian leaders, as well as to Fairfax and Cromwell, of whose recent doings he was as yet ignorant. Fairfax had nothing but a stern military reply for the royal messenger. "We are the parliament's army," he exclaimed, "and we have no answer to give to the proposals of his majesty: our employers alone must judge of them." Cromwell spoke somewhat softer, if not quite so frankly, saying, "I will do my best to serve the king, but he must not expect that I shall ruin myself for his sake."

The reception given by the leaders of the moderate party in the commons to Charles's envoy was very different, they promising to strain every nerve to fulfil his majesty's wishes and bring about an accommodation. They fully kept their engagement; and after long and hot debates in the house, leading more than once to a disruption of all the old party ties, it was voted that four propositions should be presented to the king, in the form of bills, and that if he accepted them, he should be allowed his request to treat in person with the parliament. The propositions were, first, that the entire command of the sea and land forces should appertain to parliament for twenty years, with power of continuation thereafter in case the safety of the kingdom should require it; secondly, that his majesty should revoke all his declarations, proclamations, and other acts published against the two houses of parliament, imputing to them illegality and rebellion; thirdly, that his majesty should annul all the patents of peerage he had granted since the 20th of May, 1642, and grant no further peerages

without the consent of parliament; and, fourthly, that the two houses should have the power of adjourning from place to place, at their discretion." Though opposed by both the extreme parties in the commons, and strongly protested against by the Scotch commissioners, who still claimed a right to interfere in all negotiations between the king and parliament, the Act embodying the four bills passed both houses by considerable majorities on the 14th December, and on the following day twelve commissioners, among them not less than eight earls, were appointed to carry the important document to the king. The twelve parliamentary envoys left London immediately, with some pomp; but quietly in their wake, without any pomp, a deputation from the Scotch commissioners, consisting of three lords, set out for the Isle of Wight. They had proposals of their own to make, in rivalry to those of the parliament of England, thus starting a sharp competition for the favours of a king in prison.

Before either the commissioners of parliament or of Scotland had arrived at Carisbrook Castle, Sir John Berkeley had got back to the king, with full information of the designs of the competitive deputations. Charles was overwhelmed with joy at the news, which so unexpectedly renewed his old hope of his enemies hacking each other to pieces for his benefit. He had entertained just before thoughts of flying to France, but now resolved to postpone his escape for a short while. "I must wait," he said to Berkeley, "and settle with the Scots before I leave the kingdom; for if they once saw me out of the hands of the army they would double their demands." The parliamentary ambassadors and the Scots made their appearance almost simultaneously at Carisbrook, and to the first, Charles gave audience on Christmas eve. Having had their propositions read to him, he told them, full of smiles and grace, "he was assured that they could not expect a present reply, but he would take the same into consideration, and give his answer in a few days." The eight earls and their four colleagues of the lower house bowed and retired, after which the three Scotch lords were ushered in. They had a very simple, yet very weighty offer to make. It was that the king should bind himself to establish the presbyterian system of church government under certain restrictions, one of them being that he himself and his family need not conform to it; and that in return, a Scotch army should invade England and reseat him on the throne.

The prospect of being able to raise another civil war, and revenge himself, sword in hand, upon all his foes, was too dazzling for Charles to be declined for a moment; and grasping his Scotch friends by the hand, he without hesitation accepted their terms. A complete treaty embodying them was prepared and ready for signature within twenty-four hours, and the instrument having been completed in due form, it was taken away by his majesty's valet, and buried for security in the garden of Carisbrook Castle. This little transaction finished, Charles once more received the parliamentary commissioners, more smiling and gracious than ever, handing to them a sealed envelope, which he said contained his reply. But they refused to receive it, declaring that they were not mere letter-

carriers, but compelled by their instructions to demand a direct and distinct answer to the propositions they had brought, further work they would have to undertake depending thereupon. Thus compelled, the king broke the seal of his letter and read it aloud. It was a clear and absolute refusal to accept the four bills. Silently the commissioners listened, and bowing low, retired from his majesty's presence, to hold a short conference with Colonel Hammond. An hour after, the tramp of horses in the courtyard announced their departure from Carisbrook Castle, on which Charles joyfully closeted himself with his confidential valet. It was arranged between them that they would make their escape from the island the same night in a French vessel, his majesty to reappear in his realm of England at the head of an army of his northern subjects. All was ready for the flight, when suddenly the tread of heavy footsteps and clang of arms was heard without. Astonished, Charles looked from his window, and beheld the castle gates closed, and the walls surrounded by guards, their polished muskets glittering in the evening sun. A trooper with drawn sword was pacing up and down on the piece of garden ground where lay the hidden document that was to give two kingdoms back to a subtle king. The trooper seemed to smile, and Charles hid his face in his hands.

In signing the secret treaty with the Scotch commissioners, the king had committed as one of the most treacherous, so one of the most fatal acts of his life. It was terrible blindness in Charles to suppose for a moment that, watched as he was on all sides, his duplicity should remain unknown to the parliamentary commissioners, who, very naturally, were looking with intense suspicion upon the three northern lords who, unbidden, had followed them; and but for his constant practice of double-dealing, which had become part of his very nature, he must have seen that his whole course of action could lead to nothing but utter ruin. As it was, it required the stern evidence of loaded muskets and drawn swords under his window to prove the fact to the deluded monarch. The twelve parliamentary envoys, mostly high nobles, and all either Presbyterians or very moderate Independents, had come to Carisbrook Castle sincerely desirous, if not eager, to bring about an agreement between the king and the representatives of the nation; but they quitted the royal presence with loathing and disgust, leaving orders to Colonel Hammond to treat the prisoner under his charge with no further leniency, and to prevent his escape by every means. Returned to Westminster, the indignation which they felt came to be shared by the majority of both houses, giving rise to speeches such as had never before been heard within the walls of St. Stephen's.

The day after the commissioners had made their report, on the 3rd of January, 1648, Sir Peter Wroth, member for Bridgewater, a quiet country gentleman, whose voice was almost unknown in the House of Commons, arose in his seat, and gave vent to his feelings in words which seemed to come from the very heart of the assembly. "Mr. Speaker," cried the member for Bridgewater, "Bedlam was

appointed for madmen, and Tophet for kings; but our kings of late have carried themselves as if they were fit for no place but Bedlam. I propose we lay the king by, and settle the kingdom without him. I care not what form of government you set up, so it be not by kings or devils." Henry Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, stood up after Sir Peter Wroth, speaking to the same effect, but with less excitement. "The king," argued he, "has denied safety and protection to his people by denying the four bills. Subjection to him is only in exchange of his protection to his people: this being denied by him, we may as well deny any more subjection to him, and settle the kingdom without him." Oliver Cromwell himself now arose, amidst the deepest silence of the house. "Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, "the king is a man of great sense and of great talents; but so full of dissimulation, so false, that there is no possibility of trusting him. While he is protesting his love for peace, he is treating underhand with the Scottish commissioners to plunge the nation into another war. It is now expected the parliament should govern and defend the kingdom by their own power and resolution, and not teach the people any longer to expect safety and government from an obstinate man whose heart God hath hardened. The men who, at the expense of their blood, defended you from so many perils, will again defend you, with the same courage and fidelity, against all opposition. Teach them not, by neglecting your own and the kingdom's safety, in which their own is involved, to think themselves betrayed, and left hereafter to the rage and malice of an irreconcilable enemy, whom they have subdued for your sake. Let not despair teach them to seek their safety by some other means than adhering to you, who will not stick to yourselves." Having thrown out his rugged speech, Cromwell sat down, "with his hand on the hilt of his sword." No one rose after him, and the Speaker thereupon put the motion "to break off all intercourse with the king, and to make it high treason to address him without leave of the two houses of parliament" to the vote. The tellers counted one hundred and forty-two yeas, and ninety-two nays, or a majority of fifty in favour of the proposal of the member for Bridgewater, which was ordered thereupon to be sent to the lords, who likewise adopted it, against only two dissentients. The vote virtually made England a republic.

Immense agitation followed in the wake of the final parliamentary decision "to lay the king by." The monarchical feeling among the bulk of the people up to this time seemed to have been dormant rather than dead, and it now broke out with a strength which surprised the presbyterian party in parliament no less than the Independents. Gatherings of excited crowds took place all over England as soon as it became known that kingship had been, or was to be abolished. At Colchester, Norwich, Canterbury, Maidstone, and many other places, the people broke out in open insurrection; several fortified towns of Wales, such as Pembroke, declared against parliament, expelling their garrisons, and hoisting the banner of King Charles; and, most important of all, the sailors of a portion of the fleet, comprising six men-of-war stationed at the mouth of the Thames, mutinied soon

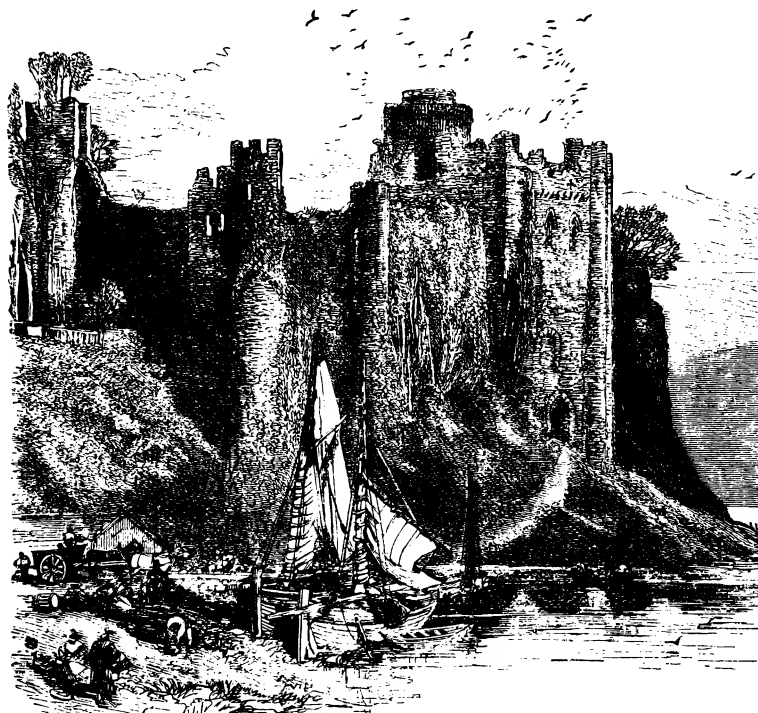
after against their officers, and ran away with the ships to Holland, putting them at the service of the prince of Wales. The general excitement was greatly increased by the news that there was likely to be an immediate war between England and Scotland. The Scottish commissioners, after returning from the Isle of Wight, and finding that the object of their journey had been frustrated, and was no longer a secret, appeared at first disposed to make attempts towards a reconciliation with the parliamentary majority; but seeing the sudden explosion of sympathy with the king, they changed their tactics, and all at once assumed a haughty air. Forestalling the accusations which they expected to be raised against them for planning another civil war, they shrewdly put themselves from the defensive into the offensive, charging the English executive with not having kept to the strict terms of the treaty of the previous year stipulating for the allowance of four hundred thousand pounds sterling as subsidies for their army, and demanding immediate payment of the arrears. High words ensued, and angry recriminations on both sides, ending in the departure of the envoys of Scotland to their own country, with the threat flung behind, that another army would soon cross the Tweed from the north.

The threat only served to embitter the sentiments of both houses of parliament against the king, and to drive the chief members of the government more and more to the extreme republican side. To them, as to all thinking men, it was manifest that in the dark aspect of political affairs, and general appeal to the sword, the army would soon be the chief, if not the only acting power in the state; and that therefore the policy advocated by the majority of soldiers

and their chiefs would rule the realm. The soldiers, on their part, were not slow to express their political convictions, already sufficiently well known. On the 9th of January, six days after the passing of the vote "to lay the king by," a great deputation from the army, officers, privates, and non-commissioned officers, presented themselves at Westminster, to hand in an address to both houses. The address, on its heading, was stated to be, "A declaration from his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax and the general council of the army, of their resolution to adhere to the parliament in their proceedings concerning the king," and it was couched throughout in the most energetic terms. "We do freely declare for ourselves and the army," said the signers of the declaration, "that we are resolved, through the grace of God, firmly to adhere to, and stand by the parliament in the things voted concerning the king, and in what shall be further necessary for the prosecution thereof, and for settling and securing of the parliament and the kingdom, without the king, and against him, or any other that shall hereafter partake with him." Plainspoken as was the address, neither the lords nor the commons hesitated to receive it with applause, and to express their satisfaction of it by votes of thanks to the army, passed by large majorities. The progress of opinion, from monarchy to republic, was evidently rolling on with terrific speed.

To prepare for the seemingly inevitable war with Scotland, as well as to gather power to suppress instantly the threatening risings of the old royalist factions, and of the multitudes suddenly inspired with sympathy for King Charles, the two houses of parliament decided, in the middle of January, to form a new executive, in place of the Committee of Both Kingdoms,

left incomplete by the departure of the Scottish commissioners. The reconstituted government thus brought into life consisted of twenty members, seven of the upper and thirteen of the lower house, and was officially denominated the Committee for the Safety of the Commonwealth; but came to be known popularly, from the place where its meetings were held, as the Derby House Committee. Conspicuous among the twenty names to whom was intrusted the task of steering the vessel of state through the shoals and breakers now surrounding it on all sides, was that of Oliver Cromwell, and not many weeks elapsed before it became manifest to all eyes that he was the chief steersman at the helm. That he was not unworthy of the position, he proved immediately. His first effort was to put the army into good condition to take the field, and having accomplished this, in the course of the spring of 1648, he sent flying detachments into Kent, Essex, and some other of the eastern and south-eastern counties, where attempts at



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

insurrection had taken place, and by a swift and energetic display of force quenched them in an instant. But nowhere had the Royalists, old and new, shown themselves in such strength as in South Wales, several of the strongest towns of which were in their possession; and to curb the revolt there, Cromwell put himself at the head of five regiments, and stormed westward in forced marches at the beginning of June. The bulwark of the insurgents in the west was Pembroke Castle, before which the general sat down; and taking it after a fortnight's siege, struck terror into the rest of the rebel forces, by putting all officers who had before served in the parliamentary army to the sword. "The persons exempted," he informed the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a letter dated the 11th of July, "are such as have formerly served you in a very good cause; but being now apostatized, I did rather make election of them, than of those who had always been for the king, judging their iniquity double, because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of divine providence going along with and prospering a just cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share." A week after penning this note all Wales was at the feet of Cromwell; but at the same moment the report arrived of the rising of two greater foes. Sitting at the castle of Pembroke, Oliver learnt that a Scottish army had crossed the Border, and that a Dutch-English fleet, under the command of the prince of Wales, had thrown anchor in the Downs.

The report of the invasion from Scotland gave rise to extreme terror all over the kingdom, and caused an immediate rising in London, which led to the presbyterian party once more getting the upper hand in parliament and reopening negotiations with the king. However, the attack from the north was far less formidable than either hoped by the friends or feared by the enemies of the king; and Cromwell, well informed in the matter, hesitated not to declare that he would drive the Scots back over the Border, and finish the war before the end of three months. In reality, it was but a small and comparatively powerless party in the Scottish nation and government which had any wish to restore Charles, and oppose the foundation of a free commonwealth in England; and all that the most zealous friends of the royal cause could effect, was to gather a body of fifteen thousand men, made up chiefly of raw levies, and only in a little part of veterans who had fought the battles of the Covenanters. The army of invasion, commanded by Charles's kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, crossed the Border on the 8th July, and at once advanced upon Newcastle, garrisoned by a few regiments of parliamentary troops, under General Lambert. The latter, in accordance with orders received from Cromwell, retired before the enemy, upon which the Scots pushed on to Durham, full of confidence, and not doubting that the road to the English capital was open before them.

But Cromwell already was on the march, to carry out the promise he had made of sweeping the new Royalists back to the north as fast as they had come. Starting from Pembroke on the 14th of July, he hurried, with a rapidity never before known, through Gloucester, Warwick, and Nottingham, to Doncaster, reaching

the latter place with his horse in thirteen days, and effecting a junction with Lambert's cavalry. The foot, exhausted by the long tramp across England, came up a week after; and on the 7th of August the complete forces of Cromwell and Lambert joined hands at Knaresborough, forming, as recorded by an eyewitness, "a fine smart army, fit for action," but not more than nine thousand strong. In the mean time, while Cromwell was rushing north-westward, the Scots had proceeded slowly on their southern march, by way of Kendal and Hornby, halting at the latter place, to consider whether they should pass on through Lancashire, Cheshire, and the western counties, or through Yorkshire, and thence by the straight road to London. After some reflection, Hamilton chose the former route, against the advice of his officers, who held that Lancashire was dangerous, in case they should meet with any resistance, there being so many hedges and ditches to favour the parliament's "excellent firemen." However, Charles's kinsman would not listen, and pushed on in a most straggling manner to Preston, which he reached on Wednesday, the 16th of August, with the main body of his foot, the van of the horse having gone as far as Wigan, and the rear being behind at Kirkby Lonsdale. While thus stretched out, over a length of more than forty miles, Cromwell, who had been in search of the enemy for a week, came up with his "excellent firemen."

Though inferior in number, the compact body of veteran soldiers under Cromwell's command, falling upon the loose undisciplined masses that had crossed the Tweed, were all but certain of victory. In the straggling position in which the unskilfulness of their commander had placed them, the Scots could scarcely fight, but only submit to be killed; and killed they were accordingly, in a murderous charge, extending over three days, and called by the victorious party the rout of Preston. Descending the valley of the Ribble, Cromwell dashed in upon the main body of the Scotch army a little to the southward of Preston, on Thursday, the 17th of August, and attacking it fiercely, at once cut it into two, driving one part in wild confusion to the north, and the other, in still wilder disorder, to the south. Hamilton himself, heading the majority of the fugitives, fled on the road to Wigan, and having gathered some eight or nine thousand men around him near Standish, offered battle a second time to his pursuers, on Friday, the 18th of August. The result was even more fatal than the preceding day, the Scots being hewn down, wherever they attempted resistance, by the swords of the victorious Ironsides, whom Cromwell was leading to the charge. But a few regiments escaped, and succeeded in reaching Wigan, where their van was stationed, among the officers of which was Sir James Turner, "a stout pedant and soldier of fortune." Of the scenes that took place when his unfortunate countrymen were rushing frantically into the town, Sir James left a striking description. "It was night," he says, "but the moon shone bright. A regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pikemen,

being demented, as I think we were all, would not hear me, and two of them ran full tilt at me. One of their pikes, which was intended for my belly, I gripped with my left hand; the other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh, all of them crying, 'These are Cromwell's men.' While the Scots were thus, in mad consternation, falling upon and killing their own officers, Cromwell, whose very name was striking terror among them, was not ceasing his pursuit for a moment; and on Saturday, the 19th of August, engaged the flying enemy in a third battle at the village of Winwick, three miles north of Warrington. Like men driven to despair, with nothing but death visible on all sides, the Scots here made a last furious resistance, fighting, according to Cromwell's own account, with the utmost heroism.

"They maintained themselves," Cromwell reported to the Honourable William Lenthall, esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons, under date of August 20th, 1648, "with great resolution for many hours, ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges, which at one time forced us to give ground. But our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging home upon them, beat them from their standing, where we killed about a thousand of them, and took about two thousand prisoners, and prosecuted them home to Warrington town, where they possessed the bridge, which had a strong barricade and a work upon it, formerly very defensive." Further resistance on the part of the Scots had now become impossible, and the chief officer of the flying host, General Baillie, immediately after getting into Warrington, sent a message to Cromwell, "desiring some capitulation." "To which I yielded," Oliver goes on to report to the honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons. "Considering the strength of the pass," he continues, "and that I could not go over the river, within ten miles of Warrington, with the army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers prisoners of war, with all his arms, and ammunition, and horses, to me, I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done; and the commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition, which will be, as they tell me, about four thousand complete arms and as many prisoners. And thus you have their infantry completely ruined." The remainder of the Scotch troops, comprising the flower of the cavalry, and some of the principal officers, among them the duke of Hamilton, surrendered a few days after at Uttoxeter, and were sent as prisoners to Nottingham Castle. In less than a fortnight, every trace of the invading army had been annihilated; upon which Cromwell, bent upon healing wounds, as well as preventing further evil, determined to pursue his victorious career into Scotland. "I can say nothing," he wrote to his worthy friend, Oliver St. John, esquire, solicitor-general, just before starting for the north; "but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His people. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

The defeat of the Scots saved England from a double invasion. While Cromwell was driving Hamilton's soldiers before him in Lancashire, the fleet which had come over from the Netherlands, under the command of the prince of Wales, was lying idle in the Downs, quite strong enough to sail up the River Thames and make an attempt upon London, but waiting, before doing so, to hear of the approach of the Scottish army to the capital. There was not a little mystery, which neither friends nor foes could solve, connected with the movements of this Anglo-Dutch fleet. It was believed to be entirely in the pay of the French government, and mainly under the direction of Henrietta Maria, who at first intended to make her favourite, Harry Jermyn, commander-in-chief; but having to desist from this plan, by a general outcry of the whole royalist body, had put her eldest son in his place. Nothing would have been easier for this great naval armament than to have taken the king out of his prison in the Isle of Wight, an act demanded by Charles himself in the most urgent manner. However, the queen—for reasons indicated by general rumour, which coupled her name constantly with that of Jermyn, once a groom and now a lord—would not consent to even an endeavour being made to save her husband. "It cannot be imagined," says Clarendon, faithful adherent of the royal cause, "how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were that he [the king] should have succeeded in his escape, and the dread they had of his coming thither;" and this being so, strict orders were given that the fleet should remain in the Downs. All that the prince of Wales did while lying here, in daily expectancy of news of Scottish victories, was to demand heavy contributions from the merchants of London, threatening that, if refused, he would burn all vessels belonging to them which he could seize. But he got nothing by the step, his attitude not being sufficiently martial to inspire fear even in ship-brokers. In the meanwhile, the House of Commons made the greatest efforts to bring together a sufficient number of men-of-war to drive the hostile fleet from the mouth of the Thames; and the sought-for reinforcements having come up from all quarters, the earl of Warwick, lord high-admiral of the parliamentary navy, made preparations to attack the enemy at the end of July. But at the moment everything was ready, the report arrived of the victories of Cromwell at Preston, Wigan, and Warrington, which had no sooner been brought to the prince of Wales, than he left his anchoring place in the Downs and sailed back to the Texel. Warwick followed close in the rear of the retreating fleet, avoiding all collision; and when the ships belonging to the English portion of it had cast anchor once more in Dutch harbours, he sent emissaries among the crews, to persuade them to return to their own country, under promise of full pardon. The measure was completely successful, leading to the recovery of most of the vessels, and of nearly every man who had deserted from the national fleet.

The prince of Wales, having got back safely to Holland, with apparently not a thought of the captive parent behind him, assumed great airs, and on the 21st of September, as recorded by one of his adherents,

"entered the Hague in thirty coaches." On the same day, Oliver Cromwell, at the head of four regiments of horse and six of foot, started out of Berwick, and "the Tweed being fordable," made his entry into Scotland, without the least opposition. To show that he was coming more as a friend than a foe, Cromwell, on passing the Border, issued a proclamation, which was scattered in numerous copies among the people. "Whereas we are marching," it ran, "with the parliament's army into the kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the enemy who lately invaded the kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle: These are to declare, that if any officer or soldier under my command shall take or demand any money, or shall violently take any horses, goods, or victual, without order, or shall abuse the people in any sort, he shall be tried by a council of war, and the said person so offending shall be punished according to the articles of war made for the government of the army in the kingdom of England, which punishment is death. Given under my hand, this 21st of September, 1648. Oliver Cromwell."

Reconciling the population by keeping to the promises thus made, and upholding the most vigorous discipline among his troops, Cromwell met with no opposition whatever in his march to the Scottish capital, where he was received with great demonstrations of honour and even affection. Before his arrival, the government had been entirely remodelled, in a sense favourable to England; and Cromwell found no difficulty in procuring assent to all his demands, tending to effect an intimate union between the rulers at Edinburgh and the Independent party in the House of Commons. In a letter to the Speaker, under date of the 9th of October, the victorious lieutenant-general reported the immediate result of his march over the Border. "All the enemy's forces in Scotland," he wrote, "are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that party's sitting in parliament. Good elections are made in divers places of such as dissented from, and opposed the late wicked engagement, and they are now raising a force of about four thousand horse and foot. Until they can complete it, they have desired me to leave them two regiments of light horse and two troops of dragoons, which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late votes so to do." The week after sending this report, Cromwell quitted Edinburgh, conducted some miles southward by the chiefs of the government. His task in Scotland was finished, and another no less important one awaited him in England.

His splendid victories in Lancashire, astonishing even to those who had not been in doubt before of his being the greatest military leader of the age, had made Cromwell all at once the first man in England; but while doing this, had not subdued the rancour of either his personal or his political enemies, both, for natural causes, very numerous. Being fully aware that unless hurled down immediately from the height to which he had risen, the lieutenant-general would infallibly set his iron heel upon their necks, they resolved to make a violent effort to carry out their object, taking advantage for this purpose of his temporary absence in the northern kingdom. At the

beginning of August, Major Huntingdon, a conspicuous member of the presbyterian party, publicly denounced Cromwell, in a memorial addressed to the House of Lords, as an intriguer aiming to clutch the supreme power in the state, using the cloak of religion to cover his ambitious designs, unprincipled in all his words and actions, and ready to stamp out, by the brute force of the soldiery, of which he had made himself the master, both royal and parliamentary rule. The lords, inimical in their majority to the great plebeian general, after some slight hesitation ordered the memorial to be read, and Huntingdon made oath on its truth on the 8th of August. It was next attempted to bring the paper before the commons; but here the major and his friends were less successful, although there was a large party in the house eager to assist them in their designs. But the latter were timorous. Already the name of Cromwell had become a power before which most men trembled; and the Speaker, the serjeant-at-arms, and every other officer of the house refusing even to touch the Huntingdon memorial, it had to be laid aside.

Thus baffled in their objects, the opponents of the victorious general, and of the democratic principle which he represented, had recourse in the last instance to the means already so often and so ineffectually tried to the same end, that of entering into negotiations with the king. By making a great effort, the Presbyterians succeeded in passing a hurried vote through the House of Commons, ordering the appointment of fifteen envoys, who were to proceed at once to the Isle of Wight to treat with Charles, submitting conditions of peace more favourable than any that had yet been offered to him. The vote was looked upon as a direct challenge to the leaders of the Independent party, and the news of it brought the army once more into an aggressive attitude towards the parliamentary majority. "They are plodding," said General Ludlow to Sir Thomas Fairfax, "to betray the cause for which so much blood has been shed: they will have peace at any price. The king, being a prisoner, will not think himself bound by his promises; even those who most urge negotiations care little about making him fulfil them; and to employ his name and authority to destroy the army is their only aim. But the army has achieved power, and must make use of it to prevent its own ruin and that of the nation."

The report of what was going on at Westminster made Cromwell hasten back from Scotland faster than he originally intended; and on the 14th of October he arrived at Carlisle, where he stayed for several days, reflecting on the immediate course to be pursued. His friends urged him to proceed at once to the head-quarters of the army, at St. Albans, where a great plan of campaign for counteracting the designs of the Presbyterians was in open preparation; but Cromwell, wary as ever, and careful not to give any cause for attack to his enemies in parliament, hesitated to compromise himself too much, and to shape a middle course, went into Wales, nominally to undertake the siege of Pontefract Castle, the only stronghold in the Principality which had not yet surrendered to his troops. His caution had no effect in damping the ardour of Sir Thomas Fairfax and

the other army leaders to commence the struggle upon which they were bent; and learning that the parliamentary envoys who had been sent to the king were making rapid progress in their negotiations, they resolved upon immediate action. As a commencement, the various regiments quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital sent in petitions to the House of Commons, demanding in stern language the punishment of "all delinquents," and settlement of a new order of government. No notice being taken of these petitions, a general address from the army followed, still more austere and explicit, condemning the treaty that was being negotiated as dangerous to the liberty of the people, and declaring that it was a duty imposed upon the soldiers by God, who had given them the victory, to call the king to strict account for all the blood which had been shed during the civil war. The address eliciting no reply from parliament, the army leaders consolidated their strength for action by establishing a council of war, the first result of whose deliberations was the drawing up of a great Remonstrance, which was delivered to the commons on the 21st of November.

The Remonstrance, after enumerating the evils from which the country was suffering, demanded that "the capital and grand author of them all" should be brought to trial for the blood that had been shed in his name, and the murders committed by his order; and that, the requirements of justice having been fulfilled, a new parliament, sprung from general suffrage, should elect the future ruler of England, circumscribing his power so as to make it impossible that he should become an arbitrary despot, and investing him instead with the higher function of acting as the chief representative of the national will. The reading of the Remonstrance caused intense agitation in the House of Commons, it being evident to the members of both the great parties that the hour for the now inevitable contest with the army was near at hand. At first the Presbyterians, driven into desperation,

made mien as if inclined to hasten on the struggle, and a proposition, that the generals and officers who had signed the Remonstrance should be proclaimed traitors, was well supported by the members of the party. However, the courage thus shown cooled down in discussions extending over a whole week, at the end of which a proposition for the indefinite adjournment of the debate was adopted by a large majority. But with it passed another vote, giving new instructions to the parliamentary commissioners in the Isle of Wight, and urging them to hasten with all possible speed the conclusion of the treaty with the king. The vote brought matters to a crisis. Westminster desired speed, and St. Albans could not be behind in the race. There was a short sitting of the council of war, and at it the resolution was passed to strike—and to strike high.

At dawn of day on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of November, the king, who had been allowed to go, during the negotiations with the parliamentary commissioners, from Carisbrook Castle to the neighbouring town of Newport, where a small court was attending upon him, was startled from his slumbers by a great clamour of voices. It had been a night of storm and pouring rain, and Charles, resting lightly, had been more than once awoken by the noise outside, so that the new disturbance made him at once rise from his bed. A few moments more, and steps were heard in the passage, after which there came a loud knocking at the door of the royal apartment. "Who is there?" demanded the duke of Richmond, one of the courtiers in attendance upon Charles. "Officers from the army," was the reply, "who want to speak with the king." The answer did not appear quite satisfactory to the duke, and he hesitated to open the door. However, the strangers outside continuing their importunity, Charles finally ordered to let them in. Upon this, a dozen military men of rank, headed by a lieutenant-colonel, John Cobbett, strode into the room. Saluting the king, Cobbett exclaimed, "Sir, we have orders to remove you." "Orders!" cried Charles: "From whom?" "From the army," was the reply. "Whither am I to be removed?" inquired the king, looking about anxiously, in great trepidation. "To the castle," said Cobbett. "What castle?" continued Charles, more and more agitated. "To the castle," the lieutenant-colonel contented himself to repeat, evidently unwilling to divulge secrets. But the king was persistent. "To what castle are you going to take me?" he asked, piteously: "I am ready to follow you to any castle, but name it." There was a short whispering among the officers, ending in one of them pronouncing the name, "Hurst Castle." "They could not name a worse place," said Charles, addressing the duke of Richmond, and then lapsed into moody silence.

One of the servants approaching, the king roused himself, crying, "I know not where these people intend to carry me, and would willingly eat before I go; therefore give me something to eat." The attendant bowed and retired; but half an hour elapsing without the arrival of the breakfast ordered by Charles, the officers got impatient, and told him that the time for departure had come. Without further ceremony, the king, accompanied by two of his imme-



CARISBROOK CASTLE.

Window from which Charles I. attempted to escape.

diate attendants, was hurried to a coach standing at the outer gate, and driven off, guarded by Cobbett and a troop of horse. The coach went westward to a place called Worsley's Tower, in Freshwater Isle, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven, where, after an hour's stay, Charles was put into a vessel and ferried across to Hurst Castle on the opposite shore. The appearance of the small fortress, as well as of its commander, who stood at the gate to receive him, struck terror into the king's mind. As described by one of the companions of Charles, the governor's "look was stern; his hair and large beard were black and bushy; he held a partisan in his hand, and, Switz-like, had a great basket-hilt sword at his side." The king feared more than anything else to fall a victim to secret assassination, but his apprehensions in this respect were utterly groundless. The friends of Charles, at the very moment, were committing murder more unscrupulously than ever; and only a few weeks before the arrest of Charles, one of Cromwell's best officers, Colonel Rainsborough, had been treacherously killed by Royalists at Doncaster; but the thought of foully slaying their opponents, even in retaliation, never entered the minds of the leaders of the Independents and their representatives in the army. They had made war upon despotism for years, and were warring still, yet meant to fight only as they had always fought, in the open light of day.

The news of the seizure of the king, and transference to Hurst Castle, arrived at Westminster on the 1st of December, at a moment when the commons were hotly debating whether the last concessions he had made to their commissioners should be accepted or not. With his habitual hypocrisy, Charles had agreed to many things which, as revealed in his letters to the queen, he had not the least intention to keep; however, beginning to feel elated with the advance made by parliament, he had not conceded all that was demanded, and the question to be decided was, whether what he offered should be accepted or not, as preliminaries of the treaty to be concluded. The chiefs of the majority knew fully that the game they were playing was desperate, and that having set everything upon one stake, they must either gain all or lose all, so that every nerve was strained by them and their followers to obtain the victory. After a debate of all but unexampled vehemence, extending over three days and one whole night, they gained their point, passing a vote of one hundred and forty against one hundred and four that the king's terms should be accepted, and he be invited to come to London. But while the commons were engaged in heated discourse, the army had put itself silently in movement upon the capital. The vote for the restoration of Charles was recorded at five o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 5th of December; and, two hours after, seven regiments of horse and foot lay coiled around Westminster. At daybreak on Wednesday, General Skippon, old commander of the city train bands, hitherto the faithful guard of parliament, bid them go home to their families; and the last of the armed citizens having turned his back upon St. Stephen's, their place was taken by a division of the troops from St. Albans, a regiment of horse, under Colonel Rich, being stationed outside

the houses of parliament, in Palace Yard, and a regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel Pride, inside, within the precincts of Westminster Hall. At nine o'clock, lieutenant-general Cromwell, who had arrived with the army, went to take his seat among the commons, following in the wake of Colonel Pride, who had posted himself at the door of the house half an hour before. The gallant colonel was preparing for a great political operation, famous ever after as "Pride's purge."

The operation was a very simple one, and though pre-eminently grave, not altogether devoid of humour. Colonel Pride held in his hand a long list containing the names of all those members of the lower house of parliament who wished to see King Charles back upon the throne; and for the purpose of identifying them, he had two persons at his side, Lord Grey of Groby, a staunch Independent, and the doorkeeper of the commons. As member after member approached, some light-hearted, others lost in thought, the name of each was given to the colonel, who thereupon looked at his list, to find out whether it was there or not. In the negative case, there followed a military salute, and the representative of the nation was allowed to proceed; but if otherwise, he was told to go back, and, if refusing, handed over to a guard of soldiers, who quickly conducted him to the outer gate. In this summary way, forty-one members were excluded from the House of Commons on the morning of Wednesday, the 6th of December, and one hundred and two more the next day, when "Pride's purge" got finished to his own satisfaction and that of his friends. Most of the ejected representatives, including the chief leaders of the Presbyterian party, left the capital very quietly; but a few of the more impetuous members, who attempted to stir up the city in their favour, were put into temporary confinement, in which they received the spiritual consolations of the Rev. Hugh Peters, chaplain to Sir Thomas Fairfax, who the day after preached at St. Paul's. His text was the end of the one hundred and forty-ninth Psalm: "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand, to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute upon them the judgment written, this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord!"

Hugh Peters was not in vain preaching on the text of the psalmist to "bind kings with chains." Holding the strong and honest belief that nothing but the death of Charles could save the nation from a revival of despotism, inasmuch as there would always be a party, as long as he was alive, ready to seat him on the throne, and whatever agreements and conventions might be made to reduce his power, his boundless duplicity would not fail to destroy all safeguards, the leaders of the Independent party prepared his trial as soon as they had seized the supreme power by the expulsion of the Royalists and Presbyterians from the House of Commons. One of the first acts of the reduced parliament, which the people came to denominate "the Rump," was a resolution declaring the half-prepared treaty of the Isle of Wight "a monstrous

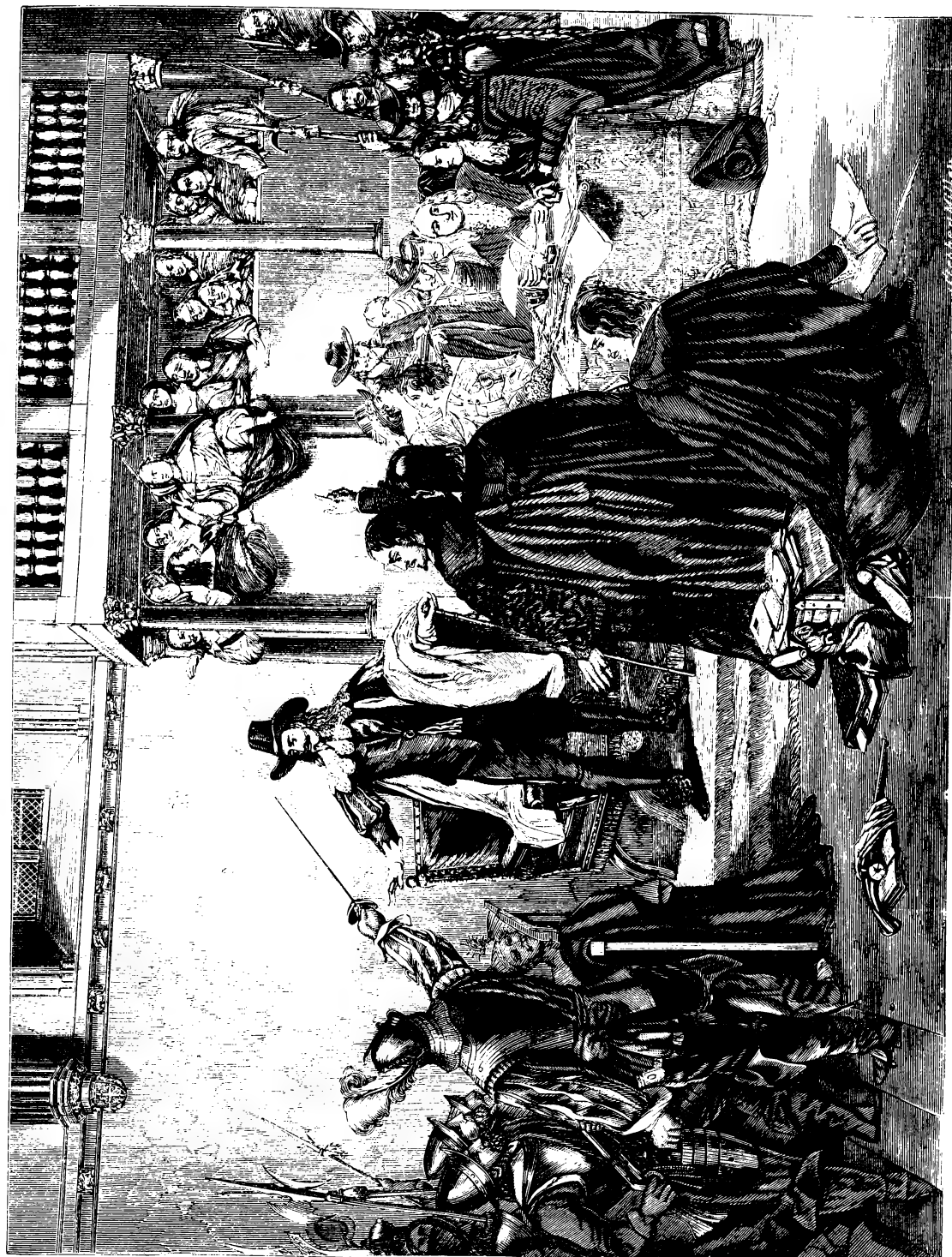
error, a dishonour, and a great peril to the country ;" and this was followed by a vote ordering the removal of the king from Hurst Castle to Windsor. In conformity with it, a troop of horse, commanded by Major Harrison, made its appearance at the small fortress which Charles had entered tremblingly on the 18th of December, and to his delight, conducted him away to the ancient residence of the kings of England. On the road, at Bagshot, the seat of Lord Newburgh, with whom Charles had been long in secret correspondence, an attempt was made to procure his escape; but he himself prevented it, his anticipations running as high as ever that he would soon be resealed on the throne, and able to take revenge upon all his enemies. He told his friends "that he had yet three games to play, the least of which left hope of regaining all;" in reply to which Lord Newburgh could do nothing but bow, and unsaddle the swift horses which he had held ready for the flight of his sovereign. Met along the road by crowds, which increased as they came nearer to the capital, Major Harrison's troopers slowly conducted the king to Windsor, treating him very deferentially, but keeping their pistols sharp loaded in the holster, as if dimly suspecting his "three games." On the 23rd of December Charles was safely lodged in the royal castle, and on the same day the House of Commons appointed a committee of thirty-eight of its members "to consider of drawing up a charge against the king, and all other delinquents that may be thought fit to bring to condign punishment."

On the first day of the year 1649, the thirty-eight delivered in their report, which was immediately adopted by the house, and issued in the form of an ordinance commanding the trial of "Charles Stuart." It was stated in the preamble, "that the said Charles Stuart, being admitted king of England, and therein trusted with a limited power to govern by and according to the laws of the land, and not otherwise, and by his trust, oath, and office, being obliged to use the power committed to him for the good and benefit of the people, and for the preservation of their rights and liberties; yet nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power to rule according to his will, and to overthrow the rights and liberties of his people, yea, to take away and make void the foundations thereof, and of all redress and remedy of misgovernment, which, by the fundamental constitution of this kingdom, were reserved on the people's behalf, in the right and power of frequent and successive parliaments, or national meetings in council: he, the said Charles Stuart, for the accomplishing of such of his designs and for the protecting of himself and his adherents in his and their wicked practices, to the same ends hath traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present parliament and the people therein represented." On the basis of this preamble, the ordinance provided for the establishment of a special High Court of Justice, to try the question of fact as to whether Charles Stuart, king of England, had or had not been guilty of the treason of levying war against the nation. The day after it had been passed, the 2nd of January, the bill was sent from the commons to the lords, but, as expected beforehand, was dis-

missed immediately by the peers. Thereupon the members of the lower house assembled within closed doors, and passed a portentous resolution. It was to the effect, "that the commons of England, in parliament assembled, do declare that the people are, under God, the origin of all just power; and do declare that the commons of England, in parliament assembled, being chosen to represent the people, have the supreme power in this nation; and do further declare that whatsoever is enacted as law by the commons of England, in parliament assembled, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are bound thereby, although the consent and concurrence of king or House of Peers be not had thereunto." Thus the lords were annihilated before the axe was laid on the throne.

The formal Act for the trial of the king and constitution of the already decreed High Court of Justice was passed by the commons on the 6th of January. By the terms of the Act, the High Court was made to consist of one hundred and thirty-five judges, or commissioners, any twenty of which were empowered to act in the name of the whole body. The list of commissioners, who were appointed at once, included three generals, Cromwell, Fairfax, and Ireton, and thirty-four colonels of the army; and for the rest was made up of country gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, and the principal members of the House of Commons. There were three serjeants-at-law among the number, Bradshaw, Nicholas, and Thorpe; three lords, Lisle, Mounson, and Grey of Groby; four aldermen of the city of London, Andrews, Fowkes, Pennington, and Wilson; and twenty-two baronets, knights, and younger sons of peers. The commissioners, assembling for the first time on the 8th of January, elected Serjeant John Bradshaw, member of an old Cheshire family, and a lawyer of high repute, to be their lord-president; while four other lawyers, Coke, Steele, Aske, and Dorilaus, were appointed to conduct the prosecution. All preliminaries having been completed, a herald-at-arms, followed by an officer of the House of Commons bearing the mace on his shoulder, and preceded by mounted guards, rode, high on horseback, into Westminster Hall, and amidst the sound of trumpets announced the forthcoming trial of Charles Stuart, king of England, inviting all men to bring in what evidence they might possess towards the charge or discharge of the accused. While the trumpets were quavering in the great hall, and the herald reading his proclamation, the commons in the adjoining building voted, on the proposition of Henry Marten, member for Berkshire, that the great seal of state hitherto in use should be destroyed, and another substituted in its stead. The new instrument was ordered to bear the inscription on one side, "The great seal of England," and on the other, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored."

The place appointed for the sittings of the High Court of Justice was at the upper end of Westminster Hall, on the site of the courts of King's Bench and Chancery, the partition between which was taken down, so as to throw the two into one vast chamber. The space thus obtained was divided, by strong bars placed across its breadth, about forty feet from the north end, into two compartments of unequal



TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

size, the first, or smallest one, under the great window, being reserved for the court itself; and the other, opening by a wide Gothic portal into Westminster Hall, for the public and soldiers, the latter again separated from each other by a low railing. A raised platform, with a crimson velvet seat on it, was placed in the centre of the compartment reserved for the High Court, as the seat of the lord-president; while a number of benches, rising in the form of an amphitheatre, around and behind him, were reserved for the judges, facing whom, and separated from them by an open space, containing nothing but a square table, was the arm-chair, railed in by a bar, assigned to the king. The drawing up of a heavy mass of documentary evidence delayed the opening of the trial till Saturday, the 20th of January, on which day, Charles, having been previously escorted from Windsor Castle to St. James's Palace, was led to his velvet-covered arm-chair, somewhat throne-like in appearance, the great Gothic portal, leading into Westminster Hall, having been previously thrown open, giving ingress to a vast crowd of people, who were kept in order and silence by a numerous body of halberdiers. The king was brought into court by a guard of thirty-two officers, under Colonel Hacker, and having been received by the serjeant-at-arms, bearing the mace, was conducted by the latter to his chair. After gazing with an expression of contempt upon the judges, Charles seated himself for a moment, but presently rose again, and turning round, began to examine the crowd at his back. There was a sea of hard, thoughtful, many-wrinkled Puritan faces, but apparently few among them able to comprehend the doctrine of kings being persons of semi-divine nature, irresponsible for their deeds; and having gazed at the multitude for a minute or two, Charles sat down once more, his countenance full of lofty disdain.

After a minute's silence, John Bradshaw arose on his seat, addressing the king, who was fronting him with angry look, his hat drawn over his eyes, and twirling in his hands a gold headed cane in the form of a sceptre. "Charles Stuart, king of England," exclaimed the lord-president, "the commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation, which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood; and, according to that debt and duty they owe to justice, to God, the nation, and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and for that purpose have constituted this High Court of Justice, before which you are brought." Charles sat still while being addressed, looking at the judges with an ineffable air of disdain; but he sprang up a moment after, when John Coke, one of the public prosecutors, acting as attorney-general, who was standing near him, began to read the act of accusation. On Coke commencing, "My lord, I am come to charge Charles Stuart, king of England, in the name of all the commons of England, with treason and high misdemeanours," the king interrupted him, and, lifting his cane, struck him several times on the shoulder, while crying, "Hold! hold!" Coke turned round, surprised and irritated, and the movement twisting the gold-headed stick which Charles was swinging, its top

fell off on the ground. At sight of the fancy sceptre rolling at his feet, the king's face got suddenly pale, deep consternation being marked in all his features; and an attendant approaching to pick up the little piece of gold, he hastily bent forward himself to do so, and then leaning back in his seat, appeared for some minutes to be lost in thought. Though with little faith in justice and truth, Charles profoundly believed in evil omens.

The attorney-general, as soon as the king had relapsed into some propriety of behaviour, began anew the act of accusation. It enumerated the various contests and battles of the civil war, specifying those of Nottingham, Edge Hill, and Keynton Field, of Newbury, of Leicester, of Marston Moor, and of Naseby, in all which, it was said, "he, Charles Stuart, king of England, caused thousands of the free people of the nation to be slain, and by divisions within the land, invasions from foreign parts, and other means, carried on the said wars by land and sea; and particularly for that purpose gave commissions to his son, his nephew, the Prince Rupert, and others. By which unnatural wars much innocent blood of the free people of this nation hath been spilt, families undone, the public treasury wasted and exhausted, trade decayed, and parts of the land spoiled even to desolation." "All which wicked designs and wars," the charge concluded, "were carried on for the advancement of a personal interest of will and power, and a pretended prerogative to himself and his family, against the liberty and peace of the nation, by and for whom he was intrusted with a limited power to govern according to the laws. And for the said treasons and crimes, the commons, in parliament assembled, have impeached and do impeach the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England, and ordered that he shall be put to answer the premises, and that proceedings shall be had in conformity with justice and the laws." During the reading of the charge, Charles seemed completely unmoved, "looking," as described by an eye-witness, "sometimes on the High Court, sometimes up to the galleries, and sometimes, rising, turned about to behold the guards and spectators." On the attorney-general pronouncing the words "tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England," the king appeared greatly amused. "He laughed," as stated by the same eye-witness, "in the face of the court."

The reading of the act of accusation having come to an end, lord-president Bradshaw once more addressed Charles. "You have heard," he said briefly, "the charge against you delivered, and the court now expects your answer." The king hesitated for a moment, and then began, confused and stuttering, "I would know by what power I am called hither? I was not long ago in the Isle of Wight: how I came there is a longer story than is fit at this time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both houses of parliament, with as much public faith as it is possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated there with a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly. I cannot say but they did very nobly with me, and

we were upon the conclusion of a treaty. Now I would know by what authority, I mean lawful—there are many unlawful authorities in the world, thieves and robbers by the highways—but I would know by what authority I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place, and when I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer.” Here Charles made a short pause, and then continued, with rather untimely pathos, bringing up the divine-right doctrine, “Remember, I am your king, your lawful king, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say, think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater. Let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. In the mean time, I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent, and I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority. Therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me.” To which Bradshaw replied, “Sir, if you had been pleased to have observed what was said to you by the court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority—which authority requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer.” “I deny that,” cried Charles; and, continuing in the same strain, went on to assert his irresponsibility as a king, till at last Bradshaw told him that he could be heard no longer. “The court expects you,” said the lord-president, “to give them a final answer, and will adjourn for that purpose till Monday next. If you do not satisfy yourself, we are satisfied with our authority, which is that of God and the nation.” Charles was about to begin again, but on a sign from the president, the guards approached and marched him off through the dense crowd of people in the rear, a few of whom exclaimed, as he passed along, “God save the king!” while others shouted “Justice! justice!”

On Sunday, the 21st of January, the judges of the High Court held a fast together at Whitehall, the chaplain of the commander-in-chief, Hugh Peters, preaching before them on the text of the ninth chapter of Genesis: “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” On Monday morning the court held a private sitting in the Painted Chamber, and in the afternoon Charles was again brought before it, seventy commissioners of the whole number being present. The space allowed to spectators was more densely crowded than on the Saturday, but the king this time seemed to shrink from the public gaze, seemingly lost in thought. Silence having been proclaimed by the sergeant-at-arms in the usual form, the lord-president began to address Charles. “Sir,” he exclaimed, “you may remember at the last court you heard a charge read against you containing an accusation of high treason and other crimes against this realm of England; you heard likewise that it was prayed, on behalf of the people, that you should give an answer to that charge. You were then pleased to make some scruples concerning the authority of this court, saying you knew not by what authority you were brought hither; and you were answered that it was by authority of the commons of England, assembled in parliament, that

did think fit to call you to account for those high and capital misdemeanours wherewith you were then charged. Since that, the court has taken into consideration what you then said: they are fully satisfied with their own authority, and they hold it fit you should stand satisfied with it too. They do expect you should either confess or deny the charge: if you deny, it is offered, on behalf of the kingdom, to be made good against you. Their authority they do avow to the whole world, and the nation being satisfied with it, so you are to rest satisfied.” The president having ceased speaking, Charles appeared to hesitate for a while, but after a short reflection repeated what he had said two days before, that the High Court had no “legality,” and that “a king cannot be tried by any jurisdiction on earth.” After discoursing for a while in this strain, Bradshaw cried, “I must interrupt you, Sir, which I would not do but that what you say is not agreeable to the proceedings of any court of justice. You are entering into arguments and disputes concerning the authority of this court, before whom you appear as a prisoner and are charged as a high delinquent. If you take upon you to dispute the authority of the court, we cannot entertain it, nor would any court give way unto it. You are demanded to submit, and to give a punctual and direct answer whether you are guilty of the crimes with which you stand charged, or not.” The king made no reply, but began twirling once more his gold-headed cane.

After a moment’s silence, the lord-president bowed to the clerk of the court, Andrew Broughton, and the latter, standing upright at the table in front of the king, took up a paper. “Charles Stuart, king of England,” he read slowly, “you have been accused, on behalf of the people of England, of high treason and other crimes, and the court have determined that you ought to answer the charge.” “I will answer,” cried the king, interrupting, and visibly excited, “so soon as I know by what authority you do this.” Bradshaw immediately replied, “If this be all that you will say, you may leave;” and, addressing the guards, “You that brought the prisoner hither, take charge of him back again.” Charles now appeared to feel abashed. “But,” he cried, “I do require that I may give in my reasons why I do not answer, and that you give me time for that.” “Sir,” Bradshaw answered sternly, “it is not for prisoners to say that they require.” “Prisoners!” exclaimed the king: “Sir, remember I am not an ordinary prisoner.” Not choosing to notice the petulant remark, the lord-president went on to repeat once more his former demand. “The court,” he said, “hath considered carefully, and has confirmed its jurisdiction: if you will not answer, we will give order to record your default.” “But, Sir,” again interrupted Charles, “you have never heard my reasons.” “Your reasons,” answered the president, “as they are but protests against the jurisdiction of the court, cannot be heard.” “Show me that jurisdiction,” cried the king, more and more irritated. “We have shown you already, and told you,” said Bradshaw, “that it lies in the commons of England.” “The next time you are brought here,” he added, with some severity, “you will know more of the pleasure of the court, and it

may be the final determination." Not wincing under the threat, Charles continued, "Sir, show me wherever the House of Commons was a court of judicature of that kind." "Take away the prisoner," exclaimed the president, addressing the guards. The halberdiers came marching up, but Charles was still too excited to subdue into dignified silence. "Remember, sir," he cried, "that the king is not suffered to give in his reasons for the liberty and freedom of all his subjects." The words were so indiscreet as to tempt Bradshaw into a reply. "You have no right," he observed with bitterness, "to use this language. All England, nay, all the world are judge how great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people." With this he made another sign to the guards to approach. "Well, Sir!" was all that Charles could say when escorted out of the court, met once more by the shouts of the spectators, of "God save the king!" and "Justice! justice!"

The third day of the trial, Tuesday, the 23rd of January, was taken up as before, with constantly-reiterated protests of the king against the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which he was placed. "As for the charge," he exclaimed, after a lengthened altercation with the president, "I value it not a rush; it is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new court that I never heard of before—I that am your king, that should be an example to all the people of England for to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws—indeed, I know not how to do it." After interrupting the king several times, Bradshaw at last told him that he could be heard no longer. "This is the third time," the president exclaimed, "that you have publicly disowned this court, and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the privileges of the people, your actions have spoken it; for truly, Sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions, and you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the whole kingdom." Then to the guards: "You that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again." "Sir," broke in Charles, "I will only say this one word more to you. If it were only my own particular case, I would not say any more, nor interrupt you, but—" "You have heard the pleasure of the court," exclaimed the lord-president, "and you will find, notwithstanding your not wishing to understand it, that you are truly before a court of justice."

The king having been led away, the members of the High Court proceeded to the examination of witnesses for the charge that he had taken part in a number of battles during the civil war, and given orders leading to the effusion of blood. The formality occupied the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, and on Friday, the 26th of January, the court met in a long private sitting, and agreed upon the sentence, which was ordered to be at once engrossed. Once more, in the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th of January, the great Gothic door leading into Westminster Hall was thrown open to the public, and every nook and corner having been filled in an instant, Charles was led into court with the ceremonies employed on former occasions. He now looked extraordinarily pale and careworn, but took his seat

in his usual manner, with his hat on, not deigning even to give a look to the crowd of soldiers and citizens behind him, numbers of which were shouting, "Justice!" and others, "Execution!" Order having been enforced after some little lapse of time by the ushers and guards on duty, the king was the first to take the word. It was whispered about that his majesty, to save his life, meant to abdicate the throne in favour of his eldest son, and thereupon deep silence came over the vast assembly.

"I desire to be heard," exclaimed Charles, his lips twitching nervously, "and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption." "You may answer in time, but hear the court first," said the lord-president. "If it please you, Sir," continued the king, in great agitation, "I desire to be heard; I shall not give any occasion of interruption, and it is only a word. A sudden judgment—" Bradshaw cut his speech short. "You shall be heard in due time," he repeated, "but you must hear the court first." "Sir, what I desire," stuttered the king, with increasing excitement, "what I desire, it will be in order to what I believe the court will say. Sir, an hasty judgment is not so soon recalled." "You shall be heard before the judgment be given," replied the president, "and in the mean time you may forbear." "Well, Sir, shall I be heard before the judgment be given?" Charles asked, earnestly. "You shall be heard," confirmed the president, consulting with some of the other judges, and then began his address to the court. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "it is well known to you that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times brought before this court to make answer to a charge of treason, and other high crimes exhibited against him in the name of the people of England; but that he hath been so far from obeying the commands of the court, as to begin to take upon him to offer reasoning and debate upon the authority of the court, and of that highest court that constituted them to try and judge him; and though being overruled in this, he hath still continued contumacious, and refused to submit or to answer. Hereupon the court, that they might not be wanting to themselves, and to the trust reposed in them, nor that any man's wilfulness prevent justice to be done, have considered of the charge. They have considered of the contumacy, and of that confession which in law doth arise upon that contumacy; they have likewise considered of the notoriety of the fact charged upon this prisoner; and upon the whole matter they are resolved, and are agreed upon a sentence to be pronounced against this prisoner. But in respect that he doth desire to be heard before the sentence be read and pronounced, the court hath resolved that they will hear him." "Yet, Sir," he continued, addressing Charles, "thus much I must tell you beforehand, that if that which you have to say be to offer any debate concerning the jurisdiction of the court, you are not to be heard in it. You have offered it formerly, and you struck at the root, that is the power and supreme authority of the commons of England, which this court will not admit a debate of. But, Sir, if you have anything to say in defence of yourself, concerning the matter charged, the court hath given me in command to tell you that they will hear you."

Once more the silence within the vast assembly was intense. The passing minute was to decide whether a king's life would have to be taken to procure a nation's liberty, or whether the great end could be obtained without the sacrifice, terrible in the eyes of thousands. All present seemed to expect that Charles would attempt to disarm the deep antagonism against him by resigning his royal office, but the words that came from his lips not quite realized these hopes. "Since I see that you will not hear me," he exclaimed, addressing the president of the High Court, and assuming a much loftier tone than before, "concerning that which, I confess, I thought most material for the peace of the kingdom and for the liberty of the subject, I shall waive it, and speak nothing to it. But only I must tell you that this many a day all things have been taken away from me, but what I call more dear to me than my life, which is my conscience and my honour. And if I had a respect to my life more than the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject, certainly I should have made a particular defence for myself; for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence, which I believe will pass upon me. Therefore, certainly, Sir, as a man that hath some understanding, some knowledge of the world, if that my true zeal to my country had not overborne the care that I have for my own preservation, I should have gone another way to work than that I have done. Now, Sir, I conceive that an hasty sentence, once passed, may sooner be repented of than recalled; and truly, the selfsame desire that I have for the peace of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at last desire, before sentence be given, that I may be heard in the Painted Chamber before the lords and commons. This delay cannot be prejudicial to you, whatsoever I say: if that I say be no reason, those that hear me must be judges; if it be reason, and really for the welfare of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, I am sure it is very well worth the hearing. Therefore I do conjure you, as you love that that you pretend—I hope it is real—the liberty of the subject, the peace of the kingdom, that you will grant me this hearing before any sentence be passed. I only desire this, that you will take this into your consideration. It may be you have not heard of it beforehand. If you will, I'll retire, and you may think of it; but if I cannot get this liberty, I do protest that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your king."

The words of the king, though extremely vague in their meaning, appeared to make some impression upon various members of the court, giving rise to the demand that they should retire for further deliberation. For a moment it seemed probable that if Charles would but throw himself upon the mercy of his judges, and at once announce his abdication, the greater number of them might be inclined to stop the passing of the sentence upon him, and, if nothing else, insist that his life should be spared. However, as yet there was no allusion even to any wish on the king's part to abdicate, and the whole question before the court being as to whether the desired conference "in the Painted Chamber, before the lords and

commons," should be granted to him, it necessarily took the form of a denial. Though still nominally in existence, the upper house of parliament in reality had been abolished by the vote of the commons, passed at the beginning of the year, which declared the "supreme power" residing solely in them; so that it had become impossible for the members of the High Court to call the lords upon the stage once more, and by so doing invest them with at least an outward form of authority. After retiring for a short time to deliberate on the demand made by the king, the court returned to give its decision by the mouth of the lord-president. "Sir, you were pleased to make a motion," said Bradshaw, speaking in a rather laboured style, "to offer a desire of yours touching the propounding of somewhat to the lords and commons in the Painted Chamber, for the peace of the kingdom. Sir, you did in effect receive an answer before the court adjourned. Truly, Sir, their withdrawing and adjournment was 'pro forma tantum,' for it did not seem to them that there was any difficulty in the thing. They now have considered of what you have moved, and have considered of their own authority. Sir, the return I have to you from the court is this: That they have been too much delayed by you already, and this that you now offer hath occasioned some little further delay. They are judges appointed by the highest authority, and judges are no more to delay than they are to deny justice. These are good words in the great old charter of England: 'Nulli negabimus, nulli vendemus, nulli differemus justitiam.' There must be no delay; but the truth is, Sir, and so every man here observes it, that you have much delayed them already in your contempt and default, for which they might long since have proceeded to judgment against you. And notwithstanding what you have offered, they are resolved to proceed to punishment and to judgment, and that is their unanimous resolution."

Charles listened in silence, his features, of ashy paleness, being stirred now and then by a slight nervous twitch. A short pause intervening after the president's address, he began to speak again, but in a tone of deep humility, such as had never yet come from his lips. "Sir, I know it is vain for me to dispute," he cried. "I am no sceptic for to deny the power that you have: I know that you have power enough. But, Sir, I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace if you would have taken the pains to have shown the lawfulness of your power. For this delay that I have desired, it is a delay very important for the peace of the kingdom. For it is not my person that I look at alone; it is the kingdom's welfare and the kingdom's peace. It is an old sentence, that we should think long before we resolve on great matters. Therefore, Sir, I must put at your doors all the inconveniency of a hasty sentence. I have been here now, I think, this week. This day eight days was the day I came here first; but a little delay of a day or two further may give peace, whereas a hasty judgment may bring on that trouble and perpetual inconveniency to the kingdom that the child that is unborn may repent it. And therefore again, out of the duty I owe to God and to my country, I do desire that I may be heard by the

lords and commons in the Painted Chamber, or any other chamber that you will appoint me." Humble, and yet imbued with quiet dignity—not unworthy of a better king than Charles—as was the appeal, it proved necessarily vain. "Sir," said Bradshaw, after another moment's pause, "you have been already answered to what you even now moved, it being the same you moved before. The court now requires to know whether you have any more to say for yourself than you have said, before they proceed to sentence." "I say this," interrupted Charles, speaking eagerly, as if under the influence of great agitation, "that if you will give me but this delay, I doubt not but I shall give some satisfaction to you all here, and to my people after that; and therefore I do require you, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you consider it once again." "Sir, I have received direction from the court," replied Bradshaw, perceptibly startled by the solemn address of the king. "Well, Sir!" urged Charles. "To your repeated demand," continued Bradshaw, "the answer must be the same. The court will proceed to sentence, if you have nothing more to say." The king paused for a moment, and then cried, slowly, "I have nothing more to say, but I shall desire that it may be entered what I have said."

The lord-president now arose on his seat to deliver judgment, prefacing it by a long speech in vindication of the equity of the sentence. After laying it down as a fundamental rule of government that, "as the law is superior to the king, so there is something superior to the law, which is the people itself, the source of the law, by whom and for whom it is made," he went on to pass in review the whole of the reign of Charles, showing how its tendency had been from the commencement to overthrow all constitutional safeguards, established to protect the liberty of the nation, and to set up in their stead a despotism of the most baneful kind. He then exhibited the gradual development of the king's attempts to reign unchecked into the breaking out of intestine war, for which he made him responsible as the sole author. "All the bloody murders," exclaimed Bradshaw, addressing the king, "which have been committed since the time that the division was betwixt you and your people, which have been acted in these late wars, must be laid to your charge. And if any man will ask us what punishment is due to a murderer, let God's law, let man's law speak. I will presume that you are so well read in Scripture as to know what God himself hath said concerning the shedding of man's blood. Genesis, the ninth chapter, and Numbers, the thirty-fifth, will tell you what the punishment is. This court, in behalf of the whole kingdom, are sensible of what innocent blood hath been shed; whereby, indeed, the land stands still defiled with blood, and, as the text hath it, can no way be cleansed but by the shedding of the blood of him that caused its being shed. We know of no dispensation from the commandment 'Thou shalt do no murder;' we do not know but that it extends to the greatest kings as well as to the meanest peasants." After dwelling on the recklessness of Charles in bringing ruin and misery over the nation, for no other object than that of serving his vanity and ambition,

the president continued: "Sir, all that I shall say more, before the reading of your sentence, is that the court doth heartily desire that you will seriously think of the sins you are guilty of. You said well to us the other day, you wished us to have God before our eyes. Truly, Sir, I trust all of us have so. That God who, we know, is a King of kings and Lord of lords; that God with whom there is no respecter of persons; that God who is the avenger of innocent blood: we have that God before us. Clerk, read the sentence."

"O-yes! O-yes! Silence! Silence!" cried the ushers, after which the clerk proceeded to read the judgment. It recited the act of the House of Commons establishing the High Court of Justice, the charges exhibited against the king, his refusal to reply to them, or to admit the jurisdiction of the court, and the consequent necessity to try him in contumacy. The judgment further stated that, for the greater satisfaction of the Court, a number of witnesses had been examined upon oath touching the charge; and that, on mature deliberation of all points, and consideration being had of the notoriety of the matters of fact exhibited against the prisoner, the court was in conscience satisfied that the accused Charles Stuart, king of England, was guilty of all the charges laid against him, and that he had been and was "the occasioner, author, and continuer of the unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, and therein guilty of high treason, and of the murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischiefs to the nation acted and committed in the said wars, and occasioned thereby." "For all which treasons and crimes," the clerk finished his reading, "this court doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body."

There was a minute's silence; then the lord-president rose again. "The sentence now read and published," he exclaimed, "is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." On these words the whole of the members of the High Court rose in a body, to signify their assent to the judgment. Every one within the vast hall stood upright, except Charles, who once more seemed lost in meditation. All on a sudden he roused himself, exclaiming, "Will you hear me a word, Sir?" "You are not to be heard after the sentence," replied Bradshaw. "No, Sir?" echoed the king, in a tone of entreaty. "No, Sir; by your favour," repeated the president; adding, "Guards, withdraw your prisoner!" The agitation of Charles seemed to increase terribly. "I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir," he stammered; "I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir, by your favour—" "Hold!" exclaimed Bradshaw. "The sentence, Sir!" Charles cried piteously; "I say, Sir, I do"—"Guards, remove your prisoner!" once more ordered the president. "I am not suffered to speak!" ejaculated the king: "Expect what justice the people will have." Before he could say more, Charles was led away by the soldiers, whose iron halberds went clanging on the floor, while the people in the background rent the air with shouts of "Justice! Justice! Execution!"

'After the king had left, the judges of the High Court held another private sitting, at which it was decided that the sentence which they had passed should be carried out on the morning of Tuesday, the 30th of January, the open space in front of Whitehall being fixed upon as the place of execution. Charles received the notice of it with the greatest calm, only asking, as a last favour, that his youngest son and daughter might be brought to him to take farewell, and that Dr. Juxon, bishop of London, should be allowed to spend with him the few days he had to rest upon earth. These requests were immediately granted, and on the afternoon of Saturday Juxon had a long interview with the king, while in the evening he preached before him at St. James's Palace, taking for text the sixteenth verse of the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel." The sad farewell meeting of Charles with his two children took place on the following day, Sunday, the 28th of January. There had been at first, after the capture of the king by the troops, three of his children in England; but the eldest of them, James duke of York, now about fifteen years old, had escaped to the continent some months before, not being strictly guarded, and the two now remaining were the Princess Elizabeth, of the age of nearly thirteen, and the duke of Gloucester, in his ninth year. The interview with them was tender and affecting in the extreme, though Charles did not entirely forget the king over the father.

Holding firm to the idea of his life, that England must be an absolute monarchy, and that the kingdom could not exist without some member of his family being at the head of it, Charles took great pains to impress his little son with the fact that the crown did not belong to him, but to his eldest brother. "Mark, child, what I say," he exclaimed, drawing the poor boy towards him, and grasping his hands fixedly; "they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark me, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live." To enforce his precept, Charles added, "They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head at last, too; and therefore I charge thee do not be made a king by them." To which, according to the narrator of the scene, Sir Thomas Herbert, the child answered, "I will be torn in pieces first;" which "ready reply, from so young an infant," it is said, "filled the king's eyes with tears of admiration and pleasure." Having instructed his little son, Charles addressed himself to his daughter. He bade her to tell her mother that his affections had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to the last; and he further enjoined upon her to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, "that it was his father's final desire that after his death he should no longer look on his brother Charles merely as his eldest brother, but should be obedient to him as his sovereign." At parting, the king commanded both his children to place themselves entirely under the orders of their mother, and to be submissive to her in all and every respect. It was evident that uppermost in all the thoughts of Charles was his wife—a wife who, as the whole world knew, was

living, and had been living for years, in open adultery with another man. In his domestic life, as in his political career, nothing was so conspicuous in the character of the unhappy monarch about to suffer death as his utter inability to open his eyes to the patent facts of the world.

On the morning of Monday, the 29th of January, the members of the High Court of Justice assembled once more at Westminster, for the purpose of drawing up and engrossing the death-warrant of Charles. The warrant, addressed "to Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-colonel Phayr," officers of the guards in whose charge the king had been placed, was stern and concise. "Whereas," it ran, "Charles Stuart, king of England, is, and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of high treason and other high crimes; and sentence, upon Saturday last, was pronounced against him by this court, to be put to death, by the severing of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done: These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed, in the open street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant. And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and others the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service." The document was signed by fifty-nine members of the High Court of Justice, first among them, in order of signature, the names of John Bradshaw, Lord Grey of Groby, and Oliver Cromwell. Together with the death-warrant, there was issued an order to the officers of the ordnance within the Tower of London, to deliver to Edward Denby, esquire, the serjeant-at-arms of the High Court, "the bright axe for the execution of malefactors." An injunction was likewise issued that "the king's scaffold be covered with black cloth;" and private notice was forwarded to Richard Brandon, the common hangman, that he and his assistant, Ralph Jones, should attend to their duties upon the morrow, in the open street before Whitehall. Richard Brandon, thus called upon to perform a deed new and strange in the annals of England, had already distinguished himself in his craft, having served his apprenticeship by cutting off the head of the earl of Strafford.

The night preceding his execution Charles slept soundly for four hours, awaking a little before six o'clock. It was a bitterly cold morning, and the first thing he did was to issue orders to his attendant, Sir Thomas Herbert, who was resting on a pallet by his bedside, to give him his warmest clothes. "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," he cried, "by reason the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation, for I fear not death. Death is not terrible to me." Soon after the king was dressed, Bishop Juxon came to him, in conformity with an appointment made the night before, and they had a private meeting of above an hour, at which no one else was present. The interview over, Sir Thomas Herbert was called in,

when the bishop began praying, and reading the twenty-seventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, describing the passion of Christ, which happened to be the lesson of the day by the calendar of the Church of England. The king next received the sacrament, after which he exclaimed, with a cheerful countenance, "Now let the rogues come; I have heartily forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." Before long the clock struck ten, and with the stroke there was a soft knock at the door. "Come in," cried the king, and Colonel Hacker entered. "Sir," the visitor exclaimed in a low voice, broken by emotion, "it is time to go to Whitehall, but you will have some further time to rest there." "I will go directly," said Charles, and taking Bishop Juxon by the hand, he followed the colonel, who led the way out of the back door of St. James's Palace into the park, the guards under him closing in at the rear. Several companies of foot soldiers were drawn up in St. James's Park, forming a double line from the palace to Whitehall, through which the king marched, with Dr. Juxon to his right, and Colonel Tomlinson, the officer on duty, to the left, preceded by a detachment of halberdiers, with banners flying and drums beating. Arrived at Whitehall, there was some delay, the carpenters and other artisans not having quite finished their task of building up the scaffold and hanging it with black cloth; and the king, while awaiting his doom, had to enter a chamber which had formerly served him as his private cabinet, from which he had issued his first decrees in the struggle with the parliament, and where he had signed the death-warrant of the earl of Strafford. The room adjoined the scaffold, and the man in black who had despatched the earl, could look in at the window, leaning on his axe.

When led upon the scaffold, through an opening that had been broken in the wall, the king found it surrounded by a vast multitude, and by several companies of horse and foot, who kept the people at a little distance from the black stage. Charles was prepared to address the spectators, but perceiving that his voice would not be able to reach many of them, he contented himself with delivering an harangue to the few persons around him, the bishop of London, Colonel Hacker, Colonel Tomlinson, and several other officers. "I shall be very little heard of by anybody else," he exclaimed, "and shall therefore speak a word to you here. Indeed, I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as to the punishment. But I think it is my duty to God and to my country to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian. I shall begin first with my innocence. Indeed, I think it not very needful to insist long upon this, for all the world knows that I did never begin a war with the two houses of parliament; and I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly make an account, that I did never intend to encroach upon their privileges. They began upon me; it is the militia they began upon. They confessed

the militia was mine, but they thought fit to have it from me; and if anybody will look to the dates of the commissions, of their commissions and of mine, and likewise to the declarations, he will see clearly that they began these troubles, and not I. So that as for the guilt of these enormous crimes that are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should lay it upon the two houses of parliament; there is no necessity of it either. I hope they are free of this guilt, for I believe that ill instruments between them and me have been the cause of all this bloodshed; so that, as I find myself clear of this, I hope and pray God that they may be too. Yet for all this, God forbid I should be so ill a Christian as not to say God's judgments are just upon me; many times he doth pay justice by an unjust sentence." Charles then went on to dwell upon the necessity of the nation possessing a chief ruling by divine right, telling his hearers, "You shall never go right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give God his due, and the king his due: that is my successor." While he was speaking, one of the bystanders approached the axe, on which the king interrupted himself, exclaiming, "Take care! take care! Hurt not the axe: that may hurt me." Then addressing the executioner near him, whose face, as well as that of his assistant, was hidden under a black mask, Charles cried, "I shall say but a very short prayer, and when I thrust out my hands, you strike." The veiled head nodded.

Intense silence now hung over the vast crowd gathered around the foot of the scaffold. While taking off his doublet, and exchanging his hat for a silk cap, under which he carefully tucked his long hair, grown perfectly white within the last few months, the king once more addressed Bishop Juxon. "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side," he said, with a firm voice. "There is but one stage more," replied the bishop; "this stage is turbulent and troublesome. It is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way: it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort." "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible world," continued Charles, "to a world where no disturbance can be." "You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown," exhorted the bishop; "truly, a good exchange." Having prayed for several minutes, the king took the cross of St. George from his neck and handed it to Dr. Juxon, exclaiming, "Remember!" None knew the meaning of the word.

Praying, the king sank upon his knees, stretching his neck across the block. A minute after he lifted up his hands. The hangman whirled his glittering axe in the air; a stream of red blood gushed forth, and a lifeless body fell upon the ground. Bending down, the man in the black mask seized the head that had borne a crown for near a quarter of a century, and swinging it by its long snowy locks, waved it over the edge of the scaffold, shouting, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE execution of Charles I. produced an effect as deep as it was lasting. Kings had perished before under the sword and the battle-axe, but a king had never yet been put to trial for his actions, been judged by his subjects, and been led to the scaffold in the open light of day; so that the new spectacle which England and the world had witnessed came upon all with the startling issue of something ineffable, which ordinary men's minds could scarcely comprehend at once. Even those who were furthest away from approving the dire real tragedy performed in front of Whitehall, could scarcely help admiring, if only in the secret recesses of their own hearts, the boldness of the deed, and still more its publicity and solemnity. Apart from the legal question as to the king's having been guilty of what was called, for want of a better name, high treason, it was the grandest proclamation that had ever taken place of the responsibility of all human beings, however exalted by power, rank, and birth, for their actions, and of the equality of all before the throne of justice and of God. The act, there was no doubt, was that of a comparatively small number of men, but this scarcely detracted from its grandeur and impressiveness, since this minority, which had grasped the helm of state and become the ruling power in the realm, represented and included all that England possessed of social, political, and religious worth. Whatever the faults and errors of Oliver Cromwell and his associates, they had high aims, they took straight roads in accomplishing their objects, and they were terribly in earnest. And all England acknowledged their supreme worth and earnestness by bowing before them as before true guides and rulers of men.

Thoughtful as were the leaders into whose hands the guidance of the nation had fallen, they proceeded very quietly and unobtrusively in changing the outward form of government. On the same day on which sentence was delivered upon the king, the House of Commons passed a short Act, ordering that in all courts of law, as well as in all writs, grants, and judgments, the style to be used henceforth should be in the name of "the keepers of the liberty of England by the authority of parliament," or, as in the original, "*custodes libertatis Angliæ auctoritate parliamenti.*" All jurors, by the same Act, were ordered to be termed "*Juratores pro republicâ,*" instead of "*pro domino rege;*" and all indictments to conclude "*contra pacem publicam,*" in lieu of "*contra pacem, dignitatem, et coronam nostram.*" On the twenty-ninth of January, the day before the execution of Charles, an Act was brought in making it treasonable to recognize any king in England without the authority of parliament; and having been read for the third time and voted on the thirtieth, proclamation of it was made the same day by the sergeant-at-arms at Cheapside, the Old Exchange, and Westminster. A week after, on the 6th of February, the House of Lords was formally abolished by a resolution proclaiming it to be "useless and dangerous;" and on

the day following it was further voted "that the office of a king in this nation, and to have the power in a single person, is unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people." Immediately after, steps were taken to establish a new executive in place of the parliamentary committees which had hitherto carried on the functions of government, and whose action was necessarily slow and cumbersome. It was determined that the future administration of the realm should be under a Council of State, to consist of forty persons, who were to remain in office for one year, but able to be reappointed by the commons. The election of the Council occupied about a week, and it met for the first time on Saturday, the 17th of February, for the despatch of business, its first action consisting in electing Oliver Cromwell temporary president. There were in the Council five members of the dissolved House of Peers, the earls of Denbigh, Mulgrave, Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Lord Grey of Werke, while all the rest were members of the House of Commons, with the exception of one, John Bradshaw, president of the High Court which had tried King Charles. Among the first resolutions of the new executive was that of assuming an erect and dignified attitude towards the rulers of the great European states, for which purpose a special "Secretary for Foreign Tongues" was appointed, to carry on the requisite correspondence with them. To fill this important post the Council made choice of a kinsman of Bradshaw, by name of John Milton.

The people of England immediately, and without the least show of opposition, acknowledged the rule of the Council of State; but it was otherwise in Scotland and Ireland. No sooner had the report of the king's execution reached Edinburgh, than the government there proclaimed his eldest son, under the title of Charles II., and breaking off all communication with the House of Commons, declared its intention to instal him on the throne of England, as well as of Scotland, if necessary by force of arms. One of the first duties of the Council of State now became to prepare to resist another invasion from over the Tweed, and steps were taken at once to assemble as many troops as possible in the northern counties. However, the danger was considerably less than feared at the moment. The party in power at Edinburgh, headed by the earl of Argyle, consisted mainly of rigid Presbyterians, who, though resisting the Independents who had seized the helm of state with such sudden energy in England, felt in reality but scant sympathy with the son and heir of the beheaded monarch. A handsome, gay youth of nineteen, the prince of Wales, styling himself Charles II., was rumoured to be greatly under the influence of his Roman Catholic mother; and though those of his Cavalier friends who knew him best stated frankly their belief of his being an atheist rather than a papist, his relationship alone was enough to inspire fear to Argyle and his friends, and they resolved not

to lift a hand for him until he had given in his firm adherence to them by taking oath upon the Covenant.

The contingency was not likely to take place without extensive negotiations, and the Scottish invasion being thus postponed, it became necessary to deal first with the revolt in Ireland. It had long been the wish of Cromwell to employ the veterans of the civil war to subdue the fearful state of anarchy into which Ireland had sunk for generations; and the execution of Charles having been made the pretext for new risings there, accompanied as usual by the murder of English and Scotch settlers, and the destruction of the property which their industry had created, he at once prepared for the commencement of his great task. After obtaining from the Council of State the appointment of lord-lieutenant, or civil and military governor of Ireland, together with the assignment of the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, raised by loan from the City, the formation of the army intended to subdue the rebels in the west proceeded very quickly; but at the last moment Cromwell was stayed in his work by an unforeseen hindrance. While the majority of the people of England, after beholding the king's head struck off in front of Whitehall, were thinking that the revolution had gone too far, there was a small minority who deemed that it had not gone far enough. The minority was made up chiefly of the persons already known as "the Levellers."

Ill-judged, and tending to the spread of disorder, as were the designs of the Levellers, their principles were neither despicable nor illogical from the revolutionary point of view. They simply held that all the things hitherto done towards the overthrow of despotism in the realm, and the establishment of political and religious freedom, were chiefly affecting the middle and upper classes, and ought to be only steps to a higher end, that of raising the mass of the people from poverty, ignorance, and irreligion, by means of wise legislation, having for object the spread of knowledge and the more general and more equal distribution of property. It was but natural that in many cases these doctrines should be imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly expressed, and the first public manifestations of the Levellers, after the institution of the new government, were of the quaintest kind. "The Council of State," wrote Bulstrode Whitelock, one of the forty members, in his diary, under date of April 17th, 1649, "has intelligence of certain Levellers appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill, near it, where they were digging the ground and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the army, who terms himself a prophet, is the chief of them. They were thirty men, and said that they should be shortly four thousand. They invite all to come in and help them, and promised them meat, drink, and clothes." There was apparently no great harm in a lot of poor people, probably agricultural labourers out of work, cultivating the waste lands on the Surrey hills; however, the Council of State, impressed with the conviction that after the crisis which the country had gone through all agitation had to be rigorously kept down, sent two troops of horse against the sowers of roots and beans, and

they were all carried to London as prisoners. The "prophet" and another man, named Winstanley, had to appear before Cromwell, who examined them himself, aware that the tenets they advocated were largely diffused among the soldiers, and wishing, therefore, to get as clear an insight into them as possible. The information he received was little calculated to make the great clear-headed Leveller admire the horde of small confused Levellers.

On being brought before Cromwell, "to justify their proceedings," Everard and Winstanley declared, in the first instance, their belief "that all the liberties of the people were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror, and that ever since the people of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of the Jews under the Egyptians." They added, however, "that now the time of deliverance was at hand, and that God would bring his People out of slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the earth." As to their immediate aim, they stated "that their intent was to restore the Creation to its former condition; that as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did was to restore the ancient community of enjoying the fruits of the earth, to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; and that they intended not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or inclosures, but only to meddle with what is common and untitled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man." Cromwell listened silently to the tenets vented by "the prophet" and his friend, both of them talking somewhat noisily, and not too civil in manner. "While they were before the general," noted Whitelock, "they stood with their hats on, and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, 'Because he was but their fellow-creature.'" The argument did not strike Oliver Cromwell as very sound, and after some consideration he ordered the two men back to prison, to think over their theories. In the meanwhile, the doings of other Levellers, not mere peaceful sowers of roots and beans, but people in steel coats, with long swords in their hands, mounted on high horses, forcibly engaged his attention.

On the same day on which the two men brought from St. Margaret's Hill appeared before Cromwell, Friday, the 20th of April, a strange scene was enacted at Whitehall, the ordinary place for the meetings of the State Council, and of the military administration, or General Council of the Army. Considerable dissatisfaction having been expressed among the troops about the intended expedition to Ireland, it had been settled by the government that the regiments which were to go there should be chosen by lottery, which arrangement was carried out in the most punctilious manner, as described in the "Perfect Diurnall," a news-sheet of the period, devoted to give short accounts of military proceedings. "This day," says the "Perfect Diurnall," of April 20, "the General Council of the Army met at Whitehall, about casting of lots what regiments should go for the service of Ireland; where, after a solemn seeking of God, by prayer, they cast lots what regiments of the old army should be designed for that service. Fourteen regi-

ments of horse, and fourteen of foot, of the established forces, came to the lot; and it being resolved that four regiments of horse and four of foot should go upon that service, ten blanks and four papers, with 'Ireland' written upon them, were put in a hat, and being so shuffled together, were drawn out by a child, who gave to an officer of each regiment in the lot, the lot of that regiment, so that it was done in so impartial a way as no regiment can take any just exception. The regiments whose lot it fell to go were, of horse, General Ireton's, Colonel Scroop's, Colonel Horton's, and Major-general Lambert's; and of foot, Colonel Ewer's, Colonel Cook's, Colonel Hewson's, and Colonel Dean's. The officers of each regiment allotted to the service expressed much cheerfulness at the decision." But though the officers were contented, a great many of the common soldiers were not, and in the evening of the day on which lots had been drawn at Whitehall, a mutiny broke out in one of the regiments of horse, quartered in the City, in Bishopsgate Street.

The mutineers had no personal grievance, but spoke out for general principles, demanding that the government should be reconstituted in a more democratic sense; that a new parliament should be at once summoned, to be re-elected annually; that there should be absolute freedom of conscience, and that all taxes and imposts bearing specially upon the poorer classes should be abolished. The claims thus made were among the chief requirements of a body of Levellers following the leadership of Lieutenant-colonel John Lilburne, or "Free-born John," as he was generally called, who had just been thrown into the Tower for stirring up sedition among the soldiers, by distributing among them a pamphlet which he had written, entitled, "England's New Chains Discovered." Feeling considerable alarm as to the effect of the teachings of "Free-born John" upon the men he was going to lead to Ireland, Cromwell took horse as soon as he heard of the revolt of the troopers in Bishopsgate Street, and rode into the midst of them, accompanied by but a few officers. His personal influence succeeded in quelling the dangerous outbreak, and after ordering the arrest of fifteen of the mutineers, he had the rest of the regiment sent out of London the same night. The men did not leave without loud mutterings, showing the general that before subduing Irish rebels, he would have to conquer English Levellers.

The fifteen soldiers arrested in Bishopsgate Street were tried before a court-martial the day after, when six of them were condemned to death. On the recommendation of the court, Cromwell pardoned five, but ordered the sixth, a young man named Lookier, who had served seven years in the army, and was much beloved by his companions for his bravery, piety, and other high qualities, to be shot at once. The sentence was executed in St. Paul's churchyard—which had recently been turned into a sort of stable, while the cathedral itself had become a cavalry barrack—amidst an immense concourse of people, both soldiers and citizens, all exhibiting deep sympathy with the condemned man. Having fallen under the bullets of his comrades, Lookier's corpse was carried away by a procession of men and women to a house in the eastern part of the City, where it was watched and prayed over for three days and three nights, and

then buried with great solemnity. "About one hundred men," as described by Whitelock, "went before the corpse, five or six in file; the corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the trooper's horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The corpse was adorned with bundles of rosemary, one half stained in blood, and the sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file; all had sea-green and black ribbons tied on their hats and to their breasts, and the women brought up the rear. At the new churchyard in Westminster some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City."

It was a formidable demonstration of the Levellers, who thus publicly exhibited their strength, throwing down a sort of challenge to the government; and its effect was immediately felt in numerous manifestations on the part of Lilburne's adherents, now commonly called the "sea-green men," on account of the colours they had adopted. To still the growing excitement among the soldiers, Cromwell held a great review of all the regiments quartered within and near the capital, in Hyde Park, on the 9th of May, addressing to them speeches of the most conciliating nature. He dwelt particularly upon the "great care and pains" which the government had taken and continued to take, in satisfying the army, and went so far as to offer that "those who thought martial law a burthen should have liberty to lay down their arms, receive their tickets, and be paid as those that stay." Even this, however, did not content all the men, and one of the troopers in a company wearing sea-green ribbons "made some objections, and was bold, for which he was committed, but at the solicitation of some of his fellows, the lieutenant-general ordered his freedom." Though trying hard to disarm the Levellers by friendly speeches, many days did not elapse after the review in Hyde Park before the lieutenant-general found that his policy would have to be reversed once more. On the 13th of May, the report arrived at Whitehall that two squadrons of horse, above a thousand strong, had mutinied at Salisbury, and that risings among smaller bodies of soldiers had taken place in Oxfordshire, at Portsmouth, and in the Isle of Wight. Not losing a moment, Cromwell at once put himself at the head of two of his faithful regiments, and hurried off to the West, fairly determined to stamp out the sea-green from the face of the land.

Riding at a tremendous pace, "near upon fifty miles a day," Cromwell came up with the chief body of the rebel troops, all of them moving about, attempting to unite, at Burford in Oxfordshire, and at once attacked them with great impetuosity. The fight was very short, and before a dozen of the mutineers had been killed, the rest, near upon a thousand men, laid down their arms, imploring the mercy of the lieutenant-general. But Cromwell looked stern, and declaring that the time for pardon had expired, ordered the immediate formation of a court-martial, which condemned every one of the rebels to be shot. The terrible sentence was altered by the commander-in-chief to decimation, and the lots having been drawn, the whole of the prisoners were

led into Burford church and churchyard on Thursday, the 17th of May, every tenth man preparing to receive his doom with his back against a gravestone. The first brought forward to be shot was a Cornet Thompson, who, according to the relation of an eye-witness, "expressed himself to this purpose: 'That it was just what did befall him, that God did not own the ways he went, and that he had offended the general.' He desired the prayers of the people, and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands they should do their duty." The next victim was a corporal, who, "looking upon his fellow mutineers, set his back to the wall, and bade them who were appointed to shoot, 'Shoot!' and died desperately." Then came another corporal, "and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall, and bade the soldiers do their duty, looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror, or fearfulness of spirit." The fourth man led forward to be shot was a cornet, but at the last moment, when the muskets were already levelled at his breast, Cromwell made a sign staying further slaughter. "All the while that this act of justice was doing," says the eye-witness, "the rest of the mutineers were upon the leads of the church, beholding the sad spectacle; and after all was over, Lieutenant-general Cromwell and other officers went to them in the church, and acquainted them how merciful they had been dealt with, the mutiny being of so high a nature, hazarding the ruin of the parliament and kingdom, and delivering up all honest men to the cruelty of the common enemy, against whom they had fought so long." The combined vigour and clemency of Cromwell was admirably calculated to win over men like those rebelling against parliamentary authority, "great professors of the gospel," as described by the narrator of the executions in Burford churchyard, and the soldiers he had thus pardoned were among the most faithful of all serving him afterwards. They particularly looked forward to the coming campaign as a means of regaining their character, and, rebels in England, felt no mercy for rebels in Ireland.

Having subdued various risings of a smaller kind than the one first encountered, Cromwell prepared assuming his important trust in the sister kingdom. Before leaving London, the House of Commons, on the 28th of May, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him "for his great care and courage in this business against the Levellers;" ordering, moreover, "that there should be a day of thanksgiving set apart for this great mercy," to be celebrated "Thursday come fortnight for the city and suburbs of London, and Thursday come three weeks for all the nation." Prudently combining their old love of good cheer with their religious duties, the lord mayor and aldermen of the city selected the day of thanksgiving for a grand entertainment in honour of the commander-in-chief of the Irish expedition, inviting thereto the Speaker of the House of Commons, the members of the Council of State, the chief officers of the army, and a vast number of other civil and military notabilities. The "sumptuous feast," looked

upon as a great event in London, marking the reconciliation of the Presbyterian citizens with the existing government of the Independents, took place at Grocers' Hall, to which Cromwell and the chief of the other invited guests went in procession, after "hearing two sermons preached by Mr. Thomas Goodwin and Mr. Owen." As reported in one of the news-sheets of the day, "the entertainment was very free and chearful, 'Welcome,' in capital letters, written on a banneret upon most of the dishes, which were a great number. No drinking of healths or other uncivil concomitants, formerly of such great meetings, nor any other music but of the drum and trumpet. A feast indeed of Christians and Chieftains, whereas others were rather of Cretians and Cormorants." The departure of Cromwell soon after was marked by a still greater display of magnificence, as well as show of affection towards him on the part of the citizens. According to the elaborate narrative of the "Modern Intelligencer," of Tuesday, the 10th of July, it was on the evening of this day, "about five of the clock," that "the lord-lieutenant of Ireland began his journey by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himself in a coach, with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army. His life-guard consisted of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire. They were in stately habit, with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross had it now been standing. Of his life-guard, many are colonels, and it is such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world." Deeply gratifying as was the show to the vulgar crowd that gazed upon it, there were not a few of the sterner citizens who loudly denounced it as an aping of the ceremonies of defunct royalty. The fear that the great and fortunate soldier, who had risen to be the first man in the state, would, in course of time, establish a new form of despotism, was growing upon many minds; and all those republicans who loved social and political freedom more than military glory, fervently hoped that he would fail, as others had failed before him, in the conquest of Ireland.

There was little ground for the anticipations of Cromwell's republican friends and enemies. Gigantic as was the task upon which he had engaged, he had made his plans and calculations carefully, and was able to reckon confidently upon success from the moment he set foot upon the shore of Ireland. The expedition fitted out by Cromwell left Milford Haven on the 21st of August, in three divisions; the first, consisting of twenty-five ships, under his own immediate command; the second, of seventy transports, under the orders of his son-in-law, General Ireton; and the third, a rear-guard of eighteen vessels, under those of Colonel Horton and Admiral Dean. When half way across St. George's Channel, the fleet divided, the commander-in-chief, followed by Horton, sailing for Dublin, and Ireton for Cork harbour. On the 23rd of August, Cromwell landed his troops without any difficulty near Kingstown, and Horton's squadron approached the same shore a day after; but Ireton was less fortunate in his maritime course, and after being tossed about by adverse winds for a week, and

making a vain attempt to land at Cabell Island, near Youghal, had to steer in the wake of his leader, and with some difficulty got into Dublin Bay on the last day of the month. After giving his soldiers, numbering in all not more than ten thousand, about one-third of them cavalry, a few days' rest, Cromwell started northward for Drogheda, one of the strongholds of the Irish insurgents, who had recently hoisted the flag of King Charles II., and put themselves under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, who had fought most of the battles of the Cavaliers.

The plan of campaign of the lord-lieutenant was to attack the scattered forces of the enemy in turn, so as to give them no time to unite; and in pursuance of it he fell upon Drogheda in a sudden manner on the 9th of September, having previously withdrawn the attention of Sir Arthur Aston by making a pretence to march into Westmeath. On the evening of the 9th, a Saturday, the siege cannons were put up; the next day there was praying and psalm-singing all through the English camp; and on Monday, the 11th of September, began the battering of the fortifications. It was continued uninterruptedly all the day and the next, with such fury, that on the evening of Tuesday a great breach had been made, at sight of which Cromwell at once ordered a storm. The first regiment passing the breach, the forlorn hope of Colonel Custle, was beaten back with considerable loss, but the men had no sooner turned their faces, than Cromwell himself drew his sword, and rushing forward, bade his soldiers follow him. There was no resisting the terrible onslaught now made. Inflamed to fury by the example of their commander, the veterans of Marston Moor and Naseby overthrow everything before them, trampling down the enemy like grass, and killing thousands to the cry of "Our Lord God." On the Mill-hill Mount fifteen hundred men fell under the swords of the Ironsides, and nearly twice the number on the bridge over the Boyne, over which the unfortunate defenders of Drogheda pushed in mad despair, with the grip of

Cromwell's troopers at their neck. The town was taken in a couple of hours, but the carnage lasted for three days longer, the holding out of several of the "towers" on the walls exciting the English soldiers to savagery. "When they submitted," the lord-lieutenant informed the Speaker of the House of Commons, "their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes." "I am persuaded," added Cromwell, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches."

Going to work in this manner, Oliver Cromwell was sure of the conquest of Ireland. His heavy ordnance was able to shatter into dust the miserable little guns of Irish fortresses; and his stout, tall fighting men, trained to battle, clad in armour, and nerved by holy fanaticism, were as lions against weasels, in contact with the poor, undisciplined, ill-armed, half-naked natives. To inspire the "barbarous wretches" with the terror of his arms was from the commencement one of the main objects of Cromwell's policy, and by which alone he could hope to obtain the rapid success which to him was indispensable, so that the scenes enacted at Drogheda had of necessity to be repeated in other places. From the town on the Boyne, the lord-lieutenant marched southward to Wexford, which he summoned on the 9th of October to surrender; and on the governor declining, except on condition of freedom of worship for the Roman Catholic inhabitants, he planted his siege cannon before the walls, and kept up a raking fire for forty-eight hours, till part of the town was in ruins, and everything ready for the assault. What followed, Cromwell himself described in a report to the Speaker of the House of Commons. "Our men," he wrote, "no sooner appeared on the top, but the enemy quitted the walls of the town, which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them, and then put all to

the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank, whereby were drowned near three hundred of them. I believe in all there was lost of the enemy not many less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of ours from first to last of the siege." "This town," the lord-lieutenant concluded his report, "is now so in our power, that of the former inhabitants I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished that an honest



DROGHEDA.

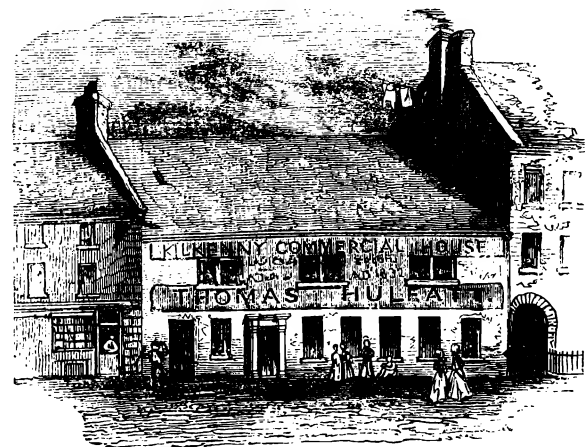
people would come and plant here, where are very good houses, and other accommodation fitted to their hands, which may be made of encouragement to them; as also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward, and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory."

After taking Wexford, and driving away the "former inhabitants," to make room for "honest people" from England, Cromwell pushed his troops



CASTLE ROSS ISLAND.

and siege artillery onward to Ross. He marched quick, but the tale of his doings travelled yet quicker, and the governor of Ross threw open the gates of his town before the heavy English cannon had come to play upon the walls and houses. "The rendition of this garrison," Cromwell informed the House of Commons, under date of Ross, the 25th of October, "was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster, and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures, for which we desire his name to be magnified." Cromwell's next letter stated: "Cork and Youghal are both submitted, and divers other lesser garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things." The example of Ross, Cork, and Youghal, was followed by all the



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, KILKENNY

other towns in the south of Ireland, only two of them, Clonmel and Kilkenny, offering a short resistance, for which they had to pay dearly. There could be now no longer any doubt of the complete success of the expedition; and Cromwell, therefore, in the spring of 1650, prepared to return to England, where his presence was urgently required by parliament, the aspect of affairs in the north assuming a more and more threatening attitude. A first resolution, "that the lord-lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over," was passed by the commons on the 8th of January, and meeting with no immediate attention, more pressing requests followed; it being voted finally, towards the end of February, that a special fleet should be sent to fetch the lord-lieutenant back, and that, when arrived in London, he should be installed in St. James's Palace, and otherwise be treated in royal style. Thus urged and coaxed, Cromwell could resist no longer, and leaving the command of the army in Ireland to his son-in-law, whom he appointed his deputy, he set sail from Waterford in the largest frigate of the English navy, the "President," and after a stormy passage across St. George's Channel, landed safely at Bristol.

Cromwell, on setting foot on English soil on the last day of August, 1650, was received with extraordinary demonstrations of honour, the great guns firing thrice, and the authorities of Bristol being pressing that he should stay for a few days, to rest from the fatigues of the sea. But Cromwell refused, and, without an hour's loss, hurried up to the capital, which was ready to greet him like a born king. "Drawing near Hounslow Heath, he was met by the Lord-general Fairfax, accompanied by many members of parliament and officers of the army, with multitudes that came out of curiosity to see him of whom fame had made such a loud report. Hence, after mutual salutations, congratulations, and other testimonies of high respect, he proceeded on, and, passing near Hyde Park Corner, he was saluted with great guns and several volleys of small shot by Colonel Barkstead's regiment, which was drawn up on the highway for that purpose. Continuing thus to march, multitudes increasing to behold him, the Lord Cromwell was conducted to the house called the Cockpit, at St. James's, which had been appointed and prepared for him. Here he was visited by the lord mayor and aldermen of London, and by many other persons of quality, all of them expressing their own and the nation's great obligation to him for his eminent services in Ireland. After some time of respite and refreshment, he attended his charge in parliament, where the Speaker, in an elegant speech, gave him the thanks of the House."

On the 11th of June, Cromwell, from his seat in parliament, "made a full relation of the whole state of affairs in Ireland," amidst the wrapt attention of the commons, who, in the end, once more voted their gratitude for the deeds he had achieved. In the week following Sir Thomas Fairfax made an offer to resign his commission as commander-in-chief of the parliamentary armies, in order that the post might be given to the victorious lord-lieutenant, now towering high above him in fame. Feeling some conscientious scruples to deprive the old and faithful soldier of parliament of

his hard-earned honours, the commons, in a first fit of generosity, refused the offer; but immediately after they appointed a committee "to attend and confer with the lord-general," in order "to preserve a right understanding." The result of the committee's efforts was that on Wednesday, the 26th of June, Fairfax formally gave in his resignation, and that on the same day the House of Commons passed a vote ordering "That Oliver Cromwell, esquire, be constituted captain-general and commander-in-chief of all the forces raised or to be raised by authority of parliament within the Commonwealth of England." Three days after the vote, on Saturday, the 29th of June, it was reported that "the Lord-general Cromwell went out of London towards the north," and that "the news of him marching much startled the Scots."

The attitude of Scotland towards the English Commonwealth had undergone various changes of an extraordinary nature during the twelve months preceding the date of Cromwell's departure "out of London towards the north." After proclaiming Charles II., a deputation had been sent to the young prince, to the Hague, to invite him to come to Scotland, but with the explanation, that before being actually placed on the throne, he would have to sign the Covenant, and to subscribe to other conditions, which would place him for some time to come under the control of the earl of Argyle and the other chiefs of the Presbyterians. This was not deemed desirable by the heir of Charles I., and after some hesitation, and consultation with his mother and friends, he declined the Scottish propositions, hinting that he knew straighter roads than they had pointed out to find his way to the throne.

The means to which Charles alluded were the raising of an Highland army by the marquis of Montrose, the same to undertake the invasion of England, together with some twenty or thirty thousand Irish fighting men, who promised their help for the good work while yet Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides were lingering on the eastern side of St. George's Channel. To carry out the scheme, young Charles left Holland at the commencement of the summer of 1649, for Jersey, on the road to Ireland, while at the same time Montrose started for the Highlands of Scotland, where his name was believed to be an all-powerful charm, able to call up warriors by the thousand. Bringing with him some five hundred foreign mercenaries, the bold marquis landed at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, and from thence crossed over to Caithness, where he raised the standard of Charles II. But not a man would flock to it, and a few weeks were sufficient to show Montrose that, instead of friends, he would meet with hard enemies in his native country, the first notice of his arrival having produced an order from the government of Edinburgh to seize him, dead or alive. The troops despatched to execute the command encountered and easily defeated the invaders at Invercarron, near Strachan, on the confines of Ross-shire; and though the marquis himself escaped, and tried to save his life by disguise, he was captured at the end of a few weeks through the treachery of a supposed friend, and dragged at the heels of the soldiers to Edinburgh. The Scottish parliament had

already condemned him to death, ordering that he should be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, and that his head should be fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and his limbs hacked to pieces, and stuck up over the gates of Perth, Stirling, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Montrose underwent the barbarous punishment with the spirit of a hero, while the princely youth for whom he had staked his life had the incredible meanness to disavow him. In order to keep on good terms with the ruling party at Edinburgh, the heir of King Charles made a solemn declaration that he had expressly forbidden Montrose to invade Scotland, and that he felt no regret in the defeat of one who had drawn the sword in opposition to his own royal command. The worthy son of Henrietta Maria, on the first news of the encounter at Invercarron, had fled back from Jersey, where he was amusing himself, to the Netherlands, and from here he opened fresh negotiations with the Scottish government. His princely heart now felt a sudden glow of Presbyterianism. He was ready, he declared, for the signing of the Covenant; and Argyle and his friends, feeling the want of a tool to play with, thought fit to enter upon the bargain. A formal agreement having been concluded at Breda, in Holland, the "godly Prince Charles II.," as his new allies chose to call him, went on board a Dutch ship, which, on the 16th of June, 1650, not quite a month after Montrose's head had been stuck up at the Edinburgh Tolbooth, threw anchor on the coast of Scotland, at the mouth of the river Spey. Knowing the royal youth with whom they had to deal already to perfection, the Presbyterian leaders forced him to sign the Covenant, together with various other documents, before even he had set his foot on shore, making this a condition of his landing, and intimating plainly that he must consider himself for a time under their exclusive guidance, attempting no intercourse whatever, either with the faction of the "Malignants," the Scottish Royalists, or the party of the "Engagers," the men friendly to a union with England. Among the papers young Charles had to subscribe was a large document, called "the Declaration," in which he proclaimed his abhorrence of the sins of his family, and his resolution to tolerate no other religious guide but the Covenant in any part of his dominions. When all the signing was done, the "godly prince" was taken off ship, and carried in triumph to Falkland, where his first actual duty was to listen to several sermons expatiating in violent terms on the sins of his father, the idolatries of his mother, the backslidings of the "Malignants," and, the truth of which he could not but feel, his own unmitigated wickedness. After this, the heralds at Edinburgh and at Falkland Palace proclaimed the accession of Charles II. as king of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

The sound of the heralds' trumpets had scarcely died away, when Cromwell stood already at the Border. Coming up in rapid marches from the capital, the English army, counting seven thousand five hundred foot, and three thousand five hundred horse, arrived at Berwick on Monday, the 22nd of July, and on the same day crossed the Tweed, encamping at Mordington, a short distance from the river. In the

night following "the Scotch beacons were all set on fire, and the men fled, and drove away their cattle." The cause of the flight of the inhabitants was the distribution of papers, emanating from Edinburgh, declaring that the invaders from the south intended "to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts;" which, coupled with the stories current about Cromwell's doings in Ireland, caused such terror among the people that all scampered off, as if seized by a panic, even the lame and bedridden insisting on being carried beyond the reach of the English monsters. It was a serious misfortune to Cromwell to find the land between the Border and Edinburgh thus turned into a desert, denuded of everything in the shape of provisions for man and horse; and to escape famine, there remained nothing for him but to keep close to the coast, in uninterrupted communication with the English fleet, which had left Berwick together with the army, to assist its operations. Moving onward slowly in this manner, it was not till Friday, the 26th of July, that the invaders got to Dunbar, and on the following day turned westward to Haddington, where the outposts of the Scottish army became visible for the first time. Anxious to come to an encounter with the enemy, Cromwell pushed forward two regiments of horse, under General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, to Musselburgh; but the Scots evaded an encounter, withdrawing in good order to a strong entrenched position which they had formed a few miles from Edinburgh. To attack them here was found to be impossible, the more so as it kept raining almost incessantly, and Cromwell's soldiers were suffering greatly from want and illness; so that, after hovering about the neighbourhood for several days, he found himself compelled to march back to Dunbar, in order to reopen communication with the fleet. Seeing the invaders retreat in apparent confusion, the Scottish troops, commanded by the veteran David Leslie, came forward from their fastnesses, prepared to attack the foe in the rear. The army of the Covenant was nearly twice as strong in numbers as the host led by Cromwell, and there seemed good hopes to the former that it would be possible to fall upon the enemy and hurl him into the sea.

Cromwell's position was desperate when getting back to Dunbar, on the evening of Saturday, the 31st of August. It was with extreme dismay he learnt that the ships from which he hoped to get food for his starving soldiers were kept far out at sea by contrary winds; while at the same time the Scots, by a cleverly-executed flank march, had taken possession, at a place called Copperspath, of the road south-eastward along the shore; so that, hemmed in both at the front and from behind, he was completely within the folds of a huge and exasperated antagonist. David Leslie was watching the movements of the exhausted English troops from the edge of the grey Lammermoor hills shutting in the town of Dunbar, deeming already to have them within his grasp; and to Cromwell himself, undaunted as he was, the situation appeared so full of danger, that he gave vent to a shriek of despondency in a brief note addressed to Sir Arthur Heselrige, governor of Newcastle. "We are upon an engagement very difficult," wrote Oliver;

"the enemy hath blocked up our way at the pass of Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle: he lieth so upon the hills, that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty, and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination." Cromwell apparently did not expect that the relief from Newcastle could reach him in time, and looked more to being avenged than to being assisted immediately. "Whatever becomes of us," he told Sir Arthur, "it will be well for you to get what forces you can together, and the south to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. But the only wise God knows what is best: all shall work for God. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be what it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience." There seemed nothing remaining for the English army but to capitulate, and the Scottish commander-in-chief proposing honourable terms, almost any other general would have accepted the offer, but not so Cromwell. "He was a strong man," says Charles Harvey, "in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field: hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."

Deep as was his distress, the "pillar of fire" even now did not desert Oliver Cromwell. Having lain for forty-eight hours in and around Dunbar, the rain pouring down all the while upon his half-starved soldiers, ill-sheltered under wretched huts and more wretched tents, he resolved to bring on a battle at any hazard. It was utterly impossible to attack the Scots in the fastnesses where they lay encamped, and the whole hope of the English commander-in-chief resting to draw them down from the wild Lammermoor hills into the plain below, and engage them there, he tried to effect this great object by a stratagem. Towards noon on Monday, the 2nd of September, he pushed his vanguard of horse slightly to the south, across a little rivulet called the Brocksburn, occupied by the outposts of the Scottish troops, so as to make it appear to the latter that he was contemplating a forward movement, and, bursting through the Copperspath pass, to regain the road to Berwick. A few regiments would have been sufficient to check the supposed advance; but David Leslie, though otherwise a cautious general, felt alarmed at the bare idea that the foe he had seized might be breaking through his grip. Giving way to his own apprehensions, as well as to the urgent counsel of the Presbyterian ministers, who trembled for anxiety, to "go down against the Philistines at Gilgal," he determined to leave his impregnable position, and descend with his whole force into the plain to face the enemy. The manœuvre was executed in great haste during the afternoon of Monday, and by sunset the two hostile armies of England and Scotland lay facing each other on even ground, divided by nothing but the swiftly-running stream of the Brocksburn, carrying the waters of the Lammermoor hills into the German Ocean. A battle now was imminent, and Cromwell being determined not to postpone the struggle for a moment longer than he could help, at once made his preparations for attacking the Scots by

the dawn of the next morning. David Leslie knew it, and accepted the proffered contest, and at midnight the watchword for the day of strife and blood to come, was given out to both armies. The Scots were to fight under the cry of "The Covenant!" and the English to go into battle shouting, "The Lord of Hosts!"

The night from Monday the 2nd, to Tuesday the 3rd of September, was wild and wet, the harvest moon wading deep among clouds of sleet and hail, and stormy gusts sweeping from over the North Sea across Dunbar plain. The ten thousand warriors of Cromwell encamped on the plain had tents, but the twenty thousand soldiers of the Covenant had none, and they kept shivering through the cold night, seeking what rest and shelter they could get under corn-shocks, hedges, and ditches. At four o'clock in the morning, on the first faint dawn of light creeping up over St. Abb's Head, the English horsemen got into saddle, and having been mustered by General Lambert, made their way slowly towards the front of the enemy, seeking the upper part of the plain where the road to the south went crossing the Brocksburn rivulet. To gain the passage over the stream, swollen by incessant rains into a torrent, was the first object of the lord-general; and by his orders Lambert made an immediate attempt to seize the position with three regiments of horse. But their onset was energetically resisted by a brigade of Scottish lancers, aided by a dozen pieces of cannon, the fire of which latter was kept up with so much success as to compel Lambert's troopers to fall back in some disorder. However, the retreat had not gone far when Cromwell came up with the main body of his army, and his approach instantly changed the state of affairs. "We came seasonably in," the lord-general made his report to parliament, "and, at the push of the pike, did repel the stoutest regiments the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give." Brave as were the soldiers of Scotland, and under a good leader, their valour and his skill were insufficient to stem the assault of the old war-born veterans of England, guided by the greatest general of the age; and on the first cry of the legions calling upon the Lord of Hosts, the ranks of the fighters for the Covenant fell down like fields of wheat under a hail-storm. It was scarcely a battle on the part of Leslie's troops, but only a wild frantic flight before a foe whom all seemed to hold irresistible. According to Cromwell's own account, "The best of the enemy's horse was broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute," and the whole Scottish army in the same space of time "put to a total rout, our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles." "We believe," the lord-general continued his report, written the day after the battle, "that upon the place and near about it were about three thousand slain; of prisoners taken, near ten thousand; the whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder, and bullet; all their artillery, great and small—thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than fifteen thousand arms; I have already brought in to me near two hundred colours; and that, which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men." The eight-mile chase of the army of the Covenant

went in the direction of Edinburgh, Cromwell himself joining in the pursuit as far as Haddington. "Arrived here," as related by one of the English soldiers, "the lord-general made a halt, and sang the hundred and seventeenth psalm," the dark mass of his Ironsides, bespattered with mud and blood, joining in the chorus: "O Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord."

The battle and rout of Dunbar had the immediate effect of placing Edinburgh, together with all the neighbouring fortresses, in the hands of Cromwell. He remained ten days at the Scottish capital, spending the "reasonable good leisure," as he called it, in a semi-theological, semi-military controversy with the leading Presbyterian ministers, who had taken refuge within the castle of Edinburgh, which was still holding out; and at the end of the time, on Saturday, the 14th of September, moved towards Stirling, which had been made the head-quarters of the troops escaped from the slaughter at the foot of the Lammermoor hills. Their position now was somewhat singular, most of the soldiers being uncertain whether they were still in arms for the Covenant, or for the faction of the "Malignants," or pure Royalists, the latter having thought fit to assume a high tone of speech after the fall of Edinburgh, declaring their intention to seat Charles II. on the throne of his fathers without the assistance of the Kirk and its ministers. To the youthful king of Scots, already deep in intrigue, the Dunbar rout had been a source of satisfaction rather than of regret, as freeing him from the power of Argyle and the Presbyterian clergy, who made no secret of his being a mere tool in their hands, who beset him constantly with sermons and lectures, and whose very presence he had come to hate.

The report of the destruction of Leslie's army had no sooner reached Perth, where Charles had been residing of late, than a project was concocted by the Royalists that he should throw off the yoke of the Presbyterians, which was to be done by his retiring further into the north of Scotland, for the purpose of gathering a devoted army under his standard, while his friends were taking possession of as many of the garrisons of the country as they could seize, either by force or fraud. In execution of this design, the young king withdrew himself secretly from Perth on the evening of the 4th of October, and the same night reached the village of Clova, in the Grampian hills, where he was met by the earls of Huntley and Athol, and some other "Malignants," anxious equally to fight Argyle and the English invaders. It was expected by them that a vast number of the people of the Highlands would at once enrol under the banner of Charles II.; but the hopes proved vain, and finding Clova an excessively dull place, entirely without amusements, his majesty, at the end of a few days, expressed a wish to return to Perth, taking the opportunity of a small body of troops sent after him to enforce his desires against his own friends. But though thus breaking down in one direction, the royalist scheme did not prove an absolute failure, the chiefs of the "Malignants" succeeding in establishing themselves in many posts of importance deserted by the adherents

of Argyle, as well as gaining over a number of the troops escaped from Dunbar. They also took possession of Stirling, while the English army was marching upon it from Edinburgh; and seeing their determination to hold the strongly-fortified city to the utmost, Cromwell was fain to withdraw from it after a short siege, deeming the place not sufficiently valuable to pay for the cost of an assault. It seemed wise, too, that as Presbyterians and Royalists had begun to quarrel, to let them fight their own battles, for the benefit of the "Good People."

Returned to Edinburgh, the lord-general was met by numerous protestations of affection from the citizens; and having been assured by many of them that the great majority of the people of Scotland were most desirous to live in friendship and union with England, he addressed a message, remarkable in many respects, to the national representatives in temporary session at Stirling, offering peace on the sole condition of casting off a "Person" sprung from an evil stock. "To the right honourable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at Stirling, or elsewhere," the message ran. "The grounds and ends of the army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you, and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves, by espousing your king's interest, and taking into your bosom that person, in whom, notwithstanding what has or may be said to the contrary, that which is really malignant, and all Malignants, do centre, against whose family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away by such hypocritical and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late 'Declaration.' Your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions, which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been unjustly charged upon us, have occasioned your rejecting those overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your people had suffered damage by us; the daily sense we have of the calamity of war lying upon the poor people of this nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the malignant, profane, and popish party by this war; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you, and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed, do again constrain us to send unto you, and to let you know, that if the contending for that person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your country, the blood of your peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and, in this above all, the honour of the God we serve, then give the state of England that satisfaction and security for peaceable and quiet living beside you which may in justice be demanded from a nation giving so just ground to ask the same. It may be demanded from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them; and it will be made good to you that

you may have a lasting and durable peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things. But if this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne his testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us, his poor servants, who do appeal to him, whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart, or not. I rest, your lordships' humble servant, Oliver Cromwell."

To this touching appeal for peace, the more impressive as coming from a conqueror whose power could no longer be resisted, not even a reply was given. The "right honourable the Committee of Estates," from being Presbyterian at the outset of the war, had gradually verged towards Royalism; and now, sitting at Stirling, surrounded by Cavalier swords and backed by Cavalier purses, was devoted absolutely to what Cromwell called "the malignant, profane, and popish party," headed, at least nominally, by that distinguished young "Person" who had come over from Holland, claiming the rule over three nations as a birthright and inalienable heirloom. It was due more to the dislike of the Scots for the English people, result of centuries of sanguinary strife, than to any real affection for the son of the beheaded Stuart king, that his cause kept on prospering after the rout of Dunbar. However, Cromwell's efforts to conclude the war swiftly by an enduring treaty of alliance took so far effect as to bring about a decided separation between the pure Royalists and the sincere Presbyterians. While the former gained strength by unreservedly proclaiming the real ends they had in view, the latter began to see the huge blunder they had made in seeking to find tools where they could only meet with masters; and this insight once obtained, they came to the conclusion that it would be infinitely wiser for them to seek alliance with the English Independents than with the high-handed and unscrupulous followers of the "Person."

The number of those willing to accept the olive-branch held out by Cromwell increased greatly after the sending out of his message to the Committee of Estates at Perth, copies of which were spread judiciously all over the country; and in the month following its publication it became manifest that a final separation between the "Malignants" and the strictly Presbyterian party could no longer be avoided. At the beginning of November, the Royalists, to signify their complete ascendancy in the remnant of the national government, made the Committee of Estates pass a vote ordering the solemn coronation of Charles II. at the ancient abbey of Scone, the Westminster of Scotland; but the resolution had no sooner been proclaimed when a great part of the population protested against it. The opposition was most energetic in the south-western counties, where it assumed the form of a grand Remonstrance, signed by thousands of persons of the upper and middle classes, who severely blamed the admittance of Charles II. into the kingdom, and earnestly declared themselves against the design of continuing the war on his account. To strengthen the arguments of the Remonstrance, its originators, in the counties of Renfrew, Ayr, Galloway, Wigton, and Dumfries, set to work raising an army of five thousand men, which was intrusted to the command of two veteran Presbyterian officers, Colonels Ker and

Strachan. It was not intended at the commencement that these troops should unite with the invading army; but the current of events ran too strongly in that direction to prevent the joining of the two forces, and on the 1st of December, after a simulated engagement, Ker allowed the regiments under his command to give themselves up to General Lambert, while on the day following Strachan openly went over to Cromwell. Several smaller bodies of Presbyterian soldiers, either newly formed or remnants of the host defeated at Dunbar, followed the example set by Ker's and Strachan's troops, and before the year 1650 had come to an end, the army of the Covenant had ceased to exist. Its disappearance cleared the field for the two antagonists fighting, with open visors, for monarchy and republic.

The ceremony of the coronation of Charles II. at Scone, decreed by the Committee of Estates, took place with great pomp on the 1st of January, 1651, immediately after which the Royalists prepared to advance southward upon the capital of Scotland. For once in his life, Cromwell seemed unaccountably sluggish in the attack upon his enemies. He lingered first at Edinburgh, and then at Glasgow, preaching peace and entering upon long controversies with the religious and political leaders of the Presbyterian party, but making no other progress in the military subjugation of the country than taking possession of Edinburgh Castle, which for some months after Dunbar had been the refuge of the chief ministers of the Kirk, and of several smaller fortresses in the south and southwest. The hesitation was due partly to illness and suffering, and partly, and far more, to a sincere desire to spare the nation he had invaded further bloodshed, and to accomplish by peaceable negotiation alone one of the desires dearest to his heart, that of intimate union between the two kindred races of Scotland and England. However, as months passed on, developing only the further separation of the moderate Presbyterians and the Royalists, and strengthening rather than weakening the cause of the latter, Cromwell perceived the urgent necessity of grasping the sword anew, and dealing a good stroke against the adherents of the "Person." At the end of March, 1651, he had made all his preparations for besieging Stirling once more, but just as he was setting out towards it, he was seized by a severe fit of the ague, and thrown upon a bed of sickness for several weeks. Recovered from it, he went on a short visit to Glasgow, in very inclement weather, which brought on the ague a second time, and, immediately after, a third, the last relapse so dangerous as to alarm all his friends, who sent the report of it to London. There was a whole day's debate in parliament, on the 27th of May, about Cromwell's illness, and finally a vote was come to unanimously, requesting the lord-general to remove temporarily from the "sharpness of the air" in the north to some part of England, until, by the blessing of God, he might be able to resume the duties of his command; intrusting, in the meanwhile, the conduct of affairs to such hands as he might think most able for the task. The resolution of the commons, communicated through the lord-president of the Council of State, who likewise despatched the two most celebrated physicians of London to attend upon the

illustrious patient, reached Cromwell on the 2nd of June, while gradually recovering from his third fit of ague; and feeling hopeful of having no further relapse, he thought it imperative upon him to decline the proposition for leaving Scotland. "I need not recite the extremity of my last sickness," he informed the lord-president; "it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation, and to give me cause to say once more, 'He hath plucked me out of the grave.'" After declaring his firm intention to proceed in his undertaking as long as he had life and strength left, Cromwell proceeded,—*"This cause is of God, and it must prosper. Oh, that all that have any hand therein, being so persuaded, would gird up the loins of their mind, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord."* There was terrible earnestness in the words of the ailing lord-general, of unhappy presage to the followers of the gay youth just crowned at Scone Abbey.

Having sufficiently recovered to be able once more to mount his steed, Cromwell mustered his forces near Edinburgh, at the foot of the Pentland Hills, on the 25th of June, and the day following set out for Stirling. The Royalists, some twelve thousand strong, under the nominal command of Charles II. and the actual orders of David Leslie, were lying in a strongly-entrenched position at Torwood, a little to the south of Stirling, and to force them from their vantage-ground to a battle in the open field was the first object of Cromwell in approaching the ancient city. To this end he drove in all their outlying posts, and effected various strategic operations intended to bring on a contest, but to no other purpose but that of inducing the enemy to coil himself up more and more in his retreat, thus plainly declaring the intention to avoid an engagement by all possible means. A siege of Stirling, with attack upon the Torwood entrenchments offering no chances of very speedy success, Cromwell, in the latter part of July, crossed the Forth into Fifeshire, and marching northward, went upon Perth. It took but a few days to capture all the fortified places between the Firth of Forth and the Tay, and on the 1st of August, Perth itself—or, as it was then called, St. Johnstoun—surrendered, after a twelve hours' siege, making the English forces master of the great road to the Highlands, and thereby cutting off the Royalists from the chief source of their supplies. It was a most important gain, eminently calculated to bring about the issue so much desired by Cromwell of compelling the "Person" to emerge from behind his earthen and stone bulwarks, and engage in a face-to-face struggle, the result of which, in all probability, would very soon despatch him either into an English prison, or convey him back to his male and female friends at the Hague. But all the advantages of the capture of Perth were frustrated by an event, the news of which reached Cromwell only a few hours after he had taken possession of the city. The youth crowned at Scone had long looked with eager eyes towards the south; the crown of Scotland to him seemed a miserable burthen as long as it was not accompanied by the crown of England, and fancying that the time had come for making a grasp at the high object of all his desires, he had started in

pursuit of it as soon as the flank march of Cromwell to Perth opened the way. On the 1st of August, the lord-general heard with astonishment that the Scottish king whom he had left shut up in the Torwood fortifications had crept out of them, and with his twelve thousand followers marched direct south, on the road to England.

Though sufficiently daring in conception, the start of the "godly prince" over the Border was far more reckless than bold. All England was profoundly tranquil under the wise rule of the Council of State, which administered the government of the realm with as much firmness as prudence. There was not a single man of social eminence among the crowd of persons known as Royalists, nor so much as an organized faction able to cope for a moment with the resources of the party guiding the helm of state; and it was therefore nothing more than unscrupulous audacity and utter unconcern for the miseries springing from his acts, which led the son of Charles I. to stir up a fresh civil war. But if he seriously counted upon any sympathy of even a portion of the people for his designs, a few days were enough to show young Charles that his presence in England was not at all desired. He left his camp near Perth on the last day of July, and hurrying southward in forced marches, crossed the western Border on the 5th of August, and early the following day entered Carlisle, driving out the small garrison of the place. Taking but a short rest at Carlisle, the invader hastened on to Penrith, from thence to Kendal, and further to Preston and Warrington, leaving Lancaster to the right. All along the road the population stared in silence and dismay at the twelve thousand fighting men, and the youth in their midst who called himself king of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all along the road they had to take by force the food and drink required, reading love in the eyes of none, and meeting bitter hatred only in many an uplifted arm; and with every mile further south they became more and more conscious that if not rushing onward wildly in their course, the sullen resistance of the mass of the population would soon stop their career. Arrived at Warrington, Charles himself, with all his recklessness and unconcern, appeared to get oppressed by the consciousness that those whom he considered his subjects were, if not actually full of hatred against him and his followers, at the least entirely indifferent to his cause, and that therefore its success was absolutely hopeless. But he pushed on nevertheless due south, from Warrington to Nantwich, from Nantwich to Shrewsbury, and from Shrewsbury to Worcester, arriving in the latter city, known as the one attached above all others to the cause of the Stuart kings, on the morning of the 22nd of August, and expressing his determination to make a stay here. Charles the First had planted his standard at Nottingham on the 22nd of August, 1642, and Charles the Second selected the ninth anniversary to raise his at Worcester.

Rapid as had been the march of young Charles and his twelve thousand from the heart of Scotland into the heart of England, there was at his heels a pursuing host storming along at no less furious a pace. The very moment Cromwell heard of the start of the "Malignants" for the south, he gathered up two-

thirds of his forces, leaving the rest to garrison the principal towns in his possession, and hurried back from Perth to Edinburgh, and from thence to Newcastle-upon-Tweed, by the way he had entered Scotland. The road not being quite as straight as that taken by Charles, he crossed the Border four days later, but made up amply for lost time by a series of far-sighted strategic arrangements for laying hold of and defeating the Royalist army with the utmost speed and certainty. Of these arrangements he gave notice to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a letter dated Leith, the 4th of August, written with the main object of allaying the alarm which, as he foresaw, would break out at the news of the advance of the "Malignants," and which in reality was far greater than he could possibly expect, a complete panic reigning in London and all the larger towns of the northern and western counties. "Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him," Cromwell informed the Speaker, "and Colonel Rich, with the rest in those parts, shall attend the motions of the enemy, and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march; they will be ready to act in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse up to the enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of our old foot and horse, I am hasting up, and shall, by the Lord's help, use every diligence." Lambert and his horse, making the utmost speed, got at the rear of the Royalists at Warrington, but did not attack them, having received stringent orders to the contrary from Cromwell, whose plan was to drive Charles farther into the heart of England, and there to crush him in his own iron embrace. The plan was rife for execution by the time the invading army had reached Worcester. Hurrying on blindly thus far, the king from the north suddenly found himself hemmed in here on all sides; there glistened swords in front, and swords at his flank, and swords, dense like a forest, in his rear. Worn out with fatigue, and weary unto death, his own soldiers insisted on resting at Worcester; and giving way to them and to bitter necessity, Charles sat down awaiting his great foe, who was striding up from the Border, the fear of his name rolling before him like the thunder of battle.

Cromwell arrived in sight of Worcester on the 28th of August, having marched by way of York, Doncaster, Nottingham, Coventry, and Stratford, raising all along his road the soldiers of the militia, who flocked to his standard with the greatest alacrity. Thus, when arrived at the Severn, the total forces under his command, old and new, amounted to nearly thirty thousand, or much above twice the number fighting under the banner of Charles. However, if numerically inferior, the Royalists had the great advantage of position. The city itself was a place of considerable strength, surrounded by walls and towers, to which had been added, in the week preceding Cromwell's arrival, a series of extensive entrenchments, running along the course of the river, which made a sudden assault all but impossible. To risk the latter, or to commence a regular siege,

seemed nevertheless the only two modes of aggression that could be chosen, and Charles flattered himself that either of the two might result to his advantage, and that if the worst should happen, he would have time to break through the long lines of his opponents with his cavalry, and, leaving his foot behind, be able to regain the Border. However, in calculating thus, the crowned youth of Scone left out of account that he was opposed by a general who was master of the art of war, and whose plans were as perfect as his genius was great. With consummate military skill, Cromwell threw a vast chain around Worcester, possessing himself of every path and road and bridge leading towards the city, and, the work accomplished, prepared to deal his final blow. The day fixed for it was the 3rd of September, the anniversary of the great victory at the foot of the Lammermoor Hills. The battle of Worcester was to complete the battle of Dunbar.

The contest began at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the advance of General Fleetwood, commanding the vanguard of Cromwell's army, from Upton towards Worcester. As at Dunbar, so now again, the watchword of Cromwell's soldiers was "The Lord of Hosts," and steadily advancing under this cry, they pushed up the river side, till coming in contact, at Powick, near the junction of the Teme and the Severn, with the outposts of the Royalists. For nearly a quarter of an hour the latter stood their ground bravely, fighting under cover of the thick hedges of the district; but driven from one to the other, they at last got into confusion, and ended by scampering off in a panic into the city. While entering it at the south-western gate, another phase of the battle was being fought on the eastern side of Worcester, eagerly watched by Charles, who, with his staff and Scottish war council, had posted himself at the top of the cathedral, out of reach of the fatal bullets that were flying about thick and fast. Knowing that Cromwell himself was commanding the attack from the east, and fully aware that if it succeeded all would be lost, it was determined by the Royalist leaders, after the engagement on the river-bank had lasted for nearly an hour, to issue forth from the city on the side most threatened, and hazard a battle outside the walls, under the protection of the guns of a large tower, known as Fort Royal. The design was executed with much skill, but neither which, nor the most undaunted valour of the Scots, availed the least against the fierce onset of Cromwell's veterans. Before them the Royalists fell in masses, neither giving nor receiving quarter. "My lord-general did exceedingly hazard himself," wrote an eye-witness, "riding up and down in the midst of the fire, and riding, himself in person, to the enemy's foot, to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." After a desperate struggle of nearly two hours, Cromwell succeeded in driving the Scots back into Worcester, and then storming Fort Royal, and putting its garrison of fifteen hundred men to the sword, he turned their own guns upon the fugitives. Heaped upon each other, with death and destruction assailing them from all sides, the defeated Royalists now ran for their lives in the wildest disorder. More than three thousand were slain, and nearly all the rest,

with the exception of the best-mounted horsemen, made prisoners. "Indeed, this hath been a very glorious mercy," the lord-general reported, at ten o'clock at night, to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Cromwell added that he was "weary and scarce able to write," but rejoiced in having gained another victory "upon this day, being the 3rd of September, remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to our forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland." Dunbar and Worcester had become two links in one great chain, connected by the war-cry of "The Lord of Hosts."

Charles managed to escape from Worcester, foremost in putting his own royal person in safety, and after many ingenious hidings succeeded in getting out of the country, and back to his Dutch friends and mistresses. Very few of his deluded followers fared as well, those not slain on the battle-field, or made prisoners, falling a victim to the rage of the country people, who killed them like wild beasts wherever they were found. The news of the great victory over the Scotch Royalists created all through England the most intense enthusiasm, the more vehement as following close upon the terrible panic engendered by the first report of the invasion. The House of Commons was not behind in showing its gratitude to the great leader to whom the victory was due, and on the 8th of September a vote was passed, appointing four members of the Council of State to wait upon Cromwell, to present to him the acknowledgments of parliament for the eminent service he had rendered to the nation. Besides conveying their fervent thanks, the commons instructed their envoys to represent to the lord-general that, since, by the blessing of God, the enemy was totally defeated, and the state of affairs in the north was of a kind not to require his own immediate presence in the field, he would resolve to take such rest as might be most conducive to his health, and for that purpose select a residence within a few miles of Westminster, in order that they might have the benefit of his presence and advice in the further settlement of the affairs of the Commonwealth. The four members of the council of state, including Bulstrode Whitelock, and John Lisle, keepers of the great seal, and Oliver St. John, lord chief justice, left London the day after their appointment, and came up with Cromwell, wending his way to the capital, a little beyond Aylesbury. They were received by the victorious general, as recorded by Whitelock, "with all kindness and respect, and after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them across the fields, where Mr. Winwood, the member for Windsor, met them with his hawks, and the lord-general, with the other gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking." At Aylesbury, Cromwell and the parliamentary commissioners rested for a day and a night, "having much discourse as they supped together;" and on Friday, the 12th of September, the lord-general made his triumphal entry into London, amidst the boundless enthusiasm of the population. Among the crowds that lined the streets was the Rev. Hugh Peters, chaplain to Sir Thomas Fairfax, who whispered to his neighbour, as Cromwell was passing by, "That man will be king of England yet."

The remark of the chaplain, a somewhat singular

man, half-soldier half-divine, contained the outspoken thought of thousands of people. Indeed, it was impossible not to see that in the actual state of England it depended upon Cromwell alone to put the crown of the Stuarts on his head, and not only to be king, but to be king with more absolute power than the unfortunate ruler who had paid the price of despotism in front of Whitehall. Having conquered Ireland and overrun Scotland, the victorious lord-general had consummated the subjection of the three kingdoms by the great day of Worcester, which he himself called "the crowning mercy," and which, as many were inclined to believe, could have no other sequel than that of putting on his brow the royal diadem. The behaviour of Cromwell immediately after the great battle was not a little made to increase this belief. According to the narrative of the chief member of the Council of State, senior keeper of the Great Seal, the lord-general, soon after his triumphant entry into London, assembled a conference, or congress, of the leading political and military personages, for the discussion of the important question as to whether a monarchical or a republican government would be most preferable for the nation. In the words of Bulstrode Whitlock, "Upon the defeat at Worcester, Cromwell desired a meeting with divers members of parliament, and some chief officers of the army, at the Speaker's house. And a great many being there, he proposed to them, 'That now the old king being dead, and his son being defeated, he held it necessary to come to a settlement of the nation; and in order thereunto had requested this meeting, that they together might consider and advise what was fit to be done, and to be presented to the parliament.'" The conversation now ensuing, as reported by the keeper of the Great Seal, was very remarkable. "My lord," said the Speaker, addressing Cromwell, "this company were most ready to attend your excellence, and the business you are pleased to propound to us is very necessary to be considered. God hath given marvellous success to our forces under your command, and if we do not improve these mercies to some settlement, such as may be to God's honour and the good of this Commonwealth, we shall be much blameworthy." Then Bulstrode Whitlock himself, looked upon as one of the foremost leaders in parliament, took the word. "It is a great question, indeed," he said, seeming to feel his way, and looking for guidance to the lord-general, who, as yet, had not given the least hint as to his own opinions and wishes—"it is a great question, indeed, and not suddenly to be resolved. Yet it were pity that a meeting of so many able and worthy persons as I see here should be fruitless. I should humbly offer, in the first place, whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this settlement is desired: whether of an absolute Republic or with any mixture of Monarchy?" The lord-keeper was plain-spoken enough, and, his little speech finished, all eyes turned upon Cromwell, to discover "what way this settlement is desired," and if there should be, for his own benefit, "any mixture of Monarchy."

Cromwell hesitated not to reply to the question indirectly put to him, but in a manner almost mocking to the audience, and which left his own in-

tentious as dubious as ever. "My Lord Commissioner Whitlock," he exclaimed, "hath put us upon the right point; and, indeed, it is my meaning that we should consider whether a republic or a mixed monarchical government will be best to be settled. And if anything Monarchical, then in whom that power shall be placed?" Having thus answered a query by a query, the lord-general let his friends speak, evidently desirous that they, and not he, should take the initiative in the forthcoming "Settlement." The Speaker of the commons and the whole of the lawyers present at the conference were in favour of something "mixed monarchical," though seemingly not very clear in their ideas as to the ingredients of the mixture, while most of the military men, "Levellers" all of them, more or less, had the courage to tell Cromwell to the face that they preferred the republican system of government unadulterated. On the lord chief justice remarking, "It will be found that the rule of this nation without something of monarchical power will be very difficult to be settled," Colonel Desborough broke out, pertinently, "I beseech you, my lord, why may not this, as well as other nations, be governed in the way of a republic?" The lord chief justice had no reply ready to this simple question, upon which Colonel Whalley, one of the judges who had sat upon the trial of Charles I., came forward with the sharp-cut exclamation, "I do not well understand matters of law, but it seems to me the best way not to have anything of monarchical power in the settlement of our government." It was impossible for Cromwell, if he harboured really any intention of putting upon his head the crown of the Stuarts, not to see that his object would meet with the determined resistance of the chief army leaders; and they being infinitely more powerful and influential for the moment than the men of the parliamentary "Rump," who had long ceased to play any but a subordinate part in political affairs, he was all but forced to curb his ambition. In the meanwhile he could console himself that, if not in name, he was in reality monarch of England, Scotland, and Ireland, invested with more substantial power than any monarch that had ever borne the crown of the three kingdoms.

The complete subjection of Scotland and Ireland was effected, in less than six months after the battle of Worcester, by the troops which Cromwell had left behind, without himself returning to either country. On the 14th of August, 1651, the maiden fortress of Stirling, which had never yet been taken, fell under the fierce assault of the veterans of Marston Moor and Naseby, and the national records, as well as the regalia of Scotland, were packed up and sent to London as trophies of conquest. All the members of the Committee of Estates found at Stirling, including the old hero of the Covenant, the earl of Leven, had to go at the same time as prisoners to the Tower, and a new administration was instituted entirely dependent upon the English Council of State, or rather upon Cromwell. Dundee, the last stronghold in the hands of the Royalists, was taken by storm on the 1st of September, and all the inhabitants put to the sword; after which further resistance ceased, except on the part of some of the clans in the north, who

dared to withstand in their mountain fastnesses the invincible swords of the soldiers of the Commonwealth. To curb these Highlanders, a long chain of military stations was drawn, by Cromwell's orders, across the country from Moray Firth to the Loch of Linnhe; strong citadels were erected at Ayr, Leith, Perth, and Inverness, and the English army was gradually reinforced to twenty thousand men. Scotland, thus conquered, lost all the attributes of an independent nation. Three weeks after the storm of Dundee, which spread infinite terror all through the northern kingdom, the House of Commons, on the demand of the Council of State, passed a vote declaring "that Scotland might and should be incorporated into and become one commonwealth with England, whereby the same government enjoyed by the good people of this nation, without king or House of Lords, may be derived and communicated to the people of Scotland."

Somewhat more difficult than the conquest of Scotland was that of Ireland. Here it was not merely, as in the former country, a strife for the overthrow of a political party, but a deep struggle of race and religion, which gradually assumed all the features of a war of extermination on the part of the English invaders. Cromwell on every occasion frankly expressed his resolve of driving the "Papist" Irish out of Ireland, and filling the country with English or Scotch settlers, or, if they could not be had in sufficient numbers, French, German, or Dutch Protestants; and in pursuance of this extraordinary plan, conception of the fiercest religious fanaticism, the war against the unfortunate natives was not long in becoming a vast carnage. After having reduced, with all but marvellous rapidity, Drogheda, Wexford, Cork, Kilkenny, Clonmel, and a multitude of smaller places, which gave him possession of the whole of Leinster and Munster, Cromwell on departing left to his son-in-law the work of conquering the rest of Ireland, reserving to himself the superior direction of his civil and military policy. Ireton's chief task now consisted in making himself master of Connaught and Ulster, the former entirely, and the latter province partly, in the hands of the insurgents, rebels against English authority. He executed his commission with great energy, displaying considerable military genius, as well as diplomatic capacity, in fomenting dissensions among the natives. In a short campaign, while the Scots were fighting for the Covenant and Charles II., he overran the greater part of the west of Ireland, capturing all its strongholds, with the exception of Limerick. To the siege of this city, Ireton sat down early in the autumn of 1651, and after taking it by capitulation, on the eve of a storm, prepared to push on to Galway. But on the march thither he was seized by fever, the produce of fearful hardships he had undergone for several months, which carried him off on the 27th of November.

The death of Cromwell's son-in-law and representative encouraged the Irish to make another great effort for averting the deluge that was sweeping over them, but it proved as fruitless as all their former resistance. Ireton's place was taken by General Fleetwood, who, of equal military talents,

though less political wisdom, continued his victorious career, till in the course of a few months he had trampled down with iron heel the last remnant of organised forces opposing him. Nearly all the armed Irish not perishing in the field were put to the sword, or sent to the West India settlements as slaves, while the few that escaped with their lives had to hide amidst bogs and mountains, where they gathered round them bands of brigands, known as "Raperees" and "Tories"—the latter appellation derived from the word "tournighim," following for the sake of plunder—to pursue for a short time longer a precarious kind of guerilla warfare. In the meanwhile the conquerors engaged upon the "settlement" of Ireland. Only English laws were allowed, and only English immigrants entrusted with the full rights of citizens; all Roman Catholics were deprived of the offices and dignities they held, and no "Papist" was permitted to reside within any garrison or market town, or to move more than a mile from his own dwelling without a passport. Every meeting of four persons, not members of one household, was declared a treasonable assembly, and the carriage of arms, or mere possession, made a capital offence; and, finally, all "suspected persons" were ordered to be put in prison, or to be banished, or, at the discretion of the judges, to be shipped off as slaves. To complete the conquest of Ireland, an "Act of Settlement" was passed by the House of Commons in August, 1652, which confiscated the property of all persons who had borne arms against the parliament, as well as of all persons who had not shown themselves active supporters of the English supremacy, the whole of whom were not only deprived of their possessions, but ordered to be transported from their homes to the wild districts west of the Shannon. Those passing the Shannon boundary, even if only crossing the river, might be put to death by the first settler meeting them, like wild beasts escaped from their cages. Oliver Cromwell professed to have the most exalted objects in view in thus trampling upon and trying to exterminate a whole race; yet even the warmest admirers of the august hero of the Commonwealth must have grave doubts whether his aims justified his means.

The conquest of Scotland and Ireland had a great effect upon raising the English nation in the eyes of foreign sovereigns, and instilling in them a sincere desire to keep in peace and amity towards the new government. Both the two great powers hitherto the warlike opponents of England, Spain and France, showed in many ways their inclination to establish friendly intercourse with the Council of State and the victorious general whose sword was fast becoming a sceptre; and nearly all the other princes of Europe, while ostentatiously professing abhorrence of the execution of Charles I., made secret efforts to gain the good will of the men who had sent him to the scaffold. But there was one exception in the case of a state from whom it was to be the least expected, that of the republic of the Netherlands. In throwing off the heavy yoke of Stuart despotism, the English had fought precisely the same battle as the Dutch in their successful combat against Spanish tyranny; but so far from showing sympathy on this account, the

latter rather exhibited hatred on beholding a nation, striving to attain the same political and religious objects, accomplish their task. From the very beginning of the civil war, the rulers of the Dutch republic supported the royal cause more than any other government; they allowed Henrietta Maria to sell and pawn the English regalia in their country; they assisted her to buy ships, arms, and warlike stores; and they even furnished her with soldiers to invade a nation struggling for freedom as they had done. This hostile attitude reached its height after the death of Charles, when there occurred an event almost unheard of in the intercourse between civilized nations. Holding to the belief that all the antagonism hitherto shown by the Dutch government was due more to the fact of the prince of Orange, the Stadtholder, or first magistrate of the republic, being the son-in-law of Charles, than to any base commercial policy, envious of the rise of England's power, the Council of State, immediately after the death of the king, decided on despatching a special envoy to Holland, with authority to conclude an intimate alliance between the two countries. The person chosen for this important office was Dr. Dorislaus, an eminent lawyer, a native of the Netherlands, his selection being made on purpose as complimentary to his countrymen. It was an ill omen for the success of the negotiation that the States General, the representative assembly of the United Provinces, presented themselves in a body to the heir of Charles I., as soon as the report of the Whitehall execution reached Holland; however, the English envoy started notwithstanding on his errand, reaching the Hague at the end of April, 1649. Seeing the son of Henrietta Maria ride about in pompous style at the same place, calling himself King Charles II., Dr. Dorislaus modestly took up his quarters at an inn, bent upon doing his work without any show or ceremony. He had been there about a week, presenting his credentials, when, on the evening of the 2nd of May, he sat down to supper at a public table, accompanied by a few friends. During the repast the door opened, and six persons, heavily armed, and their faces hidden by masks, entered the room. One of them, politely addressing the bystanders, begged them not to disturb themselves, while the others laid hands upon the English ambassador, pulled him from his seat, and hacked him to pieces with their swords. Leaving the house, the murderers loudly boasted of their deed, declaring that it had been committed by command, in retaliation of the execution of Charles I. The hopeful son of Henrietta Maria had chosen to inaugurate his so-called reign by an assassination.

The news of the murder of Dr. Dorislaus created the greatest indignation all over England. It was resolved instantly by the commons to make the royalists of the sham court at the Hague answerable for the foul deed, while a vote was passed at the same time settling a state pension upon the family of the assassinated envoy, and ordering him a public funeral. The latter took place in Westminster Abbey, attended by all the members of parliament, the Council of State, the judges, and an immense concourse of people, whose words and attitude proclaimed the deep resentment felt against the men who had committed the

murder, as well as the government under whose protection they lived. Very little was done by the Dutch authorities towards discovering the assassins and bringing them to due punishment; and although the ambassador of the republic in London was instructed to declare the regret of his masters for what had happened, it was felt on all hands that this was a mere diplomatic pretence, and that to punish the outrage, and the more and more hostile action of the rulers of the United Provinces, a war would be necessary. Matters were fast drifting in this direction, when an unforeseen event postponed for a while the drawing of the sword. On the 6th of November, 1650, Prince William of Orange, son-in-law of Charles I., died of the small-pox, at the early age of twenty-five; and with him perished not only the leader of the faction most hostile to the English commonwealth, but the man in whom centered the monarchical aspirations of the trading aristocracy and the ultras in church and state. The prince of Orange died childless, and though a few days after his decease his widow gave birth to a son—famous in times to come as William III. of England—his family ceased to have any influence, thus enabling the leaders of the democratic party in Holland, who had always been waging war against the house of Orange, to recover once more their ascendancy, which they proclaimed by entirely abolishing the office of Stadtholder. The revolution thus effected encouraged the Council of State, acting under the impulse of Cromwell, to bring forward a grand proposal, one of the loftiest in conception ever thrown out by English statesmen. It was nothing less than a plan for the incorporation of the United Provinces of the Netherlands with the English Commonwealth, and the formation thereby of an all-powerful republic, the champion of Protestantism and liberty against the world.

To give becoming dignity to the embassy carrying so important a proposition, Cromwell fixed upon his friend Oliver St. John, lord chief justice, and one of the leading members of the Council of State, as the chief representative of the Commonwealth, and the latter, having accepted the appointment, left England at the beginning of March, 1651. Accompanied by a suite of forty gentlemen, besides numerous attendants and servants, Oliver St. John entered the Hague in state, well received by the upper classes, upon whom the brilliant victories of the English armies in Ireland and Scotland were making a deep impression. However, the first interview of the lord chief justice with the principal members of the States General, who for the moment carried on the government of the United Provinces, went far to show that his mission would prove, as far as its substance went, an entire failure. Already a reaction was taking place in the country against the democratic party who had seized the reins of power; and the adherents of the house of Orange being still very numerous, and jealousy and hatred of the rising prosperity and influence of England great among the mercantile population, nothing else was possible than that the offers made by Cromwell should be refused. This was done on the outset with politeness, hopes being held out by the negotiators acting on behalf of the States General that if not all, at least some of the propositions for an

alliance with the Commonwealth might be granted; but as time went on, the English ambassador saw plainly that the men with whom he was dealing were not acting in good faith, and he therefore deemed it best to retire from his post, the more so as the time fixed by parliament for the duration of the negotiations had already elapsed. But he was not allowed to leave without fresh affronts being heaped upon him and the nation he represented. The populace at the Hague, excited by men of the Orange faction and others inimical to England, pursued the suite of the ambassador whenever they showed themselves in the streets, broke the windows of the hotel where Oliver St. John had taken up his residence, and even insulted him openly in the streets, while a follower of the Stuarts on one occasion made an attempt upon his life. It was in vain he demanded redress from the leaders of the government. They professed themselves powerless against the mob; and on his insisting to obtain the protection due to all acknowledged envoys of sovereigns and states, went so far as to confess that the people of the United Provinces, in its majority, was bitterly hostile to England. They might have added that it was an hostility springing from the meanest sources that could possibly sway the conduct of nations, and in saying this would have spoken no more than the truth. There now remained for the lord chief justice but one other act to accomplish, which was to take his farewell audience. He obtained it on the 20th of June, having resided three months in the Netherlands to accomplish a most noble and exalted object, and got in return for his efforts scorn and insult. The great dream of Cromwell to seek champions of religious and political liberty among a people of hucksters and moneylenders was nothing, and could be nothing, but a dream.

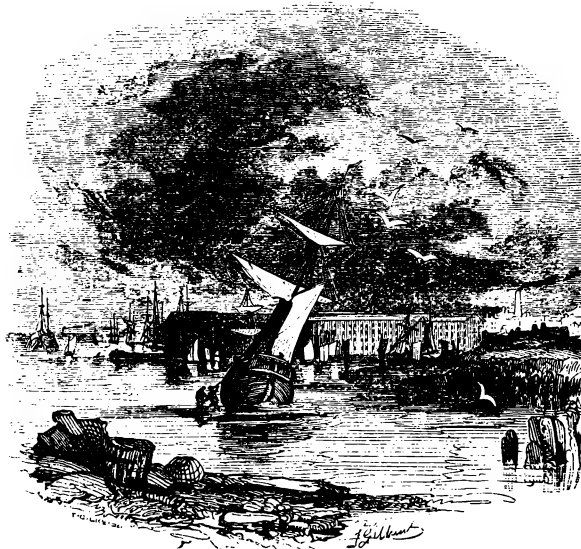
Neither Cromwell nor any of his friends knew much of the character of the Dutch people when planning their grand scheme for a union of the two countries; but Oliver St. John had learnt something during the three months he lived in Holland, and the experience was not lost upon him. Aware that nothing but material success could ever make an impression upon the men with whom he was negotiating, and that even the slight check which the English arms had received in the failure to take Stirling on the first assault had contributed to his offers being spurned, he gave vent to his feelings in a very plain speech, delivered before the States General at his farewell audience. "I perceive," he exclaimed, "that your High Mightinesses are awaiting the issue of affairs in Scotland, that you may regulate your carriage to our government accordingly, and for that reason you have slighted the generous overtures with which we were charged. It was foreseen by some members of our parliament, who dissuaded from this embassy, advising that we should first finish our war with Scotland, and then expect your representatives on our shores. But, as far as I was concerned, I thought more honourably of you. I was wrong; and I now confess that these cautious advisers understood you better. Take my word for it, however, our Scottish campaign will soon be terminated as our warmest friends could wish, and you will then repent your having so lightly treated the proposals we

have made." Oliver St. John, after returning to England, did all in his power to reverse the friendly policy which he and his colleagues had been so much inclined to follow towards Holland; and by his advice a measure was adopted by parliament intended to wound the trading republicans of the Low Countries in their most vulnerable part, namely, their purses. The people of Holland had got rich through acting as the general carriers of Europe and of the civilized world, interchanging the produce of distant countries, sending ships from pole to pole, bartering the spices of the south against the furs of the north, keeping staples of merchandize for every nation, and claiming a toll and profit upon all. To reduce this profit to a considerable extent, it was only necessary that the English nation, fast becoming one of the wealthiest of Europe, as well as the most powerful, should withdraw her custom, and it was this Oliver St. John sought to accomplish by a statute, famous for all times as the "Navigation Act." It was laid before the commons on the 5th of August, a month after the return of the lord chief justice from Holland, and passing without delay, proved an immediate blow, greater even than expected by the originator, to the Dutch carrying trade. The simple provisions of the Navigation Act were, first, that "no goods, the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, shall be imported into this country in ships which are not the property of England, or its colonies," and, secondly, "that no produce or manufacture of any part of Europe shall be imported unless in ships the property of England, or of the country originating such produce or manufacture."

The passing of the Navigation Act, coming in the wake of the battle of Worcester, last testimony of the immense strength of the Commonwealth, aroused the rulers of the United Provinces to an extraordinary degree, and throwing aside all their former haughtiness, they now pressed eagerly forward to grasp the hand offered to them in vain a few months before. Early in September, 1651, a letter, full of humility, offering friendship, union, and everything else, was addressed by the States General to the House of Commons; and three months after, towards the close of the year, James Catz, the foremost political leader of the democratic party in the Netherlands, and who had filled the office of Grand Pensionary, or first magistrate of the republic, arrived in London with two other ambassadors to resume the treaty broken off in June by the departure of the English envoy from the Hague. In his introductory audience, Catz spoke in the most conciliating terms of the desire of his government to be on a friendly footing with the Council of State, regretted the delay that had taken place in accepting the propositions brought by the lord chief justice, and finally offered to conclude immediately, awaiting the formation of a union between the Commonwealth and the United Provinces, a league, offensive and defensive, between the two countries. But it was too late. At the moment when the Dutch ambassadors were presenting themselves before parliament, prepared to do the utmost to engage England into an alliance, war had already been proclaimed, if not directly at least in acts, against their country. Through the exertions mainly

of Oliver St. John, whose former admiration of the staunch little republic of traders and fishermen that had grown up in the marches at the mouth of the Rhine seemed all at once changed into bitter hatred, letters of marque had been issued in favour of several merchants who complained of ill-treatment from the government of the United Provinces; and while Catz and his brother envoys were yet talking, English privateers were flying up and down the Channel to pounce upon Dutch merchantmen, freighted with the rich produce of southern climes. In the course of a few months eighty trading vessels belonging to the Netherlands were brought into the Thames, and before the last had come, the envoys of the republic had gone home, with sorrow in their hearts. England once more, after a long lapse of time, was entering upon a great naval war.

It was an undertaking of no little boldness on the part of Cromwell, and the men who with him and under him guided the destinies of the Commonwealth, thus suddenly to confront a power claiming the sovereignty of the seas. World-commanding as were the successes achieved by the host of armed men that had sprung into existence to defeat royal absolutism, England yet remained weak and almost insignificant upon the ground that had once been her favourite battle-field, and of which Nature seemed to have given her the command. The last remnant of the fleet created by Elizabeth lay rotting in the Thames and Medway, and the sea-kings that had defeated



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the Great Armada were dead and gone, leaving no successors behind. Like all else, the navy, once the pride and glory of the nation, had fallen to wreck and ruin under the Stuarts, the most despicable race of kings that ever held the sceptre of a proud and noble people. On the other hand, the Dutch fleet of war had risen to the highest state of efficiency during the same time that the English had fallen to the lowest step of decay. The sailors of the United Provinces had taken the place of the Elizabethan sea-kings; they had come to call themselves, and in reality were, lords of the

world upon the ocean, their flag waving triumphant upon the highroads of the sea, and the names of their commanders words of power in the most distant regions. One name, above all others, had grown up to the highest pinnacle of fame, that of Martin Harpertzoon Van Tromp. The son of a captain of a small vessel, Van Tromp, born in 1597, was brought up on the sea; and his father having been killed in an engagement with an English cruiser off the coast of Guinea, he imbibed an intense hatred for the nation aiming to dispute the supremacy of his own country on the ocean. After distinguishing himself greatly in the contest with Spain, defeating successively three fleets equipped by Philip IV., Van Tromp was appointed, in 1650, to the chief command of the whole Dutch navy, under the title of vice-admiral. Although a prominent member of the Orange party, to which he attached himself mainly because of their hostility to England, the powers of Van Tromp were increased after the death of Prince William and the extinction of the office of Stadtholder, his influence and renown leading to his being appointed head of the Council of the Admiralty. In this council, or board of government, was vested the supreme direction of the maritime affairs of the Netherlands, to such an extent that they could act independent of the assembly of the States General, the concentration of authority thus obtained, though adverse to republican principles, being deemed indispensable to maintain intact the bulwark of the nation. His nomination to the high post having made Van Tromp virtual arbiter of peace or war, he lost not a moment in deciding for the latter, much against the wishes of the majority of the members of his government, who, having the material interests of the people at heart, ardently desired to remain in friendship with England. By a decision of the Council of Admiralty, come to in February, 1652, a fleet of one hundred and fifty armed ships was ordered to be fitted out for the ensuing summer, and although the States General disapproved the step, it was carried out nevertheless. To hurry matters still further to a crisis, Van Tromp put himself at the head of a squadron of forty ships at the commencement of May, and went sailing to the Downs. As yet the English and Dutch republics were nominally at peace with each other, but little failed to kindle the flame of war, and Van Tromp was determined to apply the torch.

There were not wanting grounds for coming to a collision. Since the time of Elizabeth, the English government had claimed the right, which had generally been submitted to, that the ships of other nations should strike the flag before its own, when passing through the Channel, or the so-called "narrow seas." Being a mere matter of courtesy, not at all infringing upon their pecuniary interests, dearest to them of all others, the Dutch had hitherto made no objection to concede the demand; but Admiral Van Tromp, on sailing for the Straits of Dover, determined to make it a point of dispute, and, if possible, a commencement for hostilities, in both of which he succeeded to the extent of his desires. The fleet of the Commonwealth, consisting of not more than twenty small vessels, under the command of Robert Blake, colonel of a regiment of horse during the civil war,

and recently appointed "Sea General," was lying at anchor in the Downs when Van Tromp approached with his forty ships, on the 19th of May, and sailed at once right into the midst of it, under the pretence of being driven onward by stress of weather. The excuse was accepted, but at the same time the Dutch admiral was summoned to lower his flag as usual before the English, which he refused, declaring he had no orders from the Council of the Admiralty of the United Provinces. A second summons followed quickly in the wake of the first, to which Van Tromp replied by ranging his squadron in battle order, and pouring a broadside into Blake's flag-ship. The necessary consequence was an action which, continued for four hours, ended in the flight of the Dutch, who had one ship taken from them and another sunk, and did not stop in their retreat till getting to the Texel. It was the first time Van Tromp had been made to fly on his native element; he had driven all the admirals of Spain and France before him, and was defeated now by an English colonel of dragoons.

The victory, due to nothing but the undaunted bravery of the men under Blake's command, young sailors but old soldiers, who inverted all the rules of naval warfare as hitherto understood by storming ships like fortresses, and falling upon the enemy as in a cavalry charge, created the greatest enthusiasm all through England, but an equal despondency in the United Provinces. However, there was a wide conflict of opinion in the latter country as to the steps next to be taken. The people, warlike and proud of their dearly-bought independence, were clamouring for a continuation of hostilities, to wipe out the disgrace of their flag, while the upper classes and leading political men, having a deeper stake in the commercial prosperity of the republic than the mass of their fellow-citizens, took an opposite view, arguing that a prolonged contest with England, kindred in race, in institutions, and in religion, would be unwise to the highest degree, resulting, even if directly successful, in nothing else but the fresh ascendancy of the great Roman Catholic powers of Europe and of that spirit of despotism and of repression which ever had been, and probably would long continue to be, the direst foe of the nation. The latter view, by far the highest and most statesmanlike, prevailed at once in the States General; and little more than a week after the news of the naval encounter between Van Tromp and Blake had reached the Hague, it was resolved by them to send a new ambassador to England, instructed to apologise for what had occurred, and to offer fresh terms of peace and amity.

In order to show in a striking manner the importance attached to the mission, the rulers of the republic selected as their representative in the negotiations with the Commonwealth the highest dignitary of the state, Adrian Pauw, Grand Pensionary of the United Provinces. Pauw arrived in London early in June, 1652, less than three weeks after the engagement in the Downs, and on the eleventh of the month had his first audience with the Council of State. In his address he represented the naval combat that had taken place as an "unlucky chance," and an "unhappy accident," throwing the blame of it equally upon Van Tromp and Blake, but adding that there

was nothing his government had more at heart than that what had thus occurred should be wholly laid aside and forgotten, or treated as a thing that had never happened. He moreover proposed that all further hostilities should be instantly stopped on both sides, and that the treaty of union and alliance should be proceeded with, consenting in the meanwhile, in the name of the States General, that the honour of the flag of England should be paid strictly in the manner desired by the Council of State. It was almost impossible for a government respecting itself to go further in self-humiliation; but it was not enough for the rulers of the Commonwealth. They had begun to taste of the sweets of victory in a new form, and they now yearned for more. If a colonel of dragoons had beaten the most renowned admiral living in a sea fight, what might not a general do?

But it was not mere vain consideration of glory that incited the action of Cromwell and his friends. Complex as were the motives of the men whose arms and whose brains had upset the throne of the Stuarts, and outrooted despotism, all had one high object in common, which was the greatness of England. And they saw that for England to be truly great it was an indispensable necessity that she should be sovereign upon the seas, and seeing this they prepared to wrestle for the sovereignty. Therefore, in replying to the address of the Grand Pensionary, the Council of State, speaking in the name of the commons, took a lofty tone. They said that, combining what had passed on the 19th of May with the great maritime preparations that had been going on for months in the United Provinces, with the notorious protection given to the bitter enemies of the Commonwealth, they could not consent to forgive and forget the combat in the Downs as a simple "unhappy accident." It would be necessary, the Council stated, to guard the nation of England from a similar outrage hereafter, and the negotiations of the treaty of peace could not be resumed till the wound inflicted had been healed. In the meanwhile, till this was done, they had to seek, as occasion offered, reparation for the wrongs already suffered, as well as security for the future. To this stern communication, amounting to little less than an open challenge for a renewal of hostilities, the Grand Pensionary made a humble rejoinder, proffering fresh apologies for the past, and inquiring to know what was the "reparation" demanded by the Council of State. The reply was that the matter might form the subject of a special treaty, but that preparatory to it the States General would have to pay a compensation for the expenses and losses sustained by the Commonwealth through the hostile proceedings of the United Provinces, the damages of which had been calculated to represent the sum of one million six hundred and eighty-one thousand eight hundred and sixteen pounds sterling. On reporting this message to his government the ambassador at once received letters of recall, the demand of the million and a half having touched the rulers of the Netherlands in their tenderest feelings; and on the 30th of June Adrian Pauw took his farewell audience of the Council of State. A week after, on the 9th of July, a proclamation was issued

by parliament declaring war against the United Provinces. The document, enumerating the causes which brought the Commonwealth to grasp the sword, as last appeal to justice, dwelt chiefly on the facts that the pretender to the English crown had been long under the open protection of the Dutch government; that the expedition against Scotland had been fitted out at the Hague; that the States General had been culpably remiss in punishing the murderers of Dr. Dorilaus; that they had connived at the indignities put upon Oliver St. John; that they had fitted out one hundred and fifty ships of war while peace negotiations were yet pending; and that blood had been shed in a most unjustifiable manner by the attack of Admiral Van Tromp upon the English fleet in the Downs. In conclusion, the proclamation declared that for the issue of their cause parliament now depended, not on any policy or strength of men, but upon the goodness and assistance of God.

The war commenced, immediately after the issue of the proclamation, with extraordinary energy. Sir George Ayscough, a veteran of the civil war, who, like Blake, had turned readily and genially from a horse captain to a ship's captain, had just returned to the Thames from a cruise in the West Indies, during which he had conquered Barbadoes; and to strengthen his little fleet Cromwell ordered a certain number of foot soldiers to be drafted from every regiment in the army for naval service. Five hundred men were shipped immediately in this manner, and brought at once into action, Ayscough, in leaving the river, falling in with a fleet of forty Dutch merchantmen, escorted by four men-of-war. In a short battle, fought in the novel English fashion of the soldiers storming the enemy's ships, treating them like mere wooden fortresses somewhat insecure in their foundation, the Dutch were utterly defeated, one third of them being captured or destroyed, and the rest forced to run on the French coast, where most of them were wrecked. In the meantime, while Ayscough was executing cavalry charges in the Channel, Blake, looking for prizes further north, fell in, midway between the coasts of Scotland and the Netherlands, with a fleet of six hundred herring busses, richly laden, and protected by twelve men-of-war. Attacking the latter at once with fierce impetuosity, he captured nine of the ships and sank three, after which, taking possession of the cargoes of the fishermen, he sent them home, with the advice to take to grow cabbages and make cheese, instead of venturing upon the high seas, the property of the Commonwealth of England.

The extraordinary boldness of the proceedings of both Ayscough and Blake roused the Dutch to frantic wrath; and thinking of nothing but retaliation, the renowned admiral of the republic rushed forth from the Texel, taking with him eighty of the largest men-of-war, together with ten fire-ships. He first went in search of Sir George Ayscough, whom he met in the Downs, quietly at anchor, watching for goodly prizes in the shape of spice-laden Indiamen returning to Amsterdam. An engagement seemed imminent, but at the moment Van Tromp was making his preparations for it, a dead calm came on, followed by a south-westerly gale, which drove him back

into the North Sea. Being here, he resolved to fall upon Blake before going back to the Channel, loudly expressing his determination to annihilate the rash intruder upon the seas, who had dared to treat citizens of the "ocean republic" with so much contumely. But Blake, after dispersing the fleet of fishing busses, had captured two Dutch merchantmen, and searching for more, had gone to the Orkney Islands, expecting some valuable cargoes to float into his way in that neighbourhood, while endeavouring to get home by rounding North Britain. After some search, Van Tromp came up with Blake between the Orkneys and Shetlands; but again, while proceeding to attack, the elements turned against him. A fearful storm arose, which, scattering his ships in all directions, compelled him to retreat; and instead of the ninety ships with which he had left, he only brought forty back to Amsterdam. Arrived here, the same populace who but a few months before had worshipped him as a demigod, publicly hooted him in the streets, while the government deprived him of his offices and dignities. In the eyes of every Dutch patriot Van Tromp's offences were unpardonable, no victory having been gained, and all the herrings lost.

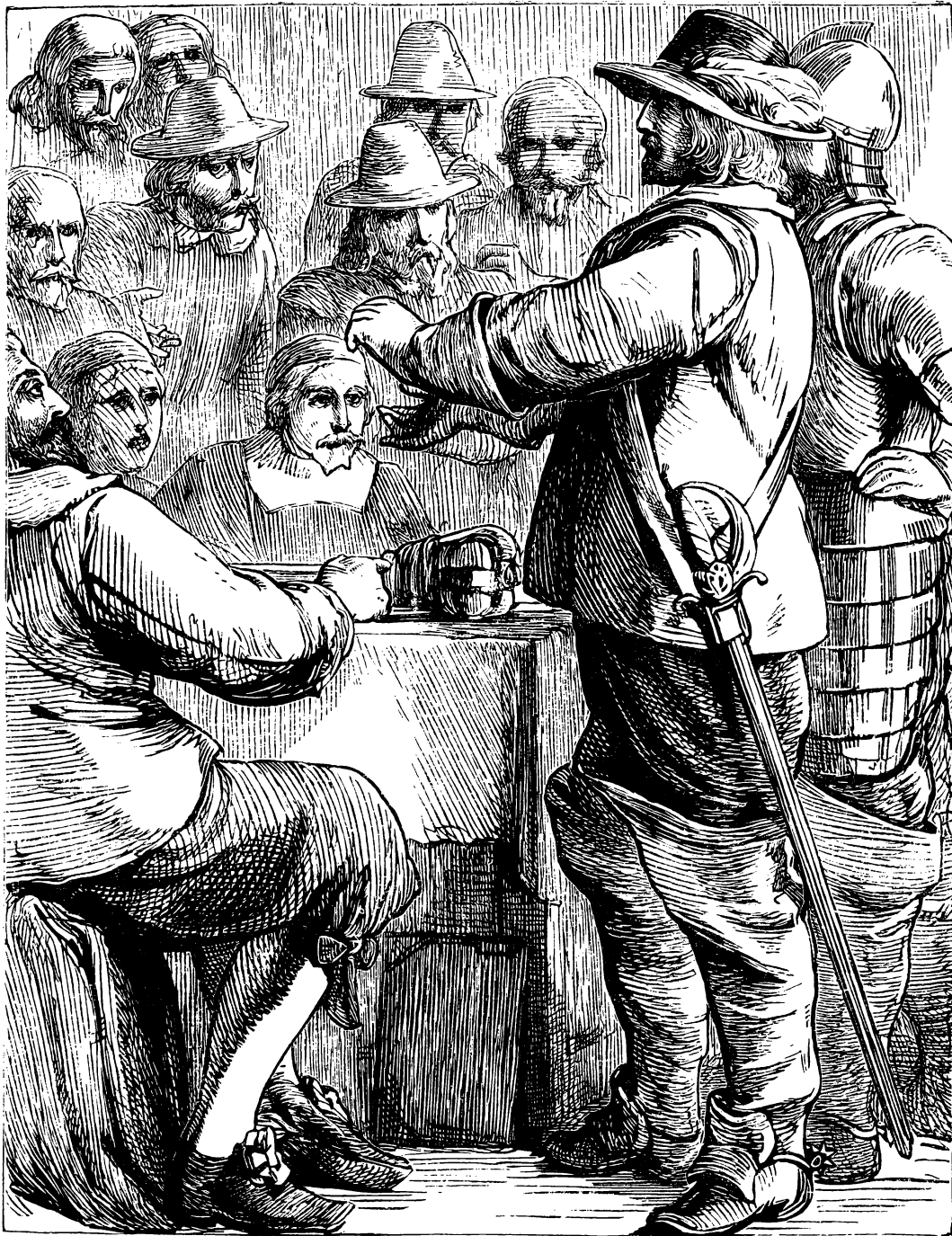
His anger did not incline the republicans of the Low Countries to prosecute hostilities with less energy than before; and a new fleet having been fitted out, it left the Texel at the beginning of September. To the chief command of this armament, consisting of sixty-four ships of war of the largest size, the States General appointed Cornelius De Witt, member of one of the most illustrious families of the United Provinces, while under him, as lieutenant, served Michel Adrian-zoon De Ruyter, considered inferior to no sea captain of the age, except Van Tromp. On the 28th of September, the Dutch fleet, sweeping grandly up the Channel, hove in sight of Blake's squadron near the South Foreland, and a few shots having been exchanged on both sides, preparations were made for a general battle. But at this moment dissensions broke out between De Witt and De Ruyter, the former desiring an immediate combat, and the latter counselling a short postponement, to bring up several ships that were lagging in the rear. While the Dutch admirals were disputing, Blake fell upon them, and after a few hours' fight drove them back with great loss as far as the mouth of the Scheldt. The defeat caused a fresh uprising of the mob of Amsterdam, and the weathercock of popular favour swinging round once more, De Witt and De Ruyter were condemned as Van Tromp had been before, and the latter reinstated in power, there being no other man of note to take his place. This time, to repair the disgrace of his former failures, the old sea hero went to work with the utmost skill as well as caution, and stealing up to the Downs, succeeded in pouncing upon the English fleet by surprise, of defeating Blake, and driving him up the Thames, as far as Gravesend. Proud of this victory, the States General followed it up by declaring the whole of England under blockade, while Van Tromp, as an insult to the Commonwealth, put up a broom at the masthead of his ship, and kept sailing up and down the Straits of Dover, declaring he would sweep the English for ever from the seas. But the "for ever" barely lasted two months.

Having been retained for the winter months in the harbours of the Thames and the Medway, Blake came out again early in February, 1653, with seventy-nine sail, and on the 18th of the month formed a line right across the Channel, between Portland Bill and Cape La Hogue, to offer battle to Van Tromp, who was coming up southward, in charge of a homeward-bound fleet of three hundred merchantmen. The fight lasted all day, without any decided success on either side, and was renewed on the 19th, the 20th, and the 21st of February, the navies of the Commonwealth and of the Dutch republic hanging together, drifting with the tides, and struggling for supremacy, like monsters of the sea engaged in death combat. But at last, on the fourth day of the battle, British pluck and daring carried everything before it. Though determined to hold out to the utmost, Van Tromp, having seen eleven men-of-war and thirty merchantmen captured before his eyes, found himself compelled to retreat, to save the rest, and taking advantage of a dark night and favourable winds, he fled precipitately towards the mouth of the Maas. No Dutch admiral ever after put up the broom at the masthead.

Victorious at home and abroad, the Commonwealth at this moment seemed firmly established, and yet there was approaching a crisis in its fortunes. Successful in every enterprise as had been the government founded on the ruins of the throne of Charles I., there was in reality a great source of weakness at the very base of it, in the defectiveness of its legal title. It was not only that the House of Commons, in which was vested the supreme power of the realm, was no strictly representative assembly, but merely the part of one, a "Rump parliament," as it was expressively called; but even considered as the fraction of a body created by the nation, it did not reflect the popular will, nearly half a generation having elapsed since its members had been elected. The fabric was manifestly held together only, and kept in all the outward appearances of life and strength by the matchless power and genius of a single man, yet this man again was invested with no visible mark of high authority, and in an altogether uncertain position. Though without Cromwell neither the "Rump parliament," nor its executive organ, the Council of State, could hope to live a single month, yet nominally the conqueror of three kingdoms was their servant, liable to be dismissed at any moment, and to be stripped of what titles and dignities he enjoyed by a mere vote. The situation, entirely unnatural, and full of peril for the stability of the Commonwealth, became still more so through the constant jealousy evinced by the members of the House of Commons against the man who, as they could not help confessing to themselves, was virtually their master. The jealousy, at first hidden under more or less of adulation, the voting of large sums of money, and of the use of the royal palaces, to the victorious lord-general, gradually developed itself into a definite form by ever-renewed attempts to reduce, and, if possible, dissolve the army; and those not being entirely successful, through the resistance of the troops themselves, efforts were made to diminish the influence of the commander-in-chief by vesting some of his functions in the Council of

State. Cromwell, on his part, retaliated by seeking to get rid of the House of Commons altogether. It appeared no very difficult task, as the "Rump parliament" suffered under decided unpopularity, and its members were being looked upon by the population at large as mere impostors, so that on a due amount of pressure being applied by Cromwell, parliament found itself compelled to resolve upon its own dissolution, and the meeting of a new representative assembly. The vote to this effect, although come to with great reluctance, rather increased than allayed the outcry against the "Rump," inasmuch as the date for the dissolution had been fixed at three years' distance, while the people were all but unanimous in demanding that it should take place at once. Here was a great opportunity for Cromwell, and he neglected not to take advantage of it. If an obnoxious House of Commons was deaf to the call of the nation, he would be its interpreter, speaking loud enough to make the sound of the people's voice reverberate through the ancient hall of St. Stephen's. In consequence, the lord-general resolved upon overthrowing parliament by the same engine which already had served him to upset a throne.

It was in February, 1653, while Blake was beating Van Tromp in the Channel, taking for ever the broom from Dutch mastheads, that the conflict between Cromwell and the House of Commons reached its height. In consequence of the constantly-reiterated demands of the people and the army that a new parliament should be forthwith elected, the "Rump" had passed a vote, at the end of February, that it should dissolve on the 3rd of November following, and that the future number of representatives in the House of Commons should be four hundred, to be elected by freeholders in counties, and owners, or tenants in boroughs. But coupled with these provisions, introduced in a bill which had gone through the first reading, was the important clause that the whole of the members of the "Rump" should remain in their seats, and be looked upon, without any fresh elections, as representatives of the counties, or boroughs, which had originally returned them. This clause, evidently unjust and arbitrary, was strenuously opposed by Cromwell; and on the majority of the commons insisting upon making it law, he summoned to his assistance an assembly of officers and members of the minority, to bring their united efforts to bear in defeating the bill. The question what to do should the "Rump" persevere in prolonging its own existence was warmly debated at a conference held at Cromwell's residence at Whitehall, on the evening of the 19th of April, the meeting lasting till midnight, and finishing without any definite decision being arrived at, with the understanding that the discussion should be resumed the next morning. At the appointed hour this day, Wednesday, the 20th of April, Cromwell's adherents assembled for fresh deliberation; but they had not been long so engaged when a member of parliament, Colonel Ingoldsby, came hurrying up, telling them that the majority of the commons were hurrying the obnoxious bill through all its stages, determined to make it law in spite of every opposition. It was evident that further talking now was utterly useless,



CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

and that other measures must be taken to extinguish the pretensions of the "Rump." Cromwell, with that general's eye which never failed him, in an instant grasped the position of affairs, and declared his intention at once to proceed to St. Stephen's Chapel. "It is not honest: yea, it is contrary to common honesty!" he exclaimed, in violent indignation; and ordering a company of musketeers to follow in his steps, strode forward to Westminster.

The commons were in anxious and excited discussion upon the bill for a new parliament when Cromwell entered the house. He "came clad in plain black clothes, and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place," listening quietly to the debate going on. When it had proceeded for a short time the deliberation flagged, all eyes being turned upon the lord-general, so that, no other member expressing a wish to say anything more, the Speaker prepared to put the question "that the Bill do pass." Before he could do so Cromwell arose from his seat, whispering to General Harrison, who was sitting near him, "This is the time!" So saying, he "rose up, put off his hat, and spake." The speech was of considerable length, and although begun in a calm tone, before long assumed a character of extraordinary vehemence and personality, such as had scarcely ever been heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness; with frequent denials of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant instruments of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had shed their blood for the nation, and encouraging their enemies; and with doing everything to the end that they might perpetuate their own power, and fill their own purses. Having gone thus far, Cromwell on a sudden stopped in his speech, and leaving his seat, walked into the middle of the hall, where he paced up and down, as if agitated by conflicting emotions. Presently he stamped on the floor, and at the signal the doors were thrown open, and a file of musketeers entered in military order. "You are no parliament!" Cromwell began again; "I say, you are no parliament: begone, and give place to honest men!" On one of the members remonstrating against the violence offered to them, the lord-general exclaimed, angrily, "Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating," and then beckoned to the officer of the musketeers to clear the room. The work was accomplished in a few minutes, and without any exercise of force; the members, fifty-three in number, went hurrying to the door in a stream, followed by the passionate ejaculations of Cromwell, who had something to say to each, by way of parting benediction. Some he called drunkards, others libertines, others robbers of the poor, and others "corrupt and unjust persons," and "following the devil's commandments." To Sir Harry Vane, leader of the house, who went out one of the last, he told that he "had no common honesty," and on the accused retorting in a few words, exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, thou art a juggler. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" All the members being gone, Cromwell went up to the Speaker's table, and fixing his eye on the mace, cried, "What shall we do with this bauble?" and then, ad-

ressing a musketeer, "Take it away." He then seized on the records, snatched the bill that had been under debate from the table, ordered the doors to be locked, and went back to Whitehall. "Among all the parliament-men," Whitlock recorded, "of whom many wore swords, not one offered to draw his sword against Cromwell, or to make the least resistance, but all tamely departed." The lord-general remarked, in his own forcible language, "We did not hear a dog bark at their going."

There was, indeed, no dog barking in all England to lament the breaking up of an assembly which had long fallen into utter disrepute and contempt; and the shouts and acclamations of the people in the streets plainly informing Cromwell that the task he had executed was, if not legal, yet ratified by the popular will, he proceeded to finish his work. After staying for a couple of hours at Whitehall, narrating to the assembly, which was still sitting there, the particulars of what he had done, the lord-general went on to Derby House, the meeting-place of the Council of State. Entering the room where the members were engaged in deliberation, he told them, in a short speech, that they represented no longer the executive government of England, inasmuch as the power from which they derived their authority had ceased to exist. "If you are met here as private persons," he concluded his harangue, "you shall not be disturbed, but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you. And since you cannot but know what was done in the morning, so take notice that the parliament is dissolved." There was a short pause, after which John Bradshaw, president of the Council of State, opened his lips. "Sir," he exclaimed, "we have heard what you did in the house in the morning, and before many hours all England will hear it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Therefore take you notice of that." Three other members of the council added some words to the same purpose, but having given in their protest, made no other show of resistance, and quietly departed. It was as if the burden of unpopularity under which the "Rump" was suffering was weighing too heavily upon them even to attempt upholding the dignity of their position, and thus they slipped away, withdrawing quietly into private life. Their withdrawal was followed by addresses from all parts of the country, thanking the lord-general for what he had done, and congratulating the nation upon having been delivered from the tyranny of the small knot of men holding themselves forth as representatives of the people, but incapable of being its governors. Only a single address in favour of the dispersed House of Commons was presented by a dozen citizens of London, proving the smallness of the minority attached to it. There were many who disapproved the illegal act of Cromwell, but few, if any, who doubted that he alone was the only possible guide and ruler of the Commonwealth.

The first step of Cromwell, after having made himself absolute master of the government, was to issue a proclamation to the people, defending his conduct in forcibly dissolving the House of Commons. The document, dated the 23rd of April, and headed,

"A Declaration of the Lord General and his Council of Officers," went fully and at great length into the causes which had brought about the step for the dissolution, justifying it, in very dignified language, as absolutely indispensable for the peace and welfare of the realm. "After it had pleased God," it began, "not only to reduce Ireland, and give in Scotland, but so marvellously to appear for his people at Worcester, that these nations were brought to a great degree of peace, and England to perfect quiet, and thereby the Parliament had opportunity to give the people the harvest of all their labours, blood, and treasure, and to settle a due liberty, both in reference to civil and spiritual things, whereunto they were obliged by their duty, their engagements, as also the great and wonderful things which God wrought for them, it was matter of much grief to the good and well-affected of the land to observe the little progress which was made therein." After enumerating the main points of neglect of the members of parliament in accomplishing "those ends which God, his people, and the whole nation expected from them," the "Declaration" stated that if this had been allowed to proceed, "the Cause which the Lord hath so greatly blessed, and borne witness to, must have languished under their hands, and by degrees be wholly lost, and the lives, liberties, and comforts of the people be delivered into their enemies' hands." It then went on: "All which being sadly and seriously considered by the honest people of this nation, as well as by the army, and wisdom and direction being sought from the Lord, it seemed to be a duty incumbent upon us, who had seen so much of the power and presence of God going along with us, to consider of some more effectual means to secure the Cause which the good people of this Commonwealth had been so long engaged in, and to establish righteousness and peace in those nations. And after much debate it was judged necessary and agreed upon that the supreme authority should be by the Parliament devolved upon known persons, fearing God, and of approved integrity, and the government of the Commonwealth committed unto them for a time, as the most hopeful way to encourage and countenance all God's people, reform the law, and administer justice impartially, hoping thereby the people might forget monarchy, and understanding their true interests in the election of successive Parliaments, may have the government settled upon a true basis, without hazard to this glorious Cause, or necessitating to keep up armies for the defence of the same. And being still resolved to use all means possible to avoid extraordinary courses, we prevailed with about twenty members of parliament to give us a conference, with whom we freely and plainly debated the necessity and justness of our proposals on that behalf, and did evidence that those, and not the Act under their consideration, would most probably bring forth something answerable to that work, the foundation whereof God himself hath laid and is now carrying on in the world, the which, notwithstanding, found no acceptance, but instead thereof it was offered that the way was still to continue this present Parliament." Such were the main reasons assigned by Cromwell "to make an end to this Parliament."

There was nothing said in the "Declaration" as to the form of government that was to be established in place of the dissolved parliament and Council of State. Though more than king in power, Cromwell was not in a position to assume the outward attributes of kingship, the basis of his authority resting in the army, attached in overwhelming majority to republican principles, and more and more verging in the same direction. On the other hand, the calling upon the scene of a new parliament could not but interfere with the plans of the lord-general, he holding sincerely to the conviction that until the Commonwealth had been firmly established, and secured against all enemies, foreign and domestic, the supreme authority ought to be concentrated in one hand, and emanate from a single source. It seemed a difficult and almost impossible task thus to prop absolutism upon democracy; and Cromwell in attempting to solve it had recourse to somewhat singular means. Assembling at Whitehall a number of military leaders and state officials, a day or two after the dispersion of the "Rump," he told them that he had resolved to summon, from all parts of the realm, a novel kind of representative body, consisting of "known persons, men fearing God, and of approved integrity," all of them carefully selected by himself, with the assistance of a council of ministers. This council, made up of thirteen persons, nine officers of the army and four members of the dissolved parliament, Cromwell nominated forthwith, and then set to work, without loss of a single day, to constitute the new power in the state, meant to be both legislative and administrative, which he was bent upon erecting. Circulars were sent around to the principal ministers and preachers, known for their piety or the influence they possessed, to consult with their congregations as to the fittest individuals to be entrusted with the high position of representatives of all religious and God-fearing men in the realm, and long lists of names having come in reply, the lord-general and his assistants set themselves to make the selection. The work was carried out with the greatest care and minuteness, the character of every person submitted for choice being weighed and scrutinized in all important particulars, first by the thirteen councillors, and then by Cromwell himself, who undertook the final revise of the list prepared by his assistants. There issued from the scrutiny thus elaborately gone through one hundred and thirty-nine names, of which six from Ireland, five from Scotland, six from Wales, and the rest, one hundred and twenty-two, from England; and the whole of these were inserted accordingly in writs for the new parliament of the Commonwealth.

The writ of summons to each of the hundred and thirty-nine persons was signed by the lord-general alone, and of singular brevity and directness of purpose. "Forasmuch," it ran, "as upon the dissolution of the late Parliament it became necessary that the peace, safety, and good government of this Commonwealth should be provided for, and in order thereunto divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty, are by myself, with the advice of my council of officers nominated, to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be com-

mitted, and having good assurance of your love to, and courage for God, and the interest of His Cause, and of the good people of this Commonwealth:—I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the armies and forces raised and to be raised within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require you, being one of the persons nominated, personally to be and appear at the Council Chamber commonly known or called by the name of the Council Chamber at Whitehall, within the city of Westminster, upon the fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof, then and there to take upon you the said trust, unto which you are hereby called, and appointed as a member for the county of . . . And hereof you are not to fail. Given under my hand and seal, the sixth day of June, 1653, Oliver Cromwell." All the persons summoned, with the exception of two, made their appearance at the appointed day at Whitehall, where a large apartment had been prepared for their reception, with a table on one side, and chairs in a circle around. The assembly, as regarded rank, birth, and education, was a more mixed one than any parliament or representative parliament England had ever seen, comprising both the highest and lowest degrees of the social ladder. There were several members of the extinct House of Lords, and a few "gentlemen who had estates;" but there were also a great many shopkeepers, as well as "artificers of the meanest trades," together with a number of persons so utterly obscure, or of occupations supposed to be so unsuited for law-making, that the mere mentioning of their names was provocative of ridicule. There came to place themselves on the chairs in the Council Chamber at Whitehall, scions of the houses of Montague, of Lisle, and of Howard, Admiral Blake, the sea hero, and other men of fame and renown; but at their side sat Praisegod Barebone, a leather seller of Fleet Street, a worthy man, it was



FLEET BRIDGE.

said, and of unimpeachable character, but little suited by habit and training to take part in the government of a great nation. Popular wit, laying hold of the name of the leather dealer, soon raised him to higher distinction than any of his colleagues, giving the assembly summoned by Cromwell the title of the "Barebone Parliament."

The reception of the new lawgivers at Whitehall

was of more than republican simplicity. "After each person," says a contemporary account, "had given in a ticket of his name, they all entered the room, and sat down in the chairs appointed for them, round about the table. Then his excellency the lord-general, standing by the window opposite to the middle of the table, and as many of the officers of the army as the room could well contain, some on his right hand, and others on his left and about him." All the members being seated and uncovered, Cromwell took off his hat, and with his hands resting on a chair, pronounced a brief introductory speech. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I suppose the summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion of your being here. Howbeit, I have something farther to impart to you, which is an instrument drawn up by the consent and advice of the principal officers of the army, which is a little more significant than the letter of the summons. We have that here to tender you, and somewhat likewise to say for our own exoneration, which we hope may be somewhat farther for your satisfaction. And without seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily, by reason of the scantness of the room and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto." With these words Cromwell took off his cloak, giving it to an officer near him, and then prepared to explain all that he had to say. The promise to "contract" his words was not strictly fulfilled, for the speech he delivered lasted above two hours, full, like all his orations, of historical narrative, reflections, arguments, quotations, commentaries, interpolations, allusions to the past, and speculations on the future, but nevertheless, in all its length, listened to with breathless attention. He had not written his speech, nor any notes before him to guide his memory, and the thick mass of his thoughts, as he went on, appeared to crowd in upon him with irresistible force, while he abandoned himself to their current. All the while the extraordinary assembly of men which he had called together sat before him, their eyes riveted on his, and listening to every sound from his lips as to a voice from heaven.

Cromwell began by reminding his hearers of the great events they had witnessed from the opening of the Long Parliament to the battle of Worcester, the civil war, the trial of the king, the defeat of his son, the subjugation of Scotland and Ireland, "those strange windings and turnings of Providence, those very great appearances of God in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men, neither versed in military affairs, nor having much natural propensity to them, simply by their owning a principle of godliness and religion." He then passed in review his conflict with the House of Commons, declaring that the members whom he had been compelled to disperse and send back to their homes, had shown themselves entirely unwilling either to effect the reforms which the nation demanded, or to dissolve voluntarily, and restore to the people their right of suffrage. The lawyers, he said, had spent three months in disputing about the veritable meaning of the word "incumbrances," without coming to an agreement, and several conferences which had been obtained, with great dif-

faculty, between distinguished officers of the army and political leaders in the House of Commons, had uniformly ended in the assertion of the latter that "the perpetuation of the parliament can alone save the nation." Had they been allowed to go on any longer, he said, "the liberties of the nation would have been thrown away into the hands of those who had never fought for it, and upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it: and upon this the house was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question." Cromwell then went on to dwell upon the principles of good government, advising his hearers to be, above all, impartial, "to be as just towards an unbeliever as towards a believer," to be "faithful with the Saints," and to be "very much moved with the infirmities of the Saints." "Therefore, I beseech you," he continued, rising into eloquence, on touching the great subject of religious toleration, "have a care of the whole flock! Love the sheep, love the lambs; love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all: in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you: I say, if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected." After giving his reasons for summoning a legislative assembly different from any that had yet existed, in the all-abounding necessity "to choose men that fear the Lord, and will praise the Lord, such as the Lord hath formed for himself," Cromwell concluded by quoting the song of David which his army had intoned on the field of Dunbar, "that famous Psalm, sixty-eighth Psalm, which indeed is a glorious prophecy of the Gospel Churches." Dwelling on the words of the inspired singer, Cromwell's speech rose into the loftiest fervour of enthusiasm. "Indeed," he exclaimed, "the triumph of the Psalm is exceeding high and great, and God is accomplishing it. And the close of it, that closeth with my heart, and I doubt not with yours, 'The Lord shakes the hills and mountains, and they reel.' Yea, God hath a hill too, 'an high hill as the hill of Bashan, and the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels, and God will dwell upon this hill for ever.'" "Amen!" exclaimed the assembly.

The hundred and thirty-eight persons called together by Cromwell began their work the day after he had addressed them at Whitehall. Meeting within the chapel of St. Stephen's, appropriated to the sittings of the House of Commons, they began by receiving and putting upon record a message from the lord-general, which devolved upon them the supreme legislative authority, but at the same time imposed an obligation not to retain the same for longer than sixteen months, or till the 3rd of November, 1654. Three months before this term, they were to make choice of other persons to succeed them, who in their turn were not to sit longer than a year, repeating the process of electing their successors. The stipulations of the message having been approved of, a long debate took place as to whether they should assume the name and title of parliament, which was settled in the affirmative by sixty-five against forty-six votes. Next they elected a Speaker, the choice falling upon Francis Rouse, provost of Eton, and member for Truro in the dissolved House of Com-

mons, who having taken the chair, it was ordered that the mace, which had been removed, should be again laid on the table, and that in all other respects the usages and customs of parliament should be adhered to. The first day of the regular sittings under a Speaker was devoted entirely to pious exercises, different from those in use by the former House of Commons by there being no sermon from any recognised clergyman or minister, the whole consisting in a series of spontaneous prayers and exhortations from the members themselves. On the day after it was resolved to issue a proclamation to the people, explaining the aims and objects they had in view. "We declare ourselves to be the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England," the document began, and then set forth the aspirations of the new lawgivers in a strain of deep humility. "When we look upon ourselves," they said, "we are much afraid and tremble at the mighty work and heavy weight before us, which we justly acknowledge far above and quite beyond our strength to wield or poise, so that we oft cry out, and say with Jehoshaphat, 'O Lord, we know not what to do, but our eye is towards thee!' We hope that God, in His great and free goodness, will not forsake His people; that we may be fitted and used as instruments in His hand; that all oppressing yokes may be broken, and all burdens removed, and the loins also of the poor and needy may be filled with blessing; that all nations may turn their swords and spears into ploughshares and pruninghooks; that the wolf may feed with the lamb, and the earth be full of the knowledge of God, as waters cover the sea. And this is all we say as regards ourselves: If this undertaking be from God, let Him prosper and bless it, and let every one take heed of fighting against God; but if not, let it fall, though we fall before it."

Noble and lofty as were the aims of the members of the legislative assembly called into life by Cromwell, they failed as a parliament, and could not but fail. The vast majority of the one hundred and thirty-eight persons who took their seats in the old hall of English lawgivers were undoubtedly, as recorded, "men of orderly life, neither spendthrifts nor in debt, nor seekers after employment or adventures, but devotedly attached to their country and their religion," and deficient neither in courage nor in independence. However, these high moral qualities were clearly insufficient to fit them for the task for which they had been chosen, that of remodelling the political life of England, of carrying out vast religious reforms, and of marking, in the forms of laws and statutes, the boundaries of a new society that had arisen on the scattered ruins of a throne and of ancient feudal institutions. The sarcasm of its enemies, which gave to the new parliament the name of the leather-seller of Fleet Street, was so far justified as the assembly showed in its first actions that it possessed all the virtues, but likewise all the shortcomings of that highly respectable but naturally narrow-visioned citizen known as Praise-god Barebone. The greater number of his colleagues, like him, had more private honesty than political intelligence; and, notwithstanding the uprightness of their intentions, the integrity of their character, and

the depth of their piety, they were incapable of carrying through, or even of comprehending, the high mission to which the summons of Cromwell had called them. They began by making various important legal reforms, decreeing, among others, the abolition of the court of Chancery, and the instalment of commissioners to preside in courts of justice; they also enacted that marriages should be solemnized by the civil magistrate alone, and voted the annulling of tithes and advowsons, vesting the choice of ministers in the parishioners. So far, the work done was more or less useful, even if somewhat rash; but not content with making law improvements, the assembly soon launched into the wildest schemes of social and religious reform, regardless as to whether the ideas that received its approbation were of practical execution, and seemingly content that they should be true in theory. It was with pain Cromwell perceived the direction into which his chosen legislature was drifting, and the ill results thereof for the peace of the nation, all classes of the people, particularly those possessed of property, getting possessed of a vague alarm that the "Barebone Parliament" would end by overthrowing the whole structure of society, erecting instead of it some fair-looking ideal form, intended for "the wolf to feed with the lamb," but greatly tending, in sober reality, to the lambs being eaten by the wolves. The alarm, well or ill-founded, increased with every successive sitting of the legislative assembly; and after having existed three months, the lord-general saw that his own creation could endure no longer. It was easy to break up the meeting at Westminster, for the fiat which had called them into life could clearly make an end of them, but on consideration Cromwell resolved not to have recourse to an open dissolution. It seemed to him that the most becoming way for Barebone's friends and colleagues to vanish from the scene would be to commit suicide.

The design of the lord-general was executed, in a rather strange manner, on Monday the 12th of December. On this day the members of the assembly who had been let into the secret of the work that was to be done, the Speaker among them, assembled at an earlier hour than usual, and after very short prayers, Colonel Sydenham, one of the intimate friends of Cromwell, rose to deliver a speech. He said that he must take leave to unburden himself of some things that had long lain upon his heart, and that he would have to speak of matters not only relating to the welfare of the Commonwealth, but inseparable from its very existence. He then went on in making a violent attack upon the proceedings of the majority of the assembly, accusing them of dragging the nation into utter ruin. "They have aimed," he cried, addressing the Speaker, "at nothing less than destroying the clergy, the law, and the property of the subject. Their purpose was to take away the law of the land, and the birthrights of Englishmen, for which all have so long been contending with their blood, and to substitute in their room a code modelled on the laws of Moses, and adapted only for the nation of the Jews. In the heat of a preposterous fervour, they have even laid the axe to the root of the Christian ministry, alleging that it

is Babylonish, and that it comes from Antichrist. They were the enemies of all intellectual cultivation, and all learning, and they had likewise adopted resolutions indicating a deep-laid design for the total dissolution of the army." The colonel finished his extraordinary speech by declaring that as he himself was no longer satisfied to be a member of an assembly which had so far degraded itself, he trusted there were many others who shared his feelings, in consequence of which he would move "that the continuance of this parliament is not for the good of the Commonwealth, and that it is requisite that the house shall repair, in a body, to the lord-general, to deliver back into his hands the power they have received from him." The motion having been seconded by Sir Charles Wolseley, an Oxfordshire gentleman, high in the confidence of Cromwell, the Speaker was about to put it hurriedly to the vote, when he was stopped by some of the members not initiated in the scheme. They remarked, with much truth, that it was not only undignified but disgraceful for the assembly to destroy its own life almost at the outset, after having held out grand promises of deeds to be achieved, and that before having recourse to this humiliating step efforts should be made to enter upon a new career, more in harmony than the past with what was desired by the lord-general and the nation. These words being greeted by cheers from the majority of members present, it became evident that Colonel Sydenham's proposal would not be adopted, upon which there was a short conversation between some of the friends of Cromwell, one of whom then communicated with the Speaker. All on a sudden, the latter left the chair, followed by the serjeant-at-arms, carrying the mace, and by about forty members, the whole of whom marched straightway in procession to Whitehall, to "resign their powers to his excellency the lord-general." The remaining members of the house, after the Speaker had left, engaged in prayer, and when they had prayed for nearly an hour, there came one of Cromwell's officers, Major White, desiring them to leave the place, as they had no further business there. On receiving the answer that they would not leave, the major, with a slight motion of the hand, beckoned in a file of musketeers, who cleared the chapel of St. Stephen's in a few minutes, locked the doors, and went away with the keys. No parliament had ever come to a less dignified end.

Cromwell's behaviour in slaying the body fashioned by his own hands was not free from the appearance of dissimulation. On arriving at Whitehall the Speaker, with his train of members, first went into a private room, where they resolved upon and wrote down a form of resignation, and then demanded an audience of the lord-general. The paper, making all the powers of parliament over to him, having been presented to Cromwell, he affected the utmost surprise, declaring that he was not prepared for such an offer, nor able to load himself with so heavy and serious a burthen. However at last, after listening to a number of speeches from Colonel Sydenham, General Lambert, Sir Charles Wolseley, and others present, he declared himself persuaded that it was for the good of the nation that he should wield, at least tempo-

rarily, the whole legislative as well as executive authority of the Commonwealth, stating at the same time that, in entering upon his new functions, it might be requisite that he should assume a more distinctive title than the one he had hitherto borne. The notice of it came not quite unexpected, it having been rumoured for some months past that the lord-general intended to put the crown upon his head, and to become in name what he had long been in reality. Probably, Cromwell harboured such a scheme at times in his own mind, and occasionally gave hints of it to his intimate friends, or to those whose assistance he was likely to require in the matter; however, being aware that the army was strongly opposed to the restoration of the kingly office, he never did more than sound opinions on the subject, and even now, on the abdication of his parliamentary assembly, took care not to compromise himself further than to express a wish to increase his outward dignity by the adoption of some new title, leaving the choice of the same to others. On receiving the abdication, he appeared to expect some offer or suggestion bearing on the matter; but this not forthcoming, he summoned to his assistance the day after, the 13th of December, another conference of military men and political leaders, described by the lord-keeper of the Great Seal as "a council of officers and other persons of interest in the nation." The conference sat for two days, and after "much seeking of God by prayer," drew up, for the acceptance of the lord-general, which was at once signified, an "Instrument of Government," vesting in him the supreme executive and administrative, and limited legislative power, with the title of "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

The installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector took place, rather hastily, on Friday, the 16th of December, the day after the "Instrument of Government" had been accepted by him, and four days after the fall of his legislative assembly, or, as frequently called, the "Little Parliament." Though usually simple to abnegation in all his habits and public as well as private doings, Cromwell thought fit to display considerable pomp on this occasion, as if desirous to impress the multitude with the sense of the new dignity with which he was being invested. He left his residence at Whitehall at one o'clock in the afternoon, to go to Westminster, in the midst of a magnificent procession, passing between a double row of soldiers. The lords commissioners of the Great Seal, the members of the Council of State, the judges, and the lord mayor and aldermen of the city, in their scarlet robes and state carriages, headed the procession, and after them came Cromwell, in a splendid coach, surrounded by the principal officers of the army, in full uniform, with drawn swords, and immediately preceded by his guards and a large number of gentlemen, all walking and bareheaded. "His Highness," as related by a spectator, "was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with cloak of the same, and about his hat a broad band of gold." Thus attired, the lord-general walked into Westminster Hall, at one end of which a chair of state, similar in appearance to a throne, had been placed for him, to both sides of which the procession ranged itself. All

having taken their places, standing and bareheaded, General Lambert, temporary president of the Council of State, approached Cromwell, who stood in front of the chair of state, and bending a knee, announced the voluntary dissolution of the late parliament, and in the name of the army of England, and of the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, prayed that he might accept the office of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. After a moment's pause, Cromwell declared his readiness to undertake the charge, whereupon one of the clerks of the Council of State came forward to read the "Instrument of Government," embodying the new constitution of the realm. The reading of it lasted half an hour, and on its being concluded Cromwell made oath "to take upon him the protection and government of the nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and then seated himself in the chair of state, "with his head covered, the court continuing all bare." "The Lords Commissioners next," reported the news sheets of the day, "delivered up to his Highness the purse and seals, and the lord mayor of London his sword, which were presently delivered back to them again by his Highness, and then, after a salute, the court rose," the procession leaving Westminster Hall "in the same equipage they came." In returning to Whitehall, "the lord mayor rode bare with the sword in the boot of the coach, with his Highness, and there were great acclamations and shoutings all along the streets as they passed."

The people of the streets had some cause for joyous shoutings, the installation of the Protector and inauguration of a new form of government offering a fair guarantee for the return of settled peace, after the long miseries of war and revolution. Though brought into existence in an abnormal and, to all outward appearance, despotic manner, the "Instrument of Government" sworn to by Cromwell was a most wise, temperate, and well-planned form of constitution, designed to give to the nation the fullest amount of liberty, compatible with order and the due exercise of authority. According to the terms of the new charter of the Commonwealth, the national sovereignty was to reside in a parliament, consisting of a single House of Commons, whose acts and decrees should become law as soon as made, if approved of by the first magistrate, the Lord Protector, but if not, at the end of twenty days, with or without his consent. In the Lord Protector, whose office was to be held for life, but not to be hereditary, was vested the executive power, to be exercised with the assistance of a Council of State, or ministry, consisting of not less than thirteen, and not more than twenty-one persons, who were not to be removable from their places except for corruption or other gross misconduct, to be judged by a parliamentary committee. The charter further prescribed that all writs, processes, commissions, and grants should run in the name of the Lord Protector, and that he, acting in concert with the Council of State, should command the militia and other armed forces of the Commonwealth, both by land and sea, exercising the powers of war and peace; but that, on the other hand, no law should be made, altered, suspended, or repealed, but by the authority of parliament, the executive only possessing the right to issue temporary

ordinances until the meeting of the same. Parliament itself, or the House of Commons, was to be triennial, and to consist of four hundred and sixty members, of whom four hundred for England, thirty for Scotland, and as many for Ireland, elected by the free votes of all persons possessing real or personal property worth two hundred pounds sterling, and not guilty of having fought on the Cavalier side in the civil war, or of having taken part in the Irish rebellion. Every parliament was to sit at least five months during each of the three years of its duration, and to be summoned by writ under the Great Seal, with the proviso that if the Lord Protector should neglect to issue the writs, the keepers of the Seal must do so on their own authority, under pain of high treason. Finally, the meeting of the first parliament was ordered to take place on the coming 3rd of September, date of the two greatest of the victories gained by the Lord Protector. Like almost all men who achieved greatness through the sword, Cromwell ever and anon exhibited a tendency towards fatalism, showing it on this occasion by fixing the to him eventful day when the representatives of the nation were to assemble, either to approve of or condemn his assumption of supreme power, on the anniversary of the "great mercy" of Dunbar, and the "crowning mercy" of Worcester.

Before the meeting of parliament came to take place, the renown of English arms was increased by some fresh naval victories over the Dutch, which, although not due directly to Cromwell, tended to shed lustre over his government. Thinking that they might profit by the domestic troubles of the Commonwealth that appeared probable after the dispersion of the Rump of the Long Parliament, the rulers of the United Provinces had fitted out a new fleet in the spring of 1653, and the command being once more entrusted to Van Tromp, still smarting under his great defeat by Blake, he at once started to take his revenge. The Dutch fleet met the English, the latter under the orders of vice-admirals Monk and Dean, old military officers like Blake, in the Downs, off the North Foreland, early on the 2nd of June, when the action commenced at once with great fury on both parts. At the first broadside, Admiral Dean, who at dawn of day had spent a longer time than usual in prayers, seemingly full of gloomy presentiments, was struck dead by a cannon-shot, as he was standing at the side of Monk, whereupon the latter instantly threw his cloak over the body of his colleague, so as to hide his loss from the sailors and soldiers, who were greatly attached to him. The fight lasted all day long, interrupted only by nightfall, which for a time separated the two fleets, the tide and winds carrying them into opposite directions. On the 3rd of June it was taken up again, but somewhat late in the day, Van Tromp having spent the greater part of the morning in unsuccessful attempts to recover the weather gage which he had lost. He was unaware that, while manœuvring about, his great foe and rival, Blake, was coming up to the scene of action from the coast of Scotland, where he had been stationed, and attacking him from behind, prepared to overthrow all his calculations. The combat had just been renewed when suddenly the boom of heavy

artillery was heard in the rear of the Dutch, and a few moments after Blake fell in upon them with fierce impetuosity. His arrival sent a panic among the sailors of Van Tromp, so that even his orders were disobeyed, and several vessels having run away before his eyes, against his express commands, he became enraged, and going to the powder-magazine of his flagship, the "Brederode," threw a lighted match into it. The report immediately spread through the Dutch fleet that their famous commander was dead, upon which the greater number of the captains turned their vessels, seeking safety in retreat. The explosion, however, though destroying the deck of the "Brederode," had not sunk it, and Van Tromp, who had escaped almost by miracle, left the flagship for a fast-sailing frigate, in which he flew through the lines of his navy, calling upon all under his command to renew the battle, and opening his guns upon those who insisted on retreat. But both persuasions and threats had now become vain, and, carried along in the irresistible current of flight, Van Tromp himself was drawn away from the scene of action, and with the rest of his scattered armament driven to the coast of Holland. On the 10th of June, the three great admirals of the United Provinces, Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witt, presented themselves before the States General, declaring that they would go to sea no more unless with better armed vessels, manned by braver men. "Why should I keep silence any longer?" exclaimed Cornelius de Witt; "I am here to speak the truth, and I must say that the English at present are masters both of us and of the seas."

Thrown into despair by the repeated defeats they had suffered, the government of the United Provinces now sent again ambassadors to England to negotiate a peace; but their diplomatic movement was slow, and hostilities not being suspended in the meanwhile, a new naval victory came to be added to those already gained by the Commonwealth. The English fleet had followed the Dutch in their retreat home, and towards the end of June set to blockade the mouth of the Texel, which inflicted so much injury upon the commerce of Amsterdam as to drive the inhabitants into frenzy, so that they loudly called upon their rulers to renew the war at any cost. Pressed by popular clamour, the States General gave way, and on the 29th of July, Van Tromp, commanding nearly one hundred ships of war, all that the utmost efforts of his countrymen could bring together, put himself once more face to face with the sea-captains of the Commonwealth. The first day's encounter was indecisive, and a heavy gale of wind prevented the battle from being renewed the next morning; but it was taken up again with intense ardour the day after, Sunday, the 31st of July. Never, in all the naval actions between English and Dutch, had there been a more fierce and desperate struggle between them; ship against ship, and man against man, there was an uninterrupted discharge of broadsides and a ceaseless series of hand-to-hand fights, till it seemed as if each fleet was bent upon destroying itself together with the enemy, leaving nothing behind but universal wreck. Above fifteen hundred English had already fallen, and the battle was still as fierce and wavering as ever,

when one swift cannon-ball decided it all at once. Van Tromp, leaning against the mast of his flagship, giving orders to his officers, was shot in the heart; and he had no sooner sunk speechless to the ground, a stream of blood gushing from his breast, than his countrymen lost all courage, and fled away in wild disorder. The pursuit on the part of the victors lasted till midnight, resulting in the capture of thirty ships, and of twelve hundred prisoners, as well as the utter discouragement of the Dutch to contest the supremacy of the seas any longer. After this last signal defeat, the States General could not possibly protract negotiations; and having instructed their ambassadors in London to conclude peace at any price, the conditions were soon arranged and subscribed to. They were extraordinarily moderate, Cromwell continuing as Lord Protector the policy he had followed in all his former undertakings, which made a broad distinction in the treatment of Protestants and of Roman Catholics. As he had ravaged conquered Ireland with fire and sword, but treated conquered Scotland with the greatest leniency and kindness, so now again he imposed the very easiest terms upon the Protestants of the United Provinces. He did not even insist upon the demands made some years before, when the naval victories of England had been far less decisive, of having the right of search, the privilege of the northern fisheries, and indemnification for all war expenses, but contented himself with stipulating that neither country should harbour the enemies of the other, and that the flag of the Commonwealth should be saluted in the same manner as the old royal flag. The treaty on these conditions was signed on the 5th of April, 1654, and on the 5th of June following a secret article was appended thereto, by which the States General promised never to elect a member of the house of Orange for their stadtholder, or governor. Cromwell held that the Orange family had become unfitted to govern a Protestant race since having become tainted by Stuart blood.

The conclusion of peace with the United Provinces caused great satisfaction all over England, as bringing hopes of increase of commercial prosperity; and under the influence of it the elections for the new parliament took place. It was for the first time after the commencement of the civil war that the nation was called upon to nominate its representatives; and the long term of fourteen years having elapsed since the last general election, a corresponding excitement made itself felt throughout the country. The choice of the thirty members for Scotland, and equal number for Ireland, being of comparatively small importance, the interest was concentrated in the English returns, chiefly those of the counties, the latter having had allotted to them two hundred and fifty-one representatives, against one hundred and forty-nine for cities and boroughs. There were, in counties as well as boroughs, three great parties contesting with each other at the elections, in the adherents of the Protector, personal and political, the strict Republicans, averse to the concentration of executive authority in a single hand, and the Presbyterians, aiming at the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and the supremacy of their own creed. The latter, most numerous in the middle classes

admitted to the two hundred pound franchise, were expected to carry their candidates at least in the majority of the cities and boroughs; however, this did not prove to be the case, both republicans and friends of the government being preferred to them in a great many instances. Nearly all the members of the Council of State, and most of the leading officers of the army were returned to the new House of Commons, some of them in double and triple elections, while everybody of whom it was known that the Lord Protector personally desired his nomination, such as his near and distant relatives and intimate friends, got the desired seat without scarcely any contest. Under these favourable auspices, Cromwell met his parliament on the appointed day, the 3rd of September. It was a Sunday; "the Lord's day, yet the day of the meeting," noted Bulstrode Whitlock, one of the commissioners of the Great Seal. "The members," he continues, "met in the afternoon at sermon in the Abbey Church, at Westminster, then they attended the Lord Protector in the Painted Chamber, who made a speech to them of the cause of their summons, after which they went to the house, and adjourned till the next morning."

The formal opening of parliament took place on Monday, the 4th of September, with considerable display of pomp and splendour on the part of Cromwell. "His Highness, the Lord Protector," as recorded by one of the actors in the ceremony, "rode in state from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. Some hundreds of gentlemen and others went before him bare, with the life guard, and, next before the coach, his pages and lacqueys richly clothed. On the one side of his coach went Strickland, one of his council, and captain of his guard, with the master of the ceremonies, both on foot; on the other side went Howard, captain of the life guard. In the coach with him were his son Henry [second son] and General Lambert, both bare, and after him came Claypole [son-in-law of Cromwell], Master of the Horse, with a gallant horse, richly trapped. Next came the commissioners of the Great Seal, commissioners of the Treasury, and divers of the council in coaches, and last the ordinary guards. He alighting at the principal door of the abbey, and entering, the officers of the army went first, and next them four maces; then the commissioners of the Great Seal, Whitlock carrying the purse; after them General Lambert, carrying the sword bare, and the rest followed. His Highness was seated over against the pulpit, and the members of the parliament on both sides. After the sermon, which was preached by Mr. Thomas Goodwin [one of 'the two Atlases and Patriarchs of Independency,' according to Anthony à Wood], his Highness went, in the same equipage, to the Painted Chamber, where he took seat with covered head in a chair of state, set upon steps [by another account a throne with two steps], and the members upon benches round about, all bare. All being silent, his Highness, rising, put off his hat, and made a large and subtle speech."

It was a most remarkable address, this "subtle speech," delivered by the Lord Protector to his first parliament. "Gentlemen," began Cromwell, "you are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe,

England ever saw, having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations, with the territories belonging to them; and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the interest of all the Christian people in the world. And the expectation is that I should let you know, as far as I have cognisance of it, the occasion of your assembling at this time." After dwelling at length upon the sufferings, the state of decay, and general misery of the people before and immediately after the civil war, the Protector continued, "Things being so, and I am persuaded it is not hard to convince every person here they were so, what a heap of confusions were upon these poor nations! And either things must have been left to sink in the miseries these premises would suppose, or else a remedy must be applied. Now a remedy hath been applied; that hath been this government: a thing I shall say little unto. The thing is open, and visible to be seen and read by all men, and therefore let it speak for itself. Only let me say this, because I can speak it with comfort and confidence before a Greater than you all, that in the intention of it, as to the approving of our hearts to God, let men judge what they please, it was for the interest of the people—for the interest of the people alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. And if that be not true, I shall be bold to say again, let it speak for itself. Truly I may—I hope humbly before God, and modestly before you—say something on the behalf of the government." Having detailed the chief efforts made to bring peace and prosperity to the Commonwealth, by making England both great and free, Cromwell finished his address, eloquent in meaning though rugged in style, by a reference to the sermon to which he and the whole parliament had just been listening at Westminster Abbey. "You were told to-day," the Lord Protector cried, "of a people brought out of Egypt to the land of Canaan, but who through unbelief, murmuring, repining, and other temptations and sins wherewith God was provoked, were fain to go back again, and linger many years in the wilderness before they came to the place of rest. We are thus far, through the great mercy of God; and we have cause to take notice of it, that we are not brought into misery, but have a door of hope open. And I may say this unto you: If the Lord's blessing and His presence go along with the management of affairs at this meeting, you will be enabled to put the topstone to the work, and make the nation happy." With this final prayer on his lips, Cromwell sat down again in his chair of state. "And after the speech was ended," recorded the parliamentary report, "all generally seemed abundantly to rejoice, by extraordinary expressions and hums at the conclusion."

The "hums" were of bad augury for the Lord Protector. All his high expectations of what the new parliament would achieve "to make the nation happy" were overturned before a day had passed; for instead of settling down to pass wise laws, the members began criticising the past, and quarrelling among themselves. On the first day of meeting, after the choice of a Speaker, which fell upon William Lenthall, holder of the same dignity in the "Long

Parliament" and "the Rump," a coalition took place between the Presbyterians and the strict Republicans, and the consequence was the immediate assumption of a hostile attitude against Cromwell. It was admitted by his political as well as personal enemies that his rule had been altogether beneficent to the nation, directed to the furtherance of the general welfare, and though checking licence, quite free from despotism; but it was objected to, nevertheless, on purely theoretical grounds, as not having been the produce of the established electoral apparatus. Starting from the fixed idea that the popular will could not possibly find any other expression than by the machinery of a certain number of persons, blest in the possession of two hundred pounds sterling, putting names on slips of paper, the orators in the new House of Commons at once set up the principle that the government in existence, though parent of parliament itself, was illegitimate, and would continue so till sanctioned by the majority in the house. It was clear that this doctrine, if carried out to the full in the existing state of things, was a wild absurdity, leading to nothing but to open the door once more to the greatest possible anarchy, robbing the nation of its dearly-acquired peace, and making all order dependent upon the fluctuating votes of rival parties, and the more or less brilliant phrases of gifted speech-makers. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Presbyterian and Republican factions fanatically held to their great theory that they, the offspring of the majority of votes of a number of two hundred pound electors, were sole arbiters of the nation's fate, and declining to "put the topstone to the work" of government, as entreated to do by Cromwell, insisted to examine the foundation. Two days after the opening address of the Lord Protector, they brought forward a motion for forming a committee to deliberate upon the question "whether the house shall approve, or not, of the system of government by a single person and a parliament;" and although being repeatedly told that the subject was altogether unconstitutional, forbidden both in the fundamental "Instrument of Government," and the writs of election, they pressed it to a vote, and on the 11th of September, carried it by a majority of five votes, one hundred and forty-one names being given for, and one hundred and thirty-six against the motion. It was an undisguised declaration of antipathy to the Lord Protector.

Cromwell hesitated not a moment to reply to the challenge. On the morning of Tuesday, the 12th of September, when the members of the House of Commons went to take their places, at the usual hour of nine, they found the entrance of St. Stephen's closed against them, a file of soldiers being posted against the door. Several attempted to force their way in, but were kept back, politely yet firmly, by the captain of the guard. "There is no passage here," was the peremptory declaration of the officer; "the command has been issued to refuse admittance to all comers, and for further explanation you may go to the Painted Chamber, where the Lord Protector will be this morning at ten of the clock." The members, pacing up and down the galleries of Westminster Hall in fierce agitation, had not to wait long, for

punctually at ten Oliver Cromwell made his appearance in the Painted Chamber, attended by his officers and life guards, and went up to the chair of state, or throne, in front of which he had stood exactly eight days before to open parliament. The Lord Protector now came to address the representatives of the nation a second time, in somewhat different tone than before, though with no less eloquence of meaning. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, without any pause, as soon as he had taken his stand, "it is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble to let me into my discourse, for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished with all my heart there had been no cause for it. At our former meeting I did acquaint you what was the first rise of this government, which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said you were a Free Parliament. And so you are whilst you own the Government and authority which called you hither. But certainly that word 'Free Parliament' implied a reciprocity, or it implied nothing at all. Indeed there was a reciprocity implied and expressed, and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable. But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my Office, which I have not been apt to do before. I have been of this mind—I have always been of this mind—since I first entered upon my Office, that if God will not bear it up, it must sink. But if a duty be incumbent upon me to bear my testimony unto it, which in modesty I have hitherto forborne, I am in some measure necessitated thereunto. And therefore that will be the prologue to my disclosure." It was a remarkable prologue to one of the most remarkable discourses ever held by an English ruler before an English parliament.

"I called not myself to this place," Cromwell went on; "I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness; and I have men-witnesses who, I do believe, would lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that, namely, that I called not myself to this place. And being in it, I bear not witness to myself or my Office, but God and the people of these nations have also borne testimony to it. If my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people, God and the people only shall take it from me: else I will not part with it. I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the people of these nations, if I did. I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity. Having had some occasions to see, together with my brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the common enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards, the enjoyment, to wit, of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. But I could not obtain what my soul longed for; I pressed the parliament, as a member, to period themselves,

once and again, and again, and ten, nay twenty times over. I told them, for I knew it better than any one man in the parliament could know it, because of my manner of life, which has led me everywhere up and down the nation, thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men, that the nation loathed their sitting." After showing that parliamentary government as carried on by "the Rump" had failed to give to the people the desired peace and liberty, Cromwell went on to recapitulate the successive steps taken to insure the carrying out of the national will, and asserted that in this way the supreme authority had been forced upon him by the political and military leaders. "They told me," he exclaimed, "that except I would undertake the government, they thought things would hardly come to composure, or settlement, but blood and confusion would break in upon us. I refused it again and again, not complimentingly, as they know, and as God knows; but I confess, after many arguments, they urging on me that I did not thereby receive anything which put me into a higher capacity than before, but that it limited me, that it bound my hands to do nothing without the consent of a council, I did accept it. I was then arbitrary in power, having the armies in the three nations under my command, and truly not very ill beloved by them, nor very ill beloved by the people. And I believe I should have been more beloved if they had known the truth as things were, before God. So I did accept of the place and title of Protector. . . . Now, if this be thus, and I am deriving a title from God and men upon such accounts as these are, it is not for you to disown it—for you not to own the authority by which you sit. It is that which I believe astonisheth more men than myself, and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the nation, as anything that could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare, or that could well have happened."

The Lord Protector wound up his oration, which lasted nearly two hours, by expressing his conviction that "In every government there must be somewhat fundamental, somewhat like a Magna Charta, which should be standing and unalterable," and laid it down that there ought to be four fundamental matters settled in the English government. These were, first, that the supreme power should be vested in a single person and parliament; secondly, that parliaments should be successive, and not perpetual; thirdly, that the militia and armed forces of the nation should be under the combined control of parliament and the head of the state; and, fourthly, that there should be liberty of conscience. Before these principles had been agreed upon, he argued, there could be no regular government, and consequently the members of parliament must give their consent thereto before proceeding further. "And therefore I must deal plainly with you," cried Cromwell; "what I forebore upon a just confidence at first, you necessitate me unto now. Seeing the authority which called you is so little valued, and so much slighted, till some such assurance be given and made known that the fundamental interest shall be settled and approved, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same

is accepted, I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the parliament house." The door of the house, he added, would be thrown open again to all willing to put their names to a paper acknowledging the existing form of government: "The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the lobby without the parliament door." Thus saying, the Lord Protector swept out of the Painted Chamber, followed by his guards, while the representatives of the nation whom he had been addressing looked after him in utter consternation. Whether to stand out in opposition against Cromwell, or give way, was the great question, and a short consideration made the majority decide to follow the latter course. "About a hundred signed directly within an hour," Whitlock noted, while another hundred "had dinner together," to talk the matter over. The final result was that more than two-thirds of the members of the House of Commons subscribed the paper lying in the lobby, which ran as follows: "I do hereby freely promise and engage myself to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and shall not propose, or give my consent, to alter the government as it is settled in a single person and parliament."

The weeding-out process which Cromwell had undertaken to make his legislature a little more practically useful, though it succeeded to give him a large majority, obedient to all his behests, accomplished none of the higher objects he had in view. Instead of securing the liberty and welfare of the nation by the enactment of wise laws, the members of the reduced House of Commons continued, as much as they and their expelled colleagues had ever done, to discuss abstract political and theological questions, wasting their time in hot disputes about the most subtle and the most useless theories. Having gone on in this way for above four months, disregarding all hints on the part of the government that there had been enough of debate upon theories, and that some practical work ought to be done, Cromwell at last lost all patience, and on the 22nd of January, 1655, once more made his way to the Painted Chamber, and summoned the representatives thither. He told them bluntly that he had expected, during all the months they had been sitting, they would "have made those good and wholesome laws which the people expected," and was infinitely grieved to find that they had not produced anything but empty speeches. "I do not know what you have been doing," the Protector continued; "I do not know whether you have been alive or dead: I have not once heard from you all this time. . . . There be some trees that will not grow under the shadow of other trees, and there be some that choose to thrive under the shadow of other trees. I will tell you what hath thriven under your shadow. Instead of peace and settlement, instead of mercy and truth being brought together, and righteousness and peace kissing each other by your reconciling the honest people of these nations, and settling the distempers that are amongst us, which would have been glorious things, and worthy of Christians, to be done—weeds and nettles, briars and thorns have thriven under your shadow. Dissettlement and

division, discontent and dissatisfaction, together with real dangers to the whole, have been more multiplied within these five months of your sitting than in some years before. Foundations have also been laid for the future renewing of the troubles of these nations by all the enemies of them abroad and at home. . . . And so I must conclude: I think myself bound, as in my duty to God, and to the people of these nations, for their safety and good in every respect—I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these nations, nor for common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. Therefore I do declare unto you that I dissolve this present parliament." The members silently retired, none of them offering the least remark or show of opposition to a measure which once more made Cromwell absolute dictator of the realm.

To all outward appearance, the dictatorship was submitted to quietly by the nation. There were not wanting isolated cases of resistance to the existing government, which, whatever its other high merits, was clearly not resting on a strictly legal foundation; but the opposition thus made seldom went far, and but in one instance led to public excitement. The assault in this case, strangely enough, came from a personal friend of Cromwell, a wealthy merchant of the city of London, named Cony, who endeavoured to repeat the part played at the commencement of the reign of Charles the First by John Hampden. Excited by one of the debates upon the principles of government that were taking place in the House of Commons, Cony, on the 4th of November, sent notice to the Commissioners of Customs that he would no longer pay certain duties imposed by an ordinance of the Lord Protector, but which had not received parliamentary sanction; and to carry out his resistance, he tried to remove the merchandize imposed upon forcibly to his house. The London citizen was summoned to account on the 6th of November for his denial of the authority of government, and assuming a high tone, was put to trial, and, judgment being given on the 16th of the month, was condemned to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. However, Cony again refused to pay either the fine or the duties, upon which Cromwell sent for him, "reminded him of the old kindness and friendship that had been between them, and said that, of all men, he did not expect this opposition from him, in a matter that was so necessary for the good of the Commonwealth." In his defence, Cony, with bold frankness, reminded his exalted friend of their common principles, recalling to his memory his own expression in the Long Parliament, "That the subject who submits to an illegal impost is more the enemy of his country than the tyrant who imposes it." These were striking words, and Cromwell fully felt their weight, and, conscious of reason and justice being against him, could do nothing but get angry. "I have a will as stubborn as yours," was all he could say, "and we will try which of the two will be master;" with which he sent the merchant away, and then made out an order for his imprisonment. The last argument of kings was fast becoming also the last argument of a Lord Protector.

The city merchant, not dismayed by the stern attitude of his former friend, kept up the unequal

battle against him with great courage. Sent to prison on the 12th of December, he immediately claimed a writ of habeas corpus from the Court of Upper Bench, and at the same time retained three of the most eminent lawyers of the day, Maynard, Twisden, and Windham, to plead his cause. They undertook the task, and at the trial spoke with so much earnest eloquence that Cromwell took the alarm, their arguments tending to nothing less than the absolute denial of the legality of his power. Conscious that if the merchant was acquitted every citizen might, in virtue of the same principles, sanctified by a decision at law, refuse to pay taxes, the Lord Protector now resorted to flagrant despotism; and on the day after their pleading, the 17th of May, 1655, Maynard and his two colleagues were dragged to the Tower, on the charge of having held language destructive to the existing government. Tyrannical as was the measure, it proved of no effect, for Cony, even when deprived of legal assistance, did not give up his defence, but personally pleaded his case before the Upper Bench. He did it so ably, that the lord chief justice, Henry Rolls, feeling embarrassed at his position, and not knowing how to disguise the arbitrariness of the sentence he was expected to pronounce, adjourned the case and deferred judgment to the following term, to the great indignation of the Lord Protector. Seeing the evident lack of zeal of Rolls to support his despotic government, Cromwell removed him from his high office on the 7th of June, 1655, appointing in his stead a more courtier-like lawyer, James Glynn. However, it seeming doubtful whether even he would consent to be as absolute a tool as was desired, Cromwell, after some further hesitation, in which there appeared to be a struggle between his innate sense of justice and the growing difficulties of his position, resolved upon stopping the case pending in the Upper Bench, and having discharged Maynard, Twisden, and Windham from prison, he induced Cony, by bringing the whole weight of his personal influence to bear upon him, to remain quiet and take no further proceedings. At the same time, to vent his ire against some of the persons in an affair which had given him the greatest anxiety, the Lord Protector sent for the judges of the Upper Bench, and bitterly upbraided them for not interfering with the freedom of speech of such daring members of the bar as the three counsel of the city merchant. On the judges submitting, in all humility, that such freedom was sanctioned by the law and Magna Charta, Cromwell got into a passion. "Your Magna Charta," he exclaimed, with an oath, "shall not control my actions, which, I know, are for the good of the Commonwealth. Who made you judges? Have you any authority to sit there but what I gave you? If my authority were at an end you know well enough what would become of yourselves, and therefore I advise you to be more tender of that which alone can preserve you, and not suffer the lawyers to prate what it does not become you to hear."

Cromwell's words indicated a great change in his convictions, which change, however, was evidently more forced upon him by the overwhelming power of circumstances than the result of inward deliberation. The Lord Protector had now arrived at that fatal point in his career when he could not any longer hope to

satisfy the nation by good government alone, and scrupulous regard to its most cherished material interests, but had either to give way to, or suppress by brute force, desires of a higher nature and equally just. None but his most inveterate personal and political enemies had any doubt that he was acting, and had been acting all along, as he himself constantly reiterated, "for the good of the Commonwealth," and that his conduct throughout was inspired by lofty motives, and remarkably free from vanity, parade of power, and vulgar ambition. Yet if all this was admitted, there still remained an intense want of satisfaction with his government, and the bases upon which it was established, in the ever-recurring consideration that in reality it was nothing but an enlightened despotism. Though there seemed little fear that as long as his bright intellect and high moral rectitude was presiding over the destinies of the Commonwealth the liberty and welfare of the people would be endangered, nevertheless it was, beyond doubt, of extreme peril to trust the happiness of three nations to the feeble life of a single man, and leave him to collect an immense power, vaster and more formidable than had ever been possessed by any crowned sovereign of the realm. However wise and high-aimed Cromwell's despotism, all thoughtful men felt that the country, just emerged from a gigantic struggle against arbitrary government, could not submit to it without degrading itself, as well as risking future happiness; and the gradual spread of this conviction soon came to raise a mighty and constantly growing opposition against the established government. The opposition, dull and dumb at first, gradually found vent among the Republicans of the army in plots and conspiracies, and encouraged by the example thus set, the Royalists in their turn, after long silent submission, made an attempt to stir up a revolution. Towards the end of 1654, while the House of Commons was discussing constitutional theories, the plans of both parties began ripening into action, and at the commencement of the new year all was ready to burst into open flame.

But the smouldering fire had been seen and watched by the keen eye of Cromwell long before it exhibited outward signs. The first scheme of the army Republicans, chiefly belonging to the faction of the "Levellers," was to seize the Lord Protector, and by a simultaneous movement get possession of the Tower of London, Hull, Portsmouth, and Edinburgh Castle; after which the troops were to choose a representative body, and to inaugurate a new government. However, the design had scarcely been elaborated when Cromwell knew all its details; and following the movements of the authors, chief among them Colonel Wildman, an officer of high talent and good family, with cautious vigilance, he swooped down upon them the moment they were thinking of action. By a series of ordinances, issued swiftly, and carried into execution with the utmost promptitude, all officers known as antagonistic to the government were at once dismissed; others, of doubtful fidelity, suspended from service; and all soldiers of questionable character, or suspected as being "Levellers," discharged from their regiments. Colonel Wildman was surprised in the very act of dictating to his secretary a

proclamation directed against the Lord Protector; and a number of his friends, among them Lord Grey of Groby, and Colonels Alured and Overton, were placed in strict confinement, in which they gave up the whole of the threads of the conspiracy. While thus the Republican rising was nipped in the bud, the Royalist insurrection, prepared to break out simultaneously, flared up for a moment with some fierceness. The leaders of this plot were the earl of Rochester, dissolute companion of the son of Charles I., and Sir Joseph Wagstaff, an old Cavalier officer, and their plan was to raise the western counties in arms for the house of Stuart, by the representative of the family appearing there and planting the royal standard. Young Charles, who had taken up his residence at Cologne, his whole time devoted to wine and women, consented to play his part in the enterprise; but feeling reluctant at the last moment to leave the pleasant shores of the Rhine in an inclement season, kept back hesitatingly, and before he had well decided in his own mind whether he should make another bold grasp at a crown, or remain in the midst of boon companions and mistresses, the whole scheme had burst. Sir Joseph Wagstaff managed to seize the city of Salisbury for a few hours, during which he arrested the sheriff and judges who were holding the assizes; but seeing that nobody joined him, he decamped at once with the band of desperate adventurers he had gathered around him, making for the west, where he expected to get reinforcements. But as he marched through Devonshire, his hopes grew fainter every day, and at South Molton, a single troop of Cromwell's horse, which happened to be in the neighbourhood, dispersed the warriors of the so-called Charles II. almost without a blow. Sir Joseph, careful in saving his valuable life, succeeded in escaping to France, as well as his friend the earl of Rochester, who had been hanging in his rear; but almost the whole of their deluded followers were taken, a few of them executed, and the rest sent to prison or to the West Indies. The short-lived insurrection seemed to prove as much as anything that the nation was content and happy under the wise despotism of the Lord Protector.

However, Cromwell himself was not content with his own work, and, thoughtful and sagacious ruler as he was, could not be content. In all his strength and power, with three nations at his feet, mute, if not admiring his deeds, he could not but be conscious that he was drifting along a fatal precipice, at the end of which there was utter darkness. He was erecting, he knew but too well, an edifice of government the keystone of which was his own frail life, which, breaking under the toil of years, would leave nought but ruins behind. Nevertheless, there was no going back on the path he had once entered. Being filled heart and soul with the conviction he had expressed to the representatives of the nation, that he had a grand mission to accomplish, he could admit of no petty theories of government to stand in his way, and thus strode along undauntedly in his arbitrary career. "If my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people," he kept repeating to himself and to others, "God and the people shall take it from me; else I will not part from it. I should be false

to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the people of these nations, if I did." That a Stuart king might have said the same, and, if backed by a sufficiency of fighting men, set up the most tyrannical government in the name of God, was clear to the Republican antagonists of the Lord Protector, but not admitted by himself; and unable to see his own false position as others saw it, he necessarily went farther and farther on his fatal path. The quickly-suppressed insurrection of the Royalists, and designs of the "Levellers," so far from pointing out to him the dangers of his arbitrary policy, had no other effect but to fortify him more and more in it; and deeming that his authority was not yet vast enough to suppress similar risings in the future, he worked out a grand plan for drawing still tighter the reins of despotism he held in his hand. The plan was to rule the Commonwealth in military fashion, like a regiment of soldiers, by dividing the country into a certain number of districts, with an officer over each. Terrible in every respect as was the scheme, Cromwell carried it through in all its integrity; and six months had not elapsed after the miserable knot of rebels under Sir Joseph Wagstaff had been overthrown, before the nation had come under the "government of the major-generals."

There was something extremely bold in the very conception of this new form of government. Under the pretext of maintaining the public peace and suppressing royalist plots, Cromwell resolved to establish in every county a local militia, composed mainly of cavalry, drawn from the ranks of the small freeholders most attached to his cause, and well paid for their services. In order to pay them, he proposed to levy a tax of one-tenth on the income of all Royalists possessing above a hundred pounds per annum, which tax, it was anticipated, would maintain a body of armed men more than sufficient to secure perpetual "order and peace." For the effectual organization of this militia, and collection of the new tax, Cromwell proposed to divide England and Wales into twelve districts, the rule of which was to be intrusted to twelve of his most devoted adherents in the army, who, under the name of major-generals, were to exercise all political and administrative power, and, to a certain point, all judicial authority, and from whose decisions there was to be no appeal but to himself. The plan thus laid down was carried into execution with extraordinary promptness and energy, astounding alike to the friends and the enemies of Cromwell. On the 28th of May, 1655, he exhibited to them the first part of his great design, by nominating his brother-in-law, John Desborough, "major-general of the militia levied, and to be levied, in the six counties in the south-west of England;" and on the 2nd of August following, Desborough took the direct command of twelve squadrons of newly-enrolled cavalry militia that had been raised in the two months since his appointment. On the 3rd of August, the day after the new major-general had entered upon his charge, Cromwell brought the question of the establishment of a general militia for the first time before the members of the State Council, and they assenting, as in duty bound, to all his proposals, the ordinance was issued to lay out the

country in twelve military divisions. It was the most sudden, if not the most important change of government that had occurred in England since the commencement of the civil war, and yet the decree ordering it passed as quietly as if it had been the merest trifle. There was an appearance as if the nation had arrived at the point to cede all its will and power to the great Lord Protector, either with implicit love or with implicit fear. Cromwell had come to be the Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth Cromwell.

The ordinance providing for the establishment of the new militia all over England was accompanied, when issued, by a sort of manifesto of the Lord Protector and his council. It was entitled, "A Declaration showing the reasons of the proceedings of the government for securing the peace of the Commonwealth on occasion of the late insurrection and rebellion;" and went into copious details of the revolutionary attempts of the Royalists at the beginning of the year, which were stated to have been planned by "Charles Stuart," and other enemies of England abroad. "Upon these grounds," the Declaration went on, "we have been necessitated to erect a new and standing militia of horse in all the counties of England, under such pay as might be without burthen to the peaceable and well-affected, and be a fitting encouragement to the officers and soldiers that they might not go to war at their own charge. Wherefore we have thought fit to lay the burthen of maintaining these forces, and of certain other expenses which are occasioned by them, upon those who have been engaged in the late wars against the state." The manifesto then went on to asseverate that the Royalists had in reality paid less to the state as yet in the compositions and fines to which they had been subjected than the good people who had maintained the parliamentary armies by heavy taxes and assessments, so that it was but fair they should now make up the difference. It was further remarked that the generous treatment which the adherents of the Stuarts had hitherto received at the hands of the government was entirely unparalleled in history, other nations and rulers, in all ages, having made it a principle, in cases of civil war, to deprive the losing party completely of power and wealth, so as to prevent the same to engage in new disturbances. In the present case, for the first time, it had been resolved to try the effects of forbearance, but to little effect, so that now it became necessary to fall back upon a strict assertion of authority, and let the punishing arm of justice take the place of generosity. In consequence, as the Royalists had neither accepted with sincerity their own defeat, nor the amnesty which had been granted to them, and as they had incessantly threatened the state with new dangers, it was but fit and just that they should pay the cost of establishing and maintaining new means for its defence. All the adherents of the fallen cause were to be deprived henceforth of the protection of the common law, and subjected to an annual decimation of their revenue, with the exception, however, of such persons' income as was less than a hundred pounds a year, or whose personal estate was worth less than fifteen hundred pounds. The Declaration

concluded with the assurance, meant to soften the terribly fierce character of Cromwell's measure, "that if there was yet any person that had been of the malignant party, who could say with truth that he was wholly free from evil designs, and show, by actions previous to the insurrection, a disclaiming of the tenour of his former life and conversation; or if any person, being now sensible of his error, should change and forsake his former interest, and give demonstration to that effect, the government would much more esteem of their reformation than desire their prejudice or harm."

A few days after the publication of his manifesto the Lord Protector proceeded to the appointment of the twelve major-generals, who were henceforth to rule the Commonwealth under his supreme direction, and distributed the country among them. To his brother-in-law, Desborough, already nominated, he gave the six great west of England shires of Gloucester, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, while the equally important six central and eastern counties of Bucks, Herts, Cambridge, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk were made over to Fleetwood, his son-in-law, just returned from his government in Ireland. Major-general Skippon, old captain of the train bands, obtained the city of London to rule; Colonel Barkstead, governor of the Tower, the rest of Middlesex; Colonel Kelsey, the counties of Kent and Surrey; Colonel Goffe, Sussex, Hants, and Berks; Colonel Worsley, Cheshire, Lancashire, and Shropshire; Major Buler, Northampton, Bedford, Rutland, and Huntingdon; General Whalley, Lincoln, Notts, Derby, Warwick, and Leicester; Colonel Berry—friend of Richard Baxter, once a clerk in an iron foundry—Hereford, Shropshire, and North Wales; General Dawkins, Monmouthshire and South Wales; and, finally, General Lambert, ablest of officers of the Lord Protector, but least trusted, Yorkshire, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. The instructions given to all and each of these twelve major-generals enjoined them to make Cromwell's manifesto known throughout the country, to obtain the co-operation of trusty commissioners in their respective districts, and to proceed immediately, with their assistance, to a valuation of the incomes of the Royalists, and collection of the tax imposed upon them. They were moreover invested with the most extensive authority, not only over "malignants," but over every person whom they might mistrust as inimical to the established government, all of whom they were empowered either to arrest and throw into prison, or to put upon bail, with injunction to appear from time to time before appointed agents and examiners. A common register of the persons thus held under supervision in the twelve military districts was ordered to be kept in London, and none of them were allowed to visit the capital, or to travel any distance from their homes, without leave of the major-general of their division. The latter functionaries carried out their mission to the full, in a few instances with moderation, but in others with extreme harshness, oppressing and robbing the wealthy, and ill-treating both Royalists and Republicans. However, as designed in principle, the tyranny of the major-generals did not extend over the lower and

the middle classes, the workmen and tradesmen of towns, and small yeomen of the country, among whom were to be found the bulk of the Protector's adherents. Like all despotisms, that of Cromwell was driven to uphold its existence by arraying class against class, and calling into play the lowest of human passions.

The arbitrary rule to which the country was condemned to submit by the establishment of the major-generals caused very little open resistance, but it had the visible effect of alienating the best, the wisest, and noblest men of the nation from the august general and statesman who guided the destinies of the Commonwealth. Henceforth, the great name of Cromwell ceased to be beloved, and only inspired terror, not unmixed, however, with a reverence approaching awe. Even those who most abhorred the course of tyranny into which the Lord Protector was launching, could not forbear admiration of his high genius, as well as his intense striving to promote the glory and physical welfare of the people of England. At the same time, while he was setting his will above law, pleading a mission from God to lead the Commonwealth through servitude to liberty, he upheld with mighty arm the honour of the nation against foreign potentates, concluded treaties of commerce and navigation with countries far and wide, and made the British flag respected, in peace and war, in all the corners of the globe.

The maritime superiority of the Netherlands having succumbed already under the valour of his sailors and soldiers, Cromwell determined to beard the only two remaining powers whose forces could dispute with England the rule of the seas; and in the autumn of 1654, while the parliament he had called together was investigating the philosophy of government, made vast preparations for attacking France and Spain, either singly or both together. Two great fleets were fitted out for this purpose in Portsmouth harbour; the first under the orders of Robert Blake, consisting of twenty-five men-of-war of the largest kind, heavily armed and strongly manned; and the second, commanded by Sir William Penn, comprising thirty-eight ships and transports, prepared to take on board, besides its crews, three thousand soldiers. The greatest secrecy was kept as to the destination of the two armaments, and the commanders having received sealed orders, only to be opened at sea, they both left port, almost simultaneously, in October, for their unknown destinations. Admiral Blake, called "the sea-king" by his devoted men, whose love for him was as great as their trust and admiration, sailed straight for the Mediterranean, and anchoring before Leghorn, demanded and obtained redress from the grand duke of Tuscany for wrongs committed against the owners of English merchant vessels. From thence Blake went to the Barberine states, forcing, at the point of the cannon, the rulers of Algiers and Tripoli to release their Christian prisoners; and on the dey of Tunis refusing to do the same, he burst into the harbour, battered the strong fortresses to pieces, and then set fire to the galleys of the pirates, burning their whole fleet at its moorings. In the meanwhile, the second fleet from Portsmouth, under Admiral Penn, had gone to

the West Indies, to make an attack upon the Spanish settlements there, and in the first instance capture St. Domingo. This scheme failed, through the incompetency of General Venables, the commander of the three thousand soldiers in Penn's armament. However, though repulsed from St. Domingo, the English troops conquered Jamaica, thus making an important addition to the as yet small colonial possessions of the Commonwealth.

Penn's cruise to the West Indies had for consequence a declaration of war on the part of the king of Spain. Cromwell was fully prepared for it; but in order not to hazard too much in a contest with the greatest naval and military power of Europe, he concluded, just before the breaking-out of hostilities, a long-offered treaty of alliance with France. By the terms of the treaty, signed on the 24th of October, 1655, the combined forces of England and France were to invade the Spanish Netherlands, with Dunkirk to remain the price of the former. It was likewise settled that help should be given by the new ally of the Commonwealth to the oppressed Protestants of the Western Alps, the so-called Waldenses; and also that Charles Stuart and his whole family should be for ever excluded from French territory. The latter stipulation appeared somewhat unnecessary for the moment, the unhappy heir of the Stuarts living in a very abject state at Cologne, begging alms from all the princes of the continent, and devoting the sums thus obtained to low orgies with his dissolute male and female companions. However, the report of the forthcoming war served to rouse him into some show of languid exertion; and offering the value of his name to the sovereign of Spain, he proposed to aid him in the conquest of England. At first the government of Madrid refused, but being hard pressed by the agents of the Cologne Cavaliers, made importunate by dire want of victuals, an agreement was concluded in April, 1656, stipulating that "Charles II., King of England, Scotland, and Ireland," should invade England, Scotland, and Ireland, his royal brother, the king of Spain, to furnish the necessary cash, as well as the soldiers, with a pension for life superadded. There was no great danger to the Commonwealth in this proposed assault; however, to reduce the peril of invasion as much as possible, Admiral Blake, who had returned from his first Mediterranean cruise, set out again for the Straits of Gibraltar. His design was to burn the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Cadiz; and though this miscarried, he succeeded in inflicting great damage upon the enemy all along the coast, as well as seizing a portion of the famous "Plate fleet," returning from America laden with treasure. The rich prize was sent at once home, and in the middle of November, 1656, the whole capital got into joyous uproar at the news that near two score chariots full of bullion had arrived, "some eight-and-thirty waggon-loads of real silver, triumphantly jingling up from Portsmouth, across London pavements to the Tower, to be coined into current money there." The glory of England was becoming perceptible to the meanest understanding.

The war with Spain, which continued, with short interruptions of ill fortune, to be highly prosperous

for the Commonwealth, was not without effect in strengthening the power of Cromwell at home. Nevertheless, there were not wanting strong manifestations to show that the country was getting tired of his arbitrary government, and to reconcile himself as much as possible with the more moderate of his antagonists, he resolved to convene another parliament. The writs for it were issued in August, 1656, and on the 17th of September following, the house met at Westminster, not, however, before one hundred and two members, supposed enemies of the government, had been violently excluded from it, under the pretext of immorality and "delinquency." To those who presented themselves before him in the Painted Chamber, Cromwell made a very long and rather violent speech, in which he passed the history of the country since the dissolution of the last parliament in review, defended the establishment of military rule, by the twelve major-generals, as necessary for the maintenance of order, and, finally, called for liberal supplies to carry on the war against the Spaniards, "the natural enemies of England." The address was received with marked coldness, if not irritation, which was increased when, on proceeding from the Painted Chamber to the hall of parliament, the members were stopped at the door by a file of soldiers, who would let none pass unless producing a certificate of having been "approved by his highness's council." The next day, after the Speaker had been elected, a protest was handed in by the excluded members of the house, denouncing the arbitrary proceeding by which they were prevented from fulfilling their duties as representatives of the people, and demanding to be admitted at once. A short and excited discussion followed, but on a simple communication being made that it was the desire of the Lord Protector that the obnoxious persons should remain expelled, all subsided into quietness, and a solemn vote went to confirm what had been done. It was in vain the excluded members appealed finally to the nation at large, in a document impeaching in strong language the tyranny of Cromwell, and declaring all who should continue to sit in the mutilated parliament to be "betrayers of the liberties of England, and adherents to the capital enemies of the Commonwealth." Many thousands of copies of this protest, which was signed by ninety-three representatives, were dispersed over the country and eagerly read by the people; but the excitement, whatever there was of it, did not go further than the reading. It was as if the nation had become fully aware that the rule of the Lord Protector was an unmitigated despotism, yet had resolved at the same time to bear it for the sake of its material advantages and of the illustrious hero who had imposed the burthen. The edifice was safe as long as he was alive; but there were few men who loved their country, its welfare, and its liberty, who liked to answer to themselves the question as to what would happen after the death of Oliver Cromwell.

The parliament which the Lord Protector had called together, and shaped afterwards to his own liking, faithfully represented the state of public feeling. Everything demanded by the government, subsidies to carry on the Spanish war, legalisation of the edicts

issued by Cromwell, and, finally, new measures of repression against both Republicans and Royalists, came to be voted instantly by large majorities, till it seemed as if the representatives of the nation had been brought to look upon themselves as mere registrars of the ordinances of the Lord Protector. On the 26th of September an Act was passed "for renouncing and disannulling the pretended title of Charles Stuart and his descendants to the crown of England;" and another bill was adopted on the 9th of October "for the security of his highness the Lord Protector's person, and continuance of the nation in peace and safety." On the 1st of October, it was unanimously voted that "the war against the Spaniards was undertaken upon just and necessary grounds, and for the good of the people of this Commonwealth; and the parliament will, by God's blessing, assist his highness therein," or, in other words, provide the necessary funds. Considerable discussion took place as to the amount to be placed at the disposal of the government for war purposes, but it was finally settled at four hundred thousand pounds, which sum was ordered to be raised by an increase of several taxes. While thus approving the whole policy of Cromwell, the representatives of the nation showed him personally the greatest deference, letting no occasion pass to prove that they looked upon him as the legitimate sovereign of the country. By a special Act, passed on the 1st of October, the forms of all official communication between parliament and the Lord Protector were settled with great precision, leading to the establishment of almost regal ceremony; while another resolution invested him with large powers to appoint to judicial and other offices in the Commonwealth. There was a visible tendency in the whole course of proceedings towards re-erecting the fallen throne, and seat Cromwell upon it; though as yet all those who harboured the thought wanted courage to express it openly, and thus to face the resistance of the strong republican party, with the greater part of the army at its command. An opportunity was waited for to start the scheme, and it came in a rather unexpected manner.

After concluding an alliance with the king of Spain for the invasion of England, the son of Charles I., who had taken up his residence at Bruges, momentarily roused himself from his life of dissipation, to consider how best to accomplish his object. He had no intention whatever to risk his valuable life in personally engaging in a fresh campaign; yet as it was absolutely necessary that he should do something to earn the liberal Spanish pension settled upon him, he had to think of making war through others, and the best course offering itself for the moment was a league with some English adventurers, pretended Republicans, who were offering their services. The chief of these men was a Colonel Sexby, formerly in the parliamentary army, who engaged, if sufficient funds were handed to him, to raise a body of fifteen hundred mercenaries in the Spanish Netherlands, to land with them on the coast of Kent, and to get up an insurrection against the Lord Protector by raising the republican standard, the latter to be exchanged in proper time for the royalist flag. Aware that there was not the slightest chance for the success of such a

rebellion as long as Cromwell was alive, the colonel proposed at the same time to have the latter assassinated, against payment of a further amount in ready cash, by one of his accomplices, a former quartermaster in his regiment, Miles Sindercomb by name. The plan was at once sanctioned by Charles Stuart and his Spanish allies, and the sum of sixteen hundred pounds having been handed to Miles Sindercomb, with promise of subsequent remuneration "on the faith of a Christian king," preparations for the intended assassination were at once actively taken in hand. The ex-quartermaster commenced his work by taking a house at Hammersmith, "which had a banqueting-room looking into the road," from which room he intended to destroy the Lord Protector and his suite by an explosion, when passing by on the way to Hampton Court. However, Cromwell's active secretary of state, John Thurloe, obtained timely information of the design, and taking possession of the house, the friend of Charles Stuart had to fly, and to think of other means for obtaining his end. After much cogitation and conferences with Spanish agents, Miles Sindercomb conceived the grand scheme of firing Whitehall, and in the ensuing confusion to have the Lord Protector and his whole family killed by a band of armed assassins. Having plenty of money at his command, he actually purchased "a hundred swift horses, two in a stable," with as many ruffians to ride them; and in the evening of Thursday, the 18th of January, set about the execution of his plan. In company with an old trooper named Cecil, he attended public worship in Whitehall chapel, and before it was over the two managed to sneak into an empty apartment on the ground floor, and set fire to some combustible materials there. The flame soon spread, but before it had gone far, a sentinel on duty perceived it, and giving the alarm, Sindercomb and his companion were captured, the former not without stout resistance, "wherein his nose was nearly cut off." There was intense excitement at Whitehall on the news of the plot becoming known, and in the first moment of terror the council of the Lord Protector gave orders to ring the alarm bells, and summon the train bands of the city. But Cromwell forbade it, declaring that, trusting in God, he did not fear his enemies.

On the following morning, the 19th of January, 1657, Secretary Thurloe got up in his place in parliament, and, amidst the deepest silence, reported the arrest of the two conspirators, together with an outline of their design as far as already discovered, showing that the intended assassination of the Lord Protector was connected with the designs of the king of Spain and Charles Stuart for an invasion of England. The emotion caused by this statement was profound, and manifested at once in a couple of resolutions voted unanimously. By the first it was ordered that a solemn day of thanksgiving should be celebrated, "Friday come four weeks," in all the churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the discovery of the plot; while the second motion was for the appointment of a committee to enter into communication with the Protector, so as to learn from his highness what day it would be most convenient for him to set aside for an audience of the whole of

the representatives in parliament, to accept their congratulations for his happy delivery. The latter vote had just been passed, when a rather obscure member, John Ashe, arose to proffer an amendment to it. "I would propose to add," he exclaimed, in much trepidation, "something that would tend very much to the preservation of his highness, and to the quieting of all the designs of our enemies, namely, that his highness would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution. Both our liberties and peace, and the preservation and privilege of his highness, would then be founded upon an old and sure foundation." The words had no sooner been pronounced than there arose an immense commotion in the house. "I understand not," cried one of the republican members, "what means the motion of the gentleman who talks of an ancient constitution. The ancient constitution is Charles Stuart's interest; I hope we are not calling him in again." Other speakers followed, attacking the indiscreet admirer of the ancient constitution. "The gentleman that moved this," exclaimed one of them, "was once helping to pull down what he would now set up again. We had a constitution of king, lords, and commons, and that we have pulled down with our blood and treasure. Will you make the Lord Protector the greatest hypocrite in the world, to ask him to sit in that place which God has borne testimony sufficiently against? Are you now going to set up again that kingly government which for a thousand years has persecuted the people of God? Do you expect a better consequence? I beseech you consider of it. What a crime it is to offer such a motion as this! Do you expect a thanksgiving-day after it? I desire that this motion may die as abominable, and I beseech you that such a thing as this may never receive footing here." Frightened at the storm which his proposition had caused, John Ashe wrapped himself in silence, and nobody else supporting the amendment he had brought forward, it was allowed to drop. "I have never seen," a member wrote in his diary, "so hot a debate vanish so strangely, like an ignis fatuus."

There had been both too great haste and indiscretion in the sudden motion to restore "the ancient constitution," which made it fail at the outset; but a large majority of the members of parliament, though allowing the subject to be stifled for a moment, were nevertheless anxious to support it, and did not fail to do so on the first opportunity. This was given by another address of attachment to the Lord Protector, voted shortly after the conviction of the conspirators who had attempted his life. The latter, put upon their trial before a jury sitting in the Upper Bench on the 19th of February, 1656, were condemned to death; but the chief delinquent, Miles Sindercomb, escaped his doom by taking poison, smuggled to him by his sister, and justice could be executed only upon the minor criminal. The fresh expression of loyalty to which the incident gave rise, encouraged one of the members for the city of London, Alderman Sir Christopher Pack, whom Cromwell had knighted and given a commissionership of excise, to start again the "ancient constitution" question, which he did with much more tact than the unfortunate John

Ashe. On the morning of the 23rd of February, as soon as the house had met, Sir Christopher arose in his seat, and drawing forth a bulky paper, requested permission to read it, stating that "it was something come to his hands tending to the settlement of the nation, and of liberty and property." There had not been any secret kept as to what was in the document produced by the worthy alderman, and his motion had no sooner been made than the Republicans stormed in upon him as they had done upon John Ashe, declaring his proceeding scandalous, and overwhelming him with taunts and reproaches. However, Sir Christopher Pack insisted on pressing his demand for permission to read the paper which had "come to his hands;" and even after he had been dragged away by some republican officers from his seat near the Speaker, and placed like a penitent in front of the bar, he continued to hold his ground, till at length, after a debate of the fiercest kind, his perseverance found recompense in a decisive victory. The house resolved, by a majority of one hundred and forty-four votes against fifty-four, that the member for the city of London should have his demand granted, whereupon he immediately proceeded to read his document. It was entitled, "The humble address and remonstrance of the knights, citizens, and burgesses now assembled in the parliament of this Commonwealth," and contained nothing less than the form of a new constitution, restoring the House of Lords and all the old forms of government, and building up a new throne, whereon the Lord Protector was invited to take his seat.

The debate on the important paper submitted by Alderman Pack extended from the 23rd of February to the 30th of March, 1657, and occupied twenty-four sittings, seven of which, contrary to parliamentary usage, continued during the whole of the day, both morning and evening. Though the republican minority resisted step by step the progress of the measure, they were outvoted on every occasion; and the most important clause, running, "That your highness will be pleased to assume the name, style, title, dignity, and office of king of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the respective dominions and territories thereunto belonging, and to exercise the same according to the law of these nations," was adopted by the large majority of one hundred and twenty-three votes against sixty-two. The wisdom of the re-establishment of kingship having thus been affirmed, the title of Sir Christopher Pack's bill was changed from "Address and Remonstrance," to "Humble Petition and Advice," so as to make it more monarchical in form; and on Tuesday, the 31st of March, a parliamentary deputation, consisting of the most eminent members of the majority, presented the document, "engrossed on vellum," to the Lord Protector. Cromwell received them with some pomp in the banquetting hall of his residence—the same room through which, eight years before, Charles I. had passed, between a double line of soldiers, on his way to the scaffold—and listened with much complacency to a very affected address of Sir Thomas Widdrington, the Speaker of the Commons:—"May it please your highness," he exclaimed, "I am commanded by the parliament of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in

their name, to present this humble petition and advice to your highness. I am sensible that I speak before a great person, the exactness of whose judgment ought to scatter and chase away all unnecessary speeches, as the sun doth the vapours. I am a servant, however, and a man not to vent my own conceits, but to declare the things I have in command from parliament. I am not unlike a gardener, who gathers flowers in his master's garden, and out of them composeth a nosegay: I shall offer nothing but what I have collected in the garden of the parliament." Sir Thomas then gave a detailed analysis of the eighteen clauses of the "Humble Petition and Advice," recommending, besides the restoration of monarchy, the re-establishment of the House of Lords, under the singular title of the "Other House," the settlement of a permanent revenue, and the regular summoning of parliaments. "I have now done," the Speaker concluded his address, "with the several pieces of the government, but not with the articles, of which there remaineth yet one. The parliament hath so good an apprehension of this frame of government, in all the articles of it, that it is their humble desire that you may be pleased to accept of them all. They are bound up in one link or chain, or like a building well knit and cemented: if one stone be taken out it loosens the whole. The rejection of one may make all the rest unsuitable and impracticable. They are all offered to you with the same heart and affection, and we hope they will be received by you in the same manner. They are all the children of one mother, the parliament, and we expect from your highness an adoption of them all. Aut nihil aut totum dabit."

Cromwell's reply was exceedingly courteous, but somewhat evasive. He told the honourable gentlemen who offered him a crown that their proposition occasioned him "the greatest reverence and fear to God that ever possessed a man in the world," yet added that both parliament and he must be careful not to make mistakes. "It would be like a match," he cried, "where a good, and worthy, and virtuous man mistakes in the person he makes love; and, as often turns out, it proves a curse to the man and to the family through mistake." He ended by declaring that "the thing will deserve deliberation and consideration," and promised to give "as speedy an answer to these things as I can." Three days after, on Friday, the 3rd of April, Cromwell sent for the Speaker and other members of the parliamentary deputation, and they attending in great haste to the summons, he made another speech. Its substance was a refusal of the crown, but in terms not too peremptory. "I have been able to attain no further than this," he exclaimed; "that seeing the way is hedged up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under the new title." The house politely refused to accept this reply as final, and having confirmed the "Humble Petition and Advice" by a fresh vote, the members went in a body to Whitehall, entreating the Lord Protector to reconsider his decision. He suggested thereupon that a conference should be held between him and a committee of

parliament, to discover, if possible, some means of reconciling their opinions on the great subject. The offer was eagerly accepted; nevertheless, the work of the committee proceeded very slowly, Cromwell protracting it as much as possible, in order to come to an understanding with the leading officers of the army. Nearly the whole of these were violently opposed to the restoration of a monarchy, or even the mere change of title from Lord Protector to king; and great as were the efforts that had already been made to change their opinions, they could not be induced to consent in any way to the acceptance of the parliamentary "Petition and Advice." To break the force of their resistance, the institution of major-generals, which, while fortifying the government, had given a great power to the military class, was abolished by Cromwell; but this had no effect whatever, and the opposition to the kingly scheme kept increasing to such an extent, as to make it evident that, if accepting it, the Lord Protector would find a great portion of the troops ranged in more or less open hostility against him. Cromwell was too wise to let his ambition betray him into so fatal a step, and after spending more than two months in ineffectual attempts to gain over the officers, he finally resolved to banish all further thoughts of becoming a crowned king.

He made his resolution known to parliament, which met him in full body, in the Painted Chamber, on the 8th of May, in a short and outspoken declaration. "I cannot undertake," the Protector exclaimed, "the government with the title of king; and that is my answer to this great and weighty business." The representatives of the people withdrew in silence, postponing further deliberation on the subject for a week, with the intention of remodelling after that period the "Petition and Advice," so as to meet the desires of the Lord Protector. The work went on very slowly, and it was not till towards the end of June that it was completed to the satisfaction of the parliamentary majority, as well as of Cromwell. It was settled in the amended bill, which came to assume the form of a charter of the realm, that the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth should continue to be called Lord Protector, but should be invested with increased political powers, among others that of appointing his successor, and that he should likewise have the nomination of the members of the "Other House," or reconstituted House of Lords. The other chief provisions of the new constitution were that the annual revenue of the government should amount to one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling, of which sum one million was to be devoted to the army and navy, and the rest to the civil list; while as to spiritual matters there should be complete liberty of conscience, denied only to those who refused to acknowledge the doctrine of the Trinity and the inspiration of the Scriptures, or who professed the "Popish" religion. It was deemed necessary for the inauguration of the revised charter of the nation that Cromwell should take a second time the oath as Lord Protector and supreme magistrate of the Commonwealth, which ceremony took place, under a considerable display of splendour, on Friday, the 26th of June, 1657. An immense platform was erected for the purpose at the upper

end of Westminster Hall, in front of which was placed "a prince-like canopy of state," and under it the royal chair of Scotland, brought from Westminster Abbey. Facing the chair, but a little below it, stood a table, "covered with pink-coloured velvet of Genoa, fringed with fringe of gold," on which were laid the sword and sceptre of the Commonwealth, together with a Bible—grand substitute for a crown.

The Lord Protector made his appearance on the Westminster platform at two o'clock in the afternoon, surrounded by his ministers, the chief state dignitaries, and a great crowd of officers, and amidst the loud acclamations of the assembly sat down in the chair of state. After being seated for a few moments, he arose again, and, as reported by Bulstrode Whitelocke, chief commissioner of the Great Seal, "while standing under the cloth of state, the Speaker, in the name of the parliament, presented to his highness and placed upon his shoulders a robe of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and then delivered to him the Bible, richly gilt and bossed. After that the Speaker girt the sword about his highness, and delivered into his hands the sceptre of massive gold; and this done, he made a speech to him on the several things presented, and then gave him the oath;" "I do, in the presence and by the name of God Almighty," exclaimed the Lord Protector, with uplifted hand, "promise and swear that, to the utmost of my power, I will uphold and maintain the true reformed Protestant Christian religion in the purity thereof as it is contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and encourage the profession and professors of the same; and that, to the utmost of my power, I will endeavour, as chief magistrate of these three nations, the maintenance and preservation of the just rights and privileges of the people thereof; and that I will in all things, according to my best knowledge and power, govern the people of these nations according to law." The oath having been taken, the chaplain of the Commons, Dr. Manton, "by prayer recommended his highness, the parliament, the counsel, the forces by land and sea, and the whole government and people of the three nations, to the blessing and protection of God." Next the heralds, by sound of trumpet, proclaimed his highness, the Lord Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, to which the vast multitude in Westminster Hall replied with shouts of "Long live his highness! Huzza!" All the while "the Lord Protector sat in his chair of state, holding the sceptre in his hand," and on the trumpets and the shouts of the people ceasing, he rose, bowed in silence to the assembly, and, with his vast retinue, passed through the midst of immense crowds, back to Whitehall.

Under all this pomp and splendour which greeted the inauguration of the new form of government, there was hidden deep mourning and dissatisfaction. In lifting his own person higher and higher, Cromwell made the future of the Commonwealth ever more dark and uncertain, giving little space to the growth of free institutions, and leaving the welfare of three nations dependent upon the hazards of a single life. In his hands the Commonwealth appeared safe, but what would happen when he was gone none could

tell ; for no eyes could see a successor worthy of him, his ascendancy having blighted the rise of all other influences as the wide-spreading branches of a mighty oak destroy the growth of all life underneath. And the very height to which his power had risen made him stand more and more lonely, unable to listen to the wishes of the people, and therefore liable to constant errors in policy. It was more than an error which had brought him to consent to the reawakening of the dormant House of Lords, and thus create an institution which could not be of the slightest possible use in carrying on the government on a liberal basis, but was capable nevertheless of producing infinite mischief. Cromwell himself discovered this before many months had elapsed after his solemn proclamation in Westminster Hall. The House of Commons was prorogued immediately after the ceremony till the 20th of January, 1658, and the interval of seven months was to be employed to create the resuscitated chamber of peers, the "Other House," the members of which the Lord Protector had to nominate. The task, apparently easy, proved one of extreme embarrassment, all men of superior birth and talent refusing to sit in an assembly which threatened to be a mere clog in the working of the parliamentary machine, while those aspiring to the empty honour were chiefly persons of low degree and undefined position. More than five months were spent in vain searches after Commonwealth lords. "The difficulty proves great," wrote Secretary Thurloe on the 1st of December, 1657, "between those who are fit and not willing to serve, and those who are willing, and expect it, and are not fit." Of all the members of the old chamber of lords, not more than seven consented to receive Cromwell's writ of summons for the "Other House," of whom only one appeared in the end to take his seat. After trying in all directions to discover eminent persons of some sort to make up his parliamentary appendage, the Lord Protector finally was reduced to a very unsatisfactory list of sixty-three members, of whom nine were civil functionaries, fifteen military officers, some of these soldiers of fortune of the very humblest birth, and the rest country gentlemen and citizens possessed of a little money, or a little local importance. Cromwell's main design in creating the "Other House" had been to attract to him many of the old nobles and great landed proprietors ; but the list he was compelled to form upset this plan entirely, for even Lord Warwick, one of his most intimate friends, refused, after he had seen it, to take part in the new gathering of peers, declaring that "he could not sit in the same assembly with Hewson the cobbler and Pride the drayman." The nation was getting rife for political liberty, but it was as far as ever from social equality.

The adjourned parliament met on the day fixed, Wednesday, the 20th of January, and the very first hour showed that the new session would be a stormy one. Nearly the whole of the members of the House of Commons whom Cromwell had violently excluded in September, 1656, at the beginning of parliament, now presented themselves at the door, offering to take the oath to the new constitution, and although everything was done to resist their demands, they had to be admitted, constituting so many enemies of the

government. The opening of the session itself gave rise to strong manifestations of antipathy on the part of many of the members of the House of Commons. Not having got the fact well fixed in their memories that they had to share their authority henceforth with another assembly, strange to look upon at first sight, the commons felt startled when the usher of the black rod appeared at the bar, summoning them to attend his highness the Protector "in the House of Lords." The latter name was at once protested against ; after which a small stream of representatives of the people flowed sullenly in the wake of their Speaker, and the mace carried before him, till they found themselves in the presence of the chief magistrate and the three score new-made peers. Cromwell's speech was unusually brief, beginning with "My lords and gentlemen of the House of Commons," the same as in the times of royalty, which again brought on a murmur of dissatisfaction, that was quenched, however, at once by a remark about illness. "I have some infirmities upon me," said the Lord Protector, "and I have not liberty to speak much unto you, but I have desired an honourable person here by me to discourse a little more particularly what may be proper for this occasion and this meeting." The honourable person referred to was Nathaniel Fiennes, filling the position of chancellor of the exchequer in the Council of State, who, when Cromwell had sat down, delivered a long address, of more than an hour's duration, full of figurative and flowery language. He compared the state of England to the rising of Cosmos out of Chaos, quoted Moses, Aristotle, the Evangelists, Lord Bacon, Magna Charta, and Abraham, and finished by inviting the representatives of the people to range themselves round the Protector, crying, "Come, good and faithful servants, and enter into your master's joy." There was no applause when the "honourable person" had finished. The Republicans gazed upon him with stern looks, and the secret Royalists, daily more bold in words and acts, smiled with contempt, while all felt excited and ill at ease.

The conflict of parliament with the executive, apparent from the first hour, was not long to commence. On the 22nd of January, two days after the opening of the session, a messenger from the "Other House" presented himself at the bar of the commons, to invite the latter to unite with "the lords" in presenting a humble address to his highness, to appoint a day of public prayer and thanksgiving throughout the country. The bare mentioning of the word "lords" caused an immediate storm. "We know of no House of Lords," several members cried at the same time, "and will have none," and, the agitation subsiding, a long debate ensued, spreading over several days, in which the Republicans openly impeached the government with trying to subvert the foundations of the Commonwealth. They exclaimed, with evident truth, that the gradual return to monarchical institutions which was going on could have but one ultimate result, that of the restoration of the Stuarts ; and that this was the policy followed, either blindly or designedly, by those who had created the "Other House," and whatever else there was approaching to kingship in the new constitution.

The discussion gave rise to so much excitement, that Cromwell deemed it necessary to interfere, and on the morning of the 25th of January a message was handed to the Speaker, desiring the commons to attend his highness, together with the "Other House," at Whitehall. Having obeyed the summons, the Protector launched forth into a long speech, taking an hour and a half in delivery, and commencing with "My lords and gentlemen of the two houses of parliament, for so I must own you, in whom, together with myself, is vested the legislative power of these nations." The essence of Cromwell's address was that the Commonwealth was in the greatest danger of destruction, both from external and internal enemies; and that the only means of saving its existence was complete unity of the powers in the state, and firm attachment of the parliament to his office and his person. "I look upon this to be the great duty of my place," he cried, "as being set on a watch-tower, to see what may be for the good of these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil;" adding, "and you are come now, as I may say, into the end of as great difficulties and straits as, I think, ever nation was engaged in." The words were listened to attentively, but had no effect whatever upon the attitude of the commons. They renewed the debate upon which they had been engaged as soon as returning from Whitehall, and continued it from day to day with ever-increasing heat, fresh speakers coming forward continually to denounce the attempts of certain men to deprive the people of all its liberties, dearly purchased on the field of battle. On learning what was taking place in the House of Commons, the Protector no longer hid his anger, and a vote having passed on the 3rd of February, declaring that no assembly of lords should be acknowledged, he resolved upon a decided step. Without consulting the members of his council, or communicating his design to any one, he went to Westminster on the morning of the 4th of February, to dissolve parliament.

The commons were startled infinitely, when, "about eleven of the clock in the morning," the usher of the Black Rod made his appearance at the bar. Sir Arthur Haselrige, leader of the republican party, was in the midst of a violent speech against the government, when some members told him to stop, that they might listen what the messenger from the "Other House" had to say. "What care I for the Black Rod?" cried Sir Arthur, and was going to proceed, but was stopped by the Speaker, who ordered him to sit down. "His highness is in the lord's house," shouted Black Rod, "and desires to speak with you," upon which the sergeant-at-arms at once took up the mace and went away, followed by the Speaker and most of the members of the house. The Lord Protector bore a look of great severity at the approach of the commons, and, rising before his chair of state, at once addressed them in a stern tone. "I had very comfortable expectations," he began, "that God would make the meeting of this parliament a blessing; and, the Lord be my witness, I desired the carrying of the affairs of the nation to these ends." He then bitterly complained that they, representatives of the people, would not assist him in relieving "the sad condition of these nations," which made him

sorry that he had ever allowed himself to be made the chief magistrate. "I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth," he exclaimed, with deep solemnity, "I would have been glad to have lived under my wood-side, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a government as this." "It hath been not only your endeavour," he continued, "to pervert the army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a Commonwealth, but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any insurrection that may be made. And what is like to come upon this, the enemy being ready to invade us, but even present bloodshed and confusion? This being so, I do assign it to the cause of your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your 'Petition and Advice,' as that might prove the settlement of the nation. And if this be the aim of your sittings, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sittings. So I do dissolve this parliament. And let God be judge between you and me!" "Amen!" murmured the leader of the Republicans.

Oliver Cromwell now, once more, stood all alone on the giddy heights of absolute power. He was master of the Commonwealth, with his heel on the neck of three nations, trusting him and trembling before him; yet, in his far-seeing mind, he could not but quail before the thought of his own position, so great and so glorious, and still so rotten and without foundation. He knew that he was the Atlas of a world of his own creation, the living pillar on whom alone all order rested; and he knew also that his shoulders were bending under the heavy burthen of cares resting upon them, and that his feet were tottering to the grave. Proud as he was, full of high thoughts, and with unspeakable love of his country, he yet had begun to acknowledge the barrenness and abortiveness of the great political structure he had been raising, in declaring, with touching pathos, his regret of not having spent his life "under a wood-side, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than to have undertaken such a government as this." But laments like these were vain. He had gone too far to return upon his steps, and, driven on by the indomitable force of events, could do nothing but stride forward and brave the unknown future. It looked dark enough at home, wherever his gaze was turned: the nation torn by factions, authority sinking to nought, and the crew of the vessel of state turning against the steersman at the helm, leaving him to cry in despair, "And let God judge between you and me!" But the internal gloom of the Commonwealth was strangely relieved by its lustre and glory abroad. Never in all its history had the nation been so great and powerful as at this moment. The nations of the west, without exception, were bowing before England, as mistress of the seas and arbiter of Europe; ambassadors from the farthest countries were eager for a glance and a kind word from the great soldier, born a yeoman, and who wished himself a shepherd; and the report of his deeds, together with the renown of his country, were borne by thousand-tongued fame into the most remote corners of

the globe. Besides the foreign ministers permanently accredited to the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, more numerous than even in the reign of Elizabeth, he was greeted by special embassies from Sweden, Poland, Germany, Italy, and other countries, all bringing the homage of the princes and nations they represented, with the expression of fervent wishes for an alliance with England. The honours thus rendered were not mere vain compliments, and frequent events showed that the newly-acquired power and greatness of England among the nations of the world was of the most substantial kind. On the duke of Savoy attempting to convert his Protestant subjects in the Alps, known as the Vaudois, or Waldenses, by fire and sword to Roman Catholicism, Cromwell forwarded an earnest remonstrance against his doings, which, backed by a fleet in the Mediterranean, was so effective as to bring about the restoration of the persecuted people to their ancient civil and religious liberties. The influence thus strikingly exhibited re-echoed all over Europe, and everywhere the down-trodden disciples of the Reformation began to look up to England as the foremost champion of Protestantism in the world.

The almost uninterrupted good fortune which had accompanied the efforts of Cromwell to make the flag of the Commonwealth mistress of the seas, and respected from pole to pole, continued at his side through all the struggles with internal factions, hostile legislative assemblies, and plots and conspiracies against his rule. At the very moment when the emissaries of the Stuart prince and the King of Spain were plotting his assassination, and violent speeches were directed against him in parliament, the news arrived of a great victory achieved by the fleet under Admiral Blake, one of the most brilliant successes ever gained by England on the ocean. The war against King Philip IV. had hitherto been mainly carried on by sea, in attacks upon his Indian treasure convoys, and a blockade of the principal harbours of the Peninsula, the result of which was to deprive him of his principal means for paying his armies, while at the same time it all but ruined the commerce of Spain. In the autumn of 1656, Blake sat down to the blockade of the port of Cadiz, shutting it in so closely, as to prevent all possibility of vessels passing in and out, with the main object in view of laying hold of a great "Plate fleet," supposed to be of immense value, which was expected to arrive from South America. But he waited fruitlessly the whole winter through for the floating mass of wealth eagerly expected by Philip IV.; and it was not till the spring of 1657 that he learnt from the cruisers he had sent forward that the commander of the rich convoy had become aware of the danger of being intercepted, and to save his treasure for his master, had taken refuge in the harbour of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. The report had no sooner been made to Blake, when he instantly set sail with the greater part of his fleet, and favoured by a fair wind, reached Santa Cruz on the morning of the 19th of April, six days after leaving Cadiz. The sight that met him here was such as to startle any commander less resolute and daring than Blake, and precluded apparently any possibility of

his taking the offensive. Santa Cruz harbour, shaped like a horse-shoe, and completely surrounded by batteries and fortifications, was to all appearance impregnable and unassailable. The narrow entrance was defended by castles on either side, bristling with cannon; while the guns of eight other tall forts along the inner circuit dominated the whole port, with war ships moored at the water gate, and war ships, crowded with gunners and soldiers, lying around the whole of the beach. All chances of success in an attack of the small English fleet upon such a gaunt stronghold seemed hopeless; nevertheless, Blake resolved upon an attack. Now, more than ever, he was determined to earn the title given him by his sailors, and be a real "sea king."

After having spent a day in prayer and fasting, Blake rushed in upon the enemy early on the morning of the 20th of April. Besides the forts, he had sixteen men-of-war against him, six great galleons, and ten smaller ships, while his own force consisted of not more than fifteen vessels, mostly of inferior size. Breaking his way through the harbour entrance under a tremendous discharge of cannon, "whirlwinds of fire and iron hail, as the old Peak of Teneriffe never heard the like," Blake first assailed the galleons, and having stormed several and silenced the rest, next attacked the smaller ships, while at the same time he poured broadside after broadside upon the harbour castles and batteries. From eight o'clock in the morning till seven at night the battle raged, till every Spanish vessel had either been sunk or set on fire, the lurid flames leaping from ship to ship, and creeping up the stone walls of the forts on shore. At last, when the sun was sinking in the west, and earth, sky, and sea were wrapped in flame and smoke, the sea king sailed out again from the harbour of Santa Cruz as grandly as he had come in eleven hours before, leaving the proud fleet of Philip IV. an immense wreck. The report of the deed produced wonder and amazement all over Europe, for never yet, in the history of naval wars, had a fleet been known to brave massive fortifications on shore, and dared, under the shelter of their guns, to attack and destroy a stronger navy. When Cromwell heard the news of the extraordinary feat, he was enraptured, and taking a star in diamonds from his neck, ordered it to be sent to the "sea king," with the message to return home at once and receive his own thanks and those of parliament. Blake obeyed, and set sail for England; nevertheless, the triumph awaiting him did not come to rejoice his heart. He had long been suffering under a complication of diseases, the result of many wounds and the hardships to which he had exposed himself; and on Friday, the 17th of August, when arrived in the Channel, in the very sight of Plymouth harbour, he closed his eyes for ever, having just completed his fifty-ninth year. Not being able to exalt the living hero, the Lord Protector gave honour to the dead sea king. By Cromwell's orders his body was deposited in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey, to the vault of which it was carried, on the 4th of September, attended by all the dignitaries of government, after having lain embalmed in state at Greenwich, at the palace of Queen Elizabeth—hospital to come of the sailors of the British fleet.

The great naval victory and death of Blake, while rousing the warlike spirit of the English people, were followed by augmented hostilities against Spain. As yet little had been done to fulfil the stipulations of the treaty of alliance with France for a combined attack upon the Spanish Netherlands; but on being pressed by Cardinal Mazarin, ruler of the country in the name of Louis XIV., to carry out the compact, Cromwell, although in want of funds through his disputes with parliament, hesitated no longer, and early in the year 1657 he sent Sir William Lockhart, a Scottish judge who had married one of his nieces, as special envoy to Paris, to enter upon the necessary arrangements. The negotiations were quickly finished, and on the 23rd of March, 1657, there was signed a new treaty, by which the Protector engaged to send without delay six thousand troops to join the French army, twenty thousand strong, under the command of the great Turenne, in the siege of Gravelines, Mardyke, and Dunkirk. The last-named important place, as already stipulated in the former treaty of alliance, was to fall to the Commonwealth, besides which, Louis XIV. engaged to pay one-half of the total expenses of keeping the English auxiliary troops in the field. It was an agreement eminently favourable to England, and Cromwell hastened to execute it, despatching his six thousand soldiers, selected from among the veterans of the civil war, forthwith to the Spanish Netherlands, under the orders of General Sir John Reynolds. The latter effected his junction with Turenne in the summer of 1657, and was then directed to assist the French troops in securing their own frontier against the attack of the Spaniards, instead of, as stipulated, besieging the three fortresses. However, Cromwell was not the man to be duped in this fashion, and as soon as he learnt of the employment of his soldiers, he ordered Sir William Lockhart, who had remained as ambassador at Paris, to tell Cardinal Mazarin, that unless the treaty was carried out in all its strictness, the English troops would be withdrawn at once. The cardinal, considered the greatest diplomatist of the age, and before whose wiles many a power had succumbed, was not proof against so much decision and energy, and at once declared that the will of the Lord Protector should be done. Louis XIV. at the same time told Sir William Lockhart that he considered his master "the greatest and happiest prince of Europe;" to which a courtier added the no less flattering remark, "Our cardinal is more afraid of Oliver than of the devil."

In consequence of the new instructions from Paris, result of the Lord Protector's interference, the combined French and English armies commenced the siege of the three Spanish fortresses early in the autumn of 1657. Mardyke was the first place attacked, and having been invested both by sea and land, the great guns opened against it in the last days of September. Taken after a very short resistance, the keys of the fortress were delivered over, as a token of affectionate good-will, to Sir John Reynolds, after which he and Turenne marched together upon Gravelines. The work here was not quite so easy as it had been at Mardyke, and the Spaniards having opened the sluices, and inundated the neighbour-

hood of the otherwise strongly-fortified place, the allied troops spent the whole winter fruitlessly before it, and in the spring of 1658 had to retire eastward. This again was not to the taste of Cromwell, and by his instructions Sir William Lockhart concluded a new agreement with the French government, stipulating that Dunkirk should be assailed first, for which purpose fresh reinforcements were to be sent from England. The latter arrived towards the end of April, commanded by General Morgan, a valiant officer and personal friend of the Lord Protector, and under his and Turenne's command, the investment of Dunkirk commenced on the 25th of May. Louis XIV. himself, together with Cardinal Mazarin, went to Calais in order to watch the progress of the siege; but notwithstanding the importance thus given to the undertaking, the Spaniards made no great preparations for the defence, blown up with conceit of their own valour, and persuaded moreover that the place was impregnable. The Marquis of Leyden, an aged general of Philip IV., commanded the garrison of Dunkirk, and at the beginning of the siege declared his capability of holding the place against all comers. However, he changed his opinion at the end of a week, under the constant fire of the heavy English cannon; and sending expresses after expresses to the Spanish commander-in-chief, Don Juan of Austria, urgently demanded reinforcements. After a little delay, Don Juan set out with an army of twenty thousand men from Ghent, to relieve the important city, but instead of marching right upon it, took his road along the coast, where he had to pass through the thick of the besieging forces. In vain his chief lieutenant, the Prince de Condé, warned him not to encounter the danger, advising him to turn the English camp. "Turn back!" cried Don Juan: "If the enemy dare to fight, that day will be the most glorious that ever shone on the armies of his Catholic majesty." The opposing forces met early on the morning of the 14th of June, and after a battle lasting nearly four hours, the brunt of which was borne by the English troops, who fought with the greatest bravery but under immense loss, the Spaniards were utterly defeated, leaving four thousand prisoners and the greater part of their cannon in the hands of the allies. Nine days after the victory, on the 23rd of June, Dunkirk surrendered to the besiegers, and forty-eight hours later, his majesty Louis XIV., with Cardinal Mazarin at his side, entered the gates of the city, received the keys from the commander, and handed them to Sir William Lockhart, representative of the Lord Protector. Once more, England had got a footing on the continent of Europe.

The conquest of Dunkirk, succeeded by the fall of Gravelines, Ypres, and other strongholds in the Spanish Netherlands, gave rise to a great interchange of congratulations between Cromwell and Louis XIV. The Lord Protector began by sending Lord Falconbridge, his son-in-law, to the French king, and the latter returned the compliment in the despatch of an extraordinary embassy to London, headed by the Duke de Créqui, a member of the royal family, and by Count Mancini, nephew of Mazarin. The envoys carried two autograph letters to Cromwell, the one from Louis XIV., and the other from his great

minister, both couched in the most adulatory terms. "Monsieur le Protecteur," wrote the king, "as I have deeply appreciated the testimonies of your good-will conveyed to me by Viscount Falconbridge, your son-in-law, I have been unable to remain satisfied to forward my reply through him; and to give you a more particular proof of my affection, I send you my cousin, the Duke de Créqui, who will express to you the profound esteem with which I regard your person, and the high value I set upon your friendship." Cardinal Mazarin wrote in the same tone, though somewhat more business-like, with hints as to the profits to be got by "Monsieur le Protecteur" from a constant and intimate French alliance—magnificent slices of Spanish property only waiting to be cut up and divided between them. The offer was received by Cromwell with becoming caution, but he, at the same time, neglected nothing to honour the French envoys, and receive them with the same splendour with which Lord Falconbridge had been treated by Louis XIV. A train of twenty carriages, each drawn by six horses, was sent to Dover to receive the Duke de Créqui and his associates, while an escort of two hundred of the Lord Protector's life-guards was put at their disposition, with orders to accompany them wherever they went. On their arrival in London the ambassadors were received with the greatest magnificence, and at their public reception Cromwell rose from his chair of state and advanced two steps to meet the Duke de Créqui, who had to sit on his right-hand side, while Richard, his eldest son, took the left. The extreme warmth with which the Lord Protector received the representatives of Louis XIV. and Mazarin made many surmise that he had serious thoughts of continental conquests. Everything, indeed, seemed to invite to such a policy, as well the disturbed aspect of home affairs, strife of parties, and parliamentary opposition, all which seemed easiest to be extinguished by the glory of victory of the arms of the Commonwealth on foreign fields, as the unsettled state of the Continent itself, the vast Spanish monarchy having fallen into a state of dissolution, with new political organisations springing up everywhere from the wreck of a decayed past. Holding to the fervent belief that it was England's mission to be the champion of Protestantism against the power of Rome, it would have been not unnatural for Cromwell to have sought for territorial acquisitions on the Continent; and the eagerness with which he insisted upon the delivery of Dunkirk into his hands, made it highly probable that he would seek to push the sentinels of the Commonwealth gradually forward into Spanish Flanders, ancient region of superstition and priestcraft. But if the Lord Protector cherished such designs, they had to stay far from their development, nipped in the bud by a power before whom all earthly schemes, even the greatest, were vain like the dreams of a dreaming infant.

While receiving the ambassadors of Louis XIV., Cromwell had felt slightly unwell, and before they had withdrawn to France, his indisposition had increased so much that he was compelled to retire to Hampton Court Palace, his favourite residence, the stillness of which was congenial to the constant occupation of his overwrought brain. On this occa-

sion he went thither not only to attend to his own health, but that of the most beloved of his children, his daughter Elizabeth, married to John Claypole, a gentleman of wealth and refinement. The lady, by unanimous consent, was endowed with peculiar sweetness of temper, besides being highly accomplished, gifted with exquisite taste, of rare sensitiveness, faithful to her friends, generous to her enemies, and tenderly attached to her father, of whose greatness and goodness she had the most exalted opinion, looking upon him at once as the best of parents and the noblest and most perfect of rulers of men. Cromwell, on his part, felt the utmost delight and pride in the affection of his daughter, and whenever fatigued by the labour of government, the strife of factions, and the strain of his own burning thoughts, he took refuge in her society as in the calm of a purer world. Her company at last had become so indispensable to him, that, on his wish, she had established her residence at Hampton Court, her husband consenting to the arrangement on being made one of the members of the new House of Lords. But not long after her removal to Cardinal Wolsey's palace, the Lady Elizabeth was attacked by a painful disease, a cancer in the breast, the sufferings from which were much aggravated by grief, occasioned by the loss of an infant son. About the middle of July, the disorder assumed an alarming character, and on Cromwell being informed that her life was despaired of, he sank down at her bedside in the utmost grief and agony. "His highness's constant residence hath been at Hampton Court," Secretary Thurloe informed one of his friends, under date of the 27th of July; "and his attendance on the Lady Elizabeth hath been perpetual, so that very little or nothing hath been done by him in public business for these last fourteen days." Little more than a week after Thurloe's letter was written, the fond child had whispered her last words to the father, and lay before him a corpse. "The Lady Elizabeth died on Friday, the 6th of August," reported Harvey, one of the grooms of the bedchamber of the Protector; "she having lain long under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and violent convulsive fits, brought her to an end. But as to his highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him, who, indeed, was ever a most indulgent and tender father." After the death of his beloved daughter, Cromwell was never more seen to smile. His life had become a burthen to him: "a burthen," as he himself declared, "too heavy for man."

The burthen was soon to be taken off. Having buried his daughter in Westminster Abbey, taking a melancholy joy in surrounding her coffin with all the earthly pomp that was at his command, Cromwell went back to Hampton Court Palace to pray and to weep, and to prepare for a better world. A few days after the funeral, George Fox, founder and head of one of the new religious bodies which the time had brought forth, known as the society of the Friends, went from London to Hampton Court for an interview with the Lord Protector, and there beheld a sight that greatly startled him. "On this day, Friday, the 20th of August," George Fox entered in his journal,

"taking boat, I went up to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of the Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." The day after the ride in Hampton Court park, Cromwell felt worse than he had been before, an attack of the tertian ague, or "bastard tertian," as it was called by the doctors, having come to add to his other sufferings, bodily and mental. From Saturday the 21st, till Tuesday the 24th of August, he kept his bed; but in the afternoon of the latter day, by the urgent advice of the physicians in attendance upon him, who held that change of air was absolutely necessary for his recovery, he allowed himself to be removed from Hampton Court Palace to Whitehall. The report that the Lord Protector's life was in imminent danger now began to spread in all directions, giving rise to the most universal expressions of sympathy and sorrow, even among those who had been his political enemies. "Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf," recorded Harvey, "both publicly and privately, in more than an ordinary way; besides many a secret sigh—secret and unheard by men, yet, like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications." "But his time was come," adds the narrator, "and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life, and continue him longer to us."

Besides the pure grief of human sympathy of those who prayed and wept for the Lord Protector, there was another sorrow upon all thoughtful minds at the contemplation of the gloom that would arise if he should be no more. By the terms of the last constitution, he himself was to appoint his successor in the Protectorate; but none knew upon whom the appointment would fall, and all his political advisers, as well as his most intimate personal friends, were in darkness on a subject so nearly concerning the welfare and prosperity, if not the very existence, of the Commonwealth. Always impenetrable in the current of his designs, Cromwell had become more so of late years; and though he was believed to confide most of his political secrets to John Thurloe, the one of all his ministers in whom he put any amount of trust, even Thurloe at present had to acknowledge that he was in complete ignorance of his master's intentions. He, no more than any of the other members of the government, at first dared to ask the direct question, as to who should succeed him, of the stern Lord Protector; but as day after day elapsed, his life gradually and visibly ebbing away, the favourite secretary, impelled on all sides to the unavoidable step, was brought to approach the subject. He did so on Monday, the 30th of August, after Cromwell had been for six days on his bed of sickness at Whitehall, in alternate spasms of violent pain, followed at times by profound despondency, and again by intervals of bright and peaceful serenity. On this Monday his mind seemed calm, in strong contrast to the elements without, a mighty storm of wind howling over the land, shaking in its fury the walls of the royal palace, and filling the air as if with groans of rage and

despair. In the midst of the hurricane Thurloe approached the couch of the Lord Protector, humbly beseeching him to declare who should guide the destinies of the Commonwealth, in case it should please God to take his soul to everlasting peace. There was a faint answer from the dying man, announcing that he had expressed his will in a sealed letter, deposited in a certain place, among other state papers. Immediate search was made for the important document, but it could nowhere be found, though a strict investigation was entered upon for the purpose. Momentous as was the subject, no more could be said about it, for when approaching his master again, Thurloe found that he had sunk into a deep lethargy, from which he could be roused only at intervals of partly recurring consciousness. In one of these, the secretary, now eager to accomplish the all-important object before him, pronounced the name of Richard, and was replied to by an indistinct moan, which he concluded to be an affirmative of his question. If rightly interpreted, that death groan of the Lord Protector was fatal to the Commonwealth.

But while the fate of three nations was hanging upon the breath of his lips, Oliver Cromwell himself had come to be heedless of all but his own doom. After lying insensible, with short intervals, for several days, he seemed to recover consciousness towards midnight of Thursday, the 2nd of September, when he began to pray, raising his voice slightly above a whisper. "Truly God is good," he cried, in broken utterances; "indeed He is—He will not—He will not leave me—I would be willing to serve Him further—to serve God and His people—but my work is done—yet God will be with His people." So he prayed on till towards morning, when he sank again into quiet sleep. At noon on Friday, the 3rd of September, he prayed again, as appeared from his moving lips, but from which came no audible words. A little after three o'clock in the afternoon he heaved a deep sigh, and fell back on his pillow, with a radiant expression of countenance. Oliver Cromwell had finished his earthly career—finished it on the anniversary of the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, always spoken of by him as his "fortunate day." Thrice fortunate day it was to the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

As when the sun has sunk his rays continue to hover a short while longer in the sky, diffusing brightness over the earth, so the great name of Oliver Cromwell kept hanging for a brief space of time after he was gone above the clouds of impending darkness, to throw a borrowed light upon the edifice he had erected. All its support was gone the moment his spirit fled, yet the skyey glow of his fame made it look strong still in outward appearance, not showing but to those gifted with superior vision that it was a lifeless wreck. Immediately after the decease of the Lord Protector, the members of the Council of State held a meeting, and secretary Thurloe with several other witnesses having declared upon oath that his highness, by verbal declaration, had appointed his eldest son, Richard Cromwell, as his successor, the latter was at once installed in office, without the

slightest show of opposition. Late in the evening of the 3rd of September, the council went in a body to Richard, to offer their congratulations on his accession, and condole with him on the loss he had suffered, while at the same time an official gazette was widely circulated, announcing the death of the Protector, with the remark, "We would willingly express, upon this sad occasion, the deep sorrow which hath possessed the mind of his most noble son and successor had we language sufficient, but all that we can use will fall short of the merits of that most excellent prince." On the following morning, Saturday, the 4th of September, the new Lord Protector was solemnly proclaimed at Whitehall, Westminster, and the principal public places in the city, in the presence of the members of the Council of State, the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and a large concourse of officers and people. The ceremony over, the Lord Mayor and city dignitaries went in state to Whitehall to offer their congratulations, after which Richard took the oath as Protector, and then signed a proclamation which continued in their offices all the civil and military functionaries employed by his father. For some days after, addresses of loyalty came pouring in from all sides, making it appear as if the whole country was hailing with the utmost enthusiasm the accession of the new first magistrate of the Commonwealth. "It hath pleased God," secretary Thurloe informed Henry Cromwell, commander of the forces in Ireland, under date of the 7th of September, "to give his highness, your brother, a very easy and peaceable entrance upon his government; there is not a dog that wags his tongue, so great a calm are we in." Not gifted with great discernment, John Thurloe, together with most of his colleagues, was unable to see that behind the unnatural dead-like calm there was looming a fierce storm.

The storm was soon in coming, and the edifice of the Commonwealth was shaking in its very foundations before even the last earthly honours had been paid to its great founder. Few who knew him expected much from Richard Cromwell, who all his life had been nothing but an indolent country squire, fond of pleasures, but absolutely without energy, and in every respect the very opposite of his illustrious father; and all that his warmest friends could hope was that the consciousness of the high position to which he had so suddenly risen would break the worst of his faults, making him, if not a more thoughtful, at least a somewhat more active man. However, these expectations, if seriously entertained, were doomed to bitter disappointment, and a couple of weeks sufficed to show that whatever the change in his outward state, Richard remained the same in character, his high office serving to nothing but to raise his vanity. His first serious occupation after passing over the ceremonies of his installation as Protector was to make arrangements for a magnificent funeral of his father, which he intended to be of extraordinary costliness, although aware that the public exchequer was perfectly empty, funds being wanting even to pay the army, abroad and at home. His own private fortune, as he was in the habit of telling laughingly to his boon companions, consisted chiefly in debts, and Oliver Cromwell having left no

estate, too honest and high-minded to enrich himself at the public expense, his pecuniary embarrassments increased vastly with the accession to his new dignity. Nevertheless, contrary to the advice of all the members of the Council of State, he insisted that his father should have a pompous funeral, which accordingly took place on the 23rd of November, in the shape of a grand procession from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, a waxen effigy of the Lord Protector having been exposed some weeks previously at the former place. The magnificence of the display on this occasion caused general murmuring; the republicans were loud in their censure of the show, which was said to cost above sixty thousand pounds; pamphlets were distributed in the streets, along the line of the funeral procession, denouncing the untimely prodigality of the new ruler in violent terms; and there were even reports current that several regiments of soldiers had resolved to seize the coffin and effigy of the great Protector on its way to the Abbey, to hold it in pledge for the liquidation of their arrears of pay. No disorder took place, but the public fermentation kept on increasing from day to day, and the visible want of firmness in the government, denounced by many before the funeral upon which the new Lord Protector had wasted so much time and treasure, was spoken of on all sides now with mingled hatred and contempt. Eyes not the clearest began to see that the vessel of state had lost its pilot, and was fast drifting into the devouring gulf of anarchy.

The first pressing duty of the advisers of Richard Cromwell—chief among whom were John Thurloe, and his brother-in-law, lord Faulconbridge—was to procure a small amount of money, to pay at least a few of the servants of the government, and in doing so they had recourse to the most extraordinary means. They first applied to some London merchants, and were refused; next, they tried their credit at the exchange of Amsterdam, but with the like ill-success; and after that they went as beggars before Louis XIV. and cardinal Mazarin, asking, in almost piteous language, that he would accommodate the rulers of wealthy England with fifty thousand pounds. To get this small sum, lord Faulconbridge himself went to Paris towards the end of October, with the result of having his demand, as far as the public part of it went, politely rejected, but obtaining a pension for himself and his wife, with promise of another for the new Lord Protector, if the latter should be able to maintain himself in power and consent to becoming the willing tool of French policy. It was a degradation so terrible that even Richard shrunk from going forward in the same path, so that he was driven to consult with his friends and advisers more earnestly than hitherto upon the position of the government, and the way by which they might get over their difficulties. There was clearly only one mode of action open, which was to summon a parliament, and this accordingly was adopted, and carried out forthwith. The writs of summons for the representatives of the nation were sent out at the beginning of December, and on the 27th of January, 1659, Richard opened the new legislature, having gone in great state, and surrounded by a pompous train of courtiers, from

Whitehall to Westminster. His magnificence of carriage did not impose upon the members of the House of Commons, who had already come to look upon the existing government as a nonentity, and when summoned to the bar of the "Other House" to hear the opening speech of the Protector, not more than ten or eleven obeyed the call, the rest staying away in silent contempt. The opposition thus manifested springing less from enmity to than disdain of the men who were possessed of the supreme power but did not know how to wield it, soon showed itself more distinctly, in the passing of a variety of resolutions, all tending to disparage the new Lord Protector and his ministers. The question as to whether he himself should be acknowledged only passed after a long debate, by a narrow majority, while the commons absolutely refused to vote the supplies urgently demanded by the Council of State. There could but be one object in the proceeding, which was to break up the protectorate rule, and this, indeed, was what the majority of the commons aimed at, though at the same time none of the parliamentary leaders seemed to have any clear conception what other form of government should take its place. It was as if with the death of Oliver Cromwell, and fall of the social structure which he had erected, a general confusion had laid hold of men's minds, banishing all ideas of order, and leading to universal chaos.

The attitude of the House of Commons became somewhat more distinct at the end of a couple of months. At the commencement of the session, there appeared to be, besides a small knot of members honestly adhering to the established government, two great factions, the Republicans and the Presbyterians, which held each other the balance very evenly; but as week after week advanced in discussions and debates, mostly of a very violent nature, it was noticed that the latter party got the upper hand, and having come to this point, developed itself under a new phase. Having all along been opposed to a democratic form of government, and in favour of a limited monarchy, though not daring to express their aims openly under the great Protector's iron rule, the Presbyterians now held that the time had come to throw off further disguise, and to state openly that they desired the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne. Propositions to this effect, timid at first, but gradually, as it became certain that they were hailed with approval by the majority, more and more firm, made themselves heard in parliament, and by the end of March, when the session had lasted rather more than nine weeks, there seemed every probability that before another month was gone a vote would pass for opening negotiations with the son of Charles I. The Lord Protector himself, it was more than whispered, was ready to give up his exalted office in favour of the legitimate descendant of the old royal race, greatly preferring obscurity and the payment of his debts to his high but uncomfortable position; and backed by a parliamentary vote, there seemed absolutely nothing in the way of the pensioner of King Philip IV. returning to Whitehall, and quietly taking the seat vacated by Richard Cromwell. But at this juncture of affairs, another power, not counted upon

for the moment by the leaders of the majority in the commons, suddenly arose before them. The army, intensely republican, had hitherto remained in quietness, approaching to apathy, mainly for want of a head around which to rally; but on seeing that parliament was fast drifting into proclaiming another Stuart king, the soldiers all on a sudden roused themselves, demanding to make their voice heard in the national councils. On the 2nd of April, a number of officers appeared unannounced before Richard Cromwell, and partly by persuasion, and partly by threats, made him give his consent to the convocation of a grand meeting of delegates from the troops, to deliberate upon the dangers threatening to the Commonwealth. Some of the members of the Council of State bitterly upbraided the helpless Lord Protector for what he had done, immediately after the officers left; but they themselves, utterly powerless to accomplish anything, either for good or evil, could do nothing but look on upon what was to come. A few days after the interview, the representatives of the troops began to arrive in London, and on the 10th of April, the delegates, to the number of five hundred, assembled at Wallingford House, and formed themselves, after solemn prayer, into a General Council of the Army.

There were now two rival parliaments assembled in the capital, with nothing to check their antagonism but an utterly impotent executive, a government more in name than in reality. It was not difficult to see that a collision was nigh at hand, and not many days elapsed before it took place. The deputies of the army commenced their work by drawing up and publishing a document which they called the "humble Representation and Petition," in which they complained bitterly of the contempt into which "the good old cause" had sunk, and of the calumnies and threats uttered in parliament against the patriots who had staked their lives for the national freedom. The paper was denounced in the House of Commons with great violence as an instigation to treason; but the military delegates, nothing daunted, kept on in their course, passing votes that the "common cause" was in danger, and that the army should be paid their arrears without further delay, and demanding that every officer should testify by a solemn declaration his approval of the execution of Charles Stuart, and the establishment and continuance of the Commonwealth, or else resign his commission. The latter was too direct a challenge to the monarchical faction in parliament to be taken quietly, and they at once adopted a resolution declaring the General Council of the army illegal, and ordering its immediate dissolution. No sooner had the vote been taken when the leaders of the army published an order of the day, summoning all the troops in and near London to a meeting in St. James's park, which command met with so much obedience that even the Protector's own life-guards deserted Whitehall, declaring they were bound to follow their military superiors before him. In the midst of this disruption of all authority, a number of officers, among them Colonel Desborough, his near relative, called upon Richard Cromwell, and roughly told him that the crisis had come, and that he must decide whether he would go with them or

with the royalist faction in the House of Commons. If he would choose the former, they said, he must dissolve parliament forthwith, in which case they promised to take care of him and his interests, but if not giving his consent at once, they would do without him, and leave him to his fate, whatever that might be. After a short painful hesitation, Richard yielded to the demands of the officers, promising to issue the required message of dissolution, and stipulating only that he should not be required to appear in person before parliament. It was late in the evening of the 21st of April that the engagement was made, and half an hour after the officers had left Richard Cromwell, Whitehall was occupied by the troops under the orders of the General Council of the army. The shadow reign of the second Lord Protector had virtually come to an end.

Having subjected the feeble executive to their will, the army leaders quietly took possession of Westminster, and on the morning of Friday the 22nd of April, when the members of the House of Commons came to assemble in their accustomed place, they found all the entrances occupied by soldiers, who looked at them with undisguised disdain. The agitation throughout the House was intense, and increased when, soon after the Speaker had taken the chair, the usher of the Black Rod appeared at the bar, summoning the members to the "Other House" to hear a message from the Lord Protector. Few had any doubts as to what were the contents of the message, and the summons of Black Rod, therefore, was received with groans and expostulations, while scarce a dozen members left their places to obey the order of the chief of the state. The rest, with the Speaker still in the chair, impelled by ever-increasing excitement, and scarcely knowing how to vent their overwrought feelings, set to pass fresh votes condemnatory of the proceedings of the General Council of the army, and declaring everything done against the legal representatives of the realm to be treason. After passing half an hour in this way, a reaction seemed to set in, and as if struck all at once by the utter uselessness of their speeches and votes, among the rattle of arms resounding in the lobby, the motion was passed in a hurry that the House should adjourn till eight of the clock on Monday morning, the 25th of April. This done, the Speaker arose and left the house, followed in one long file by the members, who accompanied him to his coach, through two long rows of troopers, heavily armed, spurred and booted, muttering curses upon the retreating "lawyers." Before the last representative of the people had turned his back, the message dictated to Richard Cromwell by the officers had been read in the "Other House" by Nathaniel Fiennes, one of the commissioners of the Great Seal, and the ceremony finished, the usher of the Black Rod once more went into the hall of the commons, announcing to the empty benches that parliament stood dissolved by command of his highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. In the course of the day, padlocks were placed at the door of the House of Commons, and sentinels placed in the lobby, to keep back all individuals pretending to be members of parliament.

The dispersion of the House of Commons made the

leaders of the army masters of the situation, and the government resting entirely in their hands, there seemed one more chance for the return of settled order. It was only necessary that any of the chief officers should stand forward with a definite, clearly-defined programme, tending to establish a powerful executive, liberal in its aims, and strong enough to stop the wave of anarchy, to secure the hearty co-operation of all classes, and accomplish the triumph of national freedom, under the established democratic forms. As yet the cry for the restoration of the Stuarts was a mere cry of despair; the overwhelming mass of the people either knew nothing whatever of the individual calling himself Charles the Second, and claiming England by birthright, or knew him only as a wretched, profligate creature, entirely unprincipled, with no faith in God or man, or any quality whatever to promise even a moderately good ruler. The only class earnestly desiring the return of the unhopeful scion of an unhopeful race of kings were the nobility and landed gentry, whose political creed was growing out, either of the natural desire to revel again in the honours and emoluments flowing from a throne for their especial benefit, or due to the no less weighty fear that the continuance of a democratic form of government was certain to imperil, if not their property, at least the continuance of such of their privileges and immunities as chiefly made up their high and exclusive social position. Against these, the only true Cavaliers, a faction numerically small, and important only through rank and wealth, stood the vast phalanx of the middle classes, distinguished by sincere attachment to Protestantism, and no less sincere love of order, willing to support any government capable of protecting their faith and banishing anarchy, but opposed rather than otherwise to the personal claims of the representative of the Stuarts, generally believed to be a Roman Catholic at heart. To destroy the pretensions of the second Charles, all that was required was to institute a firm and liberal administration, after the model of that founded in the early days of the first protectorate. However, comparatively easy as seemed the task, there was not a man wise enough, or strong enough, to accomplish it. The army leaders had no sooner driven out their parliamentary rivals when they began quarrelling among themselves, and a week had not elapsed before it became clear that they could not agree upon a single point in their future operations. In this perplexity, not knowing which way to turn next, they bethought themselves of an extraordinary measure, that of calling to their aid the members of the House of Commons dispersed ignominiously six years before by Oliver Cromwell, and known to the people as the "Rump Parliament." It was the sword that had killed the "Rump," and the sword now was to revive it again.

The resolution to set up another representative assembly was come to by the General Council of the army on the 6th of May, and carried out with great promptness. In the afternoon of the day, Lieutenant General Fleetwood, with a number of other officers, went, as deputies of the Council, to the residence of Speaker Lenthall, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, requesting him to summon his old colleagues once more to the

chapel of St. Stephen's, to act as representatives of the nation, and presenting him for the purpose with a formal declaration, exhibiting the motives for the step. "The public concerns of this Commonwealth," the document ran, "being, through a vicissitude of dangers, deliverances, and backslidings of many, brought into that state and posture wherein they now stand, and ourselves also contributing thereunto by wandering divers ways from righteous and equal paths, and although there have been many essays to obviate the dangers, and to settle those nations in peace and prosperity, yet all have proved ineffectual—so we have been led to look back and examine the cause of the Lord's withdrawing his wonted presence from us, and, amongst other things, calling to mind that the Long Parliament, consisting of the members who continued there sitting until the 20th of April, 1653, were eminent asserters of the good old cause, and had a special presence of God with them, and were signally blessed in that work—the desires of many good people concurring with ours therein; we judge it our duty to invite the aforesaid members to return to the exercise and discharge of their trust, and we shall be ready, in our places, to yield them, as becomes us, our utmost assistance to sit in safety." William Lenthall, an eminently cautious member of the bar, at first declined to take part in re-establishing the "Rump," on the plea that he was preparing to take the Lord's Supper the next Sunday, and in the meanwhile had to abstain from all mundane affairs. Thereupon the officers left him, and visiting all the members of the old assembly known to be in London, by dint of great exertions got together forty-one, or sufficient to form a quorum, the whole of whom met in Westminster Hall on the morning of the 7th of May. They had not long been together when Speaker Lenthall, who had kept himself informed of what was going on, came rushing up in great haste, declaring the love of his country would not allow him from keeping away from his colleagues, and inviting them to accept again his presidency. His arrival was hailed with acclamation, and, immediately after it, the forty-one formed in procession, with the Speaker at their head, and solemnly marched back to St. Stephen's chapel, passing between long rows of officers, who cried that they would live and die in their service.

There was not much meaning in this new-born admiration of the men of the sword for parliamentary government. The delegates and chiefs of the army had one object in common with the resuscitated members of the "Rump," in the safe establishment of the "good old cause" of the republic; but their ideas differed widely as to the means by which this was to be effected, and the two factions were imbued from the beginning with more suspicion than love for each other. Nevertheless, at the commencement there was great apparent harmony between the General Council of the army and the members of the restored "Rump," the latter exerting themselves with much energy to establish a real executive, in place of the sham government still existing at Whitehall. Without formally abolishing the office of Lord Protector, fallen into ridicule through the imbecility of its bearer, they sent private notice to Richard Cromwell to absent

himself from the capital, and be again, what heaven had meant him to be, a country squire, promising that, if behaving well, his debts should be paid some day. Richard having gone his way as ordered, they formed a Committee of Safety, composed in the first instance of seven, and afterwards of eleven members, invested with very extensive powers in regard to the routine of internal administration of the country, but subject in matters of policy to act under the direction of parliament. Here was a first source of weakness, and the principle once set up that nothing important should be done without debating and voting, and all action be made dependent upon talk, the new machinery of government was not long in coming to a standstill. A still more dangerous matter, involving the very existence of the newly-founded authority, soon came to add to all the other difficulties of the situation. In resuscitating the "Rump," the main design of the military leaders had been to get a convenient instrument of government, which they naturally desired to be under their own control; but this was not so understood by the old Parliamentarians under the leadership of Speaker Lenthall, who aimed at possessing the reality, instead of the mere semblance of power, and to rule the army as well as the people, in the name and as representatives of the sovereignty of the nation. The claim to national representation thus set up was not very reasonable, seeing the origin and actual composition of the assembly now gathered within St. Stephen's chapel; nevertheless the members of the "Rump" insisted upon it with the utmost pertinacity, going so far as openly to defy the General Council of the army in the assertion of their imaginary power. The struggle thus commenced, though it was not likely to last long, could clearly have but one result, that of increasing to an immense degree the existing anarchy.

To the first manifestations of desire for dominion on the part of the assembly which they had brought into existence, the army leaders submitted with good grace, deeming it better to make concessions, however large, than to risk the work in hand, together with the welfare of the country. Little more than a fortnight after its installation, the members of the "Rump" decreed that seven parliamentary commissioners should be invested with the supreme direction of the army, to nominate the whole of the officers, subject to the approbation of the house, and that all officers should come to the bar to receive their commissions from the hands of the Speaker. It was clearly a measure of extreme arrogance, and the first effect of it upon the heads of the army was to resist it with all their power. However, on consulting with each other, in a spirit of extreme moderation, opposite counsels prevailed, leading to the resolve to yield to the power of their own creation. Having gone thus far to meet their open allies and secret rivals, the officers in their turn petitioned that the arrears of the army should be paid, so as to put a stop to the growing insubordination of the soldiers, which had already led to serious riots; but their demand met with very little attention, not so much from want of goodwill, but in the utter inability of the members of the new parliament to raise the funds they urgently required. A hundred propositions

were made in the "Rump," to fill the exchequer by laying on new taxes, raising forced loans, and selling the palaces of Whitehall, Somerset House, and Hampton Court; however, as in all else, there was more debate than action; and while the legislators at St. Stephen's were talking, the soldiers whose control they had insisted upon taking in hand were starving, or leaving their regiments in masses, to return to their homes.

Towards the latter part of July, it became apparent that complete disorganisation had seized the army; while at the very moment the danger of this situation impressed itself upon the new government, the news reached London that Royalist risings had taken place in several parts of the country. Impatient to accelerate the current of events that was strongly running in his favour, Charles Stuart, with the help of his Spanish allies, had for some time past sent agents all over England to stir up either a general, or a number of local insurrections, and their efforts had proved partly successful in the northern counties, the territory of the large landowning class, and stronghold of the Cavaliers. The movement commenced at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, where Sir Thomas Middleton, an old man of eighty and fanatic Royalist, appeared on a market day, at the head of a troop of his tenants, and brandishing his sword above his head, caused Charles to be proclaimed king. He was joined at once by a number of noblemen, among them the earl of Derby and Sir George Booth, and the latter, who had fought in the civil wars under Charles I., having been selected for commander-in-chief, the insurrectionary forces kept rolling onwards. The city of Chester fell into their hands without a battle, and Liverpool, with several smaller places, having been likewise occupied by the Royalists, they mustered their army at Warrington in the last days of July, and found it to contain about four thousand men. Not doubting but that all England would join them, the northern Cavaliers at once despatched messengers to Holland, inviting Charles Stuart to ascend the throne of his ancestors, and while he was tearing himself from the arms of his mistresses, Sir George Booth and his four thousand set out for the capital.

The intelligence of the rising in the northern counties had the effect of spurring the members of the Westminster assembly into sudden activity, and postponing discussion for a while, they set to raising money and equipping troops. By dint of extraordinary exertions, between four and five thousand men were got together, and General Lambert having been appointed commander of the parliamentary forces, they left London on the 6th of August. Demoralized as were the troops by neglect, distress, and the all-pervading anarchy, there was still something of the old spirit of the Commonwealth soldiers among them; and though in want of almost the necessaries of life, they rallied around their general with great enthusiasm, while rushing in hurried marches through the mid-land counties towards Cheshire. Sir George Booth and his Cavaliers were still standing here, waiting, before marching southward, for news from king Charles, who had promised to be in England at the beginning of August, being uncertain, in the meanwhile,

as to whether they should advance towards, or retreat before the parliamentary army that was coming up from the capital. In order to gain time, Sir George, on the near approach of General Lambert, attempted to enter upon negotiations, but the latter was not to be deluded in this manner, and without giving more than a short negative reply to the Royalists, he at once marched upon them, preparing for battle. Surprised, first at Winnington, and afterwards at Nantwich, and cut off from a portion of his forces which he had left at Chester, Sir George Booth was defeated almost without a struggle, only a handful of his men, under lieutenant-colonel Morgan, offering resistance, and sacrificing their lives to protect a retreat that had become a rout. In the course of a single week, Chester, Liverpool, and the other towns in the district where the standard of king Charles had been hoisted, were taken possession of by the parliamentary forces; Sir Thomas Middleton had to capitulate in Chirk castle, to which he had retired with his followers, and he, together with Sir George Booth, the earl of Derby, and other leaders of the revolt, were taken prisoners and sent to the Tower, not without having, previous to their capture, made their cause ridiculous by attempting flight in disguise, the noble head of the house of Stanley dressing himself up as a groom, and the commander-in-chief of the Cavaliers as an old woman, to escape from their pursuers. On the 21st of August, scarcely a fortnight after his departure from London, General Lambert was able to inform his masters at Westminster that the phantom of Stuart kingship, which had suddenly arisen in the northern counties, had as suddenly been dispersed to all the winds. "If there be anything in these parts," added the parliamentary captain, "which may require my further service and attendance, I shall desire your speedy commands therein, which shall be most readily observed."

The rapid and decisive victory of General Lambert created the greatest dismay among the partizans of the Stuart restoration, and to all appearance established the cause of the Commonwealth on a firmer footing than it had stood since the death of Oliver Cromwell. This was the general belief in London, and shown by a sudden change in the attitude of the prosperous city merchants, who, setting their sails with the current of the tides, had before refused even the smallest loan to the rulers at St. Stephen's, but now came forward with great alacrity to offer their patriotic assistance to the new government. However, the calculations of the city patriots were reposing on a very insecure basis, and a few weeks proved that the very successes in the field, which were deemed to have poured fresh life into the tottering edifice of the Commonwealth, served but to hasten on its fall. Bitter necessity and the dread of a dark future, which they could not behold without the greatest anxiety, had compelled the leaders of the army to submit to the rule of a set of men they inwardly despised, and to bend their necks under the yoke of the "Rump" parliament; but, the fear dispelled, and seeing that they after all wielded the real power of state, they once more raised their heads, resolved not to suffer any longer the dominion of the arrogant "lawyers." The first open manifestation of the new spirit that had taken possession of the troops

showed itself in a petition handed in to the "Rump" on the 22nd of September, by a deputation from the General-Council of the Army, demanding that the commissions of the principal officers should be no longer revocable at the will of parliament, but that lasting appointments should be made, three of them being indicated at the same time as absolutely necessary, namely, that Fleetwood should be nominated permanent general-in-chief, that Lambert should be next in command as major-general, and that Desborough should be lieutenant-general of the cavalry. The delivery of this petition caused the greatest excitement in the hall of St. Stephen's, and after some violent speeches, Speaker Lenthall adjourned the debate to the following morning, the 23rd of September. On this day the doors were shut, and the lobby was cleared of strangers, while the strictest secrecy was enjoined on all members, and a vote passed that none should leave the house without express permission of the Speaker. After a lengthy and fierce discussion, it was resolved to refuse the demands of the General Council of the Army as "dangerous to the Commonwealth," and also "to communicate the vote of the house to the officers of the army, to admonish them of their irregular proceeding, and to take care to prevent any further proceedings therein by the soldiers." It was a bold step on the part of the St. Stephen's assembly, and for a moment checked the encroachments of the military leaders; but the irresolution did not last long. After deliberating for a few weeks in great secrecy, the members of the General Council of the Army came to the determination to throw down again the governing body which they had raised, which resolve was executed without any trouble on the 13th of October. In the morning of this day, Speaker Lenthall, on alighting from his carriage at Westminster, was arrested by a detachment of soldiers, under lieutenant-colonel Duckenfield, one of Lambert's officers, forced into another vehicle, and despatched to his private residence. In vain the chief of the "Rump" protested against the violence; the officers laughed in his face, telling him that they were only doing their duty in taking him back to the place from which they had fetched him not long before. Together with the Speaker, the leading members of the "Rump" parliament were refused admission at the door, and the rest, without attempting to play their parts any longer, quietly vanished from the scene.

The supreme power having now fallen once more entirely into their hands, the delegates of the General Council of the Army established a strictly military government, nominating Fleetwood commander-in-chief, and Lambert major-general, and vesting the executive in a "Committee of Safety" of fifteen officers. But the new administration had no sooner been formed, when dissensions broke out within it, leading in the course of a few weeks to an absolute destruction of its authority. There did not seem to be two members in the Committee of Safety possessed of the same political principles, and pursuing the same objects, and while some advocated democratic ideas of the widest scope, others appeared inclined to favour the re-establishment of a despotism more violent than that of the latter days of Oliver's Protectorate. While anarchy and confusion were thus rapidly

spreading among the persons who had placed themselves at the helm of the state, the army upon which they were leaning, and which formed their sole engine of power, was rapidly dissolving, the soldiers leaving their ranks in crowds, partly on account of having remained for a long time either entirely without pay or suffering from great arrears, and partly, and more still, out of sheer disgust for the cause they were serving. Bands of armed men thus let loose from discipline, but having no home or friends to which to return, congregated in various parts of England, and while many of them were enlisted by wealthy Cavaliers to serve the cause of king Charles, others enrolled themselves under the banner of the parliament, raised by some of the more energetic or ambitious members of the dispersed "Rump." One of the latter, Sir Arthur Haslerig, a violent personal enemy of General Lambert, had the daring to take possession, with a company of soldiers he had gathered around him, of the fortress and naval harbour of Portsmouth, and seated there, to proclaim the new military government an usurpation, and the persons constituting it traitors to the Commonwealth.

The chance of his overthrowing the established executive, low as it had fallen, with his Portsmouth volunteers, seemed small indeed; but the representative of the "Rump," in making his bold assault, reckoned upon another power, as yet little noticed, but destined before long to dazzle the eyes of the world by its influence. Everything had fallen into anarchy in England; there were no visible rulers anywhere, and the army, last resource and base of authority, had virtually ceased to exist, severed into mere disorganised factions of soldiers, following certain officers of their own choice. But while thus the chief division of the realm was lying prostrate and helpless, and Ireland had fallen back into its old chronic state of confusion, the third of the nations of the Commonwealth was unaffected as yet by the disease that had laid hold of the other two. Scotland, under its own separate administration, established by Oliver Cromwell, had grown wonderfully in prosperity within the last few years, and within its limits, among inhabitants needing no military rule, was stationed a strong and well-disciplined army. The commander of this army was General George Monk. It was said that Sir Arthur Haslerig, when raising the banner of the "Rump" parliament at Portsmouth, had cried, "We have some hopes of Monk to be our champion."

George Monk, thus looming forward into fame, was the scion of an ancient but decayed Devonshire family, born in 1608, and therefore now a little past fifty. Very imperfectly educated, he became a soldier at the age of seventeen, serving in the naval expeditions of 1626-7 against Spain and France, and subsequently for ten years in the Netherlands. Returned from thence, at the commencement of the conflict between Charles I. and the Scots, he ranged himself ardently at the king's side, fighting for the royal cause in England and Ireland, and thereby gaining the command of a regiment. However, the military fortune of the king had no sooner begun to wane, when George Monk made haste to leave the sinking vessel, and taking the Covenant in 1647,

offered himself and his good sword to Parliament. Not being entirely trusted, he was sent to Ireland, where he distinguished himself by great bravery, but also by great rapacity, his conduct in the latter respect leading to his being accused of participation with an Irish chieftain in surrendering the town of Dundalk to the Royalists. The charge gave rise to a parliamentary inquiry, resulting in the censure of Monk, but with the superadded decision "that he should not be questioned for his actions in time to come." After this verdict, Monk remained for some time unemployed, until the breaking out of hostilities between parliament and the Scots, when he accompanied Cromwell to the north as lieutenant-general of the artillery, and signalized himself by his valour at the battle of Dunbar. He was subsequently employed in putting down the "moss troopers," which he effected with much strategical skill, and on Cromwell marching into England, in pursuit of young Charles Stuart, he left his lieutenant-general of the artillery behind as commander-in-chief of the forces in the north. As such Monk besieged and took Stirling castle, and carried Dundee by storm, revenging himself against the citizens of the latter place for their resistance by the committal of the most diabolical cruelties, and indiscriminate slaughter, in which neither sex nor age was spared. The terror spread by the report of the massacres of Dundee made the subjugation of the rest of the country an easy task for him, and Montrose, Aberdeen, and the remainder of the towns still held by the Royalists quickly fell into his hands. Monk's rule in Scotland came to an end, temporarily, in 1652, on the breaking out of the war between the Commonwealth and the United Provinces, on which he exchanged his military for a naval career, and was made "sea general," the same as Blake, Dean, and other officers, in conjunction with whom he achieved a well-earned fame. At the termination of the great naval contest, Monk once more went back to Scotland as general-in-chief and head of the administration, and by dint of great firmness and very remarkable prudence succeeded in gaining a deep hold of the affections of the army under his command, as well as the civil population. Cromwell, fully valuing the services rendered to himself and the state by Monk, overwhelmed him with honours and dignities, but never really trusted him. With his profound judgment of character, the Lord Protector knew that the man who had done such great things in the cause of the Commonwealth was in reality nothing but a greedy, unscrupulous, and unprincipled adventurer, and more than once, when referring to the Scottish commander-in-chief, described him as "the sly fellow."

But "the sly fellow," by dint of a fortunate position, upheld by vast cunning, and great art in using the gift of silence, was now fast becoming the most powerful man in the realm. Like a wary gamester, he was watching from a distance the movements of rival players, prepared to step into the arena the very moment they had thrown their last dice. The time evidently had come when the broken "Rump" was rising against the jaded, self-defeated Army Council, and Monk, seeing his opportunity, hesitated not for a moment to seize it. Applied to by Sir Arthur

Haslerig and the fiercest of his colleagues to become the champion of their cause, he at once consented to do so, promising to march, if necessary, his army into England, and to uphold with the sword their truly ancient rights to be sole representatives of the national sovereignty. "As to a Commonwealth," he told Haslerig in one of his letters, "believe me, Sir, for I speak it in the presence of God, it is the desire of my soul." To doubt such fervency of patriotism and republicanism was impossible to Sir Arthur and his friends, the more so as these high qualities were so well calculated to serve their own ambition, and they accordingly set to extolling the fame of the Scottish commander-in-chief to the skies, while at the same time entreating him to be their patron, and not to delay his march to Westminster for a single hour. Monk made haste to accept the invitation, setting out from Edinburgh in the beginning of December, 1659, at the head of seven thousand veteran troops, with the openly declared object of freeing the parliament of the Commonwealth from the oppression of the soldiers. While the members of the "Rump" believed, or professed to believe, that the motive given out by their champion from the north was real, and springing from the loftiest impulses, the army leaders knew otherwise, and allowed themselves not for a moment to be duped. As soon as the report of the southern march of the Scottish army arrived in London, the chief officers of the General Council of the Army, among them Lambert and Desborough, called a meeting at the Guildhall, entreating the citizens to rise for the defence of the capital, and telling them plainly, "that the bottom of Monk's design was to bring in the king upon a new civil war." The good citizens listened, but kept very silent, deeming discretion the best part of valour. They seemed to feel that, in the universal chaos which had set in, the seven thousand veterans of the north, stern in action, thoroughly disciplined, and obeying the voice of a single man like a mute engine of war, were a power absolutely irresistible, and that, therefore, all that remained for them was to submit to fate and General Monk.

In starting on his southern expedition, big with the doom of three nations, Monk, in all probability, had not settled in his own mind the exact course of policy he was to pursue. A mere soldier of fortune, without anything approaching to settled principles, political or religious, his whole conduct through life had been guided hitherto by nothing but the aim to provide for his own personal interest, in the vulgarest form in which such self-interest could exhibit itself, that of making money. To this ideal of success he clung now as much as ever, greatly fortified and assisted in his endeavours by his wife, a woman of masculine character and furious temper, even exceeding him in avariciousness, and who exerted a powerful sway over all his actions. Careful not to destroy the position at which he was aiming by a single hasty movement, Monk proceeded onward on his march from Edinburgh to London with extreme slowness and caution, making lengthened halts on the road, and taking the greatest pains to keep on good terms with all parties. While openly unfolding the banner of parliament, and repeating, with many solemn asseverations, the assurance given to Sir Arthur

Haslerige that it was the one "desire of his soul" to see the Commonwealth thrive and flourish, he had numerous secret interviews with Royalist agents, and neglected not at the same time to remain as friendly as possible with the English officers, and principal members of the General Council of the Army. The latter, notwithstanding his flatteries, and assertions that their cause was his own, continued to feel the deepest mistrust of him; however, aware that all substantial power had glided from their hands, and deeply unwilling, besides, to plunge the country into the horrors of a fresh civil war, they resolved not to oppose the march of the Scottish army by force, but to await quietly what the future would bring. In the meantime, the mere report of the advance of Monk led to the reinstatement in power of the members of the "Rump," and on the 26th of December, Speaker Lenthall and some two score of his friends who had come to London at his summons, met at Whitehall, and walked together in file to the hall of St. Stephen's, amidst the deep silence of the people of the streets, who stared upon the knot of old men, elected representatives of the nation nigh thirty years ago, and clinging to their posts with furious energy, as upon petrified relics of a bygone age, walking the world in ghostly procession. Three days after the reopening of Speaker Lenthall's assembly, on the 29th of December, Sir Arthur Haslerig, most vigorous of all the old men of the "Rump," came up from Portsmouth, and took his seat in the house, dressed in warlike costume, booted and spurred, and looking, as noted by one of his colleagues, "very jocund and high." The high airs of poor Sir Arthur were due to the news that his friend, the Scottish commander-in-chief, had crossed the border and was hastening towards London, in noble enthusiasm to restore the Commonwealth and its defenders.

Monk's march to London was entirely unopposed. General Lambert had gone northward as far as Newcastle to see whether anything could be done to resist the advance of the treacherous friend of the Commonwealth; but the few troops he had taken with him from the capital were completely demoralized, and they becoming mutinous on the road, nothing was left for him but to disband them. On the 3rd of January, 1660, Monk entered York, where he was joined by a large body of Cavaliers under Sir Thomas Fairfax, old commander-in-chief of the parliamentary armies against Charles I., now swimming with the tide towards Charles II. But though the accession thus made to his forces seemed to commit the "sly fellow" to a definite policy, he still kept up his implacable reserve, maintaining, what was undoubtedly true in one sense, that he was not attached to any party, and taking to himself the ambiguous but alluring title of "Asserter of the ancient Laws and Liberties of the Country." Continuing his excessively slow and cautious progress, Monk entered Nottingham on the 21st, Leicester on the 23rd, and Northampton on the 26th of January, publishing everywhere proclamations declaring that he was but a servant of parliament in a military capacity, ready to execute all its behests. What these were, no doubt existed, for having once more taken possession of the legislative hall at Westminster, the members of the "Rump" set to voting a

series of ordinances establishing the Commonwealth on a wider democratic basis than before, and denouncing the attempts of Charles Stuart to usurp the sovereignty of the free nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Engaged in the performance of these republican labours, Speaker Lenthall and his friends were somewhat startled on learning that their patron from the north was joined everywhere by the most notorious Cavaliers and friends of Charles Stuart; however, they took little notice of such trifling facts, and kept on voting new laws for the Commonwealth. On the 28th of January, Monk was approaching the capital, but before making his entry, he sent a message to the "Rump" demanding that all the soldiers of the English army in and about London should be driven out, to give way for the godly and right-minded men he had brought from Scotland. The rulers at St. Stephen's hastened to execute the desire of their patron, and the whole of the English troops having been removed, by dint of force, promises, and bribes, the Scottish general held his solemn entry into the capital on the 3rd of February, and at once took up his residence at Whitehall. Two days after, Monk was introduced in parliament, received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and thanked by the Speaker, in words of burning eloquence, for the eminent services he had rendered to the Commonwealth.

The time had now nearly come for George Monk to throw off his mask, and to rid himself of the men who had hitherto assisted him in the prosecution of his schemes. After a week's stay at Whitehall, and uninterrupted conferences with Royalist agents, the general suddenly, on the morning of the 11th of February, sent a letter to his devoted friends of the "Rump," informing them that it was requisite to readmit into their body the whole of the members expelled by Cromwell, or, in other words, to re-establish the Long Parliament as it existed previous to the trial and execution of the king. Of the meaning of this demand, which was couched in harsh and almost menacing terms, there could not be a moment's doubt, and the consternation which it created was the greater when it became known that at the moment when sending off his message, Monk had put his troops in motion and marched into the city, agitated, ever since his arrival, by royalist emissaries, and which had shown within the last few days strong predilections in favour of a return of the Stuarts. Now for the first time the eyes of the deluded politicians of St. Stephen's began to open, and the crushing certainty fell upon them, that the man upon whom they had set all their hopes had played them false, and was about to turn their bitterest foe, pulling down, root and branch, the edifice which they had been building up. In their profound consternation, broken by rage and despair, the unhappy Parliamentarians at once gave up every thought of resistance; and instead of attempting a bold move, not without chances of success, by voting the deposition of Monk, and appointing Lambert, or some other republican general, to the command-in-chief of the united army of England and Scotland, they threw themselves at the feet of their enemy. A resolution was passed "that the thanks of the House be given to General Monk," with added declaration that his

desires should be carried out "in due time;" and two commissioners were forthwith despatched to carry the reply to his message to the general. The parliamentary envoys found Monk at the house of the lord mayor, Sir Thomas Allen, a noted Cavalier, and after meeting with a haughty reception, were invited to accompany him to the Guildhall, where the Royalists and their Presbyterian followers had mustered in great strength. On the way thither, the crowds in the streets, made up chiefly of city apprentices, better informed of what was going on behind the scenes than the elderly legislators at Westminster, broke out in loud hurrahs for Charles II., mingled with cries of "The general is with us!" and "Down with the Rump!" Towards evening the bells of all the churches were set ringing, and bonfires were lighted in the main thoroughfares. "I counted seven or eight in King Street," Samuel Pepys noted in his diary, "fourteen between St. Dunstan's church and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires." The bonfires were not only intended as triumphal exhibitions, but made use of for humorous play by the street mobs. They got from the butchers—a fraternity noted for its steady friendship to the Stuart cause—all the hind quarters of meat which their shops contained, and throwing them into the flames, drank bumpers to the health of King Charles, while roasting to cinders "the Rump."

The royalist movement, once begun, proceeded with extraordinary celerity. Deeming it useless to continue his play with the men of the "Rump," who had helped him thus far, any longer, Monk treated them henceforth with undisguised contempt, paying no attention whatever to their votes and proceedings. By his invitation, the excluded members of the Long Parliament came to London a week after the despatch of his letter demanding their attendance; and having met at his private residence on the 20th of February, and pledged themselves to obey his orders, they were escorted on the following day to Westminster by a company of his guards. As if ashamed of the part they were playing, they went to take their seats in the hall of legislature, one by one, in deepest silence; but they had no sooner arrived, with the escort of soldiers still at the door, when Sir Arthur Haslerig and the other chief republican leaders arose tumultuously and left the house. Nothing could be more acceptable to the Royalists than this sudden flight of their adversaries; and unhampered now by any show of opposition, they lost not a minute in turning the legislative machine to their own use. Before the day had come to an end on which they had taken their seats, they had passed a score of votes of the most important character, upsetting everything that had been done by the "Rump" during all the years the party constituting it had been in power, and preparing openly the transformation of the Commonwealth into a monarchy. Having annulled, and ordered to be erased from the journals of the House, the whole of the votes which in 1648, 1649, as well as in more recent years, had ordained or ratified their expulsion, the returned members proceeded to the dissolution of the republican Council of State, and ordered the formation of a new government, with General Monk, appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of England,

Scotland, and Ireland, at the head of it. The next step of the new parliament was to promulgate anew the Covenant, which was ordered to be read in all the churches; while in conjunction with this measure, the old penal laws against the Roman Catholics, set aside by Cromwell, were again put in full force, with an expressed tendency to religious persecution by the offer of a reward of twenty pounds to all persons discovering and denouncing popish priests. Having accomplished everything he desired to be done, Monk signified his wish to the members of the Westminster assembly to vote their own dissolution, which they did without murmur, ordering at the same time elections for a new parliament, the task of which, as tacitly understood, was to reinstate formally the Stuart dynasty. It was settled that the dissolution should take place on the 16th of March, and on the evening of that day a significant scene took place in the City, in front of the Exchange. Here a statue of Charles I. had formerly stood, which after his execution was replaced by a column, bearing the inscription, "Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo, annoque Domini 1648." An immense crowd had assembled on this spot, when, at the setting-in of night, a man came up with a brush and a vessel of paint, and leaning a ladder which he carried with him against the column, he boldly ascended and effaced the inscription. When the work was done, the painter threw his cap in the air, shouting, "God bless King Charles the Second!" upon which the vast multitude repeated in chorus, "God bless King Charles the Second!"

The cry for the Second Charles, coming from the lips of the London mob, was somewhat premature, for the man who alone was able to decide whether the heir of the Stuarts should reoccupy the throne of his ancestors, or remain a wretched exile, and despised pensioner of the arch-enemy of England, had as yet not declared openly. It was well known that Monk was negotiating with the chiefs of the Royalists; but with his habitual cautiousness, which seemed to increase rather than relax as he went forward step by step on the slippery path he had marked out for himself, he had scrupulously abstained from saying a word in favour of the restoration of the monarchy, repeating, as he had done from the commencement, that he was nothing but the humble servant of parliament. The hypocritical farce was carried out so completely as to deceive even the Republicans whom he had driven from power; and more than a fortnight after the reinstalment of the excluded members of the Long Parliament, Sir Arthur Haslerig, in company with seventeen of his friends, leaders of the destroyed "Rump," deemed it necessary to ask for an interview with Monk, to discover what were his real intentions. They could not make up their minds to believe that their cause was lost, as the deep distrust which the acts of the all-powerful general inspired was counteracted completely by his words, and, seeking his presence, the poor deluded Republicans told him, with curious frankness, that they wished to hear his confession of political faith from his own lips. But George Monk, now as ever, was more than a match for plain-spoken Sir Arthur. On being asked what had been his objects in reinstalling the Presbyterians

of the Long Parliament in authority, Monk replied, with childlike artlessness, "To free myself from their importunities," adding, "but I will take effectual care that their measures shall not do any harm." The republican chieftains looked at each other, scarce knowing what to say, till Haslerig, presuming upon old acquaintance, and the services he had rendered to Monk, boldly asked, "But will you join with us against Charles Stuart and his party?" The dictator raised himself to his full height, assuming a look of offended dignity. "Sir Arthur," he exclaimed with solemnity, laying his hand into that of Haslerig, "I have often declared to you my resolution so to do, and I now once more protest to you, in the presence of these gentlemen, that I will oppose to the utmost the setting-up of Charles Stuart." This was plain and straightforward, and Sir Arthur and friends withdrew in great joy. But a week had scarcely elapsed after the declaration to the leaders of the "Rump," when General Monk granted an open audience to Sir John Grenville, accredited ambassador of Charles Stuart.

The interview of Monk with the Stuart envoy took place on the 19th of March, three days after the dissolution of parliament. Sir John Grenville had been soliciting the favour of a reception for nearly a month, declaring himself the bearer of an autograph letter from Charles; but the dictator had hitherto declined compromising himself, so that, in doing so now, he for the first time emerged from the dubious light in which he had shrouded his intentions. At the meeting that took place, the ambassador of the exiled prince, having delivered his letter, which abounded in expressions of goodwill and affection, declared that his master had authorized him to offer to the general, if according to him at once his powerful aid, an annual pension of one hundred thousand pounds for life, together with the post of lord high constable of England for himself, and the right of appointing any one of his friends to some other great office under the crown. The tempting bait was neither accepted nor declined by Monk, who contented himself to state that he was "wholly resolved to trust to the good pleasure of his majesty," but at the same time promised definitely to seat Charles on the throne if he would be guided by his counsels. Grenville eagerly asked the nature of these counsels, and thereupon had a paper dictated to him containing four propositions, which he was to lay before "his majesty." General Monk recommended Charles, first, to grant a general amnesty, from which four persons at most should be excepted; secondly, to ratify and confirm in their acquisitions the possessors of confiscated property, whether obtained by gift or purchase; thirdly, to make a declaration of being willing to establish complete liberty of conscience; and fourthly, to remove out of Flanders and altogether from Spanish territory, and to take up his residence temporarily, until his return to England, in the United Provinces, if possible at the small town of Breda, renowned for its old-dated adherence to Protestantism. Possessed of these instructions, Grenville hastened back to his master, who was living at Brussels, and persuaded him at once to close with General Monk. Charles had some scruples, the promise of liberty of conscience

and ratification of property changes made by the Republicans being not at all to his taste. However, remembering that royal promises had been broken many a time before, and that he need not set the first example of inviolably keeping them, he allowed himself to be brought round to the views of Sir John Grenville, by resolving to put himself under the guidance of the sole man who could offer him the crown of three kingdoms. To give a first proof of his obedience, Charles secretly quitted Brussels in the night from the 4th to the 5th of April, fearing, not without ground, that the Spanish government might impose some hard bargain upon him before leaving; and having crossed the Dutch frontier safely, at once despatched Grenville back to England. Sir John, this time, was the bearer of a number of important despatches, signed "Charles Rex," one of them destined to be famous as "the Declaration of Breda."

While the ambassador of Charles Stuart was hurrying to and fro between England and the continent, the elections took place for the new parliament, and being well controlled by the dominant party, resulted in the return of an overwhelming number either of declared Royalists, or, to a larger degree, of Presbyterians favourable to the restoration of kingship. By the fiat of Monk, the old lords were summoned, together with the commons, to attend parliament; and on the 25th of April, 1660, both houses met at Westminster, each in its own chamber. The first business of the commons, after having elected a Speaker, in the person of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, old leader of the moderate Presbyterians, was to pass a fervent vote of thanks to Monk for all that he had done. "Your lordship hath been our physician," exclaimed Sir Harbottle, on delivering the vote to the commander-in-chief, "and hath cured us with lenitives. Statues have heretofore been set up to persons meriting much of their country, but your lordship hath a statue set up higher, and in another place, in the hearts of all the well-wishers to the good of this nation." The lords followed the commons in worship of the new master, while making no secret of their wishes and desires. "The peers return to your lordship," said the earl of Manchester, their mouthpiece, "their humble acknowledgments for the care which you have taken in restoring them to their ancient and undoubted rights; and they hope that God will still bless you in the use of all means for procuring a safe and well-grounded peace, according to the ancient fundamental government of this nation."

To assist the chief manager in putting-up "the ancient fundamental government" was now the only task before lords and commons; and after various conferences between Monk and Sir John Grenville, the mode in which the great scene in the drama should be played was settled and decided upon. The due preparations having been made, and the chief actors well instructed, Sir John presented himself in the lobby of the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 1st of May, and demanded to be introduced to the representatives of the nation, as the bearer of a message from "his majesty Charles II., by the grace of God king of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He was at once admitted to the floor of the House, and marching up to the Speaker, handed him a letter, with a large seal bearing the royal arms,

while exclaiming, "I am commanded by the king, my master, to deliver this letter to you, and to desire that you will communicate it to parliament." On receiving the document the Speaker arose, and the whole House followed his example. Standing erect and uncovered, Sir Harbottle then read the royal messages, dated from "Our court at Breda, this 4th of April, in the twelfth year of Our reign," and addressed to "Our trusty and well-beloved the Speaker of the House of Commons." From the commons, Sir John Grenville proceeded to the lords, who received him with the traditional ceremonies of the old monarchy, while accepting the royal message, likewise dated from "Our court at Breda, in the twelfth year of Our reign." It was no little satisfaction to the ancient upholders of legitimacy to learn that their king had borne crown and sceptre already for a dozen years—dwelling out of his realm for various reasons.

The letters delivered by Sir John Grenville to both Houses of Parliament contained in substance the stipulations which had been carried by him to Brussels at the dictation of Monk, and which were embodied now in a royal statement as the "Declaration of Breda." Charles gave his solemn assurance not only to grant a general amnesty and complete liberty of conscience, but that he would leave the settlement of all property questions that had arisen during the twelve years of "Our reign," while residing away from his beloved subjects, to parliament, and would conform in all other matters, as far as possible, to the expressed desires of the national representatives. "We do assure you upon Our royal word," the declaration concluded, "that none of Our predecessors have had a greater esteem of parliaments than We have in Our judgment, as well as from Our obligation; and We do believe them to be so vital a part of the constitution of the kingdom, and so necessary for the government of it, that We well know neither prince nor people can be in any tolerable degree happy without them." Vague as were these assurances, and containing no guarantee whatever against the infringement of the dearly-bought political and religious liberty of the people, they more than satisfied both lords and commons, and in their new loyalty they could with difficulty find words to express the depth of their admiration for the gracious message from "Our court at Breda." To give an immediate vent to it, in a shape presumed to be most acceptable to the persons of "Our court," the commons voted that the sum of fifty thousand pounds should at once be offered to his most gracious majesty as a gift, with ten thousand pounds more for the duke of York, and another five thousand more for his younger brother the duke of Gloucester. That nothing might be wanting to the full expression of the satisfaction of the last representatives of the Commonwealth in getting back a king, Sir John Grenville, after having finished his business with the lords, was recalled to the bar of the lower house, thanked by the Speaker, and presented with an order for five hundred pounds, with which to purchase a jewel, as a memorial of the great occasion in which he had taken so important a part. Enthusiasm and loyalty having now risen to their highest pitch, a slight incident occurred to mar the beauty of the scene. A man of business, and with

a deep sense of the value of ready money, acquired in many years of foreign pilgrimage, Sir John felt very anxious to convert the Speaker's order at once into sterling coin; but on expressing his wishes to this effect, it was found that there was no cash in the parliamentary treasury. The excited legislators, having just voted away many thousands of pounds, looked at each other with great consternation on becoming aware that they could not raise five hundred; and the royal ambassador was on the point of walking away with saddened countenance, when a private member came to the rescue. It was a merchant named Forth, who risked his five hundred pounds for the honour of the parliament in which he had a seat, leaving Sir John to return in haste to his master, the bearer of a crown and of piles of letters of exchange upon Amsterdam bankers. There was delirium of joy on his arrival at "Our court at Breda."

In the midst of the hurricane of monarchical reaction that had set in on a sudden, there were still a few men left in the House of Commons anxious to do their duty as representatives of the people; and the day after the Declaration of Breda had been read, on its being proposed that twelve commissioners should be despatched to bring the king back to England, a short debate ensued as to whether it would not be requisite to ask his majesty to subscribe to some form of constitution, or charter of popular rights, in order to set up a barrier to unlimited despotism. The necessity of doing so was warmly urged by Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most upright members of the bench of judges; and after a long but exceedingly temperate speech, in which he dwelt upon the dangers that were likely to happen through parliament neglecting all safety-guards to maintain national freedom, he ended by moving, that before the twelve envoys of the House of Commons started for Breda, a committee should be appointed to examine the propositions which had been presented to the late king in the Isle of Wight, with a view to ascertain whether it would not be expedient to submit any or all of these to the king his son. The motion was supported by James Prynne and several leading Presbyterians, and there seemed a probability that the bulk of the latter party, desirous for the return of monarchy, but by no means of absolutism, would vote for it, when all at once Monk made his voice heard. It was listened to in deepest silence, every one knowing that his words were commands. "There is yet," cried the dictator, "beyond all men's hope, an universal quiet all over the nation; but there are many incendiaries still on the watch, trying where they may first raise the flame. I have such copious information sent me of these things that is not fit should be generally known, but I cannot answer for the peace, either of the nation or of the army, if any delay is put to the sending for the king. What need is there of sending propositions to him? Might we not as well prepare them, and offer them to him when he shall come over? He will bring neither army nor treasure with him, either to fright or to corrupt us. So I move that we immediately send commissioners to bring over the king, and I must lay the blame of all the blood and mischief that may follow on the heads of those who shall still insist on

any motion that may delay the present settlement of the nation." The speech, received with boisterous acclamations by the Royalists, at once made an end of the debate. Sir Matthew Hale having been compelled to withdraw his motion, the parliamentary commissioners were nominated at once, and ordered to proceed in haste to Breda, to lay the fate of the nation unreservedly at the feet of King Charles II.

The twelve delegates of the House of Commons, to which were added six from the Lords, set out on their journey as commanded immediately after their appointment, and on the day of their departure, Saturday, the 5th of May, it was voted that all the acts of government should go forth from that moment in the name of King Charles II. On the Monday following, the 7th, the two Houses decided that they would proclaim his majesty in a body the next day; and accordingly on Tuesday, at the hour of noon, a procession composed of the whole of the lords and commons was formed at the outer gate of Westminster Hall. An immense crowd had assembled to witness the proceedings, and silence having been proclaimed, a herald came forward to read the parliamentary proclamation. "Although," it ran, "it can in no way be doubted but that his majesty's right and title to his crown and kingdoms is and was every way completed by the death of his most royal father of glorious memory, without the ceremony or solemnity of a proclamation; yet, since proclamations in such cases have been always used, to the end that all good subjects might, upon this occasion, testify their duty and respect; and since the armed violence, and other calamities of many years last past, have hitherto deprived us of any such opportunity, whereby we might express our loyalty and allegiance to his majesty: We therefore, the lords and commons now assembled in parliament, together with the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, and other freemen of this kingdom now present, do, according to our duty and allegiance, heartily, joyfully, and unanimously proclaim that, immediately upon the decease of our late sovereign lord King Charles, the

imperial crown of the realm of England, and of all the kingdoms, dominions, and rights belonging to the same, did, by inherent birthright, and lawful, undoubted succession, descend and come to his most excellent majesty King Charles II., as being lineally, justly, and lawfully next heir of the blood royal of this realm; and that, by the goodness and providence of Almighty God, he is of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, the most potent, mighty, and undoubted king: and thereunto we most humbly and faithfully do submit and oblige ourselves, our heirs, and posterity, for ever." The proclamation having been read by the herald, the lords and commons standing around in a circle, bareheaded, like penitents, they went forward in procession to Whitehall, where the same ceremony was repeated, and from thence eastward to the City. Arrived at Temple Bar, the gates were found shut in the face of parliament, but were thrown open on the heralds demanding admission by sound of trumpet. "Who are you, and what is your message?" demanded the lord mayor, riding forward on a richly caparisoned horse, glittering in scarlet and gold. "We are heralds at arms," was the reply, "commanded by the lords and commons in parliament assembled to demand entrance into the famous city of London, to proclaim Charles II. king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." The lord mayor bowed, and the procession entered the city, where, repairing to the four principal points, the two houses of parliament proclaimed the restoration of the monarchy, amidst the booming of cannon from the Tower, and the frenzied applause of the populace, shouting "God save King Charles II."

King Charles II. landed at Dover on the 25th of May, received by General Monk and an immense throng of nobles and courtiers, kneeling in the dust. On the 30th of January following, the body of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, greatest war captain of the age, and noblest ruler ever born to England, was taken from the tomb of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey, and hung on the gallows at Tyburn.

CHAPTER II.

History of Laws and Government, from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Dissolution of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1660.

THE accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England was the commencement of one of the most important eras in the constitutional history of the realm. Two great elements opposed each other at the eventful hour when the crown of great Elizabeth was transferred to the son of Mary Stuart. England had become Protestant, that is, had thrown aside the fetters of blind obedience, and substituted the light of reason for the night of superstition; and England at the same time had fallen under a strongly-marked autocratic government, thwarting in every essential the free development of her new aims and energies. A struggle between these two contending influence,

was inevitable, and its beginning a mere question of time, dependent upon extraneous circumstances and events. It was hastened on and brought to a conclusion with unusual rapidity, owing mainly to the fact of the new race of hereditary rulers showing themselves men of such boundless incapacity for their office as the world had seldom seen. A more wretched and despicable breed of kings than the Stuarts no country ever produced; and the rising of buoyant Protestantism against rigid absolutism, capable either of being postponed for some generations, or of being driven from the current of wild revolution into that of smooth-flowing reform, became peremp-

tory at the moment they climbed into the seat left vacant by the large-brained sorrow-born daughter of Henry VIII. Little Scotland had never been able to bear her Stuart burthen, and greater England could bear it still less. Though possessed instinctively of a spirit of loyalty amounting to worship, the Scots had been compelled to rid themselves violently of James I.; they had taken arms repeatedly against James II.; they had slain James III. on the field of battle; they had risen more than once in rebellion against James IV.; they had abandoned James V.; and they had deposed, and were nigh sending to the scaffold, his daughter, Mary Stuart. It was soon found that her offspring, a captive in the hands of his northern subjects from his birth, had not learnt wisdom from misfortune, remaining of the true Stuart blood when changing his title from James VI. of Scotland into James I. of Great Britain.

No monarch of any age or land ever expressed more exalted notions about the boundless power and god-like dignity of kingship, than the first Stuart ruler of England, and no monarch was ever more absurdly incompetent than he to give effect to them. His character, admirably drawn by Macaulay, united all that could be possibly brought together to make royalty despicable. "James was always boasting of his skill in what he called kingcraft, and yet it is hardly possible even to imagine a course more directly opposed to all the rules of kingcraft than that which he followed. The policy of wise rulers has always been to disguise strong acts under popular forms. It was thus that Augustus and Napoleon established absolute monarchies, while the public regarded them merely as eminent citizens invested with temporary magistracies. The policy of James was the direct reverse of theirs. He enraged and alarmed his parliaments by constantly telling them that they held their privileges merely during his pleasure, and that they had no more business to inquire what he might lawfully do than what the Deity might lawfully do. Yet he quailed before them, abandoned minister after minister to their vengeance, and suffered them to tease him into acts directly opposed to his strongest inclinations. Thus the indignation excited by his claims, and the scorn excited by his concessions, went on growing together. By his fondness for worthless minions, and by the sanction which he gave to their tyranny and rapacity, he kept discontent constantly alive. His cowardice, his childishness, his pedantry, his ungainly person and manners, and his provincial accent, made him an object of derision. Even in his virtues and accomplishments there was something eminently unkingly. Thus, during the whole course of his reign, all the venerable associations by which the throne had long been fenced were gradually losing their strength. During two hundred years, all the sovereigns who had ruled England, with the single exception of the unfortunate Henry VI., had been strong-minded, high-spirited, courageous, and of princely bearing. Almost all had possessed abilities above the ordinary level. It was no light thing that, on the very eve of the decisive struggle between our kings and their parliaments, royalty should be exhibited to the world stammering, slobbering, shedding

unmanly tears, trembling at a drawn sword, and talking in the style alternately of a buffoon and a pedagogue."

The combat against absolutism began very slowly, its opposing forces being devoid as yet of all organization. In the first parliament of James, which met on the 19th of March, 1603, the worship of royalty in which the Commons of the realm had been trained prevailed so much as to give rise to an address slavishly obsequious to the poor blubbing monarch. The national representatives acknowledged his title to the throne "with one full voice of tongue and heart," giving "unfeigned and hearty thanks to Almighty God for blessing them with a sovereign adorned with the rarest gifts of mind and body;" and "upon the knees of their hearts they assigned their most constant faith, obedience, and loyalty, to his majesty and his royal progeny, of most rare and excellent gifts and forwardness." But the next seven years wrought a great change in the attitude of the Commons, and in the parliament which opened in February, 1610, they were no more humbly suppliant, but of haughty and even defiant demeanour. It was in vain James told them, in a speech composed by himself, that "the state of monarchy is the supremest thing upon earth;" that "kings are not only God's lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God's throne, but even by God himself they are called gods;" and that "kings have like power with God—can make and unmake their subjects, have power of raising and casting down, of life and death." Without entering into a controversy about his own divinity with the learned son of Mary Stuart, the Commons politely yet firmly denied his right to impose taxes without their sanction, passing a resolution to declare "that all impositions set, or to be set upon the people, their goods and merchandizes, save only by common consent in parliament, shall be void." They likewise disputed the king's power to make or alter laws by proclamations, affirming that "there is nothing more precious than to be governed by a certain rule of law and not by any uncertain or arbitrary form of government;" and at the same time upholding "the indubitable right of the people of this kingdom not to be made subject to any punishment that should extend to their lives, lands, bodies, or goods, other than such ordained by the common laws of this land." After some further protests to this effect, met by renewed assertions of unlimited royal power, James cut short the controversy by a sudden dissolution, and for the next three years did without a parliament. He would have gladly made the interval longer, but for his pressing financial exigencies. Many circumstances, independent of his own unthriftiness, and the shameless waste of his reigning favourites, combined to render parliamentary supplies objects of much greater magnitude than they had formerly been. The difficulties in which Queen Elizabeth, from her peculiar situation, was involved, had obliged her to alienate a great portion of the ancient royal domains, thus stopping a very important source of income of the crown. On the other hand, the increase in the quantity of precious metals that had taken place since the discovery of America had lowered to a very considerable extent that part of the regal revenues pay-

able in money; while the influx of national wealth, through the progress of trade and manufactures, by increasing the expense of living to each individual, had also augmented the charges attending the administration of government. Thus wanting much more and possessing much less than his predecessors, the first Stuart king was in a worse position than any of them to dispense with the assistance of a body which alone could unloose the purse-strings of the nation.

Compelled by his bitter necessities, James opened another parliament in the spring of 1614. But the experiment resorted to this time by his counsellors of cajoling the national representatives, without entering upon any of the substantial reforms in government which they loudly demanded, was entirely unsuccessful; and after sitting a few weeks, the Commons were again suddenly dissolved, with strong marks of his majesty's anger and resentment. James appeared now resolved to summon no more parliaments, and to this determination he adhered for seven years. His ever-increasing wants made him call in the aid of the Commons once more at the end of this period, and in the spring of 1621 a fresh legislative assembly met at Westminster. It brought the great political struggle that had been going on for half a generation to a climax. To the message of James, reproaching them "for that you usurp upon our prerogative royal, and meddle with things far above your reach," the representatives replied in the per-spicious and bold protest of the 18th of December, 1621. "The Commons now assembled in parliament, being justly occasioned thereunto concerning sundry liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament, do make this protestation following: That the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament, are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England, and that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the king, state, and defence of the realm, and the maintenance and making of laws, and redress of mischiefs and grievances which daily happen within this realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in parliament." The king's behaviour towards the antagonistic element thus raised up against him clearly indicated the position at which the contest between freedom and absolutism had arrived. Learning that the declaration of the Commons had been entered upon the journals of the house, he sent for the volume containing it, and "rent out the protestation with his own hand." It was impossible for James to give a more striking proof of his feebleness and impotency than this absurd attempt to upset a great principle by tearing a leaf or two from a book.

The last parliament of James, which met on the 19th of February, 1623, completed the results already gained in the great constitutional struggle that had been going on during the reign, by the impeachment of the lord-treasurer, the earl of Middlesex. Notwithstanding the strong opposition of the king, he was arraigned before the House of Lords, upon articles drawn up by the Commons, accusing him of bribery and peculation in his high office; and being found guilty, was condemned to degradation from all his dignities, to perpetual exclusion from parliament, to the payment of a fine of fifty thousand pounds, and

to imprisonment "during his majesty's pleasure." More important even than this condemnation, was the passing of a statute aimed directly against one of the most valued prerogatives of the crown, the power to grant monopolies, and to dispense with penal laws and forfeitures. The new statute, entitled "An Act concerning Monopolies and Dispensations with Penal Laws, and the Forfeitures thereof," declared that "all monopolies, commissions, grants, licenses, charters, and letters-patent, for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using anything within the realm, or of any other monopolies; or of power, liberty, or faculty to dispense with any others; or to give license, or toleration, to do, use, or exercise anything against the tenour or purport of any law or statute; or to give or make warrant for any such dispensation, license, or toleration, to be had and made; or to agree or compound with any others for any penalty or forfeitures limited by any statute, or of any grant or promise of the benefit, profit, or commodity of any forfeiture, penalty, or sum of money, that was or should be due by any statute, before judgment thereupon had," and so forth, should henceforth be "altogether contrary to the laws of the realm, and be utterly void, and in no wise be put in use, or executed." An important provision was attached to this Act, declaring that it "shall not extend to letters-patent and grants of privilege for the term of fourteen years and under, thereafter to be made, of the sole working, or making of any manner of new manufactures within this realm, to the true inventor or first inventors of such manufactures, which others, at the time of making such letters-patent and grants, shall not use." It is under this clause that the crown has exercised, and continues exercising to the present day, the right of issuing patents for new inventions—a very doubtful boon both for the protection of genius and the progress of national art and industry.

With the accession of Charles I. commenced a new phase of the great constitutional struggle. During the whole of the preceding reign the contest had been prosecuted on the part of parliament with more or less of timidity and in a very irregular manner, the pretensions of royal absolutism being opposed neither by bold statesmen-like leaders nor even by any fixed plan of action; but all this changed with the appearance of a new generation of fighters for liberty, who turned the confused guerilla warfare into an organized battle. On the ultimate result of the battle, the personal character of Charles exercised a most important influence. "He had received from nature," says Macaulay, "a far better understanding, a far stronger will, and a far keener and firmer temper than his father's. He had inherited his father's political theories, and was much more disposed than his father to carry them into practice. He was, like his father, a zealous Episcopalian; he was, moreover, what his father had never been, a zealous Arminian; and, though no Papist, liked a Papist much better than a Puritan. It would be unjust to deny that Charles had some of the qualities of a good, and even of a great prince. He wrote and spoke, not, like his father, with the exactness of a professor, but after the fashion of

intelligent and well-educated gentlemen. His taste in literature and art was excellent, his manner dignified, though not gracious, and his domestic life without blemish. Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was, in truth, impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways. It may seem strange that his conscience, which, on occasions of little moment, was sufficiently sensitive, should never have reproached him with this great vice. But there is reason to believe that he was perfidious, not only from constitution and from habit, but also on principle. He seems to have learned from the theologians whom he most esteemed, that between him and his subjects there could be nothing of the nature of mutual contract; that he could not, even if he would, divest himself of his despotic authority; and that in every promise which he made, there was an implied reservation that such promise might be broken in case of necessity, and that of the necessity he was the sole judge. And now began that hazardous game on which were staked the destinies of the English people. It was played on the side of the House of Commons with keenness, with admirable dexterity, coolness, and perseverance. Great statesmen, who looked far behind them and far before them, were at the head of that assembly. They were resolved to place the king in such a situation that he must either conduct the administration in conformity with the wishes of parliament, or make outrageous attacks on the most sacred principles of the constitution. They accordingly doled out supplies to him very sparingly. He found that he must govern either in harmony with the House of Commons, or in defiance of all law. His choice was soon made." Charles told his third parliament, in direct terms, that "unless they did their duty in contributing what the state required, he would be obliged to use the other means which God had put into his hands." The reply to this threat was the famous Petition of Right.

The course of action followed by the king after the passing of this important Act virtually ruined his cause, by turning the whole intelligent mass of the nation against him. He might have declined to sanction the Petition of Right, as opposed to the royal prerogative; but to give his assent to it only in order to break its most important provisions immediately after, was clearly a fatal line of conduct. If there had been still any doubt as to the ultimate aims of Charles, it disappeared before the flagrant breach of trust of which Charles now made himself guilty, and which developed itself from year to year, every one of his acts proving that he was attempting systematically to destroy all the liberties of the nation, and to make his rule a despotism as unlimited as that of the sovereigns of Spain and France. For full eleven years, from March, 1629, to April, 1640, the two houses of parliament were not convoked; while taxes and imposts were raised in defiance of constitutional limitations, brute force everywhere usurping the reign of law, and the voice of all patriots that dared to speak of legality being stifled in the dark cells of the Tower and other dungeons. For eleven years the king of England was like the king of Spain,

though with this important difference, that the power of the former had not, as that of the latter, the substantial basis of a standing army. Here was the weakness of English despotism, and it was on this defect, more directly than on any other, that it was brought to make shipwreck. Charles was perfectly conscious of the dire flaw in the substance of his arrogated power, and, more so than he, the ablest of his advisers, the earl of Strafford, whose one mighty aim, towards which all his other efforts were tending, was to create a regular army. He succeeded so far as to establish a strict military despotism in Ireland, keeping down not only the natives but the English colonists, to such an extent that he was able to boast, in a letter to Archbishop Laud, that, in the country under his control, the king was as absolute as any monarch in the world could be. All that was wanting, in Strafford's far-reaching design, was to transfer the Irish army to England; but before this could be accomplished a new power, the existence of which had not been calculated upon in the schemes of the bold earl, had darted upwards on a sudden, with almost volcanic energy. Both reckless and obstinate, like all the members of the fated Stuart race, Charles insisted, against the advice of Strafford, as well as all his other advisers gifted with the least spark of political wisdom, to force episcopacy upon Scotland, and thereupon Scotland rose in arms. The marching of the hosts of the Covenant across the Border was the signal of England's freedom.

The tramp of the Scottish army on English soil produced, more or less directly, that surprising assembly of reformers known as the Long Parliament. Without hesitation and without fear, the new men, who had come to Westminster as representatives of the nation, attacked the huge fabric of despotism that had grown up in England, and threw it to the ground after a herculean struggle. With Strafford's impeachment commenced the great assault upon absolute monarchy, which ended logically nine years later in the trial and execution of the king. In signing the bill called "an Act for the attainder of the earl of Strafford," Charles condemned himself, and from that moment could only hope for peace by the most unqualified submission to the national will, as embodied in the House of Commons. But his deeply ingrained disposition to falsehood and intrigue made such submission, frankly offered and honestly performed, an utter impossibility, so that his course from the commencement was towards his own destruction. The conduct of the king, when once the supreme power had been wrested from his hands, seemed directed throughout by no higher motive than desire for vengeance, leading him to acts of frenzy such as his attempt to arrest the five members of the House of Commons, for which even his warmest and most sincere friends could not find one word of justification. That the king should not, in any shape, interfere in the deliberations of parliament, was a maxim understood to have been fully settled in the preceding reign, and any breach of the same was sufficient in itself to give rise to severe censure. But when Charles came in person, at the head of an armed force, into the House of Commons, to lay hands violently upon such of the leaders of the assembly as

had incurred his displeasure, it was naturally deemed an act of arbitrary power beyond forgiveness, indicating that the king, in spite of all that had happened, remained an incurable despot, and would remain so to the end of his life. Henceforth the proceedings of parliament assumed a different character from what they had been before. At the commencement of the Long Parliament, the majority of the members of the House of Commons had placed more or less faith in the promises of the king, deeming that bitter necessity would be a teacher to him as to other men. But the trust in the royal word ceased all on a sudden after Charles had tramped, with a band of hired ruffians at his heels, into the sacred precincts of the chamber of legislature, which no monarch of England yet had violated; and from that moment the conviction became general that it was indispensable to place some restraint upon his actions. Nothing less than the command of the military forces of the kingdom was now capable of yielding satisfaction to the popular party; and as, notwithstanding the disuse of the feudal services in the field, there still remained a shadow of the ancient militia, under the orders of the lieutenants of counties, a bill was carried rapidly through both houses, ordering that the nomination of these officers should be vested in, and that they should be responsible for their conduct to parliament. It was the starting movement of the leaders in the Commons to grasp the hilt of the sword.

The organization of the military forces of the kingdom was in a somewhat singular state at the time parliament made its first attempt to wrench it from the executive. Theoretically, there existed two classes of troops in the realm, the one designed to maintain the king's and the nation's rights abroad, and the other to protect the people against civil disturbances at home. The former comprehended the tenures by knight's service, which, according to the fundamental principles of feudal monarchy, bound the owners of crown lands to attend the king in war, within or without the realm, for the space of forty days. Beyond this term they could only be retained by their own consent and at the king's expense, and the limitation thus imposed necessarily made the forces so raised of very little use in case of protracted hostilities. They were therefore in very early times supplemented by the second class of troops, men procured either by voluntary enlistment or by a kind of conscription, the right of which some of the more warlike sovereigns of England arrogated to themselves. "What was the extent of the king's lawful prerogative," says Hallam, "for two centuries or more after the Conquest, as to compelling any of his subjects to serve him in foreign war, independently of the obligations of tenure, is a question scarcely to be answered; since, knowing so imperfectly the boundaries of constitutional law in that period, we have little to guide us but precedents, and precedents in such times are apt to be much more records of power than of right. We find certainly several instances under Edward I. and Edward II., sometimes of proclamations to the sheriffs, directing them to notify to all persons of sufficient estate that they must hold themselves ready to attend the king whenever he should

call on them; sometimes of commission to particular persons in different counties, who are enjoined to choose and array a competent number of horse and foot for the king's service." These forced levies meeting naturally with great opposition from the people, they were frequently denounced in the House of Commons as illegal; and in the first parliament of Edward III. a short and remarkably concise Act forbid them for the future. The Act prescribed that "no man from henceforth shall be charged to arm himself otherwise than he was wont in the time of his progenitors; and that no man be compelled to go out of his shire but where necessity requireth, and sudden coming of strange enemies into the realm, and then it shall be done as hath been used in times past for the defence of the realm."

The Act of Edward I., renewed and enforced by several subsequent statutes, had the effect of putting a stop to the forced enlistment of soldiers, and thus prevented the growth of that formidable institution, the fundament of despotism in all the great continental states, a standing army. Henry VIII. made a feeble attempt towards the creation of one by establishing, in 1485, the body of yeomen of the guard; but the strength of this troop, beginning at fifty, never exceeded two hundred, and the men composing it were looked upon throughout more as the king's domestic servants than as soldiers. Henceforth, with the gradual decline of feudality, the only armed force of the kingdom, known to law and in actual existence, was the old Teutonic militia. "By the Anglo-Saxon laws," Hallam explains, "or rather by one of the primary and indispensable conditions of political society, every freeholder, if not every freeman, was bound to defend his country against hostile invasion. It appears that the alderman, or earl, while those titles continued to imply the government of a county, was the proper commander of this militia. Henry II., in order to render it more effective in cases of emergency, and perhaps with a view to extend its service, enacted, by consent of parliament, that every freeman, according to the value of his estate or movables, should hold himself constantly furnished with suitable arms and equipments. By the statute of Winchester, in the thirteenth year of Edward I., these provisions were enforced and extended. Every man between the ages of fifteen and sixty was to be assessed, and sworn to keep armour according to the value of his lands or goods—for fifteen pounds and upwards in rent, or forty marks in gold, a hauberk, an iron breastplate, a sword, a knife, and a horse; and for smaller property less expensive arms. A view of this armour was to be taken twice in the year by constables chosen in every hundred. These regulations appear, by the context of the whole statute, to have more immediate regard to the preservation of internal peace, by suppressing tumult and arresting robbers, than to the actual defence of the realm against hostile invasion, a danger not at that time very imminent. The sheriff, as chief conservator of public peace and minister of the law, had always possessed the right of summoning the posse comitatus, that is, of calling on all the king's liege subjects within his jurisdiction for assistance, in case of any rebellion or tumultuous rising, or when bands of

robbers infested the public ways, or when, as occurred very frequently, the execution of legal process was forcibly obstructed. The provisions, however, of the statute of Winchester, so far as they obliged every proprietor to possess suitable arms, were of course applicable to national defence. In seasons of public danger, threatening invasion from the side of Scotland or France, it became customary to issue commissions of array, empowering those to whom they were addressed to muster and train all men capable of bearing arms in the counties to which their commission extended, and hold them in readiness to defend the kingdom."

To the thoughtful men of all parties it seemed clear from the very commencement of the struggle between Charles and the Long Parliament that its ultimate decision could be sought only on the field of battle. Accordingly, both the king and the leaders of the Commons directed all their efforts to get the control of the only existing armed force, not doubting but that the victory would remain at the side commanding the militia. While conceding everything else demanded of him, Charles stoutly refused his assent to a bill by which commissioners nominated by parliament should be intrusted with authority over the militia, declaring, with great energy, "that he could not consent to divest himself of the just power which God and the laws of the kingdom had placed in him for the defence of his people, and to put it into the hands of others for any indefinite time." Thereupon followed a conference between lords and commons, in which the resolution was passed, "that the king's answer was a direct denial of their desires; that those who advised it were enemies to the state; that if the king should persist in it, it would hazard the peace and safety of his kingdoms, unless a speedy remedy were applied by the wisdom and authority of both Houses of Parliament; that such parts of the kingdom as had put themselves into a posture of defence against the common danger had done nothing but what was justifiable; and that it would be a great hazard to the kingdom if the king removed to any remote parts from his parliament." Charles had quitted London when these resolutions were sent to him, embodied in a message from both houses, which declared "that they were enforced in all humility, to protest that if the king should persist in his denial, the dangers and distempers of the kingdom are such as will endure no longer delay; and unless he graciously assured them, by their messengers, that he would speedily apply his royal assent to the satisfaction of their former desires, they should be enforced, for the safety of his majesty and the kingdom, to dispose of the militia in such a manner as they had propounded, and they resolved to do it accordingly." The king returned a reply on the 2nd of March, 1641, from his palace of Theobald's. "I am so much amazed at this message," he declared to the parliamentary envoys, "that I know not what to answer. You speak of jealousies and fears. Lay your hands on your hearts, and ask yourselves whether I may not likewise be disturbed with fears and jealousies, and if so, I assure you this message hath nothing lessened them. For the militia, I thought so much of it before

I sent the former answer, and I am so much assured that the answer is agreeable to what, in justice or reason, you can ask, or I in honour grant, that I shall not alter it in any point." It was a right royal response, not devoid of dignity, but in spite of its decisive character was entirely unable to change the current of events. Resolute as was the king not to part with the command of the militia, parliament yet wrenched it from his hands, partly by dint of bold energy and perseverance, and partly by means of a weapon as mighty as the sword. The Commons wielded a power which the king had not, the power of the purse.

The state of the national revenue, and the sources from which it was raised, exercised a paramount influence upon the ultimate result of the great contest between constitutional government and absolutism. During the Tudor period, the principal and most secure portion of the income of the sovereigns of the realm was derived from the royal domains, valued, at the accession of Henry VIII., at above two millions sterling, and increased during his reign by the addition of the confiscated property of the monasteries and other church establishments. However, the whole of the immense wealth thus obtained was not only squandered recklessly by the profligate monarch, but his wastefulness brought him to alienate many of the estates of the crown; and he died so much indebted that his son and successor, youthful Edward VI., was compelled to sell Boulogne, stated to have been acquired at a cost of 1,340,000*l.* sterling, for the insignificant sum of four hundred thousand crowns, or about 133,000*l.* Edward, or rather his ministers, kept on selling crown domains, besides raising loans from the Hebrew money-lenders of Antwerp and Amsterdam, at fifteen and twenty per cent., and the process continuing under Mary, it resulted that the executive got into ever-increasing financial embarrassment. It got somewhat lessened during the reign of Elizabeth, but even her thoroughly economical government could not restore the interrupted balance between income and expenditure, and she left behind her debts amounting to nearly half a million sterling. However, the frugal queen did not end her long and on the whole glorious reign as a bankrupt, for her outstanding claims far outnumbered her debts, the king of France owing her 450,000*l.*, and the States-General of Holland 800,000*l.*, besides which 350,000*l.* were due to her from subsidies voted by parliament, and not paid into the royal exchequer at the time of her death. James I. eagerly grasped the subsidies and all the other sums due to his great predecessor, but he nevertheless had the meanness to discharge the debts incurred by Elizabeth only under compulsion, and not without throwing aspersions upon her character. Though extremely unthrifty, and careless of his own, the poor Stuart king yet seemed to feel instinctively the value of money, as if dimly conscious that the want of it might one day be fatal to his successor.

At the accession of James I. the crown domains formed no more the chief, or even a considerable part of the royal income, the annual revenue derived from them amounting to little above 32,000*l.* The important consequence was that the king was made almost entirely dependent upon parliamentary grants

for his subsistence, so that all his high-flowing notions about the godlike power possessed by him were on this account alone the vainest and most baseless of dreams. It appeared from a statement laid before the House of Commons, that during the whole of the first fourteen years of the reign of James his total ordinary income amounted to only 450,863*l.* sterling; and while the extraordinary sums, chiefly grants and supplies, which he received during the same period were 2,200,000*l.*, his expenditure throughout exceeded his income by 36,617*l.* per annum, or more than the revenue from the crown domains. In 1610, the earl of Salisbury declared in parliament that the king was burdened with a great and urgent debt of 300,000*l.*, and that the liabilities of his majesty were increasing every year at the rate of nearly 100,000*l.*, his total income from all sources not being more than 500,000*l.*, while his disbursements amounted to 600,000*l.* The announcement was listened to by the Commons with loudly-expressed dissatisfaction, which increased on their learning that the king was proceeding with the sale of the state domains, and raising sums in every other way to cover his extravagance. An attempt was made to procure a strict entail of the crown lands on the king and his successors for ever; but a bill for that purpose, after passing in the upper house, was rejected by the Commons on some technicality, and James, meeting with no hindrance, continued devouring the capital of the fund which had made his predecessors independent. In the course of a few years he realized the sum of 775,000*l.* by the sale of domains, alienating estates worth probably three times the sum, and likely, in their constantly increasing value, to serve still as a modest maintenance for a frugal sovereign. Thus parliament subsidies became more and more absolutely necessary, as well to James as to his successor; and the latter, not choosing to rely upon and give way to the demands of the representatives of the nation, made as a condition of their grants, was driven by the direct course of events into exacting arbitrary and violent imposts. The claim of such taxes as "ship money," disputed by Hampden, and made the subject of a legal trial that rang all over the nation, had not a little to do with drifting him towards that abyss in which he was ultimately engulfed.

It was a striking and notable phase of the great constitutional struggle between the House of Commons and Charles, that the former doled out their supplies to him in the most niggardly manner, while the people so much approved this policy as to reduce the assessment imposed upon them to the lowest possible value. At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth a subsidy was worth 120,000*l.*, but in 1640, in the first year of the Long Parliament, it had fallen to 50,000*l.*, instead of increasing as it should have done. Subsidies were a tax upon incomes, and as the wealth of the country was constantly and rapidly augmenting, no other reason can be assigned for the decrease of the impost but that, the government being extremely unpopular, both tax-assessors and tax-payers acted in collusion to diminish the parliamentary gift to the king to the lowest possible figure. During the whole of the fifteen years from

his accession till the meeting of the Long Parliament, Charles had but fifteen subsidies granted to him, six from his first, four from his second, and five from his third parliament, none of them producing above 50,000*l.* each, and some less than 40,000*l.* These sums being far below his wants, the king, by necessity as much as the drift of his own inclination, had recourse to "ship money," which yielded about 200,000*l.* per annum, producing altogether 800,000*l.* during the four years that it was levied. The Long Parliament showed itself outwardly liberal, granting six subsidies, besides a new poll-tax; but the whole produce went to maintain the English and Scotch armies, and the money was paid into the hands of commissioners appointed by the House of Commons instead of into the royal treasury. So it happened that when the great contest had at last been brought to the decision of the sword, Charles was sunk in the direst poverty; and though able to raise, by the power of his office and the feeling of veneration still clinging to royalty, a large body of adherents, he had the utmost difficulty to provide for their support. The capital, most of the large towns and seaports, and altogether the wealthiest part of the kingdom, adhered to parliament; and in order to satisfy his most immediate wants, Charles was compelled to sell or pawn the crown jewels, and to melt down a quantity of plate which had been sent him by the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. A little later, the king tried to imitate the example of his opponents by levying assessments and customs duties in the districts where his authority was acknowledged; but the sums derived by these means were extremely small, and he had to fall back upon the voluntary contributions of the more wealthy of his adherents as his principal resource for carrying on the war. But though the leading Royalists displayed extraordinary munificence, the marquis of Worcester alone contributing 100,000*l.* to Charles's exchequer, the marquis of Newcastle nearly the same amount, and many other enthusiastic Cavaliers mortgaging their lands, and selling their plate and jewels for the benefit of their royal master, all these exertions were necessarily feeble and unavailing as opposed to the systematic taxation at the command of parliament. The latter was an ever-flowing natural river, while the king's means were more like the rush of an artificial fountain, spirting up one moment high in the air, and the next dying in self-exhaustion, with not a trace of their existence left.

If there could be any doubt as to whether, in the mighty contest between the defenders of old absolutism and the champions of new-born liberty, ending in the destruction of the former and the building up of a new social edifice more in harmony with the enlightened spirit of Protestantism and the progressive spirit of the English race, the House of Commons really represented, from the commencement, the majority of the nation, it would be found in the financial history of the period. When the Long Parliament assembled, it was impossible for any of its members to foresee the terrible calamities of war into which the country was about to be plunged, and it was thought quite sufficient, therefore, for the purpose of checking the encroachments of arbitrary

power, to place the subsidies voted to the government in the hands of special commissioners. The king having all on a sudden raised the standard of civil war, the conduct of parliament was so popular, and so much approved of by the people, that the voluntary contributions for a time supplemented further taxation. The plate of almost every inhabitant of London was delivered up cheerfully in support of the cause of liberty; the very thimbles and bodkins of the women were thrown into the common fund, and no article however small, no ornament however valuable, was spared. But it was impossible that an expensive war could be long supported upon so slender a foundation as the temporary fervour of the people; and the two houses of parliament therefore came to resolve, in order to provide for a better subsistence, to levy assessments on the personal and landed property of the people. These assessments varied, according to the exigencies of the times, from 35,000*l.* to 120,000*l.* per month; and they were found so productive, and in every respect so much superior to the ancient form of raising subsidies, that they were retained to modern times, under the name of 'land tax.' Seeing the extreme willingness of the people to bear the new burthens that had to be imposed, parliament next devised a somewhat singular impost, known as the "weekly-meal tax." The theory of it was that every adult person should retrench a meal per week, and give the cost of it to the country; and, whether leading to fasts or not, the scheme answered so far as to put above 600,000*l.* into the parliamentary exchequer. The "weekly-meal tax," maintained only for a few years, evident offspring of exalted patriotism more than of calm statesmanship, was followed by an impost of a far more important nature, called, and ever after famous as the "excise." It was not by any means a tax the people liked, and had it been imposed by or through the influence of the old government, might have caused a rebellion, but being decreed by the new champions of freedom, it was paid willingly, if not cheerfully. Far-sighted politicians like Hampden had staked their all to resist ship money; yet not the poorest of poor patriots ever forgot that ship money, and all other moneys whatsoever, were more like symbols than realities in the battle for liberty in which the nation was engaged.

The establishment of the excise, commencement of

an entirely new system of financial legislation, was due to the great leader of the House of Commons, John Pym. It was at first laid upon liquors only, with the superadded declaration that at the end of two years all excise duties should be abolished. However, the armed contest continuing much longer than expected, the tax was not only maintained, but extended to bread, meat, salt, and other articles of first necessity. The excise on bread and meat was subsequently repealed, and the revenue derived from them replaced by new customs duties, laid on in such a manner as to interfere least with the natural development of trade and industry. By these and other means, sometimes strongly imperious, yet on the whole statesmanlike and full of wisdom, the new rulers of England permanently raised the public revenue, to the great advantage of the nation no less than of the government. While the two Stuart kings, with all their extortions, arbitrary imposts, forced loans, and sales of crown domains, of honours, and of titles, could never wrest much more than half a million sterling a year from the national purse, a sum more than three times the amount was obtained without difficulty in the period of the Commonwealth, although the country at this time was suffering under the effects of the civil war. The average public revenue of England during the administration of Oliver Cromwell was 1,517,274*l.*, to which Scotland added 143,652*l.*, and Ireland 207,790*l.*, giving a total income of 1,868,716*l.* Vastly larger sums were raised by parliament in the course of the civil war. It is stated in a treatise printed in 1647, and written apparently by a well-informed person, that in the four years preceding the immense amount of 17,512,400*l.* was raised, or not less than 4,378,100*l.* per annum. Another contemporary writer, Clement Walker, author of "The History of Independency," asserts that in the course of five years the sum of forty millions was collected from the people of England for the overthrow of royal despotism. Accepting this statement as reliable, and taking into account the value of money, and the resources of the people at the time, it stands forth as a striking fact that at no period of its history, ancient or modern, was England taxed as it then taxed itself. The nation, truly and literally, to its utmost power, gave its best blood and whatever it possessed of earthly goods to gain the priceless boon of liberty.

CHAPTER III.

History of Religion, from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Dissolution of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1660.

RELIGIOUS and political life were intimately, and all but indissolubly, bound together during the great revolt of England against monarchical absolutism. As the whole political movement was in its essence but a development of Protestantism, so again the religious progress was offspring of the secular contest—both mother and child of the vast upheaving in which ancient prerogative, clinging to the past, got

interlaced in mortal struggle with new-born thought, asserting its right to the future. In its more direct aspect, the main course of religious faith consisted in the further growth and spread of those ideas comprised under the description of Puritanism. It was the rebellion of the early reformers against the episcopal Church of England, made prominent in the first instance by John Hooper, appointed bishop of

Gloucester in the reign of Edward VI. Having lived for many years among the followers of Calvin and Zwingli on the continent, and imbibed their doctrines, Hooper, on returning to England and receiving his nomination to the see of Gloucester, demurred both to the oath of supremacy and to the robes in which the episcopal investiture was to take place, and sent a letter to the young king, earnestly requesting to be allowed either to decline the office, or to be admitted to it without the usual oath and ceremonial. After a controversy extending over nearly a year, Hooper finally accepted the bishopric on a compromise, his conduct in the meanwhile having made a deep impression upon both the clergy and laity of the Church of England, fostering to a large extent the spread of Puritanism. But its more visible development did not take place till the reign of Elizabeth, the foundation of it having been laid in the terrors of the Marian persecution, which drove crowds of the most thoughtful and most energetic ministers of the church to the continent, chiefly to Geneva, Zürich, Basel, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, strongholds of the Calvinist creed. On the death of Mary the whole of the banished divines returned home, poor in worldly goods, yet rich in faith, "bringing nothing with them," according to Fuller, "but much learning and some experience." The contrast between the show and splendour of the ceremonial of the Church of England, akin to that of Rome, and the stern simplicity of religious worship abroad, forcibly struck the returned exiles, and they at once set inveighing against the former as a remnant of old idolatry. Their opponents in turn attacked them as unpatriotic admirers of foreign institutions, and the dispute, in a very short time, grew loud and fierce, so that the new preachers attracted the attention of the whole nation. "They were for the most part Zwinglian gospellers," says Peter Heylin, chaplain of Archbishop Laud, "and became the great promoters of the Puritan faction at their coming home."

In Scotland, Puritanism at once got a firm and legally acknowledged footing in the shape of Presbyterianism, but the arbitrary civil and ecclesiastical rule of Elizabeth, bent to create rigid uniformity, left little room for its open establishment in England. Nevertheless it spread secretly, and James I. had no sooner ascended the throne than he was assailed with the cry for religious reform. On his very road from Edinburgh to London, the English Puritans presented him with a petition, signed by above eight hundred clergymen, from twenty-five different counties, asking for changes in the government and ritual of the established church, notably the prohibition of non-residence of ministers, of commendams held by bishops, of the cap and surplice, of the cross in baptism, and of other rites borrowed and retained from the worship of Rome. James, treading as yet very uncertain ground in his new kingdom, answered the petitioners hopefully but evasively; and finally, wishing to exhibit the light of his theological acumen, assembled the Hampton Court Conference. The real tendencies of the king at once showed themselves at this meeting. Though having solemnly promised, on the eve of his departure from Scotland, to be faithful to the tenets of the Presbyterian creed,

in which he had been educated, he liked the constitution of the Church of England—fitted far more to uphold his egregious vanity as a monarch, and the whole of his notion of the divine right of kings—too well not to adhere to it in preference; and he did not scruple to say so to the learned representatives of English Puritanism who appeared before him at the Hampton Court Conference. Their claims were extremely moderate; they did not ask for the subversion of episcopacy and the introduction of the Geneva dogmas, but merely for reforms in ecclesiastical ceremonies, and there was only one point in their demands in any way tending towards Presbyterianism. This was the proposal that the clergy of each diocese should meet from time to time in common assembly, to be called an episcopal synod, and, under the presidency of the bishop, determine matters of church government and internal discipline. The mild claim was enough to stir James into a great passion, he seeing in it the little wedge that was to bring the whole system of the kirk southward from over the Tweed. "If," his majesty cried out, in droll excitement, "you aim at a Scottish presbytery, it agreeth with monarchy as God with the devil. Then Jack, and Tom, and Will, and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council, and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up and say, 'It must be thus!' Then Dick shall reply and say, 'Nay, marry but we will have it thus!' and, therefore, here I must once more reiterate my former speech, and say, *le roi s'avisera*." There was wit in the remark, though the poor pedant king had little cause to look down upon the wisdom of Jack and Dick.

The Hampton Court Conference was followed by an organised persecution of Puritanism in all its forms, which lasted as long as regal absolutism, and until the oppressed faith at last became victorious in the Long Parliament. The movement was set on foot by a proclamation of James, ordering all ecclesiastical and civil officers to do their duty in enforcing the laws for conformity, and admonishing all persons not to expect any further alteration in the public service. James, mightily elated in having escaped from his Presbyterian teachers at home, and in playing the new part of English pontifex, informed his subjects that "he would neither let any presume that his own judgment, having determined in a matter of this weight, should be swayed to alteration by the frivolous suggestions of any light spirit, nor was he ignorant of the inconvenience of admitting innovation in things once settled by mature deliberation." It was a main characteristic of the prosecution thus initiated that it was less made to inspire terror than hatred and contempt, the system pursued by the successive archbishops and bishops who carried out the Stuart policy of repression being specially directed to aggravate every difference already existing, and to irritate every tender and sensitive feeling of their antagonists. As strong antagonism to the Romish faith was one of the essential features of Puritanism, the men of the ruling episcopal faction made pertinent efforts to offend this sentiment by studied coquetry with the abhorred religion, introducing insignificant priestly ceremonies of various kinds into the Anglican service,

and letting no opportunity pass to show that their sympathy was far more with Rome than with Geneva. Another tenet on which the Puritans laid great stress was the due observance of the Sabbath, a principle not much attended to at first, but the importance of which was more and more dwelt upon with the increase of persecution against the new faith. The leaders of the dominant Church of England might well have sympathized with their antagonists on this one point, yet so far from doing so they took great pains, here as elsewhere, to inflict wounds and stir up rancour. Bishops high in favour at court opposed and derided the teachings of the "Sabbatarians," arguing that the commandment to rest on the seventh day was confined to the Hebrews, and that the observance of the first day of the week was but a modern institution, in no degree more venerable than that of the other festivals of the Church, or the season of Lent, stubbornly despised as "popish" by the Puritans. The discussion of the subject soon grew into a hot controversy, in which James as usual interfered with his pontifical authority, apparently for no other reason than to vex and exasperate his adversaries. A royal declaration was published, and ordered to be read in all the churches of the kingdom, permitting "all lawful sports and recreations" on Sunday, after divine service, the list of legal amusements, carefully enumerated, including archery, May games, and morrice-dances, but excluding bull and bear-baiting. However, there was a clause attached to the behest of James as to the manner in which his subjects should amuse themselves, by the direction that only those should participate in the shouting, drinking, and hopping about to the sound of fife and fiddle, who had been at church, so that "lawful sports" were made a premium on orthodox piety. It was impossible for any pontifex, whether of Rome or England, to go further in ecclesiastical legislation.

Under Charles the persecution against the Puritans increased in earnestness and intensity, partly on account of the strong and almost violent attachment of the king to episcopacy, and partly and to a still greater extent through its becoming more and more visible that political aims were intimately interwoven with the religious aspirations of the reformers. Thus, cruel punishments, for the most trifling causes, were inflicted frequently upon conspicuous men among them. Alexander Leighton, a distinguished divine, and native of Scotland, having published a pamphlet against the English hierarchy, was sentenced to be publicly whipped and set in the pillory, to have one side of his nose slit, one ear cut off, and one side of his cheek branded with a hot iron: the whole of this frightful torture was to be twice repeated, first at Westminster and next at Cheapside, after which the victim was to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet. Another sufferer, John Lilburne, a mere lad, condemned for dispersing papers against the bishops, was whipped from the Fleet prison to Westminster, there set in the pillory, and tortured afterwards. The cruelties culminated in the treatment of William Prynne, author of the "*Histriomastix*," a book containing nothing worse than invectives against stage plays, actors, and courtesans, the existence of all of which

was denounced with an amount of erudition so immense as to become incomprehensible in its very height and depth. The real crime of Prynne was his being a rising man among the Puritans; and the Star Chamber, before which he was brought, had no difficulty in finding a pretence for his condemnation, the bulky volume of several thousand pages which he had sent into the world offering sentences enough that could be pieced together for the purpose. Accordingly, the unhappy author of "*Histriomastix*" was adjudged to stand twice in the pillory, to be branded in the forehead, to lose a portion of both his ears, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. The Puritan writer suffered the hideous punishment without wincing, and had no sooner got into the jail where he was to spend the rest of his life, than, with dogged pertinacity, he began composing another book, less learned than the "*Histriomastix*," but far more severe against his opponents. The occupation brought him a second time before the judges of the Star Chamber, with two other Puritan delinquents, Burton, a divine, and Bastwick, a physician; and all of them refusing to retract what they had said or written, the vengeance of the despotic court fell upon them with terrible force. Prynne lost the remainder of his ears, they being sawed off to the stump, with a portion of the cheek adhering; but he bent no more than before under the torture, and his heroic behaviour while he was undergoing mutilation by the hangman was so great as to excite the deepest expressions of sympathy from the crowds that witnessed the punishment. Having been sentenced to perpetual confinement in different prisons, the three victims of episcopacy were dragged off to Launceston, Chester, and Carnarvon castles; but their reception by the people showing that they were looked upon as martyrs in a good and great cause, they had to be carried further away to the Channel Islands. It was dimly felt, even by the Star Chamber judges, that all England was fast becoming Puritan.

The volcanic upheaving of the masses gained over to the new religious faith was not long in coming. In less than seven years after the absolutist party in state and church had wreaked their vengeance upon Prynne and his companions, there assembled the Long Parliament, visible and potent result of victorious Puritanism. Conscious of their origin, and the cause that had called them into being and would have to uphold them, the leaders of the great assembly set to attack ecclesiastical tyranny even before they began wrestling with political despotism. "He is a great stranger in Israel," exclaimed Lord Falkland at the opening of the session, "who knoweth not that this kingdom hath long laboured under many and great oppressions both in religion and liberty; and his acquaintance here is not great, or his ingenuity less, who doth not know and acknowledge that a great, if not a principal of this, have been some bishops and their adherents. Under pretence of uniformity, they have brought in superstition and scandal; under the titles of reverence and decency, they have defiled our Church while adorning our churches. They have tithed mint and anise, and have left undone the work of the Gospel. They have made the conforming to ceremonies more important than the conforming to

Christianity." A crowd of orators followed in the wake of Lord Falkland, the vehemence of their speeches indicating the energy of long pent-up convictions, while the applause that followed them proved convincingly that the Long Parliament was beyond doubt, in its immense majority, the offspring of Puritanism. The heart of the assembly was touched by a few words from Sir Benjamin Rudyard, member for Wilton. "We well know," he cried, "what disturbance hath been brought upon the church for vain petty trifles: how the whole church, the whole kingdom hath been troubled where to place a metaphor, an altar. We have seen ministers, their wives, children, and families, undone against law, against conscience, against all bowels of compassion, about not dancing upon Sundays. What do these sort of priests think will become of themselves when the Master of the house shall come and find them thus beating their fellow-servants? They have so brought it to pass that, under the name of Puritans, all our religion is branded, and, under a few hard words against Jesuits, all popery is countenanced. Whosoever squares his actions by any rule, either divine or human, he is a Puritan; whosoever would be governed by good laws, he is a Puritan; he that will not do whatsoever the priests would have him do, he is a Puritan. Their great work, their master-piece, now is to make all those 'of the religion' to be the suspected party of the kingdom." Having listened to a number of speeches like these, the Puritans of the House of Commons proceeded to action; and at their fourth sitting passed a resolution that the three outraged victims of episcopacy and the Star Chamber, Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, should be forthwith liberated by warrant of the Speaker, with the endorsed statement that they had been unjustly and tyrannically mutilated, branded, and imprisoned. It was a bold step on the part of the Commons, but the people fully ratified its urgency in the enthusiastic reception given to the three martyrs of religion on their return to the capital. It was the first loud cry of joy and exultation of victorious Puritanism.

The joy was legitimate, and yet there was something strange and anomalous in this sudden victory of the new faith. As yet Puritanism, as existing in England, was based upon no actual embodiment of any outward form of religion, but a mere theory, bent chiefly upon negation. Even the title given to the followers of the new faith was a mere nickname, fastened upon them by their antagonists; while they themselves did not pretend to belong to any of the numerous creeds into which thinking Europe had split in its superb revolt against Romish priestcraft and superstition. Puritanism, like all the other manifestations of the revolt at their commencement, from the time of Wickliffe down to Huss and Luther, was more a protest against falsehood and error than the setting-up of positive dogmas of truth; and though its champions looked lovingly towards Geneva, and lovingly, no less, towards Edinburgh, they were very far from claiming to be either Calvinists or Presbyterians. As long as they were labouring under persecution the situation was not entirely unnatural; but it was necessary to be brought to an immediate end with the achievement of victory, and one of the

first efforts of the Long Parliament consequently came to be to arrive at some sort of "settlement of religion," either by remodelling the national church, or, what seemed to be more in the inclinations of the majority, by overthrowing it altogether and establishing Presbyterianism in its stead. However, Charles, clinging to episcopacy with even greater stubbornness than to his absolute power, resolutely refused all demands of the Commons for ecclesiastical reform in a wider sense; and it was not until parliament had taken the sword in hand that any progress could be made towards the great aim the Puritans had in view. In the meanwhile, for more than two years, no established form of worship existed in the country; and though the service in cathedrals was abolished for the most part by authority of parliament, the clergy in all the ordinary churches were left to do very much as they liked, at liberty to read the liturgy or abstain from it, to preach in canonical habits or in a Geneva cloak. But at last, the army of the Covenant having crossed the Border, and given a mighty impulse to the religious movement, the Commons resolved "that such a government should be settled in the Church as might be most agreeable to God's Holy Word, and most apt to procure and preserve the peace of the Church at home, and bring it into nearer agreement with the Church of Scotland and the reformed Churches abroad." An ordinance followed, bearing date the 12th of June, 1643, directing "the calling of an assembly of learned and godly divines, and others, to be consulted with by the parliament for settling the government and liturgy of the Church of England, and for vindicating and clearing the doctrine of the said church from false aspersions and interpretations." The decree brought into existence a body famous under the name of the Westminster Assembly.

The Westminster Assembly held its first meeting in the chapel of Henry VII., on the 1st of July 1643. It was composed of one hundred and twenty-one divines, selected by the two houses of parliament, besides six deputies from Scotland, ten English peers, and twenty representatives of the Commons. Among the members were a few Episcopalians, such as the tenants of the sees of Bristol and Exeter, and the primate of England, Archbishop Usher, but the vast majority of them were declared Puritans, with a strong prepossession for the forms of Presbyterianism. The deliberation began by Archbishop Usher bringing forward a proposal for "reduced episcopacy," the groundwork of the scheme being that there should still be bishops in name, but stripped of rank and secular distinctions, and assisted in the administration of their dioceses by another council of clergymen. The plan was dismissed at once, with a show of indignation, as were also the ideas of another party, the extreme opponents of the episcopal faction. These were the Erastians, followers and disciples of Thomas Erastus, a German physician, contemporary of Martin Luther, who maintained that the true ministers of Protestant Christianity ought to be nothing more than lecturers on morals and divinity, and that all religious communities should be voluntary associations, under the power and direction of a secular magistrate. It was a heresy quite intolerable to the admirers of the

strict Calvinistic church discipline, and the Erastians therefore were immediately silenced; after which, to suppress further debate from either this or the Episcopalian side, the Westminster Assembly hastened to accept the Presbyterian model, proposed by the deputies from Scotland. On a vote of the House of Commons, Sir Harry Vane and two other commissioners were sent to Edinburgh, where they subscribed, on behalf of parliament and the nation of England, to a document drawn up after the ancient Scottish Covenant, with a few slight alterations, and entitled the Solemn League and Covenant. It consisted of six articles. The first set forth the lamentable condition of the English church, and the determination of the people and its representatives to reform religion, in doctrine, discipline, worship, and government, "according to the word of God and the example of the best reformed churches." In the second clause, the signers of the Covenant agreed to "endeavour to bring the church of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, directory for worship, and catechising, so that we, and our brethren after us, may, as brethren, live in faith and love, and the Lord may delight to dwell in the midst of us." The remaining articles contained denunciations of Episcopacy and Romanism, together with repeated formulas binding the Covenanters to maintain the rights of "king and parliament," to expose "malignants and incendiaries," and to persist through life in upholding and spreading the principles of the Solemn League.

There was nothing in the great document, which thus came to form the basis of a new church in England, directly establishing Presbyterianism; but all things were tending in that direction, as well in the political as the ecclesiastical movement of the next few years. More energetic, if not more earnest in their religious propagandism than their brethren in the south, the Scots strained every nerve to make the kirk victorious, and backed as its cause was by a powerful army, indispensable in the overthrow of the old edifice of state and church, they failed not to gain their ends. After a long campaign of discussion and debate, extending over more than three years, rising and sinking in vehemence, and closely connected with the strife of the great armies in the field, the Westminster Assembly finally, towards the end of the year 1646, concluded the most important part of its labours. On the 11th of December, the produce of its activity, embodied in a large document called the Confession of Faith, was placed on the table of the House of Commons. It contained in substance the principles forming the basis of the Church of Scotland, as laid down in the book of discipline, adopted by the followers of John Knox in the preceding century. There was to be a kirk session, consisting of the pastor and his elders, assembling every week; next the presbytery, or classes, a weekly meeting for devotion of all the ministers and principal laymen of a great town or district; then the provincial synod, to take cognizance of ecclesiastical matters within a wider range; and last of all the general assembly, forming the superior ecclesiastical court, and representative and legislative of the com-

bined clergy and laity of the church. In proposing this new system of ecclesiastical polity for England, the Westminster Assembly took very high ground. The divines composing it decided formally, by the vote of a large majority, not merely that the Presbyterian form of government was best fitted for, and desired by, the people of the country, but that it was the injunction and precept of the Gospel of Christ, and, in fact, the only scriptural and lawful religious system, and that it had to be submitted to because it was ordained by God. The House of Commons was little disposed to give its consent to such doctrines, feeling naturally jealous to assist in the foundation of a new power of spiritual jurisdiction, coiled up in the jure divino doctrines of Presbyterian churchmen, as greedy of authority to all appearance as the ministers of Rome. However, the sagacious leaders of the Long Parliament, always measuring with careful eye the necessities of the moment, thought it injudicious to enter upon a quarrel with the divines which they had called together to reform the church; and before even the latter had handed in their confession of faith, they prepared a bill establishing Presbyterianism in England by way of experiment, the preamble declaring "that if upon trial it was not found acceptable, it should be reversed or amended." Both houses of parliament passed the bill on the 6th of June, 1646, with the great fact steadily before their eyes, that on the 5th of May previous, King Charles had given himself up to the army of the Covenant.

Though only "upon trial," the act of the 6th of June tended to give a firm root to the Presbyterian church in England. It decreed that all parishes, and other places whatsoever, should be brought under the exercise of congregational, classical provincial, and national assemblies, the private chapels of the king and the nobility only being excepted from their jurisdiction, but compelled not the less to adopt the Presbyterian mode of worship. The province of London, superseding the ancient diocese, was to be divided into twelve classical elderships, each to contain from ten to twelve parishes; while the different counties of England and Wales were to be divided into provinces and subdivided into classical elderships. It was ordered that the presbytery of every parish should meet once a week, the classical assemblies of each province once a month, and provincial assemblies twice a year. As to general assemblies, whose power was most feared by the astute politicians of the House of Commons, it was deemed necessary to circumscribe, if not their functions, at least their time limits; and it was decreed accordingly, that they should "meet as often as they shall be summoned by parliament, and to continue sitting as long as the parliament shall direct and appoint, and not otherwise." The constitution of the various governing bodies in the church was provided for in the manner that every congregational or parochial eldership should send not less than two, and not more than four elders, besides one minister, to the classical assembly; that every classical assembly within the province should send two ministers, and not less than four, and not more than nine ruling elders to the provincial assembly; and lastly, that two ministers and four ruling elders should

be deputed by every provincial assembly to form the general applause.

The scheme, carefully elaborated as it was, met with shipwreck almost as soon as it was launched, being opposed to the religious sentiments of the great mass of the people, and welcome only to a portion of the clergy. In London alone the act was partially executed, but neglected all over the rest of the kingdom, the commissioners appointed by parliament to mark out the new ecclesiastical districts carrying the work no farther than drawing up a few plans. In the House of Commons itself, the high tone adopted by the Westminster theologians—who, having delivered themselves of the confession of faith, began to assume priestly airs, claiming, among others, authority for excommunication—met with violent opposition. “Master Speaker,” cried Bulstrode Whitelock in the course of one of these debates, “the assembly of divines have petitioned that in every presbytery, or presbyterian congregation, pastors or ruling members may have the power of excommunication, and of suspending such as they shall judge ignorant or scandalous persons from the sacrament. The duty of a pastor is to feed, and not to disperse and drive away the flock. Excommunication is a total driving or thundering away of the party from all spiritual food whatever. The best excommunication is for pastors, elders, and other people to excommunicate sin out of their own hearts and conversations, and to suspend themselves from all works of iniquity.” The words met with boisterous applause.

That the presbyterian form of church government was not suited to the genius of the English people, became apparent in less than six months after it had been ordered “upon trial.” Disliked by the people, and not supported by any stronger motive than clerical ambition, it was adopted by the House of Commons solely as a matter of political expediency, and had to fall, therefore, as soon as the cause which gave it momentary power ceased to exist. On the 30th of January, 1647, seven weeks after the promulgation of the confession of faith, King Charles was delivered up to the parliamentary commissioners, and from that moment there was an end of all hopes which the Scotch might cherish to establish their ecclesiastical polity in England. However, while defeated as a religious party, the Presbyterians still remained a powerful political faction, though even on this ground they were hard pressed by their successful rivals, the Independents. As in all times of vast social upheavings, so in the great struggle of the English people against political and religious despotism, theories ruled strong, and in theory, if in nothing else, Independency could not but be acknowledged the truest child of the Reformation. Its fundamental principle, as simple as grand, was that every assembly, congregation, or society of believers, united for religious fellowship and Christian worship, is a perfect church within itself, possessing full power to regulate its own affairs, and free of all external control. The first reformers who stood forward to advocate the principle were the Baptists, who grew rather numerous under Edward VI., and they were followed, in the reign of Elizabeth, by the so-called Brownists,

differing from them on no very important points, except in retaining infant baptism. It was to the Brownists that the afterwards famous name of Independents was first given, though, like the appellation Puritan, not at all with their consent. In a memorial which they addressed to the Long Parliament, in 1644, they rejected the title with energy, saying, “That proud and insolent title of Independency was affixed unto us as our claim, the very sound of which conveys to all men’s apprehensions the challenge of an exemption of our churches from all subjection and dependence, or rather a trumpet of defiance against whatever power, spiritual or civil, which we do abhor and detest.” In the Westminster Assembly, the Independents, known as “dissenting brethren,” were represented by not more than eight or ten members, whose influence was still more weakened by internal dissensions, one half of them holding to the tenets of the Brownists, and the other to the still more democratic dogmas of the German Erastians. But the latter, after a short while, were either crushed, or went over into the ranks of the disciples of Robert Brown; while from among the small but vigorous knot of “dissenting brethren,” there came forth an enthusiastic chief, Thomas Goodwin. He was joined soon after by another champion of the same faith, John Owen, and thus arose, in the words of Anthony à Wood, “the two Atlases and patriarchs of Independency.”

Owing in part to superior leadership, and in part to the fact of the new religious and political party being joined by nearly all the eminent soldiers of the civil war, Oliver Cromwell at the head of them, Independency soon developed itself in the most extraordinary manner. In the Long Parliament at first not a single voice pleaded its cause, but it rose into favour in a very short time through the well-timed opposition which the “dissenting brethren” of the Westminster Assembly made to the Presbyterian majority. “It is inconvenient,” one of them, Philip Nye, frankly told his ambitious colleagues, “to nourish high ecclesiastical authority in a Commonwealth; it is a thing not to be endured. Men are already troubled to think whether a presbytery shall be set up *jure divino*; and no wonder, for if it be, it will grow so as to become as big as the civil power. When two vast bodies are of equal amplitude, if they disagree it will be naught, but if they agree it will be worse.” Opinions such as these were too much in harmony with those of the great parliamentary leaders not to attract immediate attention; and on the Presbyterian divines making some efforts to rid themselves of their Independent adversaries in the Assembly, the latter found immediate protectors in the House of Commons, and even among the lords. Glad to find a pretext for interfering in the doings of their ecclesiastical rivals, the two houses, in September 1644, passed a bill for the formation of a “Grand Committee of Accommodation,” to consist of a few divines, but more laymen, directed “to take into consideration the differences of the opinions of the members of the Assembly in point of Church government, and to attempt an union, if possible.” The chiefs of the Independents were the first to be called before the “Grand Committee,” and advocated their

cause warmly, demanding above everything toleration and liberty of conscience. They agreed, they said, in many points with the Presbyterians; and all they prayed for was, that they might not be forced into subjection to them, and be placed under the jurisdiction of ministers and elders whose authority to rule men's faith they could no more admit than that claimed by Romish cardinals and Anglican bishops. On this account they claimed to be exempted from the Presbyterian courts, or "classes," which it was proposed to erect in every parish, and to have liberty granted to them to withdraw from the established churches, and to form congregational churches possessing ecclesiastical authority within themselves, and subject only to parliament. The majority of the Westminster Assembly energetically opposed these demands, insisting upon conformity to the creed they advocated, and claiming the assistance of the government to suppress all schism. After lengthened discussion, often violent, before the "Grand Committee," the latter dissolved itself, whereupon the House of Commons quietly dropped the matter, abstaining from further religious legislation. Thus Presbyterians and Independents were left to continue their own battle, unhindered by the arm of secular power.

The battle, fought on the field of politics as much as on that of religion, lasted but a comparatively short time, won, almost by storm, by the Independents. Though numerically small, they had the inestimable advantages of a great cause and of leaders equal to it, against which no opposing elements could hope to prevail. Before even monarchy had finally succumbed, and while yet Presbyterianism was engaged in a great attempt to raise itself with a throne on its back, Oliver Cromwell joined the Independents, bringing with him not only the power of a great name, but the proof that the concentrated intelligence of the nation, represented in men such as his Ironsides, under the tramp of whose feet an old world had fallen into dust and a new one arisen, were partisans and champions of the latest phase of Protestantism. And if Cromwell's accession showed that thinking England was with Independency, not less so did that of a man equal to him, if not superior in mental stature, John Milton. Cromwell did scarcely more with his victorious sword, than Milton with his inspired pen, for the new cause. In 1644, while the tide of both popular sympathy and political power seemed to run strongly in favour of Presbyterianism, Milton, from his little house in Barbican, where he taught tradesmen's children Latin and arithmetic, launched forth a treatise, called "Areopagitica, a speech to the parliament of England for the liberty of unlicensed printing." The main object of the work was to advocate freedom of the press, but this itself Milton represented as but one small offshoot of freedom of conscience. "If," said he, "it came to inquisitioning again, and licensing, and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and suspicious of all men, as to fear each book, and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are—if some, who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching, shall now come to silence us from reading, except what they please—it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning,

which will soon put it out of controversy that bishops and presbyters are the same to us, both in name and thing." The words made deep impression, for already all the reflecting men of the nation had come to be afraid of the rise of a new form of spiritual despotism, and Milton's note of alarm, therefore, stirred up the host of defenders of advanced Protestantism. The city of London, though devoted more than any other place in England to the Presbyterian cause, made a show of opposition against it; and on parliament passing, in 1646, a bill for the establishment of a presbytery among them, the inhabitants brought a numerous signed petition against it. In other parts of the kingdom the resistance was greater still, leading to the Presbyterian establishment never getting into actual existence. Its soul, the simple faith of Calvin and Knox, continued to expand and flourish, but its body, the rigid kirk system, was rejected by the people of England.

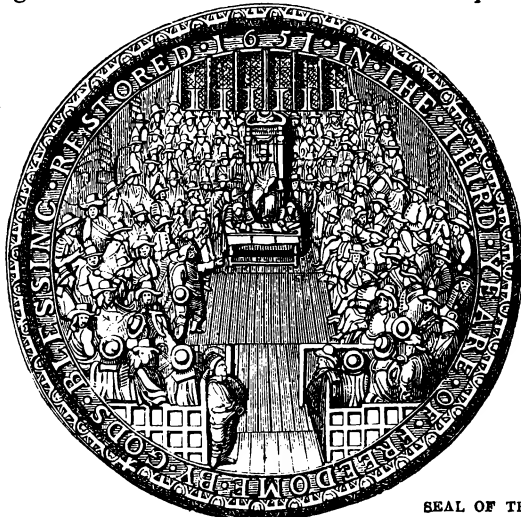
With the casting out of the Presbyterians from the House of Commons, and the establishment of "the Rump," came the final victory of Independency over all its enemies. But like every great victory it contained within itself the germ of defeat and decay. As remarked by a great writer, "The general fate of sects is to obtain a high reputation for sanctity while they are oppressed, and to lose it as soon as they become powerful: and the reason is obvious. It is seldom that a man enrolls himself in a proscribed body from any but conscientious motives. Such a body, therefore, is composed, with scarcely an exception, of sincere persons. The most rigid discipline that can be enforced within a religious society is a very feeble instrument of purification when compared with a little sharp prosecution from without. We may be certain that very few persons not seriously impressed by religious convictions applied for baptism while Diocletian was vexing the church, or joined themselves to Protestant congregations at the risk of being burned by Bonner. But when a sect becomes powerful, when its favour is the road to riches and dignities, worldly and ambitious men crowd into it, talk its language, conform strictly to its ritual, mimic its peculiarities, and frequently go beyond its honest members in all the outward indications of zeal. No discernment, no watchfulness on the part of ecclesiastical rulers, can prevent the intrusion of such false brethren. The tares and the wheat must grow together. Soon the world begins to find out that the godly are not better than other men, and argues, with some justice, that, if not better, they must be much worse. In no long time all those signs which were formerly regarded as characteristic of a saint are regarded as characteristic of a knave." Thus it was, as with all religious sects, so with the Independents. From the moment they had raised themselves to be a powerful party, wielding sceptre and sword, corruption crept in among the body, and no longer satisfied with that free exercise of religion towards which all their former endeavours had been directed, they claimed to be masters in all things. Cromwell, far above, here as in everything else, of the men of his faction, long withstood the pressure put upon him to make the Independent creed as dominant as Episcopacy had been, and as Presbyterianism aimed to be.

But it was in vain he kept repeating to them that he considered his authority in the nation but as that of a constable, whose duty it was to maintain peace and quietness among all classes and individuals, and to set not one above the other. However, his supporters and friends, or, in some instances, enemies in the guise of friends, continued storming in upon Cromwell, till at last, in sheer weariness of heart, a few months before his death, he gave his reluctant assent to one of their demands, that of holding a synod, in order to prepare a new Confession of Faith in the Independent sense. The permission was given in the summer of 1658, and on the 29th of September following, three weeks after the great Lord Protector had gone to his eternal rest, while his waxen effigy was lying exposed to the public gaze at Somerset House, the Independent synod met at the neighbouring palace of the Savoy.

There were represented in the synod above one hundred congregations, some of them by ministers, but the majority by lay delegates. These did not represent, however, the total strength of the Independent Church, for a great many congregations throughout England had refused to take part in the synod, arguing, with great justice and incontrovertible logic, that such an assembly had no right to exist, being opposed to the fundamental principle of their belief, that of absolutely free and unfettered Christian worship. The first step of the synod was to appoint a committee, headed by the two great leaders of the Independents, John Owen and Thomas Goodwin, to draw up a statement of their principles, which was accomplished in little more than a week, and resulted in the publication of a document entitled, "A Declaration of the Faith and Order owned and practised in the Congregational Churches in England, agreed upon and consented to by their elders and messengers, in their meeting at the Savoy, October 12, 1658." Though not entirely in accord with the first principles of Independency, the manifesto was imbued throughout with a fine spirit of forbearance, containing at least an approach towards the great doctrine of absolute freedom of conscience and religious toleration. It was declared in the preface,

supposed to be written by John Owen, "that among all Christian states and churches there ought to be a mutual forbearance and indulgence to saints of all persuasions that hold fast the necessary foundations of faith and holiness;" and also, "that all professing Christians, with their errors, which are purely spiritual, and entrench and overthrow not civil society, are to be borne with, and permitted to enjoy ordinances and privileges according to their light, as fully as any of their brethren who pretend to the greatest orthodoxy." As to the organisation of Independent, or Congregational churches, it was affirmed that the only office-bearers should be pastors, leaders, elders, and deacons: synodical authority was disclaimed in the abstract, but the association of the various churches for general purposes and mutual counsel was strongly recommended. The "Declaration of the Faith" was delivered to Richard Cromwell, on behalf of the synod, by Goodwin. "We present to your Highness what we have done," said the leader of the Independents, "and commit to your trust the common faith once delivered to the saints. The Gospel and the saving truths of it are a great endowment, bequeathed by Christ himself at his ascension, and committed to the trust of some in the nation's behalf—committed to my trust, saith Paul, in the name of the ministers—and we look at the magistrate as *custos utriusque tabulæ*, and so commit it to your trust, as our chief magistrate, to countenance and to propagate."

The "patriarch of Independency," when uttering these words, greatly misunderstood his time. Independency, as a power in the state, ruling and swaying men's minds by secular authority, was dead, and it was beyond the influence of any chief magistrate to countenance and to propagate it. But Episcopacy and Presbyterianism were likewise dead, and already the waves of a new tide of humanity were closing in upon the ground which they had filled. From out the tumult and conflict of opinions, dogmas, and principles, all striving towards the sun of truth, yet all obscuring it by the mists of intolerance, there was springing, gradually but surely, the substance of a higher faith, farther from churches but nearer to God.



SEAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER IV.

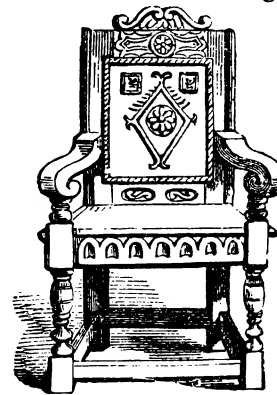
History of Literature, Science, and Art, from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Dissolution of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1660.

TIMES of civil war and deep social convulsions are seldom periods in which writers, men of science, and artists, can hope to flourish; nevertheless, England has no brighter period in the annals of her literature, and all that constitutes the higher development of the spiritual faculties, than the first half of the seventeenth century. No nation of whom record is had in history ever produced and gave to the world at the same epoch three names loftier in the realms of the mind than the noble triumvirate of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton. The greatest poet of all ages, and the greatest philosopher of English race, expired within a decade of each other, and eight years before Shakespeare, eighteen before Bacon died, Milton was born. Shakespeare wrote nearly the whole of his most sublime dramas—as far as has been discovered through the obscurity that surrounds everything connected with his meteor-like existence—after the accession of the Stuarts to the English throne; Bacon's chief career as author and philosopher fell entirely within the same period; and Milton commenced his "Paradise Lost" before the edifice of the Commonwealth had crumbled into dust. If England could lay claim to nothing else than to have been the mother of these three men within a generation, she would, on this ground alone, have a right to stand foremost among the nations of the earth.

However weak and contemptible in other respects, the two successors of Elizabeth both imitated her in fostering literature in its various forms, though more for the gratification of their own vanity than for any higher purpose. Long before his coming to England, King James exhibited great partiality for dramatic performances, and as early as the year 1589 there was a company of actors, known as "his majesty's players," at the Scottish court. Ten years later the king licensed a company of comedians at Edinburgh, amidst the outcries of the stern Presbyterian ministers, who compelled the poor actors, when James made his way southward to his higher destination, to follow him on the road. To judge from the various accounts of the revels, the dramas of "Master William Shakespeare" were in high estimation at the new English court. From November, 1604, to March, 1605, not less than six of them were played before the king at Whitehall; and it is reported that James, in token of his admiration of the author, had the boundless condescension to write to him a letter "with his own hand." The poet requited the courtesy, as is surmised, in a manner as only he could requite it, by the gorgeous picture of the line of Stuart kings in the vision of "Macbeth:"—

"Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more!
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more. And some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry."

But the grandeur of poetry such as this was rather thrown away upon the British Solomon; and there is reason to believe that not long after heaping the unmeasurable honour upon the poet's head, of sending him an autograph letter, he was very near casting him into prison for daringly presuming to play the part of a king on the stage. Certain it is that Shakespeare did not remain in London for more than three years after the accession of James, preferring the silence of the banks of the Avon to the neighbourhood of a court and the worship of a monarch who could not be pleased without degradation, and not be offended without danger.



SHAKESPEARE'S CHAIR.

While the dramatic works of Shakespeare have become the household property, not only of all the English-speaking races, but of the nations of the civilised globe, another class of his productions, the sonnets and small lyrical poems, remained comparatively unknown until modern times. The sonnets of Shakespeare, one hundred and fifty-four in number, were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller, who prefixed to the volume he issued a dedication of the most enigmatical character. It ran: "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth. T. T." Endless conjectures have been made as to the person thus immortalised under the initials of "Mr. W. H.;" but nothing approaching to certainty, or even high probability, has ever been discovered, though there is little doubt that the poet's own life was reflected in most, if not all of them. Like everything else that flowed from the pen of the "bard of Avon," the sonnets are full of sublime beauty, as may be seen from the following specimens:—

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

"Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
"Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
"Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end."

"Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
"The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hung on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
"But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth."

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell!
"Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
"O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
"But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss;
"Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
"If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
"At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so."

In the smaller lyrics of Shakespeare, one of the most remarkable features is the smoothness of verse, as in the song in "Much Ado About Nothing:"—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny."

"Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so," &c.

Charmingly easy and soft-flowing likewise are the verses in "As You Like It:"—

"Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.
"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither," &c.

The second in the august triumvirate of English writers and thinkers, Francis Bacon, brought forth the greatest of his works a few years after Shakespeare had been laid in the grave. In 1620 he gave to the world his stupendous system of philosophy called the "Novum Organum," continuation of a previous publication entitled, "Instauratio Scientiarum," or the Instauration of the Sciences. In the preface to the "Novum Organum," which was dedicated to King James, Bacon stated that he had been engaged for thirty years upon the work, "so as I made no haste," adding, "and the reason that I have published it now, specially being imperfect, is, to speak plainly, because I number my days, and would have it saved." The leading idea of Bacon's philosophy is expressed in the first chapter of the book, in which he says, "Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no farther than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature." Then, alluding to the scant aid which the useful arts had yet derived from science, and the small improvement which science had received from its practical students, he continues: "But whence can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself, for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius in the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world." In describing the causes which are apt to lead reason astray in the search after knowledge, Bacon dwells, with a rare insight into the workings of the mind, upon the vast structures of prejudice heaped up by successive ages, which, without figurativeness, he denominates "idols;" and then goes on to expound and exemplify his own method of philosophical inquiry, bound up in the precept, "to generalize slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general, from those to others of still greater extent,

and so on to such as are universal." The achievements of Bacon are lucidly summarized by Henry Hallam. "This wonderful man," he says, "in sweeping round the champaign of universal science with his powerful genius, found as little to praise in the recent as in the ancient methods of investigating truth. He liked as little the empirical presumption of drawing conclusions from a partial experience, as the sophistical dogmatism which relied on unwarranted axioms and verbal chicanery. All, he thought, was to be constructed anew; the investigation of facts, their arrangement for the purposes of inquiry, and the process of eliciting from them the required truth. And for this he saw that, above all, a thorough purgation of the mind itself would be necessary, by pointing out its familiar errors, their sources, and their remedies."

Among the smaller works of Bacon, his "Essays" met, during his lifetime as well as subsequently, with the greatest popularity. They are the small coin of the great philosopher's mind, or in his own words, they "come home to men's business and bosoms, for, like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small and the silver is good." One of the noblest of these essays is that bearing the number sixteen, and entitled "Of Atheism." "I had rather believe," it begins, "all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion, that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus; for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;' it is not said, 'The fool hath thought in his heart;' so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged, that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures,

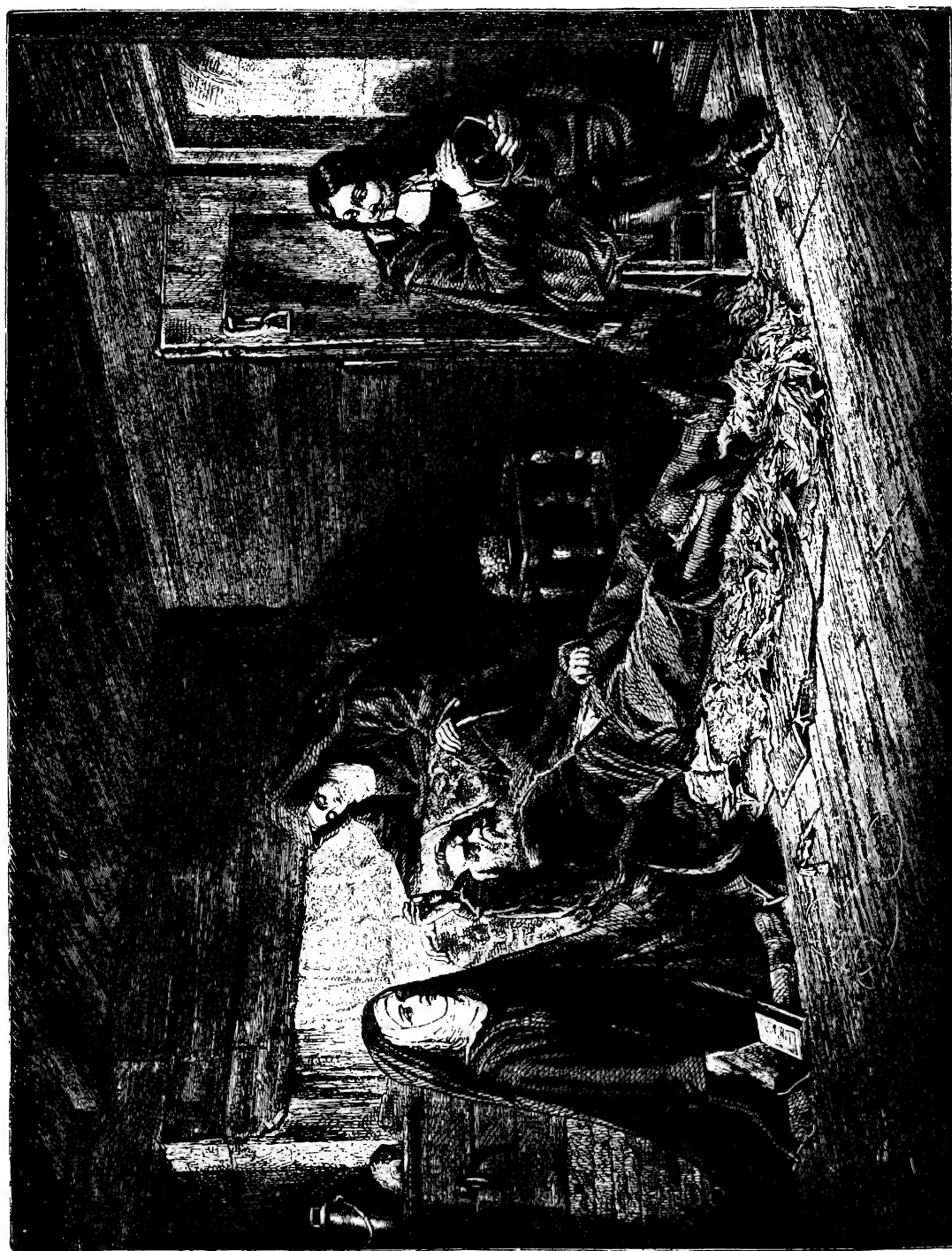
but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God; but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "Non Deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones Diis applicare profanum." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God; as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, &c., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers."

Inferior in wealth of imagination and command of expression to Shakespeare, and below Bacon in range of thought and power of analysis, yet still an author and a thinker of the first magnitude, towering high on his own pedestal of glory, stands the author of "Paradise Lost." John Milton, greatest of English poets, by universal admission, next to Shakespeare, was born in the city of London, on the 9th of December, 1608, the son of a scrivener, or notary. Of his earliest education, Milton himself says, in one of his treatises, called "the Reason of Church Government," published in 1641, "I had from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and in the schools." In 1625, when little more than sixteen, the poet went to Cambridge, where, as he records, "for seven years I studied the learning and arts wont to be taught, far from all vice, and approved by all good men, even till having taken what they call the master's degree, and that with praise, I went home." His original intention had been to enter the church, but he now changed his mind, and devoting himself to literature,



MILTON'S HOUSE AT HORTON.

he went to live for the next five years with his father, who had given up his city business, and taken a house in the quiet little village of Horton, in Buckinghamshire. "At my father's country residence,"



MILTON VISITING GALILEO IN THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION.

Milton goes on to relate, "whither he had retired in his old age, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new in mathematics and in music, in which sciences I then delighted." It was during this time he produced, among other compositions, his descriptive poems of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," his "Arcades" and his "Comus." In the spring of 1637 Milton lost his mother, and in the summer of the same year one of his most intimate friends, who was drowned off the coast of Wales, both which events affected him so much, that to get change for his grief he set off on a tour over the continent of Europe, chiefly through Italy, where he remained for more than a year. Returning home, the poet, whose means by this time had probably been very much reduced, he having never yet earned the least income for himself, took lodgings "in St. Bride's churchyard, near Fleet Street," and there set up a small school, which he removed soon after to a house in Barbican. He now began to take the most active interest in politics, writing pamphlets and larger works, all of the most decided republican character. In 1647, with diminished resources, having lost his aged father and taken unto himself a wife, Milton removed to a smaller dwelling, situate in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Still keeping up his little school, he henceforth threw himself more and more into the national struggle, going so far in his zeal as to advocate the execution of the king. While Charles stood before his judges at Westminster, Milton issued a pamphlet, which rang far and wide through the land, entitled "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant, or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death."

One of the first acts of Cromwell, after the execution of Charles, and complete remodelling of the government, was to draw Milton, with whom he had long been in friendly intercourse, nearer to his person, by appointing him foreign secretary to the Commonwealth. However, the duties of the office, involving correspondence with all the great powers of Europe, were not long carried on by the poet; and after having had a colleague put at his side, who did the chief work, he retired on a pension. For ten years Milton's sight had been gradually declining, owing, as he touchingly expressed it, to many "wearisome studies and midnight watchings," and by the close of the year 1652 it totally failed, the world before his eyes becoming "dark, dark, irrevocably dark." The blindness was brought on more immediately by the composition of a noble work upholding England's right for freedom, written in reply to a publication in the contrary sense by a Frenchman, named Claude de Saumaise, or, as he called himself, Claudius Salmasius. Though fully informed of the danger he was incurring in continuing his "midnight watchings," he resolved to make the sacrifice, and did not regret living in everlasting night when once he had given to the world his "Defensio pro populo Angli-

cano contra Claudii Salmasii defensionem regiam." Almost simultaneously with getting blind, he lost his wife, and enshrined her memory in one of his exalted sonnets.

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
"Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save;
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint—
"Came vested all in white, pure as her mind,
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shin'd
"So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, ah! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night."

The sublime work which placed Milton's name foremost in the list of the greatest poets of all ages, his "Paradise Lost," was not commenced by him till the year of the death of Oliver Cromwell, and not published till 1665. Like many another noble production of the mind that was given to the world before and after his time, the book-dealing people could not appreciate it, and all that he received for a work that cost him seven years of actual labour, and a whole lifetime of thought, was the miserable pittance of five pounds. The shopkeeper who paid this sum, and whose name went down to posterity as the "publisher" of the greatest epic poem in the English language, was one Samuel Simmons. With a greed and unscrupulousness not characteristic of the trade he represented, the man stipulated that Milton should have five pounds more at the sale of the first edition of fifteen hundred copies, and the like sum for the second, third, and every successive issue of the same number. Two editions altogether went off during the poet's lifetime, and his widow sold all further claims to keen Mr. Samuel Simmons for the sum of eight pounds.

Of the earlier poems of Milton, produced before he was afflicted with blindness, his "Allegro" and "Penseroso" met with the greatest popularity. "The choice of images," it is well said of them by Hallam, "is so judicious, their succession so rapid, the allusions are so various and pleasing, the leading distinction of the poems is so felicitously maintained, and the versification is so animated, that we may place them at the head of that long series of descriptive poems which our language has to boast." A still higher praise is awarded by the most eminent judges to some of Milton's odes, in particular to the "Hymn on the Nativity," written when he was in his twenty-first year, a student at Cambridge. It begins:—

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.
"Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

"But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

"No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

"The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

"And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

"Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

"For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

"Yea, Truth and Justice then,
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall."

According to the mature judgment of Hallam, the "Hymn on the Nativity" is the "finest ode in the English language." "A grandeur," he adds, "a simplicity, a breadth of manner, an imagination at once elevated and restrained by the subject, reign throughout it." Of Milton's poems, in general, the same critic remarks, that "they are sustained at an uniform pitch, with few blemishes of expression and scarce any feebleness, forming a striking contrast, in this respect, to all the contemporaneous poetry, except perhaps that of Waller."

Among the minor writers of the age, the last-named poet holds a high position. Edmund Waller, born at Colebrook, in Hertfordshire, in 1605, the son of a gentleman of fortune, was first cousin to John Hampden, and a near relative therefore of Cromwell, which family connection resulted in drawing him into political life at an early age. He was elected a representative to parliament for the borough of Agmondesham before he was seventeen years old, and at first, very naturally, was somewhat undecided in his views, claiming to be a great friend of national freedom, yet at the same time feeling himself powerfully drawn towards the attractions of court life, and the gifts and honours at the disposal of a smiling king, always ready to honour merit when allied to "good blood." Waller continued a member of the House of Commons throughout the reign of Charles I., and when the Long Parliament came to be summoned, had so far identified himself with the popular party, that he was appointed by the majority to conduct the prosecution against one of the judges who had espoused the cause of despotism in the great ship-money trial. At the breaking out of the civil war he played a very dubious part between Roundheads and Cavaliers, assisting the former with his speeches and the latter with his purse ; and having been sent as a parliamentary commissioner to treat with Charles at Oxford, he suffered himself to be won over by the king to engage in a scheme for his restoration, which had all the appearances of a conspiracy. It was discovered before long, and Waller, placed before a military tribunal, was condemned to death ; but through the influence of his friends the sentence was commuted to banishment for life, and payment of a fine of ten thousand pounds. After wandering about some time in the south of France and Switzerland, he settled at Paris, where he soon became noted for the splendour of his establishment, which became the resort of the wits and courtiers of the gay capital. He, in the meanwhile,

was full of activity as a poet; but his verses brought him no money, the Samuel Simmonses of the day esteeming them even less valuable than the productions of Milton. Having spent nearly the whole of his fortune, he sought and obtained permission to return to England, and in the spring of 1652 found an asylum in the secluded house of his mother, at Barnstall, near Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. To make amends for the past, the poet, while here, addressed a panegyric to the Lord Protector, considered by some the best of all his compositions. The first three verses of the address ran:—

"While with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

"Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

"Above the waves, as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress'd."

Flattering as were the verses, there was no sincerity in them. When the Commonwealth had perished, Waller was quite as ready to pay court to Charles II. as he had been to fawn upon Oliver Cromwell; and little more than a year after bewailing, in smooth rhymes, "The death of the Lord Protector," he went forth to congratulate "the king upon his majesty's happy return." This want of principle little affected the fame of Waller among his contemporaries, who looked upon him less as a politician than as the "maker and model of melodious verse." His lyrics in particular were considered as "model," and a little poem "On Love" achieved immense popularity. It may serve as a fair specimen of the higher class of what has often been designated as the "Cavalier poetry" of the age, counterpart in all respects of the lofty Puritan muse which found its chief representative in Milton.

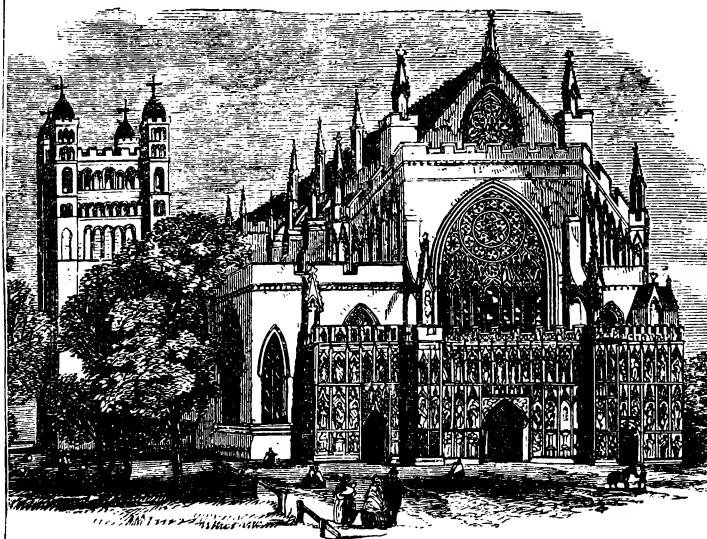
"Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse."

The "Cavalier poetry" was not, however, always soft and amorous, but could get ferocious at times, as in the famous "March of David Lesley," given in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," a striking piece of Royalist literature. It is a powerful expression of

the combined hatred and contempt of Charles's noble adherents for the humble defenders of the Covenant.

"March, march, pinks of election!
Why the devil don't you march onward in order?
March, march, dogs of redemption,
Ere the blue bonnets come over the border.
You shall preach, you shall pray,
You shall teach night and day,
You shall prevail o'er the kirk gone a whoring.
Dance in blood to the knees,
Blood of God's enemies!
The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snoring."

Theology and moral philosophy naturally formed a prominent feature in the literary activity of the period. Nevertheless, no greatly distinguished writers, specially devoted to these subjects, appeared in either branch, and the field was left, more or less, to third and fourth-rate authors. Among the most noted of these was Jeremy Taylor, who, while making himself the champion of fallen royalty and episcopacy during the Commonwealth, was nevertheless a warm advocate for tolerance, the cause of which he argued eloquently in his "Liberty of Prophesying," published in 1647. The work was composed, as he himself relates, "in adversity and want, without books or leisure;" but it had the effect of bringing him a wife of some means, in a lady passing for the illegitimate daughter of King Charles. Soon after Taylor published a "Life of Christ," which became very popular, and was followed by several works on devotion, including two tracts called "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," containing much asceticism, but fervent in spirit and noble in aspiration, and overflowing with human sympathy. Another writer, distinguished for his works on practical piety, was



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Joseph Hall, bishop, successively, of Exeter and of Norwich, whose "Art of Divine Meditation" and "Contemplations" very much resemble the publications of Jeremy Taylor, in florid style and fertility of illustration, as well as in profuse exhibition

of learning. Both authors achieved great renown among their contemporaries, but the fame of their writings was utterly dimmed and obscured by that of a single book published in the year 1649, a few days after the execution of Charles I., under the title of "Eikon Basilike; or the Portraiture of his most sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Suffering." It consisted of a series of prayers and meditations, in somewhat theatrical style, purporting to have been drawn up by the late king, upon the leading troubles of his reign. The royal authorship being universally believed in, the work was eagerly perused by the multitude, to the extent of passing through no less than fifty editions in one year. The impression made by it was so great that many ascribed to it the subsequent restoration of the Stuarts, the halo thrown in the "Eikon Basilike" around the memory of "saintly Charles" reflecting upon the very unsaintly brow of his son and successor. A vague rumour was circulated at the time, that the wonderful book had sprung from the brain of one of the leading episcopal divines; but nothing was known of its real origin till towards the year 1680, when the "merry monarch" revealed to some of his boon companions the fact that it was the clever performance of one John Gauden, who had been for some years his chaplain, and whom he had elevated afterwards to the bishopric of Exeter. Subsequent literary discoveries placed the question of Gauden's authorship beyond any manner of doubt, showing, as expressed in his own words, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, that the famous publication was "wholly and solely" his own "invention, making, and design." Nevertheless, there still remained for many generations a vast number of devout persons, adherents of the Stuart dynasty, who strenuously maintained that the pen of him whom they were pleased to call "Charles the Martyr" produced the "Eikon Basilike."

In connexion with all its other wealth of thought and of action, the great revolutionary period gave birth to a new species of literature, very insignificant at first, but destined to assume in progress of time the most gigantic proportions. The reigns of James I. and his successor brought into life the great class of periodical publications, narrators of contemporary history, and social and political guides, known by the general name of newspapers. They sprang out of pamphlets and short printed reports, giving descriptions of events that had happened either in England or abroad, demanded by public curiosity, the result of the growing intelligence of the masses. London printers brought out sheets, such as "Lamentable newes out of Monmouthshire, in Wales, containing the wonderfull and fearfull Account of the great Overflowing of the Waters of the said Countye," bearing date 1607; "Wofull newes from the West partes of England, of the burning of Tiverton," a quarto, with engraving; and "Strange newes from Lancaster, containing an account of a prodigious Monster born in the township of Addlington, in Lancashire, with two Bodies joynted to one back," headed, simply, April 13. In the course of a few years the pamphlets assumed a more definite outward shape, as well as form of contents, while the taste for "Newes" spread from home to foreign affairs. There came out "Newes from

Spaine," 1611; "Newes out of Germany," 1612; "Good Newes from Florence," 1614; "Newes from Gulick and Cleve," 1615; and "Newes from Italy," 1617; besides "Newes from Hull," "Truths from York," "Warranted Tidings from Ireland," and "Special Passages from several Places." The printed sheets were eagerly perused by the multitude, and demand producing supply, they kept on increasing in number, until almost every person of some education got into the habit of looking to them for mental food. It is illustrated in one of the comedies of Ben Jonson, produced in 1625, in which a gentleman is made to say:—

"And here I have my several rolls and files
Of newes by the alphabet; and all put up
Under their heads."

By a natural development, on the demand getting more and more settled, the supply became settled too, and before long the irregular news-pamphlet shaped itself into the regular newspaper.

The first publication of a regular series, of which copies have come down to modern times, was one headed "The Weekly Newes," the oldest known number of which bears the date of May 23, 1622. It changed its title several times, becoming in turn "The Last Newes," "Times Newes," "More Newes," and "The Newes of this present Week," but remaining the same in substance, distinguished throughout as "printed for Nathaniel Butter and William Shefford." Nathaniel Butter, most enterprising of all the "Newes" furnishers of the period, as appears from many accounts, had to overcome no few obstacles in establishing the new form of literature with which his name was connected. Besides the immense difficulty of procuring his reports, at a time when the sources of intelligence were extraordinarily scarce, he had to stand out against the prejudices of public men, and the animosity of most of the authors of the day. Ben Jonson described his customers as "hungering and thirsting after published pamphlets of news, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them, than which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, nor scorn put upon the time." The great writer was particularly savage against the "Times Newes," which he characterized as "a weekly cheat to draw money" for the benefit of Nathaniel Butter. He next breaks forth:—

"See divers men's opinions! Unto some
The very printing of them makes them news,
That have not the heart to believe anything
But what they see in print."

An enemy far more dangerous than the poets to poor Nathaniel Butter and his co-operators was the government. No sooner had the little news sheets risen to some degree of importance, when they fell under the special supervision of the executive, and censors, or "licensors," were appointed to prune, and, if necessary, annihilate any flow of literary activity that might hurt the existing order of things. During the first part of the reign of Charles I., up to 1640, these functionaries suppressed everything breathing liberal opinion, even when coming in the shape of foreign news; but on the eve of the assembling of the Long Parliament there took place a welcome change, which Nathaniel Butter notified to his patrons with much

cheerfulness. "Courteous reader," he addressed his public, in the number dated January 11, 1640, "we had thought to have given over printing our foreign avisees, for that the licenser would not oftentimes let pass apparent truth, and in other things oftentimes so crosse, and alter, which made us weary of printing; but he being vanished, and that office falling upon another, more understanding in these foraine affairs, and, as you will find, more candid, we are again, by the favour of his majesty and the state, resolved to go on printing, if we shall find the world to give a better acceptation of them than of late, by their weekly buying them." At the breaking out of the civil war the news-sheets increased to an extraordinary degree, the contending factions on either side belabouring each other with hard words at the same time that they were crossing swords. Most of the papers that now arose got the title of "*Mercury*," a word imported from France, which had its "*Mercur* d'Etat," "*Mercur* Suisse," and "*Mercur* François." The great mass of these new periodical publications, especially those issued on the Cavalier side, were of the most scurrilous kind, as expressed in the title of many of them, such as the "*Mercurius Rhadamanthus*, or chief judge of hell;" the "*Mercurius Volpone*, or the Fox;" the "*Mercurius Diabolicus*;" and the "*Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus*." With the return of more settled times, it became the necessary duty of government to stop this flood of low literature, and accordingly, in the autumn of 1647, the lords passed an ordinance prohibiting any person from "making, writing, printing, selling, publishing, &c., any book, sheet, or sheets of news whatever, except the same be licensed by both or either house of parliament, with the name of author, printer, and licenser affixed." The penalty imposed upon non-compliance with this law was forty shillings for each contravention on the writer, and twenty on the printer, and these being sums far above the capital owned by the distributors of intelligence, the crowd of the "*Mercuries*" died a natural death.

The scientific progress of the age which saw Milton born and Shakespeare die was marked by two great events, the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by Dr. Harvey, and the invention of logarithms, by Lord Napier. William Harvey, a native of Folkestone, Kent, where he was born in 1578, was one of those notable men, few in each century, who strike out new paths for the human mind, overthrowing ancient prejudices, and shedding light where all was darkness before. It is remarked by one of his biographers, with as much truth as depth and insight, that "in relation to the physics of animal bodies Harvey stands precisely in the same position as does Copernicus to the physics of the solar system: each of these great men in his own sphere gave the first rude shock to prescription and authority, and kindled the torch that has since lighted science on her way in developing the system of the universe, and in eliciting the laws of life and organization." At the time Harvey educated himself for his profession, England was far behind Italy and France in the practice of medicine, not possessing even a school for students, so that the young native of Folkestone, eager in his search after knowledge, had to turn his steps to

ancient Padua, where professors of world-wide fame taught all the mysteries of the art. Returning from thence, after a stay of five years, Harvey settled in London, and in 1609 was appointed physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital. Six years after, in 1615, he was chosen lecturer on anatomy and surgery to the college of physicians, and he then, for the first time, began to give oral expositions of his new views of the action of the heart and the circular motion of the blood through all parts of the animal body. Till this time, the liver was regarded as the origin of the veins, which alone were believed to be the real blood-vessels; while the heart was looked upon as a sort of cistern, ejecting and taking blood by expiration and inspiration, and the arteries were regarded as channels for air, or "vital spirits," which, if containing blood, held it improperly, in accidental mixture. After lecturing on his great discovery for more than ten years, meeting with far more sceptics than believers, he published it to the world in a treatise called "*Exercitationes de motu Cordis et Sanguinis*," printed at Frankfort in 1628. The book was dedicated to King Charles, whose chief physician Harvey had been for some years, and he is stated to have taken such an interest in the subject, as to engage personally in anatomical studies. Charles also furnished Harvey from the royal parks with the does he required in the observations he was pursuing upon another great subject, that of generation, and otherwise liberally assisted him in his investigations. Full of gratitude, the medical philosopher attached himself warmly to the king at the breaking out of the civil war, and was present at the battle of Edgehill. "During the fight," says the old chronicler and antiquarian, John Aubrey, "the prince [of Wales] and the duke of York were committed to his care. He withdrew with them under a hedge and read; but he had not read very long, before a bullet of a great gun fell on the ground near him, which made him remove his station." The grand struggle in which all England was engaged did not withdraw Harvey from his studies, and in the very midst of the surging hosts of Cavaliers and Roundheads he kept on making scientific experiments. He followed the king to Oxford, taking care as before of the royal offspring, but at the same time, as witnessed by Aubrey, "he had a hen set upon eggs for the study of generation." The result of these researches appeared in a great work, summed up in its contents in the epigraph, "*Omne animal ex ovo*." A few years after it had been published, in the summer of 1657, Harvey ended his active life, his memory remaining as "one of the imperishable beacons in the path of human progress."

Labouring in a sphere far removed from that of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, yet equally eminent in opening up new fields of science, was John Napier, eighth baron of Merchiston, inventor of logarithms, and greatest pure mathematician of the age. Born at Merchiston castle, near Edinburgh, in 1550, he early applied his mind to mathematics, combining with it, singularly enough, the study of prophecy. He first came forward as an author in 1593, with a book called "*A plaine discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John*," which acquired high fame, as the best and most systematic commentary on

the Apocalypse in existence; and this was followed by several mathematical publications, and, in 1614, by his great book, "*Mirifici Logarithmorum Canonis descriptio*." The work caused unbounded surprise and delight in the scientific world, as furnishing the means of easily and rapidly making computations which previously had been matters of enormous labour and difficulty, forming almost a barrier to the progress of such branches of knowledge as astronomy. One of the leading mathematicians of England, Henry Briggs, was so struck with admiration at the ideas revealed by Lord Napier, that, though near upon sixty years of age, he resolved to undertake the arduous journey from London to Edinburgh, for the express purpose of seeing the author; and he did so to the great benefit of science, his visit to Merchiston castle resulting in a valuable simplification of the new invention. The logarithms in Napier's original table were those now called "hyperbolic," which are of such a nature, that the rate at which the logarithm of a given number increases, as compared with the rate of growth of the number itself, is the reciprocal of that number. In the course of their conversations Briggs remarked to Napier that it would be far more convenient for arithmetical purposes to have a determined scale of logarithms, and that the logarithms of the powers of 10 should be whole numbers. Napier replied that he had been thinking of an improvement of a similar kind; and this led to the invention, by consultation between the two learned philosophers, of the so-called "common logarithms," in which the logarithm 10 is unity. To the English mathematician was left the honour of publishing, in 1617, the first volume of logarithmic tables constructed on this principle; and by a singular coincidence, in the same month, and almost the same day on which the book appeared, Lord Napier died.

While overflowing with mental activity, exalted in the noblest forms of literature, and not neglectful of science, England, during its stormy revolutionary period, produced very little in the fine arts. The age was too serious and solemn for the mere creation and display of things of beauty: there was no time to make pictures and statues when battles had to be fought, and no wish to build fine mansions, and furnish them with all the luxuries of industrial refinement, before the higher treasures, after which the mind was yearning, and for which men joyfully went into death, had been obtained. At the court of pedantic James I. there was no home for true art, and although his son and successor encouraged it with success at the beginning of his reign, assembling around him some of its most distinguished representatives, the greater part of the era was too agitated to

allow these attempts to take root. Victorious Puritanism, in overthrowing ancient privilege, falsehood, and superstition, overthrew likewise all that clung to it, unwilling or unable to distinguish between art and artifice, and to separate the gold from the dross. Heaven-soaring and earth-despising, the sons of Protestantism, fiercely earnest in all their aims and endeavours, protested against everything connected with the past, and while casting off the faith that had come from Italy, cast also off its arts. All the works of embellishment of royal palaces and public buildings which Charles had begun were put a stop to as soon as the Long Parliament had seized the reins of power; and from that moment England ceased to be an attractive home for the crowd of foreign artists that were basking in the sunshine of royalty. It was a matter of regret in some respects, with bad results, among others, for industrial and technical education in England, but at the same time an almost necessary consequence of the intimate connection that had arisen between the fine arts and absolutism. Rubens, greatest of all the artists of the period, hesitated not to lower his genius by engaging upon such an absurd subject as the apotheosis of James I., which he painted against the ceiling of the banqueting house of Whitehall, being paid 8000*l.* for the work; and the whole tribe of minor craftsmen imitating his example, it was but natural that they should come to be considered mere soulless servants of wealth and power. There was no Shakespeare, disdaining even to honour the memory of great Elizabeth with his pen, among the class; no Milton, bidding defiance to tyrants, and lifting up the mind from the contemplation of earthly to heavenly majesty: but from Peter Paul Rubens, down to the most obscure hanger-on of art, nothing was seen but slavish obedience to authority and infinite greed after wealth. It was this, as much as the inherent dislike of the religious reformers to vain pomp and luxury, which made art and artists despised in England for the period; and exaggerated as was the antipathy for a time, the nation as a whole was no loser by it. For a time the people of England could well spare art, running a stupendous race after things far above it. "Methinks," cried Milton, amidst the roar of the surging tide, "I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beams, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about amazed."

CHAPTER V.

History of Industry and Commerce, from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Dissolution of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1660.

THE epoch which saw the rise of the Commonwealth also witnessed the commencement of England's greatness in commerce and industry. If the fatal burthen of despotism obstructed the progress of the mind, it impeded equally, if not more, the development of material resources; and it was only when taken off that the country could hope to make use of those immense advantages due to a bounteous distribution of natural riches and an unrivalled geographical position. The truth, that no nation ever rose to commercial and industrial greatness under the fetters of arbitrary rule, was strikingly illustrated before the eyes of the world at the very moment when England began its mighty struggle for freedom. In power and riches Spain was then the foremost kingdom in the civilized world, gifted by Providence with a magnificent climate and every other bounty of nature, inhabited by a noble and energetic race, and possessing, as proud appendage, colonies of such illimitable wealth as never country owned before. Yet all this availed nothing to Spain as long as the nightmare of kingly and priestly tyranny was hanging around her neck. Amidst the huge stream of treasure flowing in upon her from the realms west of the Atlantic, she sank in poverty; under a glorious sun, and on a soil fertile beyond imagination, her people were starving; and while other nations, north and east, went on advancing, more or less rapidly, to higher forms of civilization, she visibly tottered back into the night of the Middle Ages. In marvellous contrast to the picture thus offered by great Spain, governed by an autocrat, was that of little Holland, under the guide of republican institutions. More neglected by nature than any country of record in history, a mere strip of marsh land, wrung from the sea with infinite pains, and which had to be protected against the encroachments of the mighty ocean with infinite patience and perseverance, she seemed to be destitute of all the elements of wealth and greatness, possessing nothing to indicate that she would ever be regarded as an important member in the family of European states. Yet half a century of liberty was enough to lift poor little Holland to the very first rank among the nations of the civilised world, full of industry, of opulence, and of refinement, with merchants to whom kings came as suitors, and with fleets that covered the seas from pole to pole. To imitate the example of the citizens of the United Provinces was the material task that stood before the English people when engaging in the grand revolt against absolutism.

The task was very clearly appreciated by the thinking men of the nation. Sir Walter Raleigh, foremost leader of the pioneers of England's future material greatness, laid it down with wonderful pre-

cision early in the reign of James I., in a treatise entitled, "Observations concerning the trade and commerce of England with the Dutch and other foreign nations." The paper was addressed to the insane tyrant, who, as if in reward, sent the illustrious author to the scaffold. Raleigh's treatise, which warmly advocated freedom of trade, has left to modern times by far the best account of the state of industry and commerce existing at that period. "We send into the east countries [Russia and the Baltic states] yearly but one hundred ships," he informed James, "and our trade chiefly depends on three towns there, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic, but the Low Countries send thither about three thousand ships, trading into every city and port town, vending their commodities to exceeding profit, and lading their ships with plenty of their commodities, which they have twenty per cent. cheaper than we. They send likewise into France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, about two thousand ships yearly with those east country commodities, and we none in that course. They trade into all cities and port towns of France, and we chiefly to five or six. The Low Countries have as many ships and vessels as eleven kingdoms of Christendom have, let England be one. They build every year near one thousand ships, although all their native commodities do not require one hundred ships to carry them away at once. Yet although we have all things of our own in abundance for the increase of traffic, timber to build ships, and commodities of our own to lade about one thousand ships and vessels at once, besides the great fishing, and as fast as they make their voyages might relate again, yet our ships and mariners decline, and traffic and merchants daily decay. For seventy years we had a great trade to Russia, and even about fourteen years ago we sent a store of goodly ships thither; but three years past we sent out four only, and last year but two or three ships. Whereas the Hollanders are now increased to thirty or forty ships, each as large as two of ours, chiefly laden with English cloth, herrings taken in our seas, English lead, and pewter made of our tin, besides other commodities, all which we may do better than they."

Raleigh naturally was compelled to refer with great caution to the reasons which had brought English enterprise so low as he painted it. To speak of want of liberty to the pedant despot he was addressing, would have been immediately fatal to him; and he had to content himself to point to what "those foreigners," the Dutch, were doing, as matters not entirely unworthy of consideration. He informed James, in all humility, that monopolies such as those which crushed the life out of English trade and in-

dustry, and were nevertheless being multiplied by his majesty from year to year, did not exist in the United Provinces, and that this was one of the reasons enabling the Dutch "to draw multitudes of merchants to live amongst them, and thereby enrich themselves." As another important cause of the growth of foreign, and the decay of English commerce, he ventured to hint that his majesty had committed an error in burthening merchandise that was flowing in and out of the country with heavy duties and impositions, inasmuch as trade, not only in Holland but likewise in France, appeared to flourish "by the lowness of the customs of those foreign nations." "The people of the Netherlands," said Raleigh, "imposed scarcely any tolls whatever, and even in France all nations may freely buy and sell, there being ports free of custom twice or thrice in the year, besides that at Rochelle, in Brittany, which is free of custom all the year round. Also in Denmark they freely buy and sell, excepting between Bartholomewtide and Michaelmas. The Hanse Towns imitate the Dutch in their wise regulations, and they also abound in riches and all manner of merchandize, have plenty of money, and are strong in shipping and mariners, some of their towns having near one thousand sail of ships. The Dutch and other petty states altogether engross the transportation of the merchandize of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, and the East and West Indies, all which they carry to Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and other northern parts, and bring back the bulky commodities of the northern regions into the said southern countries. Yet is England better situated than Holland for a general storehouse as aforesaid. No sooner doth a dearth happen, of wine, fish, corn, and other merchandize, in England, than forthwith the Embdeners, Hamburgers, out of their storehouses, lade fifty or a hundred ships, or more, dispersing themselves round about this kingdom, and carrying away great store of coin and wealth, thus cutting down our merchants, and decaying our navigation, not with their natural commodities, but with those of other countries. Amsterdam is never without seven hundred thousand quarters of corn, besides what is daily used, though none of it be of the growth of the country; and a dearth of only one year, in England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, is justly observed to enrich Holland for seven years after." Raleigh concludes, feeling his way more and more to the point he wished to impress upon the British Solomon, "That unless there be a scarcity, or high prices, all merchants avoid the parts where great impositions are on merchandize, which places are usually slenderly shipped, ill-served, and at dear rates, often in scarcity, and in want of employment for their people. Whereas the low duties of the wise states beforenamed draw all traffic unto them, and the great liberty allowed to strangers makes a continual mart."

The wise counsels of Raleigh were utterly thrown away upon the worthless king to whom they were tendered. James not only did nothing to lessen the heavy weight of oppression under which both the commerce and industry of the country were decaying, but did all he could to increase it to the utmost extent. During the whole of his reign, monopolies,

trade restrictions, import and export duties, and other burthens upon national activity and free intercourse, kept on augmenting with fatal rapidity, till at last it seemed as if England was fast approaching the material condition of Spain. Whatever persons were able and willing to bribe the temporary favourites of the imbecile monarch, were sure to obtain any monopolies which they deemed would lead to the making of their own fortunes, although they might be totally destructive of the public interest. To a small company of merchant adventurers of Exeter, James granted the exclusive privilege, in reference to their fellow-citizens, of trading with France; while upon another corporation he conferred the sweeping monopoly of acting as sole merchants within the important town of Southampton, all individuals not belonging to the guild being strictly forbidden either to buy or sell anything there. There was scarcely an article of general use, either produced at home or coming from abroad, the sale and distribution of which had not been made over to some hanger-on at court, who taxed it for his personal benefit, in addition to any impost his majesty might choose to levy thereon. The few parliaments which were called together while the miserable reign of James lasted made great but vain efforts to stop the evil, their labours in this respect being invariably counteracted by the shrewd courtiers interested in the monopoly system, who induced their master, whenever the clamour about any particular subject became very loud, to lighten the weight thereon, but, to compensate himself and them for the loss, to put it threefold upon other articles. When, in 1621, an earnest petition had been sent in by the House of Commons for the abolition, on the ground of illegality, of "the patents of gold and silver thread, of inns and alehouses, of horse-meat, starch, cards, tobacco-pipes, salt, train-oil," and a number of other articles, the king solemnly declared that he would "strike them all dead;" but in the end the "striking dead" was confined to three monopolies, and these, too, soon came to life again. Under such a government, it was less a wonder that trade and industry did not flourish, but that they did live at all.

Though small as compared with the commerce of the Netherlands, and very far below what it might have been if not broken by despotism, the trade of England with foreign nations was yet of considerable value towards the middle of the reign of James I. According to the statement of Edward Misselden, an eminent merchant, who published a book entitled the "Circle of Commerce," the total exports of the kingdom in the year 1613, or, as given by the author, "between Christmas 1612 and Christmas 1613," were of the estimated worth of 2,090,640*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*, while the total imports amounted to 2,141,151*l.* 10*s.* As chief articles of export, woollen goods, tin, lead, and pewter, are mentioned, while among imported merchandize are distinguished, woven silks, "Venice gold and silver stuffs," Spanish wines, and linen fabrics. The amount of customs duties levied by the king on these exports and imports is set down at 148,075*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, the former producing nearly two-thirds of this sum, thus pressing in a most unwise manner upon the development of the natural re-

sources of the country. As a singular fact, Misselden states that London paid nearly thrice the amount to the customs as all the rest of England together. It is reported that there were paid by the traders of London, in the year 1613, in export duties 61,322*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.*, and in import duties 48,250*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*, making a total of 109,572*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* At the whole of the other shipping places, the sums collected amounted to 25,471*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.* for exports, and 13,030*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* for imports, or altogether to only 38,502*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* The cause of this extraordinary superiority of London over the rest of the kingdom, was that nearly the whole trade of England, or at least the most valuable part of it, was carried on by a few great mercantile associations, at the head of which stood the East India Company, dating its charter from Queen Elizabeth, and the Levant, or Turkey Company, started in the first years of the reign of James; and that these, having established their seat in the capital, attracted to it the mass of merchandize sent to or brought from foreign nations. These great corporations, though they did much towards fostering commerce when in its infancy, nevertheless often impeded it not a little by the upholding of their exclusive privileges, as well as by their never-ending quarrels and jealousies. The East India and the Levant Company, in particular, allowed their rivalry to drive them constantly into acts against their own, no less than against the national interest, owing to the ill-defined character of their respective monopolies. It was one of the many bad results, and not the least immaterial, springing out of the unwise interference with the natural development of trade.

In the course of the disputes between the two leading mercantile associations of the reign of James, an active paper warfare was carried on, which led to the publication of many interesting details regarding the trade of England during that period. Among others, a small pamphlet, called "The Trade's Increase," by an anonymous writer, was published in 1615, in the interest of the Levant Company, accusing their rivals of the attempt to engross the whole foreign commerce of the country, which led to a long rejoinder by one of the most eminent political writers of the day, Sir Dudley Digges, a partner in the East India corporation, and kinsman of the chief governor, Sir Thomas Smith. To contradict the assertion that the merchants of the East India Company were expanding their transactions at a rate dangerous to the interests of other "adventurers," Sir Dudley furnished in his book, which he called "The Defence of Trade," the exact statistics of the association. He began by giving a list of all the ships possessed by the company from the beginning till the year 1615, numbering twenty-four, of which he stated four had been lost, while twenty were still in use; the largest of them of one thousand one hundred tons burthen, the next of one thousand and sixty, another of nine hundred, another of eight hundred, and the rest from six hundred down to one hundred and fifty tons. Sir Dudley then went on: "Our East India Company's greatest stock [value of goods and treasure exported] in any one year was but 36,000*l.*, and yet the nation saves annually 70,000*l.* in the prices of pepper, cloves, mace, and nutmegs, merely for home

consumption. Of the said spices we imported last year [1614] to the value of 218,000*l.*, besides indigo, calico, benjamin, aloes, and other articles—a considerable addition this to the national stock; to which should be added the king's customs, and also the employment given to ships and mariners." The author of the "Defence of Trade" next summed up the value of the exports of the East India Company transactions for the year 1614. "In bays, kersies, and broad cloths," he says, "to the kingdom's best advantage, 14,000*l.*; lead, iron, and foreign merchandize, 10,000*l.*; ready money in all the ships, and which was less than is allowed by the charters, 12,000*l.*, which makes a total of 36,000*l.* Besides this, their shipping and furniture cost the company, in fitting out, 34,000*l.*, and for victuals and other extraordinary charges, 30,000*l.*, being altogether 100,000*l.*" Referring again to his statement that the nation, through the instrumentality of his corporation, was saving annually 70,000*l.* in the cost of spices, Sir Dudley went closer into the matter of the sale of this description of merchandize. "Besides cinnamon," he writes, "the company compute that we annually consume, at home, the following quantities of spices, viz., of pepper, formerly 8*s.*, now but 2*s.* per pound, 450,000 pounds weight; of cloves, 50,000, of mace, 15,000, and of nutmegs, 100,000 pounds weight, being a total of 615,000 pounds weight." No mention is made of tea, which article, therefore, was probably not yet an item of any note in the company's imports.

The anonymous author of "The Trade's Increase" replied to Sir Dudley Digges' work, in a new pamphlet, which furnished some very notable particulars about the general commerce of England. "We trade," he says, "to Naples, Genoa, Leghorn, Marseilles, and Malaga, with only twenty ships, chiefly with herrings; and thirty sail more, laden with pipe staves, from Ireland. To Portugal and Andalusia we send twenty ships for wines, sugar, fruit, and West India drugs. To Bourdeaux, we send sixty ships and barks for wines. To Hamburg and Middelburgh, thirty-five ships are sent by our Merchant Adventurers' Company. To Dantzic and Konigsberg we send yearly about thirty ships, viz., six from London, six from Ipswich, and the rest from Hull, Lynn, and Newcastle; but the Dutch send many more. To Norway we send not above five ships, and the Dutch above forty, and great ships too." All this the author thinks discouraging, and he dwells with satisfaction only upon a special branch of national and international traffic, newly risen, that in coals. "Our Newcastle coal trade," he writes, "employs four hundred sails of ships, viz., two hundred for supplying of London, and two hundred more for the rest of England. And besides our own ships, hither, even to the mine's mouth, come all our neighbouring nations with their ships continually, employing their own shipping and mariners. I doubt not whether, if they had such a treasure themselves, they would not employ their own shipping solely therein. The French sail thither in whole fleets of fifty sail together, serving all their ports of Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany, even as far as Rochelle and Bourdeaux. And the ships of

Bremen, Embden, Holland, and Zealand, supply those of Flanders, whose shipping is not great, with our coals." Then he goes on to fisheries. "Our Iceland fishery," we learn, "employs one hundred and twenty ships and barks of our own. The Newfoundland fishery has one hundred and sixty small ships; and our Greenland whale fishery, fourteen ships. Yet all our fisheries are nothing to those of other countries, and it would be well to help them on, by reason of the immense profit of the Dutch from their fishery, in which have been numbered, in sight, two thousand sail of busses, employing thirty-seven thousand fishermen, going out to sea at once." The figures here given seem very large, but their truth is amply confirmed by the minute investigation of Sir Walter Raleigh, and in turn, by the statements of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of the United Provinces, who, in a book called "The Interest of Holland," quoted Sir Walter as the best authority on Dutch industry and trade, especially the fisheries.

"The greatest fishing that ever was known in the world," says Raleigh, "is upon the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but the great fishery there is carried on by the Low Countries, and other petty states, wherewith they serve themselves and all Christendom. Into four towns on the Baltic, viz., Königsberg, Elbing, Stettin, and Dantzic, there are carried and vended in a year between thirty and forty thousand lasts of herrings, which, being sold but at fifteen, or sixteen pounds the last, is about six hundred and twenty thousand pounds; and we send none thither. To Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the ports of Riga, Revel, Narva, and other ports of Livonia, there are carried by the Dutch and vended above ten thousand lasts of herrings, worth one hundred and seventy thousand pounds; and we send none at all to those countries. The Hollanders send into Russia near one thousand five hundred lasts of herrings, sold at about thirty shillings per barrel, or at twenty-seven thousand pounds; and we send thither only about twenty or thirty lasts. To Staden, Hamburg, Bremen, and Embden, are carried and vended of fish and herrings about six thousand lasts, sold at about one hundred thousand pounds; and we none at all. To Cleves and Juliers, up the Rhine to Cologne, and Frankfort on the Main, and so over all Germany, are carried and vended, of fish and herrings, near twenty-two thousand lasts, sold at twenty pounds per last, or at four hundred and forty thousand pounds; and we send none. Up the river Meuse to Maestrecht, and Liege, and to Venloo, Zutphen, Deventer, Campen, Swoll, and other towns, are sent about seven thousand lasts of herrings, at twenty pounds per last, or at one hundred and forty thousand pounds; and we send none at all. To Guelderland, Artois, Hainault, Brabant, Flanders, Antwerp, and up the Scheld, all over the Archduke's countries, are carried and vended between eight and nine thousand lasts, at eighteen pounds per last, or at one hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds; and we send none. The Hollanders, and others, carry off of all sorts of herrings, to Rouen alone, in one year, besides other parts of France, about five thousand lasts, at one hundred thousand pounds; and we not one hundred lasts." Summing up the dif-

ferent items here enumerated, Sir Walter Raleigh arrives at the fact that the fishermen of the United Provinces carry away from the coast of the British Isles, "greatest fishing ground that ever was known in the world," not less than one million and three quarter pounds sterling worth of produce every year. "Surely," he finishes by exclaiming, "the stream is necessary to be turned to the good of this kingdom, to whose sea coasts alone God hath sent these great blessings, and immense riches for us to take. And that any nation should carry away out of this kingdom yearly great masses of money, for fish taken in our seas, and sold again by them to us, must needs be a great dishonour to our nation, and hindrance to this realm."

All the suggestions made, by Raleigh and other writers, to expand English commerce by taking off its fetters, were systematically disregarded by James I., and his rule, from the first to the last day of his reign, was marked by a policy of restriction constantly growing in intensity. Every year brought forth new edicts conferring monopolies and special privileges upon favoured individuals, and hampering, if not destroying, branches of national industry; while, when not so engaged, the king managed to accomplish the same end under the endeavour, real or pretended, of fostering the nation's welfare. In 1622, three years before his death, he prohibited the exportation of all gold and silver, whether in coin, plate, jewelry, bullion, or any other shape, and at the same time restricted the manufacture of the precious metals, on the ground that their use encouraged luxury. The same year a proclamation was made forbidding the wear

of too costly garments; no persons were allowed to dress in "cloth of gold or silver, nor have gold and silver lace on their cloaths, nor velvets, sattins, or other silk stuffs," except noblemen, privy councillors, and other high officials, and persons possessing an annual income of six thousand marks, or about three hundred and fifty pounds sterling. The harvest of 1622 having been bad, and being followed by great dearth of victuals in London, the British Solomon, towards the end of the year, sent his commands to the whole of the lords spiritual and temporal, and all gentlemen owning estates, to leave the capital forthwith and spend the Christmas in their several country houses, there to keep open table, "which is now the more needful as this is a time of scarcity and dearth." In a second proclamation, equally imprinted with royal wisdom, James ordered all those he had driven from London not only to remain at their country seats



GENTLEWOMAN—JAMES I.

"in the said Christmas time," but afterwards, until his further pleasure be known. Widows and ladies "of distinction" were also included in this decree, and lords and gentlemen, compelled by business to go to the capital, were ordered to leave their families behind, so that food might be cheapened. However, victuals refused to go down in price, and therefore the king, at the commencement of 1623, issued a fresh decree, in the manner and style of the former ones, strictly prohibiting all his subjects from eating flesh in Lent, or on "fish days," because there was not meat enough "for the maintenance of the navy and shipping, a principal strength of this island," and also "for the sparing and increasing of flesh victuals." Next, James fixed the price of the chief articles of food; then interdicted once more the export of gold and silver, in whatever form; and after that fixed the rate of interest, which had been generally twelve or fifteen per cent., at eight per cent. The last edict relating to commerce passed by James, issued but a few weeks before his death, was against the importation of tobacco from any part of the world except from the newly-settled colonies of Virginia and the Bermudas, or Somers' Islands. "Whereas," decreed his majesty, "We have, upon all occasions, made known Our dislike of the use of tobacco in general, as tending to the corruption both of the health and manners of our people; nevertheless, because We have been often and earnestly importuned by many of Our loving subjects, planters and adventurers in Virginia and the Somer Isles, that, as these colonies are yet but in their infancy, and cannot be brought to maturity unless We will be pleased, for a time, to tolerate unto them the planting and vending the tobacco of their own growth: We have condescended to their desires, and do therefore hereby strictly prohibit the importation of any tobacco from beyond sea, or from Scotland, into England and Ireland, other than from our colonies before named, and, moreover, We strictly prohibit the planting of any tobacco, either in England or Ireland." The sense that dictated this last of his decrees characterized the whole arbitrary legislation of James. He put a barrier to a great branch of trade, first, to please himself, and, secondly, to please some "importunate" individuals. The traffic in tobacco was made a monopoly in order that Virginian planters might make fortunes, and, still more, because of "Our dislike of the use of tobacco."

The commercial policy of Charles differed not in the least from that of his predecessor, but in part almost outdid it in irrationality. Many of the decrees of Charles, interfering with trade and setting up monopolies, were, even in form, mere copies of similar ones issued by James; a fact quaintly explained by Adam Anderson, in his "Origin of Commerce," in the remark that, "the son was so much a transcript of the father that we must not wonder at their proclamations having so great a resemblance." However, "transcript" as the second Stuart king of England was of the first, there was, nevertheless, a great dissimilitude between them in some respects, and in none more so than in that the father desired peace above all things, and the son showed constant readiness to rush into war, whether with foreign

nations or with his own subjects. It was curiously characteristic of the two reigns, that while the last mercantile edict of James concerned itself with the use of tobacco, the first of Charles had reference to the making of gunpowder. In the spring of 1625, almost immediately after his accession, the king sent forth a strange proclamation, "for the maintenance and increase of the saltpetre mines of England, and for the necessary and important manufacture of gunpowder," prescribing under high penalties all details to be observed in the manufacture and sale of the two articles. "Our realm," his majesty noticed and commanded, "naturally yields sufficient mines of saltpetre, without depending on foreign parts: wherefore, for the future, no dove-house shall be paved with stone, bricks, nor boards, lime, sand, nor gravel, nor any other thing whereby the growth or increase of the mine of saltpetre may be hindered, or impaired; but the proprietors shall suffer the floor or ground thereof, as also all stables where horses stand, to lye open with good and mellow earth, apt to breed increase of the said mine of saltpetre; and let none hinder and deny any saltpetre-man, lawfully deputed thereto, from digging, taking, or working any ground which by commission may be taken and wrought for saltpetre. Neither shall any constable, or other officer, neglect to furnish any such saltpetre-men with convenient carriages, that the king's service suffer not. None shall bribe any saltpetre-man for the sparing and forbearing any ground fit to be wrought for saltpetre. All dove-houses and other places digged for saltpetre, must, when the earth thereof is wrought over, be laid smooth again, as before. And no saltpetre shall be exported, neither be sold at home to any but the king's powder-maker, who shall not receive for any powder sold by him, to any of the king's subjects, above ten pence per pound weight." Thus, to get the chief material of war, the king seemed to rely mainly upon doves, the emblems of peace.

However, the doves, after all, did not answer his majesty's expectations. Eighteen months after the issue of his first decree about gunpowder, Charles published a second, revoking all, or nearly all, that he had ordered before. It was said in the new proclamation "that the practice of making saltpetre in England, by digging up the floors of dwelling-houses, dove-houses, stables, and other inhabited places, tends too much to the grievance of the king's subjects, and that, notwithstanding all the trouble and charge attending this method, the undertakers cannot furnish this realm with one third part of the saltpetre requisite, especially in time of war, when most wanted, as the earth of itself is not able to engender the matter whereof saltpetre is made in many years, without the aid of artificial means for enriching the earth; and yet the necessity of the present times requires so much to be made as would so impoverish the earth that in a short time we should be utterly destitute of that inestimable treasure. Whereupon Sir John Brooke and Thomas Russell have proposed to us to make such quantities of saltpetre as our realms shall want, and also to supply foreign nations therewith, by a new invention of their own, of which they have given demonstrative

proof, and for which we have already granted them an exclusive patent. And as these patentees now want nothing but leave to collect a sufficient quantity of urine for their said manufacture of saltpetre, at their own charge, the king therefore commands all his subjects in London and Westminster, near to the place where the said patentees have already erected a work for the making of saltpetre, that, after notice given to them respectively, they carefully keep in proper vessels all human urine, throughout the whole year, and also as much of that of beasts as can be saved, for the patentees to carry away from time to time." It was remarkable in this proclamation, as contrasted with the preceding one on the same subject, that while, on his accession to the throne, Charles spoke of "the necessary and important manufacture of gunpowder," a year and a half after, the same had already become in his mind an "inestimable treasure."

The patents referred to in the royal decree as given to Sir John Brooke and Thomas Russell, for the manufacture of saltpetre, were specimens of many similar ones, granted in this and the preceding reign, all more or less oppressive monopolies. Upon one of his courtiers, Sir Sackville Crowe, Charles conferred the exclusive right of manufacturing "iron cannon, cast within our forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, or elsewhere;" while to a city merchant who had lent him money, Philip Burlamach, he gave the equally exclusive privilege to sell the cannon thus made. In the third year of his reign, he confirmed "the starch-makers' company monopoly, established by King James," and soon after he interdicted "the importation of French wines, for a limited period, on complaint of the merchants and vintners that the quantity thereof remaining unsold was so large that they could not carry on their business without such a temporary prohibition." The grants of patents of invention, for the term of fourteen years, also became rather numerous. Patents were given, among others, for "the sole making of an engine for the more easy cutting of timber;" for "engines for draining of marsh lands;" for "a medicine for preserving the sheep from rot;" for "an engine for the safe transportation of horses and cattle from Ireland into England, and from England to Ireland;" for "the sole making of stone pots, jugs, and bottles, according to the new invention of Thomas Rouse and Abraham Cullyn;" for "draining of water out of mines, and for making of guns, great and small;" for "the making of steele, according to the invention of Thomas Letsome;" and for "rendering of sea-coal and pit-coal as useful as charcoal for burning in houses, without offence by the smell or smoke, according to the invention of Sir John Hacket and Octavius de Strada." More notable than either of these were four patents of protection, or "special licences," accorded, in the year 1618, to David Ramsey and Thomas Wildgosse, "for the sole use and benefit of certain discoveries and inventions." The patents were, first, "for ploughing of land without horses or oxen;" secondly, "for improving of barren grounds;" thirdly, "for raising of water from any low place to the houses of noblemen and gentlemen, and to cities and towns;" and, fourthly, "to make boats for the carriage of

burdens and passengers, to run upon the water as swift in calms, and more fast in storms, than boats full sailed in great winds." If these purported inventions had any existence at all, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that David Ramsey and Thomas Wildgosse were thinking, two centuries before Watt and Stephenson, of making steam the handmaiden of civilization.

An interesting glance at the relative wealth, arising from industrial prosperity, of the various counties of England, shortly before the great revolt, is given by the memorable act of Charles, of the year 1635, decreeing the imposition of "ship-money." The document, based apparently on a recent survey of the kingdom, specified with great minuteness the size and burthen of the ships, with number of men, which each district should furnish, or, what the king really aimed at, the money equivalent. The counties first in the list in the value of assessment were Yorkshire, ordered to contribute to the king's wants 1,200 tons worth of shipping, with 480 men, and Devonshire, assessed at 900 tons, and 360 men; next came Lincolnshire, Somerset, Kent, Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, each of which was commanded to furnish 800 tons, and 320 men; Wilts, with 700 tons, and 290 men, followed; then Cornwall, with 650 tons, and 260 men; after that Hants and Northamptonshire, each with 600 tons, and 240 men; and then Gloucestershire, and Middlesex, exclusive of London, but inclusive of Westminster, with 550 tons, and 220 men. Assessed at 500 tons, and 200 men, were Dorsetshire, Northumberland, and Sussex; at 450 tons, and 180 men, Leicestershire, Bucks, and Salop; at 400 tons, and 160 men, Herts, Hereford, Berks, Worcester, and Warwickshire; at 350 tons, and 140 men, Cambridge, Oxfordshire, Notts, Derbyshire, and Lancashire; at 300 tons, and 120 men, Bedfordshire; at 200 tons, and 80 men, Hunts, Staffordshire, Durham county, and the city of Bristol; at 150 tons, and 60 men, Monmouthshire; and, finally, at the lowest rate, 100 tons, and 40 men, Rutlandshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. The city of London was to furnish 1,600 tons, and 640 men, under a separate assessment, very moderate in comparison with former taxes levied by the king, which was due, probably, to the fact of Charles being afraid of the resistance of the capital to his illegal impost. In computing the money equivalent of the ships of which he professed to be in want, the king laid it down that each ton of shipping should be compensated for by ten pounds sterling, which simple regulation went far to facilitate the use of the multiplication table. For four years, the full amount of the tax, about 200,000*l.* per annum, was paid into the royal exchequer, to the delight of the infatuated monarch, who little dreamt that the phantom ships he was raising would float him on to the scaffold.

The same year which saw the imposition of "ship-money" was made remarkable by another occurrence of note, the establishment of regular postal intercourse within the realm. By a proclamation issued in the summer of 1635, and given at length in the nineteenth volume of Rymer's "*Fœdera Conventiones Literæ*," the king notified that "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the

kingdoms of England and Scotland, he now commanded his Postmaster of England for Foreign Parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day, between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town in or near that road." Charles likewise commanded "that by-posts be placed at several places out of the road, to bring and carry out the letters from and to Lincoln, Hull, and other places, and to pay post for the carrying the said letters, in manner to pay two pence the single letter if under eighty miles, and four pence between eighty and one hundred and forty miles, and six pence if above one hundred and forty miles; and upon the borders of Scotland, and in Scotland, eight pence; and in this proportion for double letters and packets. The like rule shall also be observed to West-Chester, Holyhead, and thence to Ireland; also to Plymouth, Exeter, and other towns on the West road. And, so soon as possible, the like conveyance shall be settled to Oxford, Bristol, and other places on the road." Finally, the king ordered "that the three first-named conveyances, viz.; from London to Edinburgh, to Chester, and to Holyhead, and to Plymouth and Exeter, shall begin the first week after Michaelmas next: two pence half-penny per mile to be paid on the roads to the several postmasters for every single horse carrying the said letters. No other messengers, nor foot posts, shall carry any letters, but those alone which shall be employed by the King's Postmaster-general, unless to such places whither the King's posts do not go, excepting common known carriers, or messengers particularly sent on purpose, or else a letter by a friend." Commenting upon this decree, Adam Anderson, in the "Origin of Commerce," remarks, "It was the increase of England's foreign commerce, augmenting her domestic commerce and correspondence, which rendered the further extending the post carriage of letters absolutely requisite. It is indeed somewhat strange that, trade being, even before this time, got to a considerable height, these posts were not sooner established. On the other hand, it is possible that King Charles's necessities might put him upon this extension of post carriage sooner than otherwise might have happened."

Interrupted for a time, though not to any great extent, by the civil war, the commerce and industry of the country made immense strides during the period of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. The destruction of the bulk of those tyrannical limits placed by the Stuart kings and their predecessors in the way of a free extension of trade was in itself sufficient to mark a new era for it, the prosperity of which was naturally accelerated by the whole moral, social, and political progress of the nation. Both the wants and the activity of the people increased on their being raised to a state of higher social development, free from the trammels of religious and political despotism, which, while it had benumbed the mental faculties, had likewise thrown its cold shade over the more physical aims and strivings of men. There was little incitement to use hands and brains for the production of useful things, and the augmentation of wealth and the comforts of existence, as long as life

itself, and all that made life endurable, was at the mercy of autocrats obeying no law, and acknowledging no responsibility, but pretending to hold their power from heaven, and to stand forth as emanations of the Almighty. Commerce and industry, quite as much if not more, than political and religious aspirations, felt the benumbing weight of absolutism, the same "royal prerogative" which insisted upon directing the faith of the people, and fixing constitutional landmarks, claiming, in still louder tone of authority, the right to impose customs duties, to open and shut harbours, to establish monopolies of all kinds, and to divert from its ordinary channels, or even, if so willed, to destroy, any form of national activity. To leave no doubt about their pretensions in this respect, James I. as well as his successor asserted them constantly in their proclamations; the former, moreover, inciting his attorney-general, Sir John Davis, to write and dedicate to him a legal treatise, proving the unlimited power of the sovereign to regulate and adjust, at his own will and pleasure, all matters whatsoever concerning trade and industry. In his book, entitled "The question concerning Impositions, Tonnage, Poundage, &c., &c., fully stated and argued from Reason, Law, and Policy," Sir John, leaning upon the strength of a mountain of precedents, boldly asserted "That, by virtue of ancient prerogative inherent to his crown, the king of England may justly and lawfully set impositions upon merchandize, and may limit and rate the quantity and proportion thereof, by his own wisdom and discretion, without any acts of parliament." It was the precise doctrine maintained with success, under the assistance of a good standing army, by the king of Spain; and acted upon perseveringly for any length of time would have not failed to make England another Spain.

The immense development of trade and industry that took place immediately after the fall of the arbitrary government under which the nation had been suffering, was marked in a very peculiar manner by the rise of a new class of institutions, essential in the functions of well-regulated commerce, the establishments known as banks. During the whole of the reign of James, and the greater part of that of his predecessor, up to the year of the assembling of the Long Parliament, the wealthy merchants of London had been in the habit of putting their money and bullion in the royal mint, in the Tower, which seemed to them the place of greatest safety that could be found for treasure, and from which they withdrew it as required. But Charles, in the summer of 1640, rudely disturbed the sense of security in his mint by laying hands upon a sum of two hundred thousand pounds lodged there by the denizens of the capital, under no better excuse than that he wanted the sum as a loan, and would repay it in course of time. From that moment, very naturally, not another ounce of gold or silver found its way from the city into the Tower, and to guard their cherished riches, the moneyed people of London had recourse to all sorts of shifts and contrivance. "The traders and merchants generally," says a contemporary writer, "for a few years trusted their cash with their servants, until the breaking out of the civil war, when it was very customary for their apprentices and clerks to leave

their masters, and go into the army. Whereupon, in such unsettled times, merchants, not longer daring to confide in their apprentices, began, first, about this year 1645, to lodge their necessary cash in goldsmiths' hands, both to receive and pay for them; until which time, the whole and proper business of London goldsmiths was to buy and sell plate, and foreign coins of gold and silver, to melt and cull them, to coin some at the mint, and with the rest to supply the refiners, plate-makers, and merchants, as they found the price to vary." Thus, by an easy and natural movement, which had precedents in other countries, such as the republic of Venice and the Netherlands, where jewellers, dealers in bullion, and money lenders, had become bankers, or deposit holders of cash for the public, the ancient guild of the goldsmiths threw out a new branch, destined to grow in course of time into a mighty stem, for overshadowing the parent tree.

Of the progress of banking in the next twenty or thirty years after it had been established, a curious account is given in a small pamphlet of eight quarto pages by an anonymous writer, published in 1676, and entitled "The Mystery of the new-fashioned Goldsmiths, or Bankers, discovered." After giving a sketch of the manner in which the London goldsmiths became the depositaries of the funds of their fellow-citizens, the author proceeds: "And this new banking business soon grew very considerable. It happened, in those times of civil commotion, that the Parliament, out of the plate, and from the old coin brought into the mint, coined seven millions into half-crowns, and there being no mills then in use at the mint, this new money was of a very unequal weight, sometimes twopence and threepence difference in an ounce; and most of it was, as it seems, heavier than it ought to have been in proportion to the value in foreign parts. Of this the goldsmiths made naturally the advantages usual in such cases, by picking out or culling the heaviest, and melting them down and exporting them. It happened also that our gold coins were too weighty, and of these also they took the like advantage. Moreover, such merchants' servants as still kept their masters' running cash had fallen into a way of clandestinely lending the same to the goldsmiths, at fourpence per cent. per diem, who, by these and such-like means, were enabled to lend out great quantities of cash to necessitous merchants and others, weekly or monthly at high interest, and also began to discount the merchants' bills at the like or an higher rate of interest. And, much about the same time, the goldsmiths, or new-fashioned bankers, began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates, remitted to town, and to allow them, and others who put cash into their hands, some interest for it, if it remained but for a single month in their hands, or even a lesser time. This was a great allurements for people to put their money into their hands, which would bear interest till the day they wanted it. And they could also draw it out by one hundred pounds, or fifty pounds, or less at a time, as they wanted it, with infinitely less trouble than if they had lent it out on either real or personal security. The consequence was that it quickly brought a great quantity of cash into their hands, so that the chief or

greatest of them were now enabled to supply Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, as his occasions required, upon great advantages to themselves."

The "great advantages" were so visible, indeed, as to engender a general wish to participate in them, and a vast number of schemes relating to the establishment of banks and of banking associations sprang up during the Commonwealth. Among those that attracted the greatest attention was a project brought forth by one William Potter, and advocated by him in a treatise with the alluring title of "The Key of Wealth," for the foundation of a "Land Bank." William Potter, a man evidently in advance of his time, proposed to free land from the fetters of old feudal legislation, and to turn it into convertible wealth, changing hands like gold, diamonds, or other personal property. The "Land Bank" was to be a state establishment, and, by the details of the scheme, "all payments above twenty pounds should by law be directed to be made in bank credit," while, as to its organisation, "besides the principal bank in London, there should be at least one hundred subordinate banks in different parts of England, all centering in the said capital bank of London, which has, for the support of its credit, the general mortgage of lands, for which the mortgagee should have credit in bank to the full value of his land." It was believed that the Lord Protector was favourable to this scheme, which, however, was not proceeded with. If carried out, it might have produced a revolution of astounding magnitude, upsetting the whole framework of English society.

The vast development of commerce during the middle of the seventeenth century, exhibited, as much as in anything else, in the foundation of banks and credit institutions, acting both as receivers and as distributors of newly-risen streams of wealth, was accompanied by an equal progress of industry. Many improvements were made, as well in the reigns of James and Charles as for the next dozen years of republican government, in the production of textile fabrics. The art of dyeing wool was introduced by Dutch and Flemish artisans in London and at various places in the eastern counties, while the weaving trade likewise made great advances, so that English cloth, which previously had been of a coarse kind, manufactured chiefly for home consumption, came to be largely exported, being acknowledged equal to the best broadcloths of the Continent. An equally important branch of industry, the cotton manufacture, was planted in the kingdom in the early part of the period, cotton wool being imported from Turkey by the Levant Company, and used at Manchester in the production of so-called "mixed goods," that is, of fabrics in which the warp was composed of linen, and the weft of cotton. The manufacture of silk, brought over from France and Italy, likewise attracted much attention, and great exertions were made, by foreigners as well as natives, to establish it firmly in England. In 1608, King James, impelled by a momentary fancy, took it under his protection, and to encourage the growth of the mulberry, sent thousands of young plants all over the country. The culture of mulberry-trees thereupon became the fashion, followed, among others, by the great poet of that and of all ages, whose

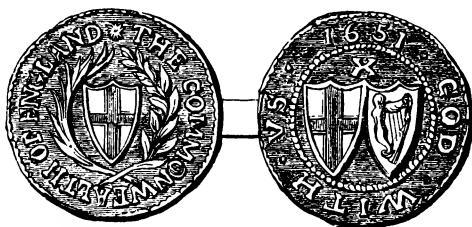
hands, if tradition can be believed, set one of James's plants in a garden of his native Stratford-on-the-Avon, to serve as point of pilgrimage for future generations of admirers.

However, though the mulberries grew well, the breeding of the worms did not succeed, and raw silk had to be imported from abroad, being found much better and cheaper than the home produce. In 1630, the silk manufacture, chiefly established in London, had so far increased that King Charles deemed it requisite to bring it within the reach of his proclamations. "The trade of silk within this realm," his majesty notified, "hath much increased, within a few years past, by the importation thereof raw from foreign parts, and throwing, dyeing, and working the same into manufactures here at home. But a fraud in the dyeing thereof being lately discovered, by adding to the weight of silk in the dye beyond a just proportion, by a false and deceitful mixture of the ingredients used in dyeing, whereby also the silk is weakened and corrupted, and the colour made worse. Wherefore we strictly command that no silk dyer do hereafter use any slip, alder-bark, filings of iron, or other deceitful matter, in dyeing of silk, either black or coloured; that no silk shall be dyed of any other black but Spanish black, and not of the dye called London black; neither shall they dye any silk before the gum be fair boiled-off from the silk, being raw." By dint of many other regulations of the same kind, Charles succeeded in compressing the new manufacture within narrow limits; but it underwent an extraordinary development as soon as his rule had come to an end, and by the year 1660 the company of silk throwsters in the metropolis had come to employ about forty thousand workpeople. The greater number of these were Huguenot refugees, the flower of the population of France, driven by religious persecution from their homes, and repaying the hospitality offered to them in the land of their settlement by founding new arts and industries, and thus offering an important aid to the rise of national prosperity.

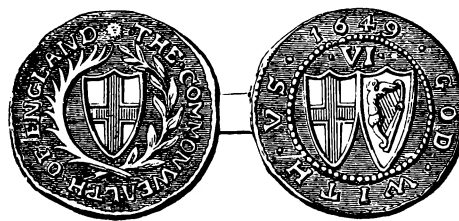
Equal in importance, at least, to the textile industries was that in metals, chiefly iron, the manufacture of which made vast progress in the first half of the seventeenth century. As the art of smelting iron by ordinary or pit-coal was not yet discovered, charcoal had to be used, and on this account the best-wooded districts of England, such as Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Gloucestershire, in the last-named county the district of Dean forest in particular, became the principal seat of the manufacture. In a book called "Treatise on Metallica," by James Sturtevant, published in 1612, the total number of iron

factories, or mills, in England and Wales was estimated at eight hundred, of which, as the author certified, "there are foure hundred milnes in Surry, Kent, and Sussex." But these ironworks were not an unmixed benefit to the country, for although leading to the progress of all arts, in the increasing perfection of the noblest and most indispensable of metals, they went far, as then carried on, to deprive England of one of its natural riches, its splendid woods and forests. The steadily augmenting destruction of these was a standing complaint of the writers of the period. "He that well observeth it," says John Norden, in the "Surveyor's Dialogue," published in the reign of James, "and hath known the wealds of Sussex, Surry, and Kent, the grand nursery especially of oak and beech, shall find such an alteration, within lesse than thirty years, as may well strike a fear lest few years more, as pestilent as the former, will leave few good trees standing in the wealds. Such a heat issueth out of the many forges and furnaces for the making of iron, and out of the glass kilns as hath devoured many famous woods within the wealds."

Fortunately, there was a remedy at hand for the great evil complained of. Early in the reign of James, several patents had been granted to Germans and Dutchmen for the use of pit-coal in the manufacture of iron, but none of these attempts came to anything, till, in the year 1621, Lord Dudley, of Dudley Castle, owner of extensive beds of coal and iron, obtained the king's special privilege to carry out "the mystery and art of melting iron ore, and of making the same into cast workes, or bars, with sea-coals, or pit-coals in furnaces, with bellows." The enterprise was not at once successful; however, through the undaunted perseverance of a son of Lord Dudley, known as Dud Dudley, all obstacles were overcome in the end, and while the manufacture of iron was revolutionized, the greatest and most legitimate of all English industries got seated in the districts appointed by nature for its home. "God hath decreed the time," piously remarked Dud Dudley, "when and how these smiths should be supplied, and this island also, with iron, and most especially that this coal and ironstone should give the first and just occasion for the invention of smelting iron with pit-coal." Oliver Cromwell himself, ambitious not only to handle iron but to forge it, subsequently became partner, with several of his officers, in an undertaking for smelting ores after the new invention, and from thence commenced that period of marvellous development of the grand industry which ended in making England the workshop of the world.



COIN, 10s., COMMONWEALTH.



COIN, 6d., COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER VI.

History of the Social Life of the People, Manners, and Customs, from the Accession of James I., A.D. 1603, to the Dissolution of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1660.

EXTRAORDINARY changes took place in the social condition, manners, and customs of the English people during the life of the first two generations of the seventeenth century. When the first Stuart king rode from Edinburgh to London, "in colours as green as the grass he trod on, with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side," he found himself greeted by a radiant throng of knights, nobles, and courtiers, glittering in scarlet and gold, in the light of whose splendours all else was eclipsed, they standing forth as sole actors on the romantic stage of "merry England." When the third Stuart king landed at Dover, he had before his eyes an armed host, iron-breasted, sober of mien, the shadow of whose swords fell over a multitude darker yet in outward aspect, and sadder still in countenance. The famous "merry England" of historical romance was at its height when the erudite son of Mary Stuart came over from Scotland to take possession of Elizabeth's throne; and though professing to despise all that she had done, he freely accepted the luxury and sumptuousness that had been inaugurated under her. During his reign, and not a little by his example and that of his successive favourites, extravagance of living increased to the highest point, and while the country was suffering, and the people preparing for revolt, the court and upper classes were revelling in feasts, and disporting themselves in lavish prodigality of attire, such as had never before been seen. As sketched by John Taylor, a verse-making boatman, known from his occupation as the "water-poet," every nobleman and courtier of King James wore—

"A farm in shoestrings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
A gaudy cloak, three manors' price almost;
A beaver band, and feather for the head,
Prized at the church's title—the poor man's bread."

As always, so in this instance, the extravagance of the court acted upon the middle classes, the more so now as increasing wealth and expanding trade allowed the indulgence in luxuries not known to former ages. In a play, called "The City Madam," produced about the year 1606, the wife of a prosperous city merchant, who has just received, or purchased, the honour of knighthood, is thus addressed by a brother, who describes her former and present mode of attire:—

"You wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty minever cap, a silver pin
Headed with pearl, worth three pence: and thus far
You were privileged. No man envied it,
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction made between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian."

Such she was, the good brother reminds his sister, before her husband had been dubbed a knight, which, he holds, has made her vain and frivolous, so as to adopt courtly fashions. He complains—

"You have
The reverend hood cast off. Your borrowed hair,
Powdered and curl'd, is by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds
And richest oriental pearls. Your caskanets
That do adorn your neck are of equal value.
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish Quellio ruffs,
Great lords and ladies feast but to survey.
You have embroidered petticoats; and you feign sickness
That your night-trails, of forty pounds a-piece,
May be seen with envy of the visitants,
As rich partables, in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family. You are serv'd in plate,
And stir not a foot without a coach."



COSTUMES—CHARLES I.

That there was no exaggeration in the picture thus sketched is proved by many contemporary records, among others by a curious letter preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, full of information as to the domestic life and family arrangements of the great ladies of the period. The writer was the daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Spencer, nicknamed from his wealth "Rich Spencer," and she addressed the letter to her husband, to whom she had just been married, William, Lord Compton, subsequently earl of Northampton. "My sweet life," the young lady began, "now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2,600 pounds, quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have

600 pounds, quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let: also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with washmaid's. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000 pounds and 200 pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have 6000 pounds to buy me jewels, and 4000 pounds to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So, for my drawing-chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashley House, and purchase lands; and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you.—So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000 pounds more than I now desire, and double attendance." The compound spirit of affection, meekness, and voracity breathing in this note is wonderfully characteristic of the times of the first Stuart. No other age could have

produced the injunction of a youthful wife to "lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain." It required a monarch like James I. to find out the connection between God and the Lord Chamberlain.

Both the dress of men and women was extremely ostentatious and foppish during the whole of the reigns of James and his successor. The male courtiers overloaded their garments with gold, jewelry, and ornaments of all kinds, while the bulk of the upper and middle classes more or less imitated their example. In one of the comedies of the earlier part of the period, a young gentleman thus describes the dress which he wore when fighting a duel with a friend. "I had on," he says, "a gold cable hat-band, new come-up, of massive goldsmith's work, which I wore about a French murrey hat, the brims of which were thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles; I had also an Italian cut-work band round my neck, ornamented with pearls, which cost me three pounds at the Exchange." Then he describes the results of the fight, and how the sword of his antagonist made a hash of his fine clothes. "He, making a reverse blow," the young duellist exclaims, "falls upon my embossed girdle, and, as I had thrown off the hangers a little before, strikes off a skirt of a thick doublet I had, lined with four taffetas, cuts off two panes of embroidered pearls, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh; and not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, which being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me, and rends me two pairs of silk stockings of peach colour that I had put on, it being a raw morning." Before the reign of James had come to an end, the love of luxury in dress had spread so far among all classes that even farmers and agricultural labourers arrayed themselves in garments made in ludicrous imitation of those of city gentlemen. In a play called "The Tale of a Tub," a rustic is described as getting ready for his wedding day "a leather doublet with long points, a pair of breeches pinn'd up like pudding bags, with yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up with a silver clasp on the leer side." In another comedy, entitled "Willy Beguiled," a country girl is made to say, "Upon the morrow, after the blessed new year, I came trip, trip, trip, over the Market-hill, holding up my petticoat to the calves of my legs, to show my fine coloured stockings, and how finely I could foot it in a pair of new cork'd shoes I had bought." Quite in keeping with the general style of dress, both men and women painted their cheeks, noses, and eyebrows. A lady's toilet chamber is described in one of the contemporary plays as holding "a table, a cushion, a looking-glass, and a chafing-dish, with a small phial of white mixture, and two little pots, one of white, and the other of red paint." The fine gentlemen were as forward in painting and perfuming themselves as the ladies, according to a comedy of the period, called "The Widow," in which Valeria, the heroine, says to her friend Ricardo, "Are you painted? One painted beau has just been here." To which he replies, "Here! ha! I think I smell him. 'Tis vermilion, sure." Growing puritanism, stalking about in dark garments, with knitted eyebrows, found much room for reflection here, and for execration.

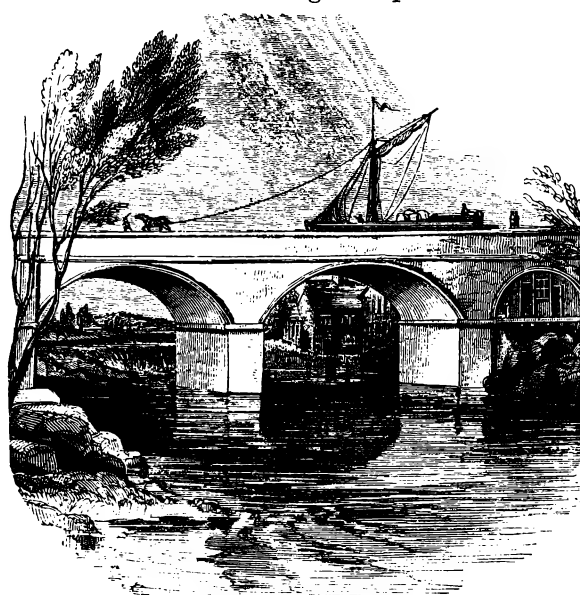
While wantonness and extravagance, encouraged by the rulers of the nation, were spreading in all directions among the upper and middle classes, the condition of the bulk of the people was of the most deplorable kind. In spite of the operation of the poor laws passed in the reign of Elizabeth, the land was swarming with beggars, vagabonds, and destitute individuals of all kinds, and the most severe enactments made against them failed to take any effect in diminishing the number. The increase of pauperism, in itself the result of a stagnation of social life, engendered by the blight of despotism, was furthered by the general corruption of the official class, which beginning at the summit of government, gradually extended to the lowest spheres. The laws providing for the maintenance of helpless persons were no more attended to by local functionaries than the higher laws of the constitution were by the head of the state; the same spirit of unlicensed tyranny, and the same absence of high moral feelings and sense of duty prevailing in either case. "Though the number of the poor do daily increase," says the author of a pamphlet entitled "Groans for the Poor," published in 1622, "there hath been no collection for them; no, not these seven years, in many parishes of this land, especially in county towns. But many of those parishes turneth forth their poor, yea, and their lusty labourers that will not work, or for any misdemeanor want work, to beg, filch, and steal for their maintenance, so that the country is pitifully pestered with them; yea, and the maimed soldiers, that have ventured their lives and lost their limbs in our behalf, are also thus requited. For when they return home, to live by some labour in their native country, though they can work well in some kind of labour, every man saith, 'We will not be troubled with their service, but make other shift for our business.' So are they turned forth to travel in idleness, the highway to hell, and to 'seek their meat upon meres,' as the proverb goeth, with begging, filching and stealing for their maintenance, until the law bring them unto the fearful end of hanging." But the hanging system, congenial though it was to the spirit of Stuart government, could not be persevered in for any length of time, and recourse had to be had to fresh legislative measures. By several decrees issued during the reign of James, the provisions of the statute passed in the 39th year of Elizabeth, for the erecting of houses where the poor might be set to labour, were re-enacted, with additions, it being ordered that every parish, or poor law union, should establish "houses of correction, provided with mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary implements, to set rogues and other idle people to work." Under Charles, the principle here laid down was further carried out by a series of ordinances, the most important of which, passed in 1630, commanded that "correction houses in all counties shall be made adjoining to the common prisons, and the gaoler be made governor of them." Thus gradually arose, step by step, the workhouse system, adopted by England as a lame substitute for the compulsory education of the masses, the only certain cure for the cancer of its social existence, huge pauperism, dark shadow of huge wealth.

While many parts of the country fell into visible

decay under the arbitrary rule of the two Stuart monarchs, the capital of the kingdom, enjoying vast liberties and municipal privileges, amounting almost to self-government, went on increasing in prosperity. One of the signs of it was a vast undertaking, commenced in the year 1605, for supplying the city and its growing suburbs with drinking water, better than that obtained from the river Thames. By an act of parliament of the third of James, an association, headed by "Mr. Hugh Myddleton, citizen and goldsmith," was authorized to "bring a fresh stream of running water to the north parts of London, from the springs of Chadwell, Amwell, and others, in the county of Hertford," and power was given to the lord mayor "to lay out such convenient ground for the making of the trench for the said new river, not to exceed ten feet in breadth, leaving the inheritance in the owners thereof, who are to allow a free passage through their grounds to and from the said open cut at all times, with carts, horses, and men, for making and repairing the same, for which satisfaction or composition shall be made to the owners of lands." Another act of parliament, passed in the following year, prescribed "that since the making of the preceding statute, upon view of the grounds through which the waters are to pass, by men of skill, it is thought more convenient and less damage to the ground, that the waters be conveyed through a trunk, or vault, of brick or stone, inclosed, and in some places, where need is, raised by arches, than in an open trench or sewer." The latter was decidedly an improved plan, but it turned out beyond the material resources of the time and the means at the command of the enterprising "citizen and goldsmith," and his associates. They had to fight, besides, not only against obstacles imposed by nature, but against a whole host of ancient prejudices. "If those enemies of all good endeavours," writes John Stow, friend and admirer of Hugh Myddleton, "danger, difficulty, impossibility, detraction, contempt, scorn, derision, yea, and desperate despite, could have prevailed, by their accursed and malevolent interposition, either before, at the beginning, or in the birth of the proceeding, or in the least stolen advantage of the whole prosecution, this work, of so great worth, had never been accomplished."

The undertaking was accomplished at last, after ten years' hard labour, though the plan to construct an enclosed vault, after the fashion of the grand Roman aqueducts, had to be abandoned in favour of the originally designed "open cut." Success, as always, so in this instance, brought forth its worshippers, and whereas Hugh Myddleton had been formerly depicted as a visionary and madman, if nothing worse, great and little men now vied with each other to render him honour. King James condescended to include him in the list of the army of knights which the touch of his royal sword was raising from among farmers, shopkeepers, and others able to put money in his pocket, while the corporation of London showed their approval by electing Thomas Myddleton, brother of Hugh, lord mayor for the year in which the waters of the "New River" were to be formally admitted into a vast reservoir, built "at Clerkenwell, near Islington," from which point they

were to be distributed all over the city and suburbs. The affair was made the occasion of a great pageant, in which all London took part, on Michaelmas-day, 1613. The lord mayor, on a white palfrey, the aldermen in their scarlet robes, the members of the common council, the city companies, and a crowd of other eminent denizens of the capital, having assembled near the Clerkenwell reservoir, they passed round it in procession, greeted, amidst the sound of martial music, by the company of workers who had constructed the first of English aqueducts. There



AQUEDUCT OVER THE IRWELL.

was poetic talent, as well as sinews and muscle, among the earnest toilers, for on marching up to the lord mayor and aldermen, one of them came forward and recited an address in rhyme which he had composed for the occasion, describing the character and duties of his fellow-workmen. A part of it, interesting as a sketch of the hierarchy of labour of the time, ran :

"First, here's the Overseer: this try'd man,
An antient souldier and an artizan,
The Clerke next; then the Mathematician;
The Maister of the Timber-work takes place
Next after these. The Measurer in like case,
Bricklayer, and Engineer; and after those
The Borer and the Pavier. Then it showes
The Labourers: next the Keeper of Anwell Head;
The Walkers last. So all their names are read.
Yet these but parcels of six hundred more,
That, at one time, have been employed before;
But these in sight, and all the rest, will say
That all the week they had their royal pay."

The recitation over, the flood-gates that kept the New River were thrown open, and the clear stream rushed in, amidst the shouts of the multitude, the pealing of bells, the braying of trumpets, and the firing of "chambers," or small mortars. London now, for the first time in its history, had good drinking water; but for near a generation longer the people were prejudiced against the conduits that brought it, and from morn to night there might be

heard resounding through the streets the cry of the carriers, shouting, "Any water here? Fresh and fair water! None of your pipe sludge!"

Of the mode of living, and the cost of the chief articles of food and drink during the reign of James and Charles, the many ordinances issued by two kings give a minute account. In 1622, James entered into a contract with two "undertakers," Sir Allen Aspley, and Sir Sampson Darrell, for victualling the royal navy, and it was settled that the latter should be allowed for every individual in the fleet sevenpence a day when in harbour, and eightpence when at sea. In return for this sum, the contractors agreed to furnish every man, per diem, with one pound of biscuit, one gallon of beer, two pounds of beef for four days in the week, or else, instead of beef, for two of those four days, one pound of pork, or bacon, and one pint of pease, and for the rest of the week, one quarter of stockfish, or herrings, half a quarter of a pound of butter, and a quarter of a pound of cheese. According to modern notions, the allowance of beer was on a rather high scale, and the admeasurement of the rest of the victuals by no means illiberal; nevertheless, the sailors of his majesty's fleet rebelled against it, and clamouring loud, both under James and Charles, the latter had to make new arrangements, the first point of which was the throwing overboard of the "undertakers." By a proclamation, issued in 1626, it was ordered "that the medium allowance for every sailor shall be twenty shillings a month, which till now was but fourteen shillings, by which means there will accrue to every ordinary sailor fourteen shillings, net money, per month, besides an allowance, out of it, of four pence to a preacher, two pence to a barber, and six pence per month to the chest, at Chatham: whereas the ordinary men have now but nine shillings and four pence, net money, per month, and no allowance at all given to the preacher." The pay of soldiers, throughout the period, was rather better than that of the sailors, and as far back as the year 1612, when James raised four thousand fighting men for some German princes to settle a dispute about the duchies of Juliers and Cleves, the remuneration of each private was fixed at one shilling per diem. A serjeant-major was to have five shillings, a lieutenant six shillings, a colonel one pound, and the general, commander in chief of the force, five pounds a day. Large as these sums were, considering the value of money of the time, they greatly increased at the commencement of the civil war, when there was a hard competition between king and parliament for men versed in the art of murder.

While regulating the social condition and mode of living of the common people, no less than that of sailors and soldiers, James I., and still more his successor, issued repeatedly decrees fixing the amount of wages to be paid to various descriptions of artizans and handicraftsmen, as well as the price to be given to dealers in provisions for the articles they were selling. In 1633, a royal proclamation went forth, stating that inquiries had been made "by the clerk of the market for the king's household," into the true value of all sorts of victuals, and that on his report there had been drawn up a list of "reasonable prices," which henceforth and until further command should form

the standard of value. There was to be paid for "a turkey, in the poulterer's shop," four shillings and sixpence; for "a turkey hen," three shillings and fourpence; for "a wild duck," eightpence; for "a tame duck," tenpence, and for a partridge, one shilling; for "the best fat goose in the market," two shillings, and for "the best fat goose in the poulterer's shop," two and fourpence; for "a capon fat and crammed, the best in the market," two shillings and twopence, and for the same "in the poulterer's shop," two and sixpence; for "the best fat and crammed pullet, in the poulterer's shop," one shilling and eightpence; for "a hen of the best sort in the market," one shilling, and for "a chicken of the best and largest sort," fivepence; for "the best rabbit, till Allhallowtide," sevenpence, and "from Allhallowtide till Lent," eightpence; for "a dozen of wild pigeons," one shilling and eightpence; for a pound of the best salt butter, fourpence-halfpenny, and for a pound of fresh butter, sixpence; and, finally, three eggs for one penny. Nothing was said in the royal ordinance about the price of bread, which, as appears from all accounts, varied enormously, owing mainly to want of roads and effective means of intercommunication, which made each district depend upon its own resources, so that a good local crop caused extraordinary cheapness, while a defective harvest produced dearth and consequent dearness. The average price of wheat, from 1606 to 1625, was thirty-four shillings a quarter, but in some years it was as high as fifty-eight, and in others as low as twenty-nine shillings. During the reign of Charles I. the cost of it rose considerably, though with constant and immense fluctuations, varying from forty to eighty-five shillings. In 1631, the quarter of wheat was sixty-eight shillings; in 1636 it was fifty-six; in 1646 it had fallen to forty-eight; in the next year, 1647, it rose suddenly to seventy-four, and in 1648 to the exorbitant sum of eighty-five shillings. After the execution of Charles, and the re-establishment of settled government, the price fell gradually, and in 1654 had come to be as low as twenty-six shillings. In all probability, the vast changes indicated in these figures, and which so nearly affected the physical condition of the people, exercised not a little influence upon the course of political affairs. It was something more than chance that wheat was at famine price in the severe winter of 1648-9, when the king was led to the scaffold.

To lower the price of provisions, Charles I., besides fixing the value of nearly all articles, issued, at various times, a number of ordinances, of the most arbitrary kind. In 1633 there appeared a curious proclamation, adjusting the management of taverns, inns, and bakeries. It was stated in the preamble that "victuals of all sorts have become dear of late years, whereby the annual charge of the king's household is much increased; and the court of Star Chamber having made an inquiry into the causes thereof," his majesty was pleased to send forth "several regulations for keeping down the prices of provisions and horse-meat." It was ordered accordingly, first, that "for the future taverns shall forbear their lately taken-up practice of selling flesh and fish, and that henceforth they shall sell nothing but wine, and bread to eat therewith." Secondly, it was commanded that "bakers shall not

make their bread above twelve, or at most thirteen to the dozen; whereas now they make sixteen, which pinches the poor." The third injunction was, that "ordinaries shall not take above two shillings per head for dining, wine included, and not above eightpence per head for a servant attending his master." Lastly, his majesty directed that, "considering the present prices of hay and oats, sixpence per day and night for hay and stabling for a horse, and sixpence per peck for oats, shall be sufficient, without taking anything for litter; also the innkeeper may take one penny ~~only~~ per horse for stabling room, not being unbridled, and going away the same day, and twopence if he be unbridled, and have hay, and goes away before night." The next year Charles was at the innkeepers again, commanding that they should only sell liquor, and have nothing to do with the making. The royal decree animadverted in severe terms upon "the great number of innkeepers and victuallers who take upon them to brew ale and beer, which they sell by retail, and make too strong and heady, serving for drunkenness and excess." An order was made at the same time "for restraining the excessive number of common maltsters, by means of whom not only a greater consumption and waste of barley is occasioned, but also sundry abuses in the bad making of malt," it being decreed that from thenceforth "the king will appoint, in fit places throughout the realm, a competent number of maltsters to be incorporated, and also of common brewers, under such fines and yearly payments as shall be thought meet." A further ordinance, published in 1637, commanded that "for the sake of the poorer sort of people, whose usual bread is barley, as well as for the reasons assigned in the proclamation of the preceding year, the common maltsters in every county shall be incorporated, and none of them shall follow any other calling; also, that no maltster shall be a brewer or cooper at the same time. Common maltsters and common brewers shall only practise their trades in such places as shall be assigned by the king and privy council, and none but such to practise anywhere. No innkeeper, alehouse-keeper, or victualler shall brew the drink he retails, unless there be no common brewer near the place where he lives."

Carriages for public hire, or hackney coaches—from the French word 'haquenée,' a jade—were first introduced into London about the year 1630, and their appearance gave no little trouble to the bewildered king, who could not make up his mind for a while whether he should make them useful for taxing purposes, or crush them by a proclamation. In 1635 he decided upon the latter step, issuing a decree which stated that "the great number of hackney coaches of late time seen and kept in London, Westminster, and their suburbs, and the general and promiscuous use of coaches there, are not only a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort the queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets, but the streets themselves are so pestered, and the pavements so broken up, that the common passage is thereby hindered, and also the prices of hay and provender thereby made exceedingly dear: Wherefore we expressly command and forbid that no hackney, or hired coaches, be used or suffered

in London, Westminster, and the suburbs thereof, except they be to travel at least three miles out of the same; and also that no person shall go in a coach in the said streets, except the owner of the coach shall constantly keep up four able horses for our service when required." The order caused much dissatisfaction among persons "of place and degree" not fond of walking, and yet not rich enough to keep their private carriages; and in consequence of the representations they made, Charles reversed his proclamation against hackney coaches at the end of eighteen months, and, by a new ordinance, turned the same into a little monopoly. It was created in favour of the marquis of Hamilton, his majesty's master of the horse and near kinsman, already the happy possessor of some two score special privileges. In the concession to the noble marquis, his majesty declared that, "finding it very requisite for our nobility and gentry, as well as for foreign ambassadors, strangers, and others, that there should be a competent number of hackney coaches allowed for such uses, We have, by the advice of our privy council, thought fit to allow fifty hackney coachmen in and about London and Westminster, limiting them not to keep above twelve horses apiece; also so many others in other places of England as shall be necessary: We therefore grant to you, during your life, the power and authority to license fifty hackney coachmen, who shall keep no more than twelve good horses each for their use. You also have power hereby to license so many in other cities and towns of England as in your wisdom shall be thought necessary, with power to restrain and prohibit all others from keeping any hackney coaches to let or hire, either in London or elsewhere; also to prescribe rules and orders concerning the daily prices of the said licensed hackney coachmen, to be by them, and any of them, taken."

While affording glimpses of the social life of the time, these decrees likewise give a singular insight into the spirit of Stuart despotism. It seems clear, from the mere tone and wording of the royal proclamations, that the occupant of the throne looked down upon the mass of his subjects as a hunter upon his dogs, a rider upon his horse, or a shepherd upon his sheep. Hackney coaches were put under an interdict for the all-sufficient reason of being "a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort the queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree;" and they were readmitted as "requisite for our nobility and gentry, as well as for foreign ambassadors," and to be a profit for a much-beloved master of the horse. Stuart eyes could not see the form, and Stuart ears could not hear the voice of the great human tide that was swaying to and fro below the firmament of the throne and the circling stars of "place and degree."

Of the outer aspect of England during the time of the Commonwealth, while a new political and religious order of things was gradually rising into existence, less is known than of many preceding periods, as most of the writers of the era preferred the discussion of principles and ideas to the narration of more or less prosaic facts. However, short sketches of the social life of the time abound in contemporary productions, such as letters and diaries, among which the "Diary of John Evelyn" holds a distinguished place. John

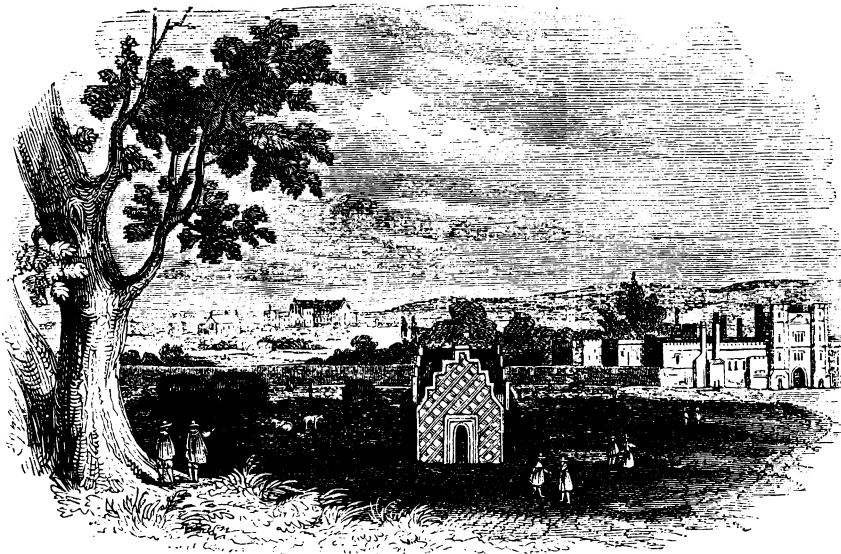
Evelyn, born in 1620, was a gentleman of property, with strong scientific and literary inclinations, who at the outbreak of the civil war attached himself to the cause of Charles, but fearing to have his landed estates confiscated, withdrew soon after from the Cavalier army, and went to serve the king, and after-



CAVALIER, CHARLES I.

wards his son, in a sort of diplomatic capacity, by carrying messages and despatches from England to the continent. Though perfectly well known as an ardent Royalist, he was left undisturbed by the republican government, which he requited by heaping abuse upon Cromwell and his friends, describing their rule as the grossest tyranny that had ever existed. Through the greater part of his life, this gentleman kept a journal, in which he entered, in cipher, all the occurrences he saw or heard of, whether great or small, and which, discovered a century and a half afterwards, was given to the world as "Evelyn's Diary." Most of the notices in it are very short, as the writer's object evidently was to record events merely for his own remembrance. "Master Owen, a sequestered and learned minister," he writes, to date of March 5, 1649, "preached in my parlour, and gave us the blessed sacrament, now wholly out of use in the parish churches, which the Presbyterians and fanatics have usurped." Then, under May 30, the same year, "Un-kingship was proclaimed, and his majesty's statues thrown down at St. Paul's portico and the Exchange." Next, after returning from a journey to France, where he had "kissed his majesty's hand," and delivered up and taken in charge letters from and to the Stuart partizans in England, Evelyn recorded, to date of June 27, 1650, his arrival at Dover, where "the busy watchmen would insist upon our going to the

mayor to be searched, but the gentleman being in bed we were dismissed. Next day, being Sunday, they would not permit us to ride post, so this afternoon our trunks were visited." Though professing the strictest piety, Evelyn, in common with all the men of his party, Episcopalians and Royalists, seemed to think it a monstrous absurdity, if not a crime, that the "rebels" should insist upon the Sunday being made a day of rest, they attributing the injunction, with the whole creed of "Presbyterians and fanatics," to mere hypocrisy and mummery. "This afternoon," the diarist wrote, under Sunday, July 7, 1650, "having a mind to see what was doing among the rebels, now in full possession at Whitehall, I went thither, and found one at exercise in the chapel, after their way; from thence I went to St. James's, where another was preaching in the court."



ST. JAMES'S PALACE, WESTMINSTER.

Looking with scorn and disdain upon the nonconformist clergy, Evelyn, who in his person represented the decidedly most intelligent, and, on the whole, most tolerant section of the Royalist faction, lost no occasion to worship after the episcopal rites. "I went to Lewisham," he wrote down under date of March 14, 1652, "where I heard an honest sermon on 2 Corinth. v. 7, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which are filled with Independents and fanatics." The next day, March 15, the friend of the Stuarts beheld a sight less agreeable to his eyes than an orthodox preacher. It was that "the Diamond and Ruby were launched in the dock at Deptford, each carrying forty-eight brass cannon. Cromwell and his grandees were present, and received with great acclamations." On the 29th of April he noted, "To-day was that great eclipse of the sun so much threatened by astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly any one would work or stir out of the house, so ridiculously were all abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers." A little adventure, characteristic of the time, happened

to the diarist towards the end of June of the same year. "Having a desire to drink Tunbridge waters," he carried his family to that locality, which had got into fashion as a "watering place" of late, "and I stayed in a very sweet place, private and refreshing." On the 23rd of June, "the weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till within three miles of Bromley, when, at a place called the Procession Oak, two cut-throats started out, and striking with long staves at my horse, threw me down, took my sword, and hauled me into a deep thicket some quarter of a mile from the highway, that they might securely rob me, which they soon did. What they got of money was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx." Evelyn then goes on to describe how the robbers, after taking

all he possessed, left him, tied hand and foot, on the ground; how he was tormented, when in this unhappy position, by "flies, ants, and the sun;" and how, finally, he succeeded in slipping the cords that bound him, over his wrists, and, untying afterwards his feet, got home again.

The sequel of the story—told at unusual length by the self-conscious diarist, with ten times the minuteness devoted to the greatest affairs of state, even to "that execrable wickedness," the "murder of our excellent king," which he summarizes in eight lines—gives a good picture of the administration of justice during the period. "The next morning," Evelyn

continues the account of his adventure, "sore as my wrists and arms were, I went to London, and got five hundred tickets printed and dispersed by an officer of Goldsmiths' Hall, and within two days had tidings of all I lost, except my sword, which had a silver hilt, and some trifles. The rogues had pawned one of my rings for a trifle to a goldsmith's servant, before the tickets came to the shop, by which means they escaped; the other ring was bought by a victualler, who brought it to a goldsmith, but he, having seen the ticket, seized the man. I afterwards discharged him on his protestation of innocence." This stands under date of the 24th of June. On the 12th of July following, Evelyn enters in his journal, "One of the men that robbed me was taken, and I was summoned to appear against him, and went to Westminster Hall; but not being bound over, nor willing to hang the fellow, I did not appear, coming only to save a friend's bail. But the bill being found, the fellow was turned over to the Old Bailey. In the mean time I received a petition from the prisoner, whose father, I understood, was an honest old farmer in Kent." How "the cut-throat" fared in the end, is

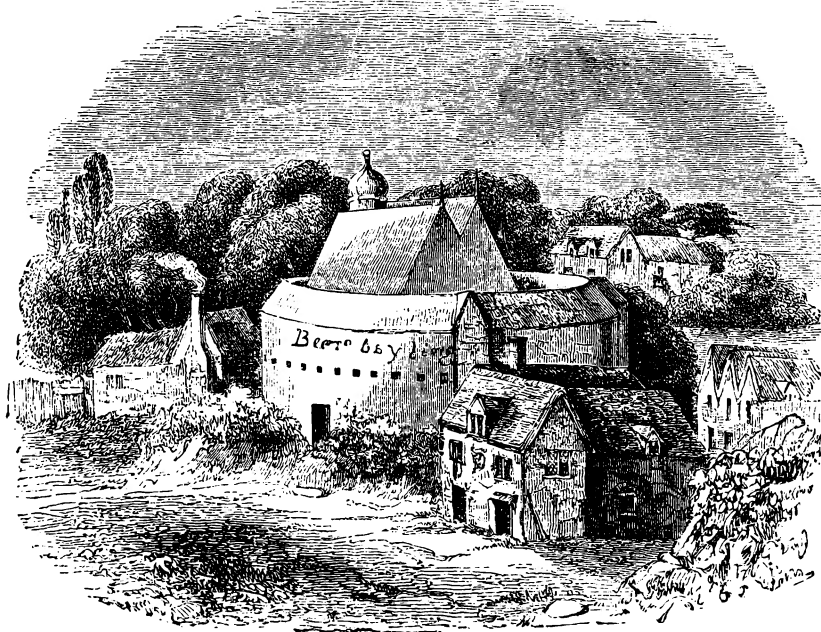
told in a note. "He was charged with other crimes, and condemned, but reprieved. He was afterwards charged with some other crime, but refusing to plead, was pressed to death." The meaning of the latter sentence is not very clear, since it is generally understood that the employment of torture ceased with the rise to power of the greatest of English rulers. "How and by whom, and at what precise point of time this great reform was effected," says David Jardine, an able investigator of the subject, "is a question of extreme difficult solution; but there is no doubt that the practice of questioning juries for their verdicts, the exclusion of oral testimony, and the use of torture, all of which continued to disfigure the proceedings of the courts of justice immediately before the death of Charles I., were wholly swept away during the ten years which succeeded that event, and were never afterwards revived." "Just and rational principles of evidence," the writer adds, "sound views of the object of penal laws, and of the proper means of enforcing them, first sprung up during the early years of the Commonwealth; and I confess I think that the merits of those great men whom Cromwell raised to the judicial station have never been sufficiently appreciated by their posterity."

The social aspect of England, as it appeared to foreigners, a little after the middle of the seventeenth century, is graphically illustrated by a French author of repute, Samuel Sorbière, translator of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," who published a "Voyage en Angleterre," dedicated to his majesty Louis XIV., at Paris, in 1663. Speaking of the mode of eating and drinking of "les Anglais," but probably, as usual with his countrymen, putting rather strong colours into his pictures, Monsieur Sorbière says: "The English are not very dainty, and the tables of the greatest lords, who do not keep French cooks, are

covered only with large dishes of meat. They are strangers in general to broth and soups, and only once did I have some bisk, which the master of the house as a singular favour distributed in large and deep china dishes among his guests. Their pastry also is coarse and ill-baked, and their stewed fruits and confectionery cannot be eaten. They scarce ever make use of forks or ewers, and they wash their hands after meals by dipping them into a basin of water. It is common enough for them after meals to smoke tobacco, and to converse freely during the time; but people of quality do not smoke so much as the lower classes. There scarcely passes a day for a tradesman but that he goes to have a smoke with some of his friends at some alehouse or tavern, which places are very numerous here." Then as to the public vehicles of London and Westminster, which caused King Charles so much anxiety, the foreign visitor, always thinking of Paris, says: "The hackney coaches used here are a disgrace to the company which furnishes them; they are dirty and uncomfortable, and more like carts or country waggons than carriages fit for ladies and gentlemen." Monsieur Sorbière next comes to speak of the theatres and other entertainments of London. "The playhouses," he says, "are very diverting and well arranged. The best places are in the pit, where men and women promiscuously sit, each with his friends. The stage is very handsome, being covered with green cloth, and the scenes frequently change; there is also music, which diverts the spectators before the commencement of the play, and in the intervals. Among the diversions of the city of London, I must not forget to mention the 'prize-fighting' that takes place in the Bear Garden. The people who give these performances are usually fencing masters, who, to gain themselves a reputation, and something else besides blows, usually put forward challenges, and lay wagers

of twenty or thirty pounds against any one conquering them. Crowds of people go to see the champions fight, and the money taken at the doors amounts frequently to twice or thrice the amount of the stakes. They fight with sword and buckler, and with back sword. But I fancy there is some sort of collusion between them, to make the sport last a due time, so as to give the spectators their money's worth. The swords are blunt; nevertheless they give each other sometimes terrible hacks and slashes, and there is no denying that it is altogether a savage and brutish kind of entertainment."

Describing the dwellings of country towns, the writer says: "The houses are low, and the stories



BEAR GARDEN.

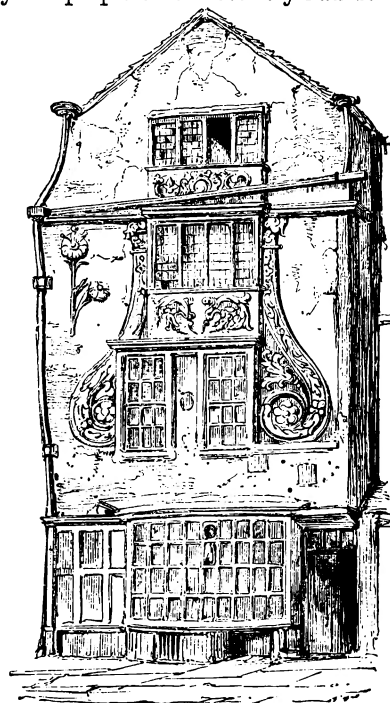
scarce high enough for a man of middle size, who can touch the ceiling with his hand. They glaze their windows in the upper rooms, but not often in the apartments on the ground floor, which are protected by shutters, with iron bars on the inside, before which a curtain is drawn at night. The windows of the lower rooms are most very near the ground, and scarce higher than a man's waist as he



PRINCE RUPERT'S HOUSE.

goes along the street in front of them. It is a common thing all over England to let the upper stories of the houses project over the lower ones, so that the rooms of the top are lighter and more commodious than those at the bottom; this allows you to pass along the streets in rainy weather without getting wet." Speaking more particularly of the capital, Monsieur Sorbière goes on: "The dwellings in London are not so high as those in Paris, nor so full of people. There is scarce above one family in a house, unless it be in the most crowded parts of the city, near the new Exchange, where there are often a great many tenants. But lodgings, nevertheless, are not difficult to procure; they are well furnished, and let at reasonable rates—a crown a week will serve very well. I had an apartment at that price on the first floor, close to Salisbury House, the residence of the earl of Devon. . . . There are but few public fountains in this city, and those few are by no means ornamental, but offend the sight, being ugly square towers, with two little doors at the bottom. When you pass by, you may see people going in and out of these doors; and it is only on inquiring that you learn, what you would have never guessed, that they are water conduits. . . . I was struck with the vast number of booksellers' shops in London, for besides being spread all over the city

and its suburbs, they are crowded together in particular quarters, such as St. Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain, where there are at least twice as many warehouses of the kind as in our great Rue Saint Jacques." Admiring the number of bookstalls he saw, which gave him an idea of the vastness of English literature, the sprightly Frenchman could not understand why the people of the country had so much of



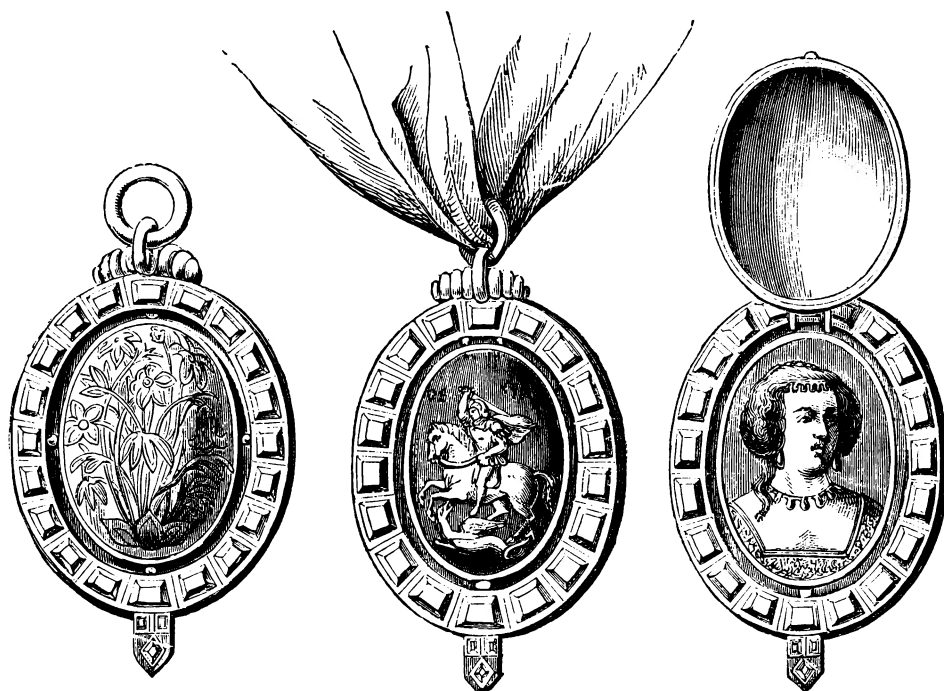
DWELLING-HOUSE, CHARLES I.

austerity, or, as he called it, "harshness" in their manner. Philosophising upon the matter, he came to the conclusion that the want of polite habits, which, he thought, was the noblest distinction of his own countrymen, sprang from a high feeling of national pride and independence. "We must excuse the harshness of a people," he mused, "who live in so fine a country; who cultivate a soil that yields them plenty of all the necessaries of life; who want neither iron, stone, lead, tin, coal, lime, wood, corn, cattle, sheep, horses, goats, and flesh and fish of all kinds; who enjoy the variegated scenery of hill and vale, meadows, forests, lakes, and rivers; a nation, finally, whose home is surrounded by the sea, serving both as high road of commerce and barrier against invaders, and who within this insular realm have set up a free government."

The austerity of the people, thus dwelt upon by the French traveller, was noticed by all foreigners who visited England at the end of this period; and, a predominant feature in the manners of the age, it strongly imprinted itself from that time to come on the national character. The great battle for liberty over, there was an end of so-called "Merry England," and its place was taken by sober, reflective England. Though sorely lamented by poets and historical romance writers, the change was the visible mark of

an immense social, political, and religious progress. All was gay, showy, and pompous on the upper and more visible crust of society when the nation was under the sway of absolute monarchy. The sovereign and his courtiers laughed, sung, and danced, and noble lords and ladies, sportive cavaliers, bowing prelates, and jocund attendants of all degrees, followed their example. To them the world was like a golden wheel, and they were sitting on the top, basking in the light of the central sun of fortune; and the fathomless abyss of wretchedness looming among the shadows at the bottom did not interrupt the sweet chorus of their hallelujah. Then came stern Puritanism, sad and thoughtful, having looked far up into the glories of heaven, and far down into the miseries of the earth. It came sword in hand, and,

full of holy rage, with one mighty stroke upset the gilded, glittering tents of the worshippers of royalty, making the face of the land appear melancholy and bare, and shading the countenance of its inhabitants with the gloom of inward contemplation. It was in itself the stamp of a higher life. England remembered, wisely, if too deeply, the words of the Preacher, that "Sorrow is better than laughter, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better;" and England remembered no less the promise given to the race of Israel in the Book of books: "And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high among the nations of the earth."



THE GEORGE, CHARLES I.